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FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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VOL. X.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1834.

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LAY SERMONS: BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

WE once went a long journey to see James Hogg on the repenting-stool, and richly were we repaid for the pains we took on that occasion. Twenty years have passed over our heads since then, but if we should see twenty more, which is improbable, never could we forget the aspect of the poetical shepherd, as, perched on that bad eminence in the kirk of Ettrick, he underwent (or, in his own beautiful Doric, *tholed*) the awful castigation of the reverend Boanerges who in those days ministered to the spiritual necessities of that primitive population. The bonny, blooming, little ewe-milker, whose charms had caused James to deflect from the path of moral rectitude, stood at his elbow, wrapped all over in her *maud*, but trembling manifestly beneath its folds; and what of her sweet countenance was visible, now—when the minister was “sparing brimstone”—deadly pale with terror—now, when the worthy saint was dwelling on the particular character of her offence, its undeniable blackness, indelicacy, indecorum, &c. &c. &c., suffused with scarlet blushes, such as dimmed even the splendour of her accomplice’s whiskers. He, meantime, maintained a stern, dogged, sullen obduracy of aspect, which spoke him a hardened and unrepentant sinner: he now and then eyed the lecturer with a glance of cool contempt, which seemed to penetrate like lava into the haughty bosom of the Calvinist; and when all the horrors of holy rhetoric were at length exhausted, and the diatribe must needs come to a conclusion, nimbly

and gaily did Jamie hop from his pedestal, and was received almost with plaudits among a goodly company of brother-swains, who had congregated rather to do him honour than to witness his humiliation. At the kirk door Hogg drew the ewe-milker under his arm, and away the two glided together, with apparently as much *sang froid* as if nothing particular had happened.

How changed are we all since 1814! none more so than James Hogg! True his frame is still erect, robust, vigorous, and his step even yet prompt and elastic; but Time has thinned that huge mane of reddish-brown hair that then dangled even to the skirts of his grey jacket, and tinged more than half of what remains with the venerable silver. His countenance is still more altered; and if the bloom be gone and the teeth somewhat smitten, and if the eyes now require on certain occasions the assistance of spectacles, still the change here has, on the whole, been for the better. The bard’s aspect has assumed an air of calmness, gentleness, and, let us add, of dignity—of which it had little in the days of his over-boiling blood. James Hogg has evidently become a wiser and a better man. In place of mounting the cuttie-stool, he now appears perfectly in his place, when, with hat in hand, he stands behind the *plate*, in the capacity of ruling elder, to welcome the congregation on the Lord’s-day, and receive their alms for the poor; nor, when service is over, does a more respectable-looking *pater-familias* exchange salu-

* A Series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding. By the Ettrick Shepherd. One vol. 12mo. London, 1834. Fraser.

tations with the priest than he of Altrive; surrounded as he is with a large family of happy and innocent children, the fruits of a happy and honourable marriage, whom it is the prime business of his declining years to train up in the nurture and admonition of the Word which cannot err.

And what may be the reformed shepherd's method of spending the evening of the first day of the week? As unlike Sir Andrew Agnew's as possible: you may take all the oaths in Tyler of St. Giles's compendium for that fact. Only the lass with the two youngest bairns has been deprived of the ordinance, so that there is no hot dinner ready for the kirk-going party; but the mutton-pie, baked on the Saturday, is set forth in full garniture of brown crust and parsley-leaves, and awaits only the first plunge of James's knife to reveal its solid cutlets bosomed in that jelly of jellies, which our own opposite neighbour, M. Verrey, will never emulate. Or the cold sheep's-head spreads its tempting blackness, over against the well-pickled salmon; the oaten-cakes are at hand, piled thin and high in their rustic basket; the horns are duly set, and the tall jug of water, pure as diamond spark, fresh from the unfathomable well, scorning all applications of ice, is flanked by the mighty, huge, vast, globular magnum of *aqua vite*. Now let digestion wait on appetite, and health on both. Fall to, ye lusty feeders, and much good may it all do ye! Your fare can be none the worse that you owe it all to the independent industry of a man of genius; and we sincerely hope that you are for once free of "company." What a burning shame it is to the barbarous would-be literati and *læ* of our time, that they devour the heritage of Hogg and his household at such a rate! Do those unlicked students of medicine, and those brawny beldames who write three-fourths of the *Annals*, never consider that a small Scotch farmer is hardly the better able to keep open house for lion-hunters, because he may happen also to be a poet? Of all the mortal sights that sicken our organs of observation, none is more offensive than that of a dirty gig or jingling yellow descending with a load of greasy, foul-feeding enthusiasts, upon "the bonny holms of Yarrow." We have often thought, that if we were the Shepherd

of Ettrick we would hoist a sign-post at once—

"Porter, ale, and British spirits,
Painted bright between twa trees."

But to return from this digression. Dinner over, and two or perhaps three tumblers of hot toddy discussed in all decorum, our respected friend and his little flock now gather round the fragrant peat-fire; and the pigs say their *questions*, no doubt, and repeat their hymns and psalms, as in other decent folks' houses—

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren be,
In unity to dwell!"

Or,

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;"

Or,

"A man was famous, and was held
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon."

But after this pleasing ceremony has been gone through, our shepherd's ingle nook presents something considerably more enlivening than what is usual at a similar hour under most similar roof-trees. No reluctant hand deduces some thick, heavy volume of Walker, or Erskine, or Moncrieff, or Chalmers, or Irving, or any other of the established humbugs of "the Scottish pulpit," from the shelf, where it has stood in dusty silence since that day se'night. No—but Hogg once more fills the tumbler, with cold grog this time, and lights his pipe; and, between sip and puff, he regales his admiring and revering audience with "a lay sermon," of home manufacture; or, rather, of no manufacture at all, but the spontaneous effusion of a patriarch's heart and head. Mrs. Hogg is, probably, getting the tea-things ready while he continues his bit of paternal prose; but this neither interrupts the preacher nor prevents her from following the discourse, and even now and then interjecting a small *query* when he has broached some doctrine more bold than sound, or perhaps used some illustration rather better adapted for the ears of his old allies, the ewe-milkers, than those of the innocent darlings now nestled about his knees. On the whole, however, Mrs. Hogg is (as all good wives must be) a fervent admirer of her husband; and it appears that the

idea of getting young Jamie, who is now a dab at short-hand, to set down for the press some of these fire-side homilies, was originally started by nobody but herself. We are thankful to the worthy lady for her suggestion. We do not hesitate to say, that this age has produced three lay-preachers well worthy all its clerks proper put together; and that, highly as we esteem in the sermon line both Coleridge and Cobbett, we still are of opinion, that of the venerated three the most admirable is Hogg *ipse*.

Every reader, however, must keep in mind on this occasion a good old rule of the Stagyrte, and "place himself, in order that he may really comprehend aright the author before him, as nearly as possible in the position (physical as well as mental) in which the author was when he produced his lucubration."* In short, you must fill your tumbler with whisky-toddy, and light your cigar, and take care that the fire is bright and the hearthstone clean, before you flatter yourself with the fond dream that you are entitled to peruse the *Lay Sermons of the Ettrick Shepherd*.

It follows, as an important corollary from the above precept, that he who would endeavour to follow us in the right spirit through our reviewal of this sagacious manual, must in like manner prepare to do so with a jorum at his elbow and a cheroot between his teeth. There is at least one individual, about whose accurate compliance with this suggestion we need entertain no misgivings: we allude to the illustrious Dunlop, to whom the Shepherd dedicates this tome—a selection which does honour to the discrimination of the Boar of Altrive, and which we anticipate will prompt the Tiger of Hircania to many and many an extralibration.

"In his wild wood, within yon shaggy lair."

O Tiger! how does our heart melt within us as we picture to ourselves thee at the moment when this Number of REGINA shall reach at length thy paw! Good, warm-hearted *Wull*, thou wilt not misinterpret us! Let the softest-eyed of all thy squaws mingle for thee on this occasion "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates;" that is to say, the tenth tumbler: and let young

Galt, thy henchman leal, have for once a deeper sip of the old nectar of Gourrock.

We must first solicit the Tiger's attention to some most amiable views which the Shepherd opens of his own personal character and feelings, in a sermon headed with "Why will you bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?" It is obvious that the weather this Sabbath-day has been fine and genial—that the clerical sermon was either a good one, or, what is more probable, totally unlistened to—that the Shepherd met kind friends in the kirkyard, enjoyed his walk home by the shore of sweet Saint Mary's lake—and that his inner man has been tenderly refreshed since his return to the elbow-chair, from which, being half-muzzy, he thus speaketh:

"I like to make friends and companions of those who are forty years my juniors. I thus renew the youth of my mind, and have attachments growing upon me as my old friends drop away. I try to make young folks be in love with old age before they arrive at it, and shew them that happiness, and hilarity, and real enjoyment, are not confined to the young. I also find many occasions of infusing the experience of age under the guise of equality; for, unless piqued by insolence or vulgarity, I never in conversation set myself above the humblest individual."

What a modest creature, after all, is James! Hear him again:

"I do not see why young people should not be entertained, nor do I believe they are at all incapable of being entertained, with the conversation and gaiety of an old man. When I make them forget my age, I forget it also myself. I account it an essential duty, and I am sure it is a source of great happiness, to break down, as much as possible, the jealousies which are apt to subsist between the young and the old. They are afraid of our peevishness, and we are afraid of their frivolity. But let us always be satisfied that we meet on equal terms, and then they will love our cheerfulness, they will be flattered by our attentions, they will attain at an easy rate the experience which has cost us dear, and perhaps acquire a more sedate character by the apothegms of age."

"I advise every man advanced in age, therefore, to begin now and continue on, however old, this happy expedient of

* See Aristotle's Rhetoric, b. iii. § 17.

stepping back to the scenes which you have left, and mingling occasionally with the enchanting circles of youth—especially if you have any thing in your countenance or manners which invites all the young people of the families in which you visit to flock about you, hang about you, and use every familiarity with you. I allude to the young female darlings of a house especially. This is delightful, and an infallibly good sign of an old man. There is an old Scots proverb, 'They're never cannie that dogs an' gipies dinna like;' and there is not a more true one in the whole collection. 'Let no such man be trusted.'"

The whole of this discourse is full of sage and pithy remarks on old men, their duties, their failings, their wisdom, and their folly. We do not quite approve of the personalities introduced; but as Sir Sidney Smith will probably never read the Shepherd's book, we may venture to extract what follows:

"The most peevish old men I have ever known were such as had earned fame by some insulated action, and who had nothing else to depend on. They were obliged to draw constantly from the same stock, till the world began to conceive that they were bankrupt, and they were daily disappointed in the respect to which they thought themselves entitled. Be assured, therefore, that a happy and respectable old age must have something to shew as well as to relate."

Our next quotation is well worthy of all praise and consideration:

"I have never yet been able properly to understand what Mr. James Russell would call the *otium cum dignitate* of an old man. It is supposed by some, that there is a certain period of life at which we ought to retire from public view, and leave the field open to vigorous and ambitious young men, who will tread the stage with a firmer step, and conduct the business of literature or common life with greater activity. But this is all mere balderdash. No, no: I am certain that exercise and temperance preserve the body in a sound state; and equally certain, that delightful study, the exercise of the mind, gives full vigour to its powers, until extreme old age. It is rare that a studious man outlives his faculties, unless these faculties have been very rash in their growth. Depend upon it, bairns, that in proportion as we improve the powers of our mind, we shall retain them for a shorter or longer period. I have always found a greater number of old men of sound and vigorous minds engaged in the professions

which require thought, than in those which require little mental exertion. Only see what sumphs the majority of old ministers are! They are almost as stupid as lairds."

We have quoted all this because it is good, and wise, and *heartening*; but we cannot allow the introduction of Mr. Russell's name to pass without some expression of regret. That eminent barrister, though, when seen in wig and gown, he may have struck Hogg as an aged man, is in fact at least ten years younger than Hogg himself; and when he spoke about the *otium cum dignitate* of old age, he was no doubt alluding jocularly to the comforts (now, we believe, within his view) of a seat at the benchers' table in Lincoln's Inn.

Again. We never can approve of allusions to the domestic affairs of public men, however offensive these may be in their *public* capacity. We believe that, contemptible beyond all measure as Lord Grey must be allowed to be, when considered as a *minister*, he is, in fact, a very amiable sort of person in his domestic capacity. He has set us all an example of diligence in providing for the olive branches, which, even in him, ought to command respectful acknowledgment; and we think Hogg need not have gone out of his way to make these bitter and sarcastic observations on the state of his relations with his son-in-law, Lord Durham—a man for whom also we have, on some accounts, a particular respect. Talking of the venerable premier, the Shepherd says:

"Many old men are jostled from the active scenes of life by the impetuosity of young men, who are eager to occupy their stations. But it is a man's duty to defend himself, by every just method, against any such encroachments made upon him. The difficulty, no doubt, is increased when the station requires activity and diligence, as well as experience and wisdom; yet, in most of the instances of this kind which I have witnessed, and been at the trouble to examine, I have found the blame to be more in the weakness of the man than the infirmities of his age."

And again:

"I adjure every man, especially such whose means of subsistence and exertions are linked together, never to give up his power of superintendency and direction as long as he is able to act,

even though not with his usual vigour. Unless from rooted boozing or brandy-fied derangement, I cannot suppose any statesman unfit to direct *the business of his own family*; why, then, should he reduce himself to a situation in which he may have comparatively few good things at his disposal? The premier and parent who does this is sure to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

But, indeed, the style in which the Shepherd pursues the present ministers, man by man, into the recesses of personal character and private relations, appears to us indefensible. He is, moreover, quite mistaken when he attacks Lord Palmerston, as one anxious to conceal the time of life to which he has attained. That nobleman has his weaknesses, but this surely cannot be of their number:

"When we are convicted of any of the undeniable marks of age, as wrinkles, grey hairs, or defect of sight, it is both laughable and pitiable to hear one asserting that these are not the marks of age in his case, as he had had them all since he was thirty! It is a pity that a man, entrusted with serious business of any kind, should indulge in such ingenious delusions; Talleyrand might paint his hair, too, if he liked: but he has too much sense."

Cupid, after all, is not above 57; and we rather think he does *not* paint his hair—at least, that he only uses a black-lead comb. But even harsher—in fact, exquisitely and brutally cruel—is the way in which Hogg introduces the two Grants, as sermonising each other "over a second bottle of black-strap." Hear Charles:

"Philosophy can give us no wiser instruction than that which teaches us to gain the support and patronage of others, when we part company with those who were our original benefactors. Providence has, in our transitory state, wisely contrived a remedy for this. We may so connect ourselves, as to have the fair prospect of new relations to fill the place of our former friends, and to come with claims on us which will keep alive the best feelings of our nature, and excite our exertions and industry to the last period of our lives. This, with the fear of God always before our eyes, and a humble confidence in his mercy, will keep our old hearts perfectly at ease, and our grey hairs shall sink down into the grave in peace."

The Right Hon. Robert Grant, again, is elsewhere introduced as saying:

"Solomon's moral philosophy is to me better than the whole that has been produced since; and it is long since I had it all by heart. The following maxim is three times repeated, nearly in the same terms, in his works: 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and DRINK, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.'"

The solemn hypocrisy here ascribed to these gentlemen is odious: such insincerity even over a quiet bottle of port, in the back parlour of Cannon Row! The Shepherd may depend upon it that all Clapham will feel indignant; but, to be sure, if Robert has got the Bombay appointment, he may afford to smile "in humble confidence."

In Hogg's fifth sermon, "To Young Men," we find, among many pathetic and affecting admonitions, some more of this unjustifiable bitterness about the rats still in the ministry:

"Such companions never discover to you at once the whole deformity of their character. Their own gradual defection from what they once were, has taught them the most successful methods of infusing the poison of vice, and yet concealing its odiousness."

Addressing a young member of parliament in the same sermon, he thus renews his assault. We are sure no one less needed such suggestions than the late worthy representative of Selkirkshire, whom Hogg has evidently had in his view throughout a great part of this discourse. Cautioning Mr. Pringle against the Grants, &c., he says:

"Where there is not virtue, there can be no real friendship. There may be associations of knaves, and their common interests may give them laws and bind them for some time together; but you may be assured that any friendship which deserves the name must be built on integrity. Never associate with men whose example or advice appears to lead you from the path of truth and uprightness: 'O my son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

And again, he stoops in the same sermon to such very humble game as Lord Howick, whom he (ironically?) calls "a pretty lad," and then slyly observes:

"I have been often taken with the appearance and countenances of young men in public assemblies; and yet the

very first time I heard them speak, I found at once that they were consummate blockheads."

In another sermon, entitled "On Deistical Reformers," the Shepherd returns to the charge with equal virulence; and, indeed, treats the lord-chancellor with a proud loftiness of contempt which we must pronounce quite un-Christian. There appears, however, to be some sprinkling of truth in more than one passage of this remarkable discourse:

"Our very priests, who, in the opinion of the modern class of infidels, have so long triumphed over the human understanding, now admit that it was the failing of mankind, a few centuries ago, to believe in every absurdity which their predecessors, in their ignorance, imposed on them. The error of this age is to believe too little, save in some things more extravagantly ridiculous than was ever promulgated in any former age. But if we go on improving at the present rate, I should not be surprised to see a set of philosophers endeavouring to persuade the world to believe in nothing, not even in Rowism itself, or in the universal genius and unsullied integrity of Lord Brougham."

We believe we have now quoted more than enough of the political part of this little volume; but it is not fair to overlook the fact, that if Hogg's strain here appears to casual readers, like the Tiger or ourselves, ultra-severe, the Shepherd is addressing *his own children*. His primary, almost his only thought, throughout these pages, is to inspire their tender and susceptible bosoms with a strong and eternal disgust for the mean knaveries and foppish delusions which have, at the present epoch, acquired so large a share of worldly success; and we must find some pardon for even the apparently harshest expressions into which a man of clear intellect and honourable principles—in other words, a good Tory—is betrayed by the natural anxiety he feels to train up his children in the hatred of Whiggery. We shall not return, however, to his politics. Here we have "the *gentle Shepherd*" all over:

"I have now the charge of a considerable, and, I hope, amiable and virtuous family; and if I had the charge of ten, I should govern them by the simple laws which would be sufficient to direct mankind, if they were wiser

and more virtuous than they are. Generosity would be the great virtue I should reward with fairings and gingerbread-nuts. Injustice, falsehood, cruelty, and ingratitude, would be almost the only crimes I should take down the laws for. With unremitting and steady attention to the different tempers and abilities of my pupils, I should promote in them the habits of industry, the bowels of kindness, and the virtues of jollity and hilarity; and in every step of their progress I should teach them to love God for his goodness to the fallen race of Adam, and to enjoy to the utmost all his bounties, with a scorn of Methodistical self-denying."

A sermon devoted entirely "To Young Women" merits special notice. It opens thus:

"'Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet. * * * In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.'

"This is a most extraordinary enumeration of our evangelical prophet's. I have always thought that the present age overtopped all former ones in emulation for fine dresses and ornaments of every description; but I have been wrong; for what are the most splendid dresses in Peebles compared with those of the Hebrew ladies? Isaiah was a shepherd, and the son of a shepherd; but, like others of his class, he has had an eye to the comely daughters of his people, and, as appears from other parts of his writings, noted well both what was becoming and what was ridiculous. I shall therefore take advantage of the prophet's description of the fantastic dresses of the daughters of Jerusalem to point out a few failings in the characters of my beloved young countrywomen, and recommend some duties which, if they attend to, they will be the better and happier as long as they live. I know they will smile at this presumption, and say one to another that age has not cured the shepherd of his inherent vanity. But they should remember, that my years and separation from the world give me a right not only to speak my mind freely to the young

and giddy, but also the power of looking at the charms of the loveliest of women with a steadier and more discriminating eye than those can do who are overpowered with them and flatter them. I by that means possess a darkened glass, through which I can look at the sun without being dazzled by the beams which conceal his dark spots."

It is impossible not to admire the audacious humbuggery of the Shepherd in the foregoing passage. But no matter; let him proceed:

"I must begin by disclosing to you the main fountain from whence all your errors and failings derive their source: it is a false and defective education. It is peculiarly unfortunate for you that at an early period of life the qualities which make you agreeable are quite of a different kind from those which are afterwards necessary to the discharge of your most important duties. The period of the few years between the girl and the woman is the most important one of your whole life: it is that period which frequently gives the character its peculiar tone and bias. And in which way is it spent? O, my dears! I must leave your own guilty consciences to answer that question."

Among the minute practical hints with which our preacher winds up this striking discourse, we are particularly delighted with the following:

"KEEP THE SABBATH. Do not be seen flying about with gentlemen in gigs and carriages, nor walking and giggling in the fields; for such behaviour is light-some, and highly disreputable. Attend Divine service once every Sunday at least, even though your minister should be a bore, as too many of them are, repeating the same monotonous sentences from day to day, and from year to year. Still, it is your duty to attend Divine worship, to join in praise and prayer with the community of Christians to whom you belong, and listen, reverently and attentively, to the word preached, as you know not whence a blessing may come, or when it may light.

"But as the attendance on Divine service takes up but a small portion of the day, in directing your studies for the remainder of it I am rather at a loss. I cannot insist on your reading of sermons, not even my own, for I never could do it myself, except Sterne's and Boston's, the two greatest opposites in nature. The Bible is by far the most inexhaustible book in the world, even laying aside its Divine origin altogether. For its great antiquity, simplicity of narrative, splendour of poetry, and wise and holy injunc-

tions, there is no work once to be compared with it; therefore, by all means, read your Bible, and attend to all the ordinances of Christianity; for it is beautiful and becoming to see a young person attending reverently upon these, and can scarcely fail to make her more acceptable both with God and man. Therefore attend diligently on the ordinances of religion, and read your Bible,—all save the book of Leviticus, which I always make my own children leave out. The study of the Jewish ceremonial law can be of no benefit to any one, but least of all to a young lady. I wish that book had been cancelled from the Holy Scriptures; for there are many of the injunctions so disgusting, that they cannot be read even by men."

In his sermon "On Good Breeding," the accomplished Shepherd, who must henceforth be considered as the Castiglione as well as Corydon of Yarrow, introduces some remarks on the personal peculiarities of his friends and acquaintance, which cannot fail to be highly interesting and instructive to all concerned. We observe that most of these gems have been already largely circulated in the newspapers, but still we cannot deny to our own pages the advantage of recording a few of such rare ornaments:

"The pride of rank, or of understanding, may lurk under the grave countenance; and the vanity of displaying excellence may produce severe and contradictory remarks: but such people may be assured, that if they cannot lay aside these defects in their character, they had better never mingle in the society of their friends, for they will only render themselves more and more disagreeable.

"I am sorry to make the remark, but for the sake of truth must do it, that I have generally found the ministers of the Gospel most at fault in this respect. They are so accustomed to harangue others without any contradiction, that when they come into mixed societies they cannot bear it, and too frequently grow dogmatical. I have the greatest veneration for that class of society, but must caution them against that too general failing. There are two extremes always to be carefully avoided; levity, which is too forward to please; and severity, which imposes unnecessary restraint. I have met with many almost intolerant instances of this in Scotland; and isolated country clergymen are more apt to be affected by this failing than those of a great city. In the latter, the constant friction of society has ground off all the asperities; and yet I know of

some almost unbrookable instances of this character in Edinburgh, and of first-rate gentlemen too.

"I found the society of London quite different; and how it should have happened with me, I know not; for I mixed freely with all sorts of respectable society; but I never met with an over-weening character, either among the clergy or laity. Croly is, perhaps, a little too apt to take the lead in conversation; but then he is so exceedingly intelligent, that one is always both pleased and edified. Hood, from whom I expected a continued volley of wit, is a modest, retiring character. Reynolds more brilliant. Hook altogether inimitable, either for fun or drinking. Martin as simple in his manners as a shepherd's boy. Cruikshanks stately and solemn. But I could go over a thousand in the same way, in most of whom I was disappointed, though often most agreeably. Among the nobility and gentry I felt myself most at home, and most at my ease of all. There was no straining for superiority there. Every gentleman and lady came apparently to be pleased, and they were pleased with every thing, whether said or sung. The impression left on my mind by mingling with the first society of London, is that of perfection, and what I would just wish society to be."

"I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met with most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue-stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters, perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but, then, they never assume so much. The society of London that I mixed with is, as I have said before, just such a model as I would always desire to see. There was no wrangling; none whatever; not even on political creeds. They intermixed all in the most perfect harmony; and if such a thing as the different sides chanced to be mentioned, it was by way of joke. Mr. Holmes was, however, a very arbitrary gentleman among them, but a fellow of infinite good humour."

We have not the advantage of knowing all the persons here characterised, but we are sure Hogg had met with some body of the name of Cruikshank, quite different from our excellent friend of Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, the inimitable GEORGE; who is indeed, when contemplated across the pit of the Opera, a "stately and solemn" looking Don enough: but at the social

board exhibits all the life, fun, and hilarity that one would expect from the exquisite creations of his pencil. There is, we believe, some inferior artist about town of the same, or nearly the same, name; but George Cruikshank, if the shepherd had really met with him, must have made a charming impression on his congenial mind. Who the *Reynolds* that Hogg talks of can be we are at a loss to guess. The melo-dramatist of that name has, we believe, been for some years rather more dead than Sir Joshua. By *Martin*, does he mean the painter of Babylon, or the incendiary of York, or *Betty*? If the "Mr. Holmes" he speaks of be our friend the ex-whipper-in, the Shepherd had encountered him in some extraordinary *phasis*. A more jolly, good-humoured, unarbitrary fellow, than Billy Holmes, it has rarely been our fortune to crack a bottle withal. We appeal to Downie of Appin!

We are quite at fault as to the heroines whom the Shepherd introduces with such unwonted delicacy of *dashes* with page 71.

"Though we are obliged, out of respect for female talents, to listen respectfully to Mrs. G—, Miss B—, and Mrs. S—, with mute acquiescence, they are nevertheless very tedious companions: Mrs. J—, again, is quite the reverse; I would take her as a model of a literary lady."

We must now conclude, and it shall be by quoting from Hogg's sixth sermon "on reason and instinct" a beautiful passage on the language of birds and beasts—a passage which would have done honour to any White of Selborne, or Jesse of Hampton Court, among them all.

"That animals have each a language of their own to one another, there can be no doubt. I know a good deal of their languages myself. I know by the voice of the raven when he has discovered one of my flock dead—I know also his prelude to the storm and to fine weather. The moorfowls can call one another from hill to hill. I learned to imitate their language so closely, that I could have brought scores of them within the range of my shot of a morning. The blackcock has a call, too, which brings all his motley mates around him, but the females have no call. They are a set of subordinate beings, like the wives of a nabob. They dare not even incubate upon the same hill with their haughty lords. But the partridge, and every mountain-bird, have

a language to each other, and though rather circumscribed, it is perfectly understood, and, as Wordsworth says, "not to me unknown." Even the stupid and silly barn-door hen, when the falcon appears, can, by one single alarm-note, make all her chickens hide in a moment. Every hen tells you when she has laid her egg; and, lest it should not be well enough heard or understood, the cock exerts the whole power of his lungs in divulging the important secret. The black-faced ewe, on the approach of a fox or a dog, utters a whistle through her nostrils which alarms all her comrades, and immediately puts them upon the look-out. Not one of them will take another bite until they discover whence the danger is approaching. If the dog be with a man, sundry of them utter a certain bleat, which I know well but cannot describe, and begin feeding again. If the dog is by himself, they are more afraid of him than any other animal, and you will then hear the whistle repeated through the whole glen.

"But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand all braying at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated,—and that is no joke neither. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shriveling, a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up."

We ought certainly to string together a few of Hogg's deep sayings, so profusely scattered over those of his sermons that have not supplied us with any lengthened quotations; but our limits are exhausted. The one on the text "It is better to marry than burn," affords, however, several maxims wor-

thy of being printed in letters of gold, or, at least, of brass; and we must select a handful:

MAXIM I.

"It is a clear enough deduction from our text, that great allowance is to be made, on the score of certain indiscretions, for gentlemen whose wives are in the straw; or who are compelled by necessary business to cross the seas, or abide for any considerable period away from domestic comforts in any such great city as London, or even Edinburgh."—*Hogg*, p. 352.

MAXIM II.

"No married woman can ever be expected to overlook a slip with one of her own servants. This is entirely derogatory."—*Ibid.* p. 359.

MAXIM III.

"If any lady suffers such an animal about the house as a governess, she must take the consequences; which are twofold: viz. that if the governess be an old and ugly quean, the husband will take a disgust for home, and be constantly at the club or the change-house; or, if she be young and comely, that there will be every risk of an interference."—*Ibid.* p. 365.

MAXIM IV.

"If a man's daughters are coming on—say between fifteen and eighteen—private teachers of music are dangerous. What can be looked for from any pretty melting young bird, when she is eternally hearing some deep, rich, soul-shaking voice, from between a pair of spanking black whiskers maybe, running through all the gamut of temptation on one of Tom Moore's wicked, because apparently modest, ballads?"—*Ib.* p. 370.

MAXIM V.

"No sober, dounce preacher of the Gospel, measuring twenty inches round the calf, should ever cross my doors if I had a young widow in my family."—*Ibid.* p. 373.

MAXIM VI.

"In a great house, the ladies'-maids are the devil."—*Ibid.* p. 374.

MAXIM VII.

"Peter Robertson's imitation of the professor is the best thing I ever heard: better than the Gaelic sermon."—*Ibid.* p. 376.

MAXIM VIII.

"Ladies of very high rank are apt to have such a conceit of themselves, used as they have been all their days to the grossest flattery, that they think they are entitled, in certain particulars, to conduct themselves as freely as if they belonged to the other gender."—*Ibid.* p. 380.

MAXIM IX.

"The shopkeepers' wives about the west-end of London are but a loose set — too many of them: so are the blue-stockings, almost without exception; but, luckily, they are generally made-up, painted, old creatures, not fit for close inspection."—*Ibid.* p. 382.

MAXIM X.

"I would advise a judge's lady, unless he be a very frail old body, to travel the circuit along with his lordship; indeed, for that matter, even ministers' wives, if they have any sense, will accompany their husbands when they go in to attend the General Assembly."—*Ibid.* p. 390.

The above *decalogue* appears so rich in matter of reflection, that we shall not disturb its impression by any addition.

Vivant Rex et REGINA! Amen.

P.S. — Hogg being, in our opinion, the greatest genius that Scotland has ever produced, we were rather mortified by a report which reached us, a few weeks ago, that he had condescended to undertake a Life of Mr. Robert Burns, and an annotated edition of that person's poetical works; but just as we had finished the above (it will be allowed pains-taking) article on the Shepherd's sermons, the first number of his *Burns** came to hand, and we have the satisfaction of announcing, that the execution of this specimen quite satisfies us as to two desirable and important points. First, that Hogg has a complete contempt for Burns; and secondly, that Hogg has almost as lofty an opinion of the Ettrick Shepherd as even our own warm partiality could have wished to see him expressing on such an occasion. The cool *nonchalance* with which the new editor disposes of some of the most (vulgarly) popular of the Ayrshire Radical's ballads is, to ourselves, critically and morally, "quite refreshing;" and we are mistaken if the upshot be not that James Hogg will entirely and for ever upset Robert Burns. We must give one or two examples of what we consider the happiest body of annotation that has as yet adorned any one of these "Life and Works" concerns, now so much in vogue.

Of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, then, Hogg succinctly says:

"Taking all his poems and songs together, this famous COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT scarcely reaches a mediocrity of the whole. It is a dull, heavy, lifeless poem!!!"—*Hogg's Burns*, vol. i. p. 128.

The Shepherd's sentence on the *Hal-loween* is equally concise and satisfactory:

"I never can help regarding this as rather a trivial poem!!!!!!"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 91.

Mr. Hogg is equally candid in announcing the judgment of his own refined taste as to the *Scotch Drink* of Burns:

"This is one of our bard's early pieces, and does not rank very high. Some of the stanzas are rather rough spun!!!!!!!"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 9.

But perhaps the most pregnant indication of our editor's feeling and *animus* altogether occurs in a note on the *Address to the Deil*, where, after shewing that the word *cootie*, in

"Spairges about the brimstane cootie
To scaud poor wretches,"

is "a word *made for the rhyme*, and has NO MEANING WHATEVER," Hogg adds:

"But I dare only make remarks, not alter. If I had the power, I WOULD ALTER OFTEN!!!!!!!"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 53.

What a pity that Messrs. Fullarton and Co. of Glasgow had not given Hogg "the power to alter!" In that case we are inclined to think he might really have made something good out of Burns. Under the present unfortunate restrictions, he has only been able to "make remarks," which must indeed eventually damn the reputation of Burns; but which will at least save the name of that overpraised (and hitherto misconstrued) poetaster from being entirely forgotten by the next generation. The prose of Hogg will, at all events, secure for Burns that species of immortality which Mr. Sergeant Bettsworth owes to the rhyme of Swift. Well done, Messrs. Fullarton and Co. of Glasgow!

* Life and Works of Robert Burns. 8vo. Glasgow, 1834. Fullarton.

By the Ettrick Shepherd. Vol. I., small

MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—Pierce Pungent here, *per saltem*, reaches at once to Juvenal's fifteenth satire, in which the Roman satirist so powerfully ridiculed the sottish and ferocious bigotry of the nations. With rare, if not with equal power, the English poet pursues the bigotry of these revolutionary times throughout its various changes—Atheism, Infidelity, Republicanism, and Sectarianism of all kinds, both in Church and State. Earl Grey is doomed to becoming (and sure-coming) contempt. The hastening manumission of the Sovereign Will of the realm from Whig despotism and treachery is foretold with confidence. The poet also takes a retrospect of the Church of Rome, viewing it on the better side, philosophically. The Genius of Protestantism is finely personified, and the merits of the Church of England justly asserted. The vial of wrath is finally poured out on the Cant of Liberalism, and the (so called) Spirit of the Age.

OLIVER YORKE.

SATIRE V.

Who knows not, Lord of Dovedale, all the prauks
 Played by the slavish freedom-loving Franks?
 Divinest Nature worshipt as their god—
 A naked harlot, rank with emerald
 And French corruption, throned in regal state,
 The all-receiving and regenerate
 Huckstress of demon-favours. Hark! the song
 Of freedom bursting from the frantic throng!
 France worshipt her while Whiglings worshipt France,
 And future rebels sunned them in her glance.
 Unhallowed Fox, and our Fox-apeing Grey,
 Bowed down in worship: years have past away,
 And Fox has paid his debt—but Grey remains,
 To spread French poison through our English veins.
 Fond, fond old man! the bartered and the sold—
 Lover of fame, but lover more of gold,
 Whose fame is infamy, whose wealth is dirt,
 Rebellion's paramour and Fortune's flirt!
 Consigned to everlasting shame—the mock,
 The scorn and byword of his mangy flock!
 The old belwether of the wretched train
 Who follow him, as once they followed Paine!
 Thinks he that England is subdued by him—
 Our story done—our page of glory dim?
 Can he expunge, whate'er he say or do,
 The day of Trafalgar or Waterloo?
 "He loves our Church!" Yes, as when Dagon fell
 In presence of the ark, and many a yell
 For Heaven-inflicted deaths was heard around,
 Philistia loved her scourge! Fast-fettered, bound
 By hard necessity, compelled to hate
 The last sole bulwark of the tottering state,
 He loves the Church! Oh! worse than Eli's sons,
 The downward course the would-be statist runs!
 Like them he stabs his country, and, like them,
 Robs her of Faith, the nation's safeguard gem,
 Lets in the foe, and points them to the prey;
 They died in harness—he would skulk away!
 Go to thy dust, thy marble monument—
 Thy last of days in Treason's service spent;
 Proclaimed a patriot—as a statesman hailed!
 But, by those arts which have at last prevailed,

By Whig disorder, and the menaced throne ;
 By ruined England's melancholy groan,
 By that religion which thy lips profane,—
 Thy hope of honourable fame is vain !
 Thy good is writ in water, but thy shame
 Must stick for ever to thy branded name ;
 And if thy bones are placed where Pitt's are laid —
 Or whereso'er thy carcass-dues are paid —
 Whoe'er beholds thy monument shall say,
 " Here lies the Whig — that miserable Grey ! " *
 Is England ruined ? only for a time ;
 The storm of rapine and the surge of crime —
 The hail of blood must come ; but it will pass.
 We need no second sight, no wizard glass,
 To see the Lion of the Brunswick brood
 Himself recruited, in his race renewed ;
 We yet, thank Heaven ! have left some seed of Seth,
 And have in hope a new Elizabeth.
 Our state-ship has her William yet on board,
 In name the king ; in will, if once restored :
 But now the mutineers his power repress,
 Have seized the helm, and leave him but to guess
 Where they are steering ; they affect the track
 That leads to Safety-bay the vessel back —
 A little while deceive his practised eye,
 Then " Ho, for Otaheite ! " is the cry.
 Happier than Bligh ! though there are Whigs to brave him,
 He yet has friends to stand by, succour, save him.
 Praise to the good, and honour to the brave !
 England ! dear star of the Atlantic wave !
 Thy light is not expended, though thy face
 Is now eclipsed by veil of dark disgrace ;
 Thy beams shall reappear ; thy winged might —
 The way of wisdom, and the victor-fight —
 Thy car careering through the field of Time,
 And trampling down brute Anarchy and Crime —
 Thy nation-guarding freedom, moral wealth —
 Thy adamant frame, religious health —
 Hope by thy side, and Honour in advance —
 Shall triumph yet o'er Whiggery and France !
 Again, bright star ! shalt thou a forelight be
 Above the forehead of the troubled sea ;

* Παύτρις γιάμης is the epithet of Pindar for those " all-receiving " fair, one of whom was worshipped in republican France. The people of England would do well to remember what France is without an established church ; and the Dissenters, who have religion at heart, would do well to re-unite themselves to our venerable and apostolical church : all may do this, excepting, of course, the Unitarians, who usurp the name of Christians, to which they have not a shadow of right. It is not impossible, should the people not support the church and the king at this crisis, that a Fleet Street walker may be raised to the same bad pre-eminence as she of St. Denis. All things bad are possible to the illustrious Whigs. Mr. Canning's verses (Elijah's mantle) supply me with a quotation for " unhallowed Fox."

" Fox ! if to thee some portion fall,
 O, let it to thy mind recall
 Those hours of rude debate,
 When thy unhallowed accents praised
 The glorious fabric traitors raised
 On Bourbon's ruined state."

Of the aged Palinurus, who is now at the helm, I need say nothing. He and his party will be obliged to nail their colours to the mast,—and they must be *black*. Pirates and all enemies to law and social order cannot give and must not expect quarter.

When this all-cursing portent has gone by,
Leaving behind its smouldering memory.*

Once in the circuit of our sea-girt isle,
Amid our valleys many a reverend pile,
With its time-honoured sylvans belted round,
By weary way-worn travellers was found
A ready shelter, ere the closing light
Let loose the angry spirits of the night;
Food and security were there supplied,
Nor to the penitent was hope denied.
The solemn curfew and the vesper hymn —
The lengthening aisles — the aged cloister, dim
With the long shadows of departed years —
The whispering sighs from ancient sepulchres —
The white-stoled priesthood, and the choral song —
The canonised past, to which belong
The hope that kindled and the love that bled,
Affections clinging to the fleshless dead;
These made that holy place to breathe of heaven,
Type of the haven to the weary given.
Then reigned a high and reverential Queen,
Hiding her presence in a curtained screen;
Stately and solemn that mysterious dame!
Exactng homage to her altar-flame
By charmed bowl, and superstitious spell,
By awful mystery, by miracle
And most majestic pomp, by fleshless power
Lodged in her fleshly servants of the hour —
That immemorial Presence, fraught with good,
For ever felt yet never understood;
But in her court, only to her unknown,
Maintaining ill that threatened, pushed her throne —
Religious Unity, a blessed spirit!
Defiled by falsehood, and what imps inherit
The blood of sorcerers, was put to shame,
Dethroned, disrowned, and now is but a name!†

* That the will of the highest estate in the realm has been fettered, and that the most unjustifiable means have been had recourse to in order that the extinction of that eye of the state might follow by continuous sympathy from the putting out of the other eye, the aristocracy, is known, I presume, to every one who knows any thing of the signs of our political disorder, irritated and made malignant by the desperate quacks, who, undertaking to make a polity, yet healthy, though somewhat advanced in years, put on the bloom of young-limbed beauty, have brought it to the greatest extremity of danger. We have, however, great confidence in its natural strength, and have little doubt that, under the hands of honest and skilful and experienced chirurgeons, after the necessary excision of the gangrenous parts, the patient will yet do well.

England, the eye of the world, shall not be put out by all the Whigs, Radicals, and good-for-nothing Utilitarians in the world. Englishmen, all who deserve the name, take an oath to this effect between the cradles of your children and the graves of your fathers!

† It is remarked by Mr. Godwin, in his history of Chaucer, that the church of Rome was precisely calculated to keep alive the spark of true religion in the dark ages. This is a just remark. The very pomp and mystery, the solemn enactments of stated festivals — the splendid endowments and universal hospitality — the acquirements of the priesthood when all mankind besides was ignorant, when crowned emperor and belted knight were unacquainted with the very rudiments of learning — the familiar mixing of the inferior clergy with the people — all this won and maintained the influence of that church over the public mind, when such forms as those of Baptist, Quaker, and Presbyterian would not have stood a day before the scorn and contempt of the ignorant, and the most brutal ignorance was then the lot of Europe. It was the pleasure of the Master that Goth and Vandal should overthrow civilisation and learning, to shew, as his pride had been a stumbling block to the Jew, so should

Then ruled, but o'er more stirring, turbulent,
 And careless subjects, from that mother rent,
 In her discrowning, ere the hour of birth
 Was fully come, the Blessing of the Earth,
 Our spotless Una ! with her heavenward eye, }
 Her face of rapture, and her kindred nigh, }
 Down dropping ever from their native sky. }
 Hers a divided reign ! but yet the Queen,
 With the bright glow of her immortal mien,
 Wins and shall win, although the swart sprites rage, }
 And hiss her belted knight and lettered sage, }
 The living heart of her own glorious heritage.
 From Stygian damps the pestilential wing
 Of Discord flaps ; hell's busy legates bring
 Large promises — gifts, ribbons, spangles, stars,
 But careful hide their thunder-graven scars.
 She, in her unpretending loveliness,
 Looks calmly on the hour of her distress ;
 For knows she not the Wise and Only Good
 Permits man's evil ? but His holy rod
 Has taken root, and buds like Aaron's rod.
 From fear of man shall she mistrust her God ?
 The struggle comes ! where is the shield, the spear ?
 She shews her cross — " I find my safety here."
 Where is the battlement, the strong defence ?
 She shews her robe of spotless innocence.
 Where are the knights, the champions of the field ?
 " Behold my priesthood, knights who never yield !"
 The battle rages ! pales her queen-like cheek ?
 Look on the blessed lady calm and meek !
 She bares her bosom — " Come, bad men ! and read
 My history ; then make this bosom bleed.
 Whom have I robbed, or trampled in my power ?
 When was I ruthless in misfortune's hour ?
 When loved I not my people ? when to grief
 Was dumb, nor gave to poverty relief ?
 Have I not given my undefiled breast
 To be a pillow for the infant's rest ?
 Who spread with flowers of hope those loamy caves ?
 Who kept the love-watch by those speechless graves ?

his learning and so-called philosophy be foolishness to the Greek, but His church was not to perish !

The church of Rome was for ages the depository of our English hopes, and well and worthily in our land did that church for long pursue her vocation ; but the time came when men were prepared to learn something more of the truth ; it was discovered that eyes profane had peeped into the ark, that falsehood had insinuated herself into our holy places, and by God's providence the Church of England came forth from the ruins of Rome — somewhat stripped of her goodly raiment and gracious ornaments, but yet lovely in renewed youth. Thus the Church of England is the true apostolical Church of Rome. " We," said the glorious bishop Bull, " have not apostatised from the Church of Rome, but the Church of Rome has apostatised from us ; we are the true Church of Rome." But the separatists soon shewed that the religious unity which once prevailed was not to prevail again. The very fathers of the reformation quarrelled about their forms and their gifts, their doctrines and their opinions ; and some of them unfortunately shewed that, whatever illumination their understanding may have received, they were yet untouched in heart by the preternatural loveliness of blessed Christianity ; else had not the surly Knox behaved himself like a fleshier of the Grassmarket to the unfortunate Mary, and by his harshness and folly precipitated her ruin, and bequeathed to his country a legacy of religious discord and of violence and bloodshed, which it required nearly two centuries to extinguish ; nor otherwise had Calvin, the bishop-hating bishop of Geneva, burned Servetus at the stake for his religious opinions.

Who gave the conscience freedom ? who supplied
 Her marriage graces to the new-made bride ?
 Who would not re-admit the priestly train,
 Who spread with thorns my mother's fair domain ?
 Am I not of the line of promise ? Men
 Of England ! loved I not my people, when
 My priests and servants thought it good to die
 For you ? Who more can love true liberty ?
 Behold my bosom ! who will do despite,
 Or deadly wound, to this unsullied white ?”*

’Tis fabled that some temple-dogs of yore
 Revered the chaste, the lustful ever tore ;
 The brinded lion left the virgin free,
 Or else kept guard by houseless chastity ;
 ’Tis said the boisterous tongue, the armed hand,
 Has been chained up by the enchanter's wand.
 Fables ! But what could haughty Pharaoh do,
 When plagues from Heaven made slimy Egypt rue ?
 And now why boasts the multitude that fills
 The tents of Ashur ? why, upon their hills,
 Do rebel hordes proclaim their vaunted power ?
 An arrow flies ! where, whence the deadly stour ?
 To-morrow, fire for temple, house, and crib !
 Behold the army of Sennacherib !
 The morrow came — what was Judea's fate ?
 Crowned Salem, queen-like, sat beside her gate.
 And now — now big with destiny ! the roar
 Of villain hordes — marauders breaking o'er
 Our fences ! Shall the thieves obtain the day,
 Burn down, and spoil, and carry off the prey ?
 No ! dearly shall the knaves their outrage rue,
 If England only to herself be true.
 ’Tis not with us ! the Watcher from above —
 May He look on us with an eye of love ! †

* I trust the personifications I have ventured upon will not be deemed inappropriate. The church is in danger,—the cry is neither senseless nor unnecessary. To say that the church is in danger is to say that the state is in danger. The state of England cannot exist without the national church. The hostility of the Dissenters has been shewn at a late election, where not an individual out of many Dissenters supported the Church of England candidate, but voted one and all for one of the Whig secretaries of state.

The sons of the church are now alarmed, and I trust they will not allow themselves to be deceived by any lying professions of the enemy. There must be no truce with Baal. I think, from personal observation, that the clergy of England could now do much for their righteous cause ; they should mingle more freely with the people at large. Mr. Stokes, the farmer, loves to hear the parson inquire after Mrs. Stokes and the little ones. John, the ploughman, feels not a little pleased when his reverence interests himself about his small affairs, and compliments his sagacity by asking him some question touching the weather or the crops. The clergyman is a king in his village, but he gains authority from the love he gains by being daily and much with his people. I have always observed that clergymen of gentle blood — I speak of true clergymen — are more liked than those who have come from shops or farm-houses ; they are less proud, and are therefore more beloved. I never knew an aristocrat demean himself to his inferiors as a proud man, unless besides being proud he was a natural fool ; I scarcely ever saw a man of low birth risen above it by circumstances who did not demean himself as if he were of the line of the *Cæsars*.

† If the Church of England shall be sacrificed, and our institutions be broken down by the accursed and sacrilegious hands that have dared to touch the holy things, which it is only for the priesthood to do, then, indeed, must the survivors weep over the ruin and overthrow of the most glorious state which God ever raised up to be for a wonder to the nations. If the people of England will desert the faith, and turn into folly the wisdom of their fathers — the glory is departed, and England was.

Go to Columbia : there admire the free,
 Their myriad sects, their churchless liberty ;
 The slang of freedom and their smoking chief,
 Their rose-light beauties and their chimes of beef :
 Hark to their eloquence—their senate hear !
 How gracefully they hawk, and spit, and swear !
 Bow to their greatness, call our English fools,
 And bid them come and push us from our stools !
 Like them be churchless, and like them be wise,
 Lords of the present, gods, and destinies !
 There every man his own best priest may be—
 Correct St. Paul, and laugh at Jeremie ;
 The stable in the town—for priest the groom,
 The log-hut in the wild, the drawing-room—
 Each is a tabernacle ; take a spell,
 Or hear the cook, whose style is colonel.
 Has no Tentyra shewn the bloody deed,
 No outgouged eyes, whose mangled sockets bleed ?
 The cruelties of Ombi there unknown ?
 The border murder, unavenged groan ?
 They cant and rattle, shake, and dance, and whine ;
 Out-bellow bulls, out-grunt the pretty swine ;
 Screams, agonies, tobacco, curses, grog !
 A dash at devils and a roar for prog !
 Out with all priests ! Like them your faith renew—
 And chant for hymn-tune “ Yankee-doodle-doo.”
 Most sweet Dissenters ! with your thousand names,
 Your million grievances and burning shames,
 Go ! help the Yankees—their wide region fill ;
 Go ! fatten there and propagate at will.
 Why linger here to pull an old church down,
 When freedom calls you o’er to Yankee-town ? *

Who speaks ? The citizen from Timbuctoo.
 He is an orator—that black will do :
 He shall be president : he’ll do our work
 Far better than the one we have—the Turk,
 Whom Grant brought over, that the Tories small
 Might see our scheme of freedom takes in all.
 Cantabrians, Cimbri, men of Cuckoo-land,
 Come here and learn how freedom can command.
 Ye men of Nile—ye worshippers of fire !
 Sauromatæ and Haytians ! we desire
 Your arms and hearts ;—nor has our love forgot
 The man of Saba, nor the Hottentot.
 We love the world—the world in us delights ;
 Utopians all and blessed Sybarites !
 The Builder of the world for us designed
 The mighty triumphs of the master-mind :

* America is the El Dorado of the Dissenters and the Utilitarians. Confound their impudence ! Why do they not leave England, if it is not good enough for their white consciences, or if it does not afford scope enough to their freedom-loving energies ? The poor among them who cannot pay for their passage over the herring-pond might be sent over in our navies public and private. A government so wealthy as to expend twenty millions for the ruin of a part of his majesty’s subjects, and the compulsory barbarism of those they pretend to benefit, could surely find ways and means to rid us of some of these noisy beasts. The advantages of sectarian zeal will be found admirably displayed in the fifteenth satire of Juvenal, where he recounts a bloody battle on some high festival between the Ombites and the meek Dissenters of Tentyra. His scene is laid in Egypt. I have before observed that England is the spiritual Egypt—the mystic Babylon—the proud unclean, that maketh for herself a robe of sanctity, and sitteth in the crossings of the streets, and says to Jew and Gentile, to infidel and heretic, to blaspheming Unitarian and the better Mahometan, “ Come, kiss me !”

We are His delegates ; we rule and sway
 From the proud orient to the setting day—
 Kings on the treadmill, thrones beneath our feet,
 Diamonds macadamised in every street ;
 Mars, Venus, Saturn, distant Uranus,
 Already send ambassadors to us.
 We have a free-trade with the planets all,
 In mutual bottoms, and reciprocal.
 Imperial giants ! thus the birds of old
 Built in the skies a vast and mighty hold ;
 Clipt Hebe's wings, and intercepted Jove,
 And laid a tribute on the Queen of Love—
 A beautiful ambition ! if you please
 To read the sly knight, Aristophanes.*

The cant of Liberals ! the springes set
 For poor unconscious birds—the mighty net
 With which Whig fishermen now sweep their sea,
 In pomp and power and prodigality !
 There on the rock sits Palmerston—below
 Old Grey, with keen eye looking for the throw.
 That steeple tears their net—the mesh is rent ;
 Their hopes are withered, and their strength is spent.
 Yet do they stretch it with the help of Place,
 And try to hide their bungling and disgrace.
 How long must England to this nightmare yield ?
 Has she no breast to heave—no arms to wield ?
 One vigorous start will break a painful dream—
 The consciousness of young day's cheerful gleam.
 This incubus of state, this wretched power
 Of drunken fantasy, has had its hour.
 Burst from thy sleep, old lion ! rouse thy mane,
 And scare these bugbears from the fairy plain.
 Shall that bold heart, which looked unawed where shone
 The meteor glare of dread Napoleon,
 Crouch to the feeble ? England, up ! arise !
 And shake to dust these moth-nonentities.
 The fate of nations hinges on the time—
 Triumphant law, or victory for crime !
 Shall the base roundhead come upon the scene,
 Trample the flowers, incarnadine the green ?
 Pollute the virgin's violated bower ?
 Indulge his ruffian insolence of power ?
 Bring to the scaffold—leave that woe unsaid,
 And spare to name that reverend patriot head.

The Spirit of the Age ! and is it so—
 Must war be raised—must blood in torrents flow ?

* I have heard a few men of letters and science, and many who have no pretension to literature, maintain the perfectibility of the human race. The Jew-bill has de-Christianised one branch of our legislature already ; there is no saying where the rage for liberality may cease. England, the scorn of Europe, assumes to be the very navel of the green round earth—the centre of inspiration—the tripes of intelligence. The "Birds" of Aristophanes is a very laughable exposure of the follies of Athens. I think an adaptation of it to the English stage would be at once successful and useful. If the spirits of the dead are permitted to take a peep into the business of this little world (they of course in that case would travel much, and be the masters of all languages) Rousseau, and Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Frederick—called the Great—must find infinite amusement in attending the meetings of our sage rulers. It may be that the chancellor is only the mouthpiece of one of those merry wags who makes him ridiculous, and at the same time unconscious of the ridicule, while the less gifted among us suppose that his inspiration proceeds from spirits of another sort.

Shall anarchy and fierce rebellion rage,
 If it so please the Spirit of the Age?
 Shall none prevent the plague, or strive to stay?
 Have we no Phineas of the olden day?
 No loyal Cavendish? no staunch De Vere?
 No Stanley in the field? No chevalier
 Of honour? knight nor squire of high degree?
 No heart of oak among our yeomanry?
 Base liars! who would heap on England's name
 Curses and horror, infamy and shame!
 Her heart is true, and full, thank Heaven! of life;
 Her mother trunk with hopeful shoots is rife:
 The creeping parasite has twisted round
 The goodly stem; but now the plague is found.
 Pulled down and trampled, let it die the death—
 While we our country crown with honour's wreath;
 While round our altar crowds of patriots press;
 While myriad lips our champion monarch bless;
 While traitors flee away—but cannot flee
 The burning and the hiss of infamy.*

DEAN SWIFT'S MADNESS. A TALE OF A CHURN.

(From the "Prout Papers.")

"O thou, whatever tittle please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver—
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind!"—POPE.

WE are fully cognisant of and perfectly prepared for the overwhelming burst of universal felicitation which we shall elicit from a sympathising public, when we announce the glad tidings of the safe arrival in London of the Watergrasshill "chest," fraught with treasures such as no Spanish galleon ever wafted from Manilla or Peru into the waters of the Guadalquivir. From the remote Irish highland where Prout wasted so much of true Athenian suavity on the desert air, unnoticed and unappreciated by the rude tenants of the hamlet, his trunk of posthumous papers has been brought into our cabinet; and there it stands before us, like unto the Trojan horse, replete with the armed offspring of the great man's brain, right well packed with most classic stuffing,—ay, pregnant with life and glory! Haply has Fate decreed that it should fall into proper hands and fitting custody; else to what vile uses might not this box of learned lumber have been unwittingly converted: we shudder in spirit at the probable destiny that would have awaited it. The Caliph Omar warmed the baths of Alexandria with Ptolemy's library; and the "Prout Papers" might e'er now be lighting the pipes of "the boys" in Blarney Lane, while the chest itself might afford materials for a three-legged stool—

"Truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum!"

In verity it ought to be allowable at times to indulge in that most pleasing opiate

* The premier said in his place, that the legislature must yield to the spirit of the age. This comes well from the presumed Christian head of the presumed Christian government of a Christian people. "Resist the devil and he will flee" is the apostolical prescript; yield to the devil and drive the best bargain you can with him, is the advice of the illustrious earl. Whose advice must we follow? The crisis is near at hand; there are signs of hope and triumph for the friends of order. The aristocracy and yeomanry of the country are against the Whigs,—all the intelligence of the country is against them. The Dissenters and the manufacturers, and the tail of the Whigs, against John Bull! John will make short work of them, when he is once well awakened up. The old gentleman loves flattery, and he has had incense enough offered him to turn, sooth to say, a stronger head. But his heart is yet in the right place, or woe for us all!

self-applause; and having made so goodly an acquisition, why should not we, OLIVER YORKE to wit, chuckle inwardly while we are congratulated from without, glancing an eye of satisfaction at the chest:

"*Mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac contemtor in arcâ!*"

Never did that learned ex-Jesuit, Angelo Mai, now librarian of the Vatican, rejoice more over a "palimpsest" MS. of some crazy old monk, in which his quick eye fondly hath detected the long lost decades of Livy—never did friend Pettigrew gloat over a newly uncoffined mummy (warranted of the æra of Sesostrius)—never did (that living mummy) Maurice de Talleyrand exult over a fresh bundle of Palmerstonian protocols, with more internal complacency,—than did we, jubilitating over this sacerdotal anthology, this miscellany "in boards," at last safely lodged in our possession.

Appropos. We should mention that we had previously the honour of receiving from his excellency Prince Maurice (aforesaid) the following note, to which it grieved us to return a flat negative.

"Le Prince de Talleyrand prie Mr. OLIVIER YORKE d'agréer ses respectueux hommages. Ayant eu l'avantage de connaître personnellement feu l'Abbé de Prout lors de ses études à la Sorbonne en 1778, il serait charmé sitôt qu'arriveront les papiers de ce respectable ecclésiastique d'assister à l'ouverture du coffre. Cette faveur qu'il se flatte d'obtenir de la politesse reconnue de Monsieur YORKE il sçaura dûment apprécier.

"*Ambassade de France, Hanovre Sq., ce 3 Juin.*"

We suspected at once (and our surmise has proved correct) that many documents would be found referring to Marie Antoinette's betrayers and the practices of those three prime intriguers Mirabeau, Cagliostro, and Prince Maurice; so that we did well in eschewing the honour intended us in overhauling these papers,—non "Talley" auxilio.

We hate a flourish of trumpets; and though we could justly command all the clarions of renown to usher in these Prout writings, let their own intrinsic worth be the sole herald of their fame. We are not like the rest of men—Liston Bulwer, Dr. Lardner, and Bob Montgomery—obliged to inflate our cheeks with incessant effort to blow our commodities into notoriety. No! we are not disciples in the school of Puffendorf; Prout's *fish* will be found fresh and substantial,—not "blown," as happens too frequently in the literary market. We have more than once acknowledged the unsought and unpurchased plaudits of our cotemporaries; but it is to the imperishable verdict of posterity that we ultimately look for a ratification of modern applause: with Cicero we exclaim—"Memoria vestra, Quirites, nostra res vivent, sermonibus crescent, litterarum monumentis velerascunt et corroborabuntur!" Yes! while the ephemeral writers of the day, mere bubbles on the surface of the flood, will become extinct in succession, while a few, more lucky than their comrade dunces, may continue for a space to swim with the aid of those vile bladders, newspaper-puffs, Father Prout will be seen floating triumphantly down the stream of time, secure and buoyant in a genuine "Cork" jacket.

Some friends of literature have been importuning us to publish at once a *catalogue raisonné*, or table of contents, of all the matters, historic, critic, analytic, and philologic embraced in the range of these MS.; but, as we don't wish to tempt housebreakers to our premises, we shall keep the secret of our treasures locked up in our own breast, nor expose to any mishap a goose that is to lay so many eggs of anticipated gold. The example of Homer has been quoted to us in this matter ineffectually; and notwithstanding the famed "catalogue of ships" and redoubtable "army-list" with which he opens the business of the *Iliad*, enumerating all the component parts of the *matériel de guerre* which he subsequently puts in motion, still, for the obvious reason already stated, we demurred to this proposal.

We owe it to the public to account for the delay experienced in the transmission of the "chest" from Watergrasshill to our hands; but the fact is, at a meeting of the parishioners held on the subject (Mat Horrogan, of Blarney, in the chair) it was resolved "That Terry Callaghan being a tall and trustworthy man, able to do credit to the village in London, and carry eleven stone weight (the precise tariff of the trunk), should be sent at the public expense, *viâ* Bristol,

with the coffer strapped to his shoulders, and plenty of the wherewithal to procure 'refreshment' on the western road, until he should deliver the same at Mr. Fraser's, Regent Street, with the compliments of the parish." Terry, wisely considering, like the commissioners of the Deccan prize money, that the occupation was too good a thing not to make it last as long as possible, kept refreshing himself at the cost of the parochial committee on the great western road, and only arrived last week in Regent Street. Having duly stopped to admire Lady Aldborough's "round tower," and elbowed his way through what he calls the "Squadrint," he at last made his appearance at our office; and, having there discharged his load, went off to take pot-luck with Feargus O'Connor.

Here then we are enabled, no longer deferring the promised boon, to lay before the public the first of the "Prout Papers;" breaking bulk, to use a seaman's phrase, and producing at hazard a specimen of what is contained in the coffer brought hither on the shoulders of tall and trustworthy Terry Callaghan.

"Pandere res alta terra et caligine morsas."

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, March 1830.

YET a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Yes, O my friends! if such I may presume to designate you into whose hands, when I myself am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing at the same time the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages, and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people, the long deferred apotheosis of the patriot-divine, the shamefully forgotten debt of glory which the

lustre of his genius shed around his semibarbarous countrymen, will be deeply and feelingly remembered: the old land-mark of genuine worth will be discerned in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be paid by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinising philosopher, the scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."*

And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever painful fact,—graven, alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence,—the disastrous fact, that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death towards the close of the year 1745, previous to that sad consummation the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and anon assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every

* Note in Prout's handwriting: "Doyle, of Carlow, faintly resembles him. Bold, honest, disinterested, an able writer, a scholar, a gentleman; a bishop, too, in our church, with none of the shallow pedantry, silly hauteur, arrant selfishness, and anile dotage, which may be sometimes covered, but not hidden, under a mitre. Swift demolished in his day Woods and his bad halfpence: Doyle denounced Daniel and his box of coppers. A provision for the starving Irish was called for by 'the Dean,' and sued for by 'J. K. L.' Alas! when will England awaken to the voice of her sister island's best and most enlightened patriots? Truly, she hath 'Moses and the prophets'—doth she wait until one come from the dead?"

Doyle is since dead—but "defunctus adhuc loquitur!"—EDITOR.

well-wisher hail as a blessing the event of its final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's? In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful and endowments the highest that have fallen to the lot of man.

We are told of occasional hours of respite from the fangs of his tormenting spirit—we learn of moments when the "*mens divini*" was suffered to go loose from its gaoler, and to roam back, as it were on "parole," into the dominions of reason, like the ghost of the murdered king, allowed to revisit for a brief space the glimpses of our glorious armament. But such gleams of mental enlightenment were but few and short in their duration. They were like the flash that is seen to illumine the wreck when all hope is gone, and, fiercely bursting athwart the darkness, appears but to seal the doom of the cargo and the mariners—intervals of lugubrious transport, described by our native bard as

"That ecstasy which, from the depths of sadness,

Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness."

Alas! full rapidly would that once clear and sagacious spirit falter and relapse into the torpor of idiocy; his large expressive eyes rolling wildly, would at times exhibit the inward working of his reason, essaying in vain to cast off the nightmare that sat triumphant there, impeding that current of thought, once so brisk and brilliant: still was he noble and classic in the very writhings of delirium, and often sublime, he would appear a living image of the sculptured Laocoon, battling with a serpent that had grasped, not the body, but the mind, in its entangling folds. Yet must we repeat the sad truth, and again record in sorrow, that the last two or three years of Jonathan Swift presented nothing but the shattered remnants of what had been a powerfully organised being, to whom it ought to have been allotted, according to our faint notions, to carry unimpaired and undiminished into the hands of Him who gave such varied gifts, and formed such a goodly intellect, the stores of hoarded wisdom and the overflowing measure of talents well employed—

Διὸς ὃ ἰταλίστα βούλη.

And here let me pause, for a sadly pleasing reminiscence steals across my mind, a recollection of youthful days. I love to fix, in its flight, a transitory idea; and I freely plead the privilege of discursiveness conceded to the garrulity of old age. When my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days; when by force of legislation I became, like others of my clerical brethren, a "peripatetic" philosopher, the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice; and my first gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterised by Burdigala's native poet, Ausonius, in his classic enumeration:

"*Lentus Arrar, Rhodanusque celer,
PLENUSQUE GARUMNA!*"

One day a goatherd, who fed his shaggy flock along the river, was heard by me, as seated on the lofty bank he gazed on the shining flood, to sing a favourite carol of the country. 'Twas but a simple ballad; but it struck me as a deep and philosophic illustration of the parallel between the flow of human life and the course of the running waters. And thus it began:

"*Salut! O! vieux fleuve qui coules par
la plaine,*

*Helas! un même cours ici bas nous
entraîne—*

Egal est en tout notre sort.

*Tous deux nous fournissons la même
carrière,*

*Car un même destin nous mène, O Rivière,
Vous à la mer! nous à la mort!"*

So sang the rustic minstrel. But it has occurred to me, calmly and sorrowfully pondering on the fate of Swift, that although this melancholy resemblance, so often alluded to in Scriptural allegory, may hold good in the general fortunes of mankind, still has it been denied to some to complete in their personal history the sad similitude: for not a few, and these some of the most exalted of our species, have been forbidden to glide into the Ocean of Eternity bringing thereunto the fulness of their life current, with its brimming banks undrained.

Who that has ever gazed on the glorious Rhine, coeval in historic glory with the first Cæsar, and boasting much previous traditionary renown,

at the spot where it gushes from its Alpine source, would not augur to it, with the poet, an interrupted career, and an evergrowing volume of copious exuberance :

“ Au pied du mont Adulle, entre mille
roseaux
Le Rhin tranquille, et fier du progrès de
ses eaux,
Appuyé d'une main sur son urne pen-
chante,
S'endort au bruit flatteur de son onde
naissante.”

Whence if it is viewed sweeping in brilliant cataracts through many a mountain glen and many a woodland scene, until it glides from the realms of romance into the business of life, and forms the majestic boundary of two rival nations, conferring benefits on both—reflecting from the broad expanse of its waters anon the mellow vineyards of Johannisberg, anon the gorgeous turrets of Drachenfels—who could venture to foretell that so splendid an alliance of usefulness and grandeur was destined to be dissolved—that yon rich flood would never gain that ocean into whose bosom a thousand rivulets flow on with unimpeded gravitation, but would disappear in the quagmires of Helvoetsluys, be absorbed in the swamps of the Brabant, and lost in the sands of Holland ?

Yet such is the course of the Rhine, and such was the destiny of Swift, of that man the outpourings of whose abundant mind fertilised alike the land of his fathers* and the land of his birth : that man the very overflowings of whose strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the men of Egypt.

A deep and hallowed motive impels me to select that last and dreary period of his career for the subject of special analysis ; to elucidate its secret history, and to examine it in all its bearings ; eliminating conjecture and substituting fact ; prepared to demolish the visionary superstructure of hypothesis, and to place the matter on its simple basis of truth and reality.

It is far from my purpose and far from my heart to tread on such solemn ground save with becoming awe and feet duly unshodden. If, then, in the following pages, I dare to unseal the long-closed well, think not that I seek

to desecrate the fountain : if it devolves on me to lift the veil, fear not that I mean to profane the sanctuary : tarry until this paper shall have been perused to its close ; nor will it fall from your grasp without leaving behind it a conviction that its contents were traced by no unfriendly hand, and by no unwarranted biographer : for if a bald spot were to be found on the head of Jonathan Swift, the hand of Andrew Prout should be the first to cover it with laurels.

There is a something sacred about insanity : the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages were brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The grey hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves ; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. We know that among rude and untutored nations madness is of rare occurrence, and its instances few indeed. But though its frequency in more refined and civilised society has taken away much of the deferential homage paid to it in primitive times, still, in the palmiest days of Greek and Roman illumination, the oracles of Delphi found their fitting organ in the frenzy of the Pythoness : and through such channels does the Latin lyrist represent the Deity communicating with man :

———“ quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius.”

But let us look into our own breasts, and acknowledge that, with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undisarmed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert, with

* Swift was a natural son of Sir William Temple.

its insculptured riddles, inspires into the Arabian shepherd. An oriental opinion makes such beings the favourites of heaven: and the strong tincture of eastern ideas, so discernible on many points in Ireland, is here also perceptible; for a born idiot among the offspring of an Irish cabin is prized as a family *palladium*.

To contemplate what was once great and resplendent in the eyes of man, slowly mouldering in decay, has never been an unprofitable exercise of thought; and to muse over reason itself, fallen and prostrate, cannot fail to teach us our complete dependency. If to dwell among ruins and amid sepulchres—to explore the pillared grandeur of the tenantless Palmyra, or the crumbling wreck of that Roman amphitheatre once manned with applauding thousands and rife with joy, now overgrown with shrubs and haunted by the owl—if to soliloquise in the valley where autumnal

“*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos!*”

Nor unloath am I to confess that such contemplations have won upon me in the decline of years. Youth has its appropriate pursuits: and to him who stands on the threshold of life, with all its gaieties and festive hours spread in alluring blandishment before him, such musings may come amiss, and such studies may offer no attraction. We are then eager to mingle in the crowd of active existence, and to mix with those who swarm and jostle each other on the molehill of this world—

“Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.”

But to me, numbering fourscore years, and full tired of the frivolities of modern wisdom, metaphysical inquiry returns with all its charms, fresh as when first I courted, in the halls of Sorbonne, the science of the soul. On this barren hill where my lot is fallen, in that “sunset of life” which is said to “bring mystical lore,” I love to investigate subjects such as these.

“And may my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Seeking with Plato to unfold
What realms or what vast regions hold
Th’ immortal soul that hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook.

leaves are thickly strewn, ever reminding us by their incessant rustle, as we tread the path, “that all that’s bright must fade”—if these things beget that mood of soul in which the suggestions of heaven find readiest adoption,—how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the mournful aberrations of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, humble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration! It is in truth a sad bereavement, a dis severing of ties long cherished, a parting scene melancholy to witness, when the ethereal companion of this clay takes its departure, an out-cast from the earthly coil that it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless and friendless, beyond the picturings of poetry to describe;—a picture realised in Swift, who more than Adrian was entitled to exclaim:

“Wie soul, fond rambler, whither, say—
Whither, boon comrade, flee’st away?
I’ll can’st thou bear the bitter blast—
Houseless, unclad, affright, aghast:
Jocund no more! and hush’d the mirth
That gladdened oft the sons of earth!”

And may at length my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage,
’Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain!”

To fix the precise limits where sober reason’s well-regulated dominions end, and at what bourne the wild region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness until it joins the remote and volcanic territory of downright insanity, were a task which the most deeply-read psychologist might attempt in vain. To settle the exact confines would be a hopeless endeavour; for nowhere is there so much debatable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary. The degrees of longitude and latitude have never been laid down, nor, that I learn, ever calculated at all, for want of a really sensible solid man to act the part of a first meridian. The same remark is applicable to a kindred subject, viz. that state of the human frame akin to *insanity*, and called *intoxication*; for there are here also various degrees of intensity; and where on earth (except perhaps in the person of my friend Dick Dowden) will you find *κατὰ φρενα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν*—a sober man,—according with the de-

scription in a hymn of our church liturgy?

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanas levis afflat aurâ
Spiritus ignes."

*Ex officio Brev. Rom. de communi Conf. non
Pont. ad vespas.*

I remember well, when in 1815 the present Lord Chancellor (then simple Harry Brougham) came to this part of the country (attracted hither by the fame of our Blarney-stone), having had the pleasure of his society one summer evening in this humble dwelling, and conversing with him long and loudly on the topic of inebriation. He had certainly taken a drop extra, but perhaps was therefore better qualified for debating the subject, viz., *at what precise point drunkenness sets in, and what is the exact low-water mark.* He first advocated a *three-bottle system*, but enlarged his view of the question as he went on, until he reminded me of those spirits described by Milton who sat apart on a hill retired, discussing *free-will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute*,

"And found no end, in wandering mazes lost!"

My idea of the matter was very simple, although I had some trouble in bringing him round to the true understanding of things; for he is obstinate by nature, and, like the village school-master, whom he has sent "abroad,"

"Even though vanquished, he can argue still."

I shewed him that the poet Lucretius, in his elaborate work *De Naturâ Rerum*, had long since established a cri-

terion, or standard—a sort of clepsydra, to ascertain the final departure of sobriety,—being the well-known phenomenon of reduplication in the visual orb, that sort of second sight common among the Scotch:

"Bina lucernarum flagrantia lumina
flammis,
Et duplices hominum vultus et corpora
bina!"—*Lucretius*.

But, unfortunately, just as I thought I had placed my opinions in their most luminous point of view, I found that poor Harry was completely fuddled, so as to be unconscious of all I could urge during the rest of the evening; for, as Tom Moore says in *Lalla Rookh*,

—— "the delicate chain
Of thought once tangled, could not clear
again."

It has long ago been laid down as a maxim by Aristotle, that "*nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ insanie.*" Newton was decidedly mad when he wrote his comment on Revelations; Descartes went off in a brain fever; Mallebranche lost his reason long before he died; Burns was more than once labouring under delirium; Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a mad-house; Nathaniel Lee,* the dramatist, when a tenant of Bedlam, wrote a tragedy twenty-five acts long; and Sophocles was accused before the tribunal of the *φρασην*, and only acquitted of insanity by the recitation of his *Œdip. Colon.* Pascal was an occasional hypochondriac; the poet Cowper and the philosopher Rousseau were subject to lunacy; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon; and, in an hospital at Madrid, the same fate, with

* Note by Prout: "This fact concerning Lee I stumbled on in that singular *olla podrida*, the *Curiosities of Literature*, by D'Israeli, a man after my own heart. As I have, though personally unknown to this learned pundit, a high regard for his deep and searching erudition, I wish he could be induced to visit the "Blarney stone" and my "book-case" at Watergrasshill. Since the great *Cornelius à Lapide*, there never rose a more multifarious and elaborate commentator. In his chapter on the *medicine of the mind* (vol. i. second series, Murray, 1823), I find a passage which tells for my theory; and I therefore insert it here, on the principle of *je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve*. 'Plutarch says in one of his essays, that should the body sue the mind in a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a most ruinous tenant to its landlord.' This idea so tickled my fancy, that I hunted for it through all the metaphysical writings of the Bæotian sage; and lo! I find that Democritus, the laughing philosopher, was the real Simon Pure who first made the assertion, retailed by him of Cheronæa: Οἱμαί μάλιστα τοῖς Δαμασχείοις ἰσχυρῶς, οἱ ἐν τοῖς σωμα ὑπασσάντο τῇ ψυχῇ, κακῶς οὐκ αἰ αὐτὴν ἀσφύγιον. And Theophrastus enlarges on the same topic. Θεοφράστους ἀλλοτρίῳ ὡσὶν, σῶλον τῇ σωματικῇ τιλμῇ ἰσχυρῶς τῇ ψυχῇ. Πλῆματα μὲντοι τοῖς σωμα τῆς ψυχῆς ἀπολαύει κακὰ, μὴ κατὰ λόγον αὐτῇ χρημίνος. See the magnificent edition of Plutarch's moral treatises, from the Clarendon press of Oxford, 1795, in the British Museum, being ΠΛΟΤΤ. ΤΑ ΘΗΙΚΑ. Tom. i. p. 375.

the same attendant madness, closed the career of the author of *Don Quixote*, the immortal Miguel Cervantes. Shelley was mad outright; and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the eighth lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the quaint cloisters of Newstead. He himself enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands. Last February (1830), Miss Milbanke, in the book she has put forth to the world, states her belief and that of her advisers, that "the Lord Byron was actually insane." And in Dr. Millingen's book (the surgeon of the Saliote brigade) we find these words attributed to the *childe*: "I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days, like Swift, a grinning idiot."*

Strange to say, few men have been more exempt from the usual exciting causes of insanity than Swift. If ambition, vanity, avarice, and the fury of sexual passion, be the ordinary determining agents of lunacy, then should he have proudly defied the approaches

of the evil spirit and withstood his attacks. As for ambitious cravings, it is well known that he sought not the smiles of the court, nor ever sighed for ecclesiastical dignities. Though a churchman, he had none of the crafty, aspiring, and intriguing mania of a Wolsey or a Mazarin. By the boldness and candour of his writings, he effectually put a stop to that ecclesiastical preferment which the low-minded, the cunning, and the hypocrite, are sure to obtain: and of him it might be truly said, that the doors of clerical promotion closed while the gates of glory opened.

But even *glory* (mystic word!), has it not its fascinations, too powerful at times even for the eagle eye of genius, and capable of dimming for ever the intellectual orb that gazes too fixedly on its irradiance? How often has splendid talent been its own executioner, and the best gift of Heaven supplied the dart that bereft its possessor of all that maketh existence valuable? The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has it not been found to operate the work of ruin?

" 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
Which winged the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel:
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drinks the last lifedrop of his bleeding breast!"

So Byron sings in his happiest mood; and so had sung before him a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour:

"Oui, l'homme ici bas aux talents condamné,
Sur la terre en passant sublime infortuné,
Ne peut impunément achever une vie
Que le ciel surchargea du fardeau du génie!
Souvent il meurt brûlé de ces célestes feux ...
Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du Souverain des Dieux,
L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
Brûlé du foudre ardent qu'il portait sous ses ailes!"—CHENEDOLLÉ.

I am fully aware that in Swift's case there was a common rumour among his countrymen in Ireland at the time, that overstudy and too much learning had disturbed the equilibrium of the doctor's brain, and unsettled the equipoise of his cerebellum. The "most noble" Festus, who was a well-bred Italian gentleman, fell into the

same vulgar error long ago with respect to St. Paul, and opined that *much literature had made of him a madman!* But surely such a sad confusion of materialism and spiritualism as that misconception implies, will not require a refutation. The villagers in Goldsmith's beautiful poem may have been excusable for adopting so unscientific

* Anecdotes of Byron's Illness and Death, by Julius Millingen, p. 120. London.

a theory, but beyond the sphere of rustic sages the hypothesis is intolerable :

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

How can the ethereal and incorporate stores of knowledge become a physical weight, and turn out an encumbrance, exercising undue pressure on the human brain? how can mental acquirement be described as a body ponderous? What folly to liken the crevices of the cerebral gland to the fissures in an old barn bursting with the riches of a collected harvest — *ruperunt horrea messes* — or to the crazy bark of old Charon, only fitted for the light waftage of ghosts when it received the bulky personage of the *Eneid*.

"Gemit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, ac multam accepit rimosa paludem."

Away with such fantasies! The more learned we grow the better organised is our mind, the more prejudices we shake off; and the stupid error which I combat is but a pretext and consolation for ignorance.

The delusions of love swayed not the stern mind of the Dean of St. Patrick, nor could the frenzy of passion ever overshadow his clear understanding. Like a bark gliding along a beautiful and regular canal, the soft hand of woman could, with a single riband, draw him onward in a fair and well-ordered channel; but to drag him out of his course into any devious path, it was not in nature nor the most potent fascination to accomplish. Stella, the cherished companion of his life, his secretly wedded bride, ever exercised a mild influence over his affections —

"And rose, where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory."

But his acquaintanceship with Vanessa (Mrs. Vanhomrigg) was purely of that description supposed to have been introduced by Plato. Being sworn to celibacy myself, I am perhaps little qualified for the discussion of these delicate matters; but I candidly confess, that never did Goldsmith so win on my good opinion, by his superior knowledge of those recondite touches that ennoble the favourite character of a respectable divine, as when he attributes

severe and uncompromising tenets of monogamy to Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield; that being the next best state to the one which I have adopted myself, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy of Virgil, and the example of Paul:

"*Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat:*
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti:
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vitæ!" — *Eneid*, 6.

The covetousness of this world had no place in the breast of Swift, and never, consequently, was his mind liable to be shaken from its basis by the inroads of that overwhelming vice avarice. Broad lands and manorial possessions he never sighed for; and, as Providence had granted him a competency, he could well adopt the resignation of the poet, and exclaim, *Nil amplius oro*. Nothing amused him more than the attempt of his friend Doctor Delany to excite his jealousy by the ostentatious display of his celebrated villa, which, as soon as purchased, he invited the dean to come and admire. We have the humorous lines of descriptive poetry which were composed by Swift on the occasion, and were well calculated to destroy the doctor's vanity. The estate our satirist represents as liable to suffer "an eclipse of the sun" whenever "a crow" or other small opaque body should pass between it and that luminary. The plantations "might possibly supply a toothpick;"

"And the stream that's called '*Meander*'
Might be sucked up by a gander!"

Such were the sentiments of utter derision with which he contemplated the territorial aggrandisement so dear to the votaries of Mammon; nor is it foreign from this topic to remark, that the contrary extreme of hopeless poverty not having ever fallen to his lot, one main cause of insanity in high minds was removed. Tasso went mad through sheer distress and its concomitant shame; the fictions of his romantic love for a princess of the court of Ferrara are all fudge: he had at one time neither fire nor a decent coat to his back, and he tells us that, having no lamp in his garret, he resorted to his cat to lend him the glare of her eyes.

"Non avendo candele per iscrivere i
suoi versi!"

Intemperance and debauchery never

interfered with the quiet tenour of the dean's domestic habits, and hence the medical and constitutional causes of derangement flowing from these sources must be considered as null in this case. I have attentively perused the best record extant of his private life—his own *Journal to Stella*, detailing his sojourn in London; and I find his diet to have been such as I could have wished.

"London, Oct. 1711. Mrs. Vanhomrigg has changed her lodgings—I dined with her to-day. I am growing a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six oysters."—*Letter XXXII. p. 384, in Scott's edition of Swift.*

"I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigg, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings."—*Same letter, p. 388.*

"Oct. 23, 1711. I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lost my dinner. So I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of. And they are a light victuals" (*sic in orig.*)—*Letter XXXIII. p. 400.*

He further shews the lively interest he always evinced for fish diet by the following passage, which occurs in a publication of his printed in Dublin, 1732, and entitled *An Examination of certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Emormities in this City of Dublin. By Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.D.*

"The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of *Herrings* is directly against all truth, viz. 'Herrings alive, ho!' The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of a neighbour for whom the bell tolls, He is dead as a herring! And pray, how is it possible that a herring, which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?"

The sense of loneliness consequent on the loss of friends, and the withdrawal of those whose companionship made life pleasant, is not unfrequently the cause of melancholy monomania; but it could not have affected Swift, whose residence in Dublin had estranged him long previously from those who at that period died away. Gay,

his bosom friend, had died in December 1732; Bolingbroke had retired to France in 1734; Pope was become a hypochondriac from bodily infirmities; Dr. Arbuthnot was extinct; and he, the admirer and the admired of Swift, John of Blenheim, the illustrious Marlborough, had preceded him in a madhouse! A lunatic asylum was the last refuge of the warrior—if, indeed, he and his fellows of the conquering fraternity were not candidates for it intrinsically and professionally,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

Thus, although the Dean might have felt like one who treads alone some deserted banquet-hall (according to the beautiful simile of the melodist), still we cannot, with the slightest semblance of probability, trace his madness to any sympathies of severed friendship of auld lang syne.

If Swift ever nourished a predominant affection, if he was ever really under the dominion of a ruling passion, it was that of pure and disinterested love of country; and were he ever liable to be hurried into insane excess by any overpowering enthusiasm, it was the patriot's madness that had the best chance of prostrating his mighty soul. His works are the imperishable proofs of the sincere and enlightened attachment which he bore an island, connected with him by no hereditary recollections, but merely by the accident of his birth at Cashel.*

We read in the sacred Scriptures (*Ecclesiast. lxxvii.*), that "*the sense of oppression maketh a man mad;*" and whosoever will peruse those splendid effusions of a patriot soul, *The Story of an injured Lady* (Dublin, 1725), *Maxims controlled in Ireland* (Dublin, 1724), *Miserable State of Ireland* (Dublin, 1727), must arise from the perusal impressed with the intensity and fervour of the dean's love of his oppressed country. The *Maxims Controlled* develop, according to that highly-competent authority, Edmund Burke, the deepest and most statesmanlike views ever taken of the mismanagement and misrule prevailing in all our relations with that island. In the *Miserable State, &c.*, we have evidence that the wretched peasantry at that time was at just the same stage of

* Also the natal place of Lawrence Sterne.

civilisation and comfort as they are at the present day ; for we find the dean thus depicting a state of things which none but an Irish landlord could read without blushing for human nature : "There are thousands of poor creatures who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and a piece of ground for potatoe plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America, starving in the midst of plenty." Further on he informs us of a singular item of the then traffic of the Irish :—"Our fraudulent trade in wool to France is the best branch of our commerce."

And in his *Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures*, which was prosecuted by the government of the day, and described by the learned judge who sent the case to the jury as a plot to bring in the Pretender! we have this wool-traffic again alluded to :—"Our beneficial export of wool to France has been our only support for several years: we convey our wool there in spite of all the harpies of the custom-house." In this tract he introduces the story of Pallas and the nymph Arachne, whom the goddess, jealous of her spinning, changed into a spider, and beautifully applies the allegory to the commercial restrictions imposed by the sister-country on Ireland. "Arachne was allowed still to spin ; but Britain will take our bowels, and convert them into the web and warp of her own exclusive and intolerant industry."

"O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clue ;
Through what small vistas o'er the darkened brain
The intellectual daybeam bursts again!
Enough to shew the maze in which the sense
Wandered about, but not to guide thee hence—
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save !"

When Richard Cœur de Lion lay dormant in a dungeon, the voice of a song which he had known in better days came upon his ear, and was the means of leading him forth to light and freedom ; but, alas ! Swift was not led forth from his lonely dwelling by the note of long-remembered music, the anthem of fatherland. Gloomy insanity had taken too permanent possession of his mind ; and right well did he know that he should die a maniac. For this, a few years before his death, did he build unto himself an asylum, where his own lunacy might dwell protected from the vulgar gaze of mankind. He

Of the *Drapier's Letters*, and the signal discomfiture of the base-currency scheme attempted by William Woods, it were superfluous to speak. Never was there a more barefaced attempt to swindle the natives than the copper imposition of that notorious hardware-man ; and the only thing that in modern times can be placed in juxtaposition, is the begging-box of O'Connell. O for a Drapier to expose that second humbug to the deluded peasantry !

The Scotch rebellion of 1745 found the dean an inmate of his last sad dwelling—his own hospital ; but the crisis awakened all his energies, and he found an interval to publish that address to his fellow-countrymen which some attributed to the Lord-lieutenant Chesterfield, but which bears intrinsic evidence of his pen. It is printed by Sir W. Scott, in the appendix of the *Drapier's Letters*. There is a certain chemical preparation called *sympathetic ink*, which leaves no trace on the paper ; but if applied to the heat of a fire, the characters will become at once legible. Such was the state of Swift's soul—an universal blank ; but when brought near the sacred flame that burnt on the altar of his country, his mind recovered for a time its clearness, and found means to communicate its patriotism. Touch but the interests of Ireland, and the madman was sane again : such was the mysterious nature of the visitation.

felt the approach of madness, and, like Cæsar, when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity even in that melancholy downfall. The Pharaohs, we are told in Scripture, built unto themselves gorgeous sepulchres : their pyramids still encumber the earth. Sardana-palus erected a pyre of cedar wood and odoriferous spices when death was inevitable, and perished in a blaze of voluptuousness. The asylum of Swift will remain a more characteristic memorial than the sepulchres of Egypt, and a more honourable funeral pyre

than that heaped up by the Assyrian king. He died mad, among fellow-creatures similarly visited, but sheltered by his munificence; and it now devolves on me to reveal to the world the unknown cause of that sad calamity.

I have stated that his affections were centred in that accomplished woman, the refined and gentle Stella, to whom he had been secretly married. The reasons for that secrecy, though perfectly familiar to me, may not be divulged; but enough to know that the dean acted in this matter with his usual sagacity. An infant son was born of that marriage after many a lengthened year, and in this child were concentrated all the energies of the father's affection, and all the sensibilities of the mother's heart. In him did the dean fondly hope to live on when his allotted days should fail, like unto the self-promised immortality of the bard—*Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam!* How vain are the hopes of man! That child most unaccountably, most mysteriously disappeared; no trace, no clue, no shadow of conjecture, could point out what had become its destiny, and who were the contrivers of this sorrowful bereavement. The babe was gone! and no comfort remained to a desponding father in this most poignant of human afflictions.

In a copy of *Verses composed on his own Death*, the dean indulges in the anticipated motives that would not fail to be attributed to him, as determining his mind to make the singular disposal of his property which (after the loss of his only child) he resolved on:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for people mad,
To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

But this bitter pleasantry only argued the sad inroads which grief was making in his heart. The love of offspring, which the Greeks call *παιδεία* (and which is said to be strongest in the stork), was eminently perceptible in the diagnosis of the dean's constitution. Sorrow for the loss of his child bowed down his head eventually to the grave, and unsettled a mind the most clear and well-regulated that philosophy and Christianity could form.

THESE PAPERS WILL NOT MEET THE PUBLIC EYE UNTIL I TOO AM NO MORE: BUT WHEN THAT DAY SHALL COME—WHEN THE PASTOR OF THIS

OBSCURE UPLAND SHALL, IN A GOOD OLD AGE, BE LAID IN THE EARTH—WHEN NEITHER PRIDE OF BIRTH NOR HUMAN APPLAUSE CAN MOVE THE COLD EAR OF THE DEAD, THE SECRET OF THAT CHILD'S HISTORY, OF SWIFT'S LONG-LOST CHILD, SHALL BE TOLD; AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS DEPARTED FROM THIS WORLD OF WOE IN PEACE, WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE BEEN THAT LONG-UGHT SON, WHOM WILLIAM WOODS, IN THE BASENESS OF A VILE VINDICTIVENESS, FILCHED FROM A FATHER'S AFFECTIONS.

Baffled in his wicked contrivances by my venerable father, and foiled in every attempt to brazen out his notorious scheme of bad halfpence, this vile tinker, nourishing an implacable resentment in his soul,

"*Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*" resolved to wreak his vengeance on the dean; and sought out craftily the most sensitive part to inflict the contemplated wound. In the evening of October, 1741, he kidnapped me, Swift's innocent child, from my nurse at Glendalough, and fraudulently hurried off his capture to the extremity of Munster; where he left me exposed as a foundling on the bleak summit of Watergrasshill. The reader will easily imagine all the hardships I had to encounter in this my first and most awkward introduction to my future parishioners. Often have I told the sorrowful tale to my college companion in France, the kind-hearted and sensitive Gresset, who thus alludes to me in the well-known lines of his *Lutrin Vivant*:

"*Et puis d'ailleurs le petit malheureux,
Ouvrage né d'un auteur anonyme,
Ne connaissant parents ni legitime,
N'avait en tout dans ce sterile lieu
Pour se chauffer que la grace de Dieu!*"

Some are born, says the philosophic Goldsmith, with a silver spoon in their mouth; some with a wooden ladle: but wretched I was not left by Woods even that miserable implement as a stock in trade to begin the world. Moses lay ensconced in a snug cradle of bulrushes when he was sent adrift; but I was cast on the flood of life with no equipage or outfit whatever; and found myself, to use the solemn language of my Lord Byron,

"Sent aloft
With nothing but the sky for a great coat."

But stop, I mistake. I had an appendage round my neck—a trinket, which

I still cherish, and by which I eventually found a clue to my real parentage. It was a small locket of my mother Stella's hair, of raven black (a distinctive feature in her beauty which captivated the dean); and around this locket was a Latin motto of my gifted father's composition, three simple words, but beautiful in their simplicity—"PROUT STELLA REFULGES!" So that, when I was taken into the "Cork Foundling Hospital," I was at once christened "Prout," from the adverb that begins the sentence, and which, being the shortest word of the three, it pleased the chaplain to make my future patronymic.

Of all the singular institutions in Great Britain, *Philanthropic, Astro-nomic, Hunterian, Ophthalmic, Obstetric, or Zoological*, the "Royal Cork Foundling Hospital," where I had the honour of matriculating, was then, and is now, decidedly the oddest in principle and the most comical in practice. Until the happy and eventful day when I managed, by mother-wit, to accomplish my deliverance from its walls (having escaped in a *churn*, as I will recount presently), it was my unhappy lot to witness and to endure all the varieties of human misery. The prince of Latin song, when he wishes to convey to his readers an idea of the lower regions and the abodes of Erebus, begins his affecting picture by placing in the foreground the souls of infants taken by the mischievous policy of such institutions from the mother's breast, and perishing by myriads under the infliction of a mistaken philanthropy:

"Infantumque animæ fletus in lumine primo:

Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere reptos

Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo."

But if I had leisure to dwell on the melancholy subject, I could a tale unfold that would startle the legislature, and perhaps arouse the Irish secretary to examine into an evil crying aloud for redress and suppression. Had my persecutor, the hard-hearted copper-smith Woods, any notion of the sufferings he entailed on Swift's luckless infant, he would never have exposed me as an *enfant trouvé*; he would have been satisfied with plunging my father into a madhouse, without handing over his child to the mercies of a foundling hospital. Could he but hear my woful story, I would engage to draw copper tears down the villain's cheek.

Darkness and mystery have for the last half century hung over this establishment, and although certain returns have been moved for in the House of Commons, the public knows as little as ever about the fifteen hundred young foundlings that there nestle until supplanted, as death collects them under his wings, by a fresh supply of victims offered to the Moloch of ~~weak~~ philanthropy. Horace tells us, that certain proceedings are best not exhibited to the general gaze—

"Nec natos coram populo Medea trucidet."

But, happily, enough has transpired to unite the wise and the good in deprecating their continuance. Doctor Chalmers, of Glasgow, has, on his examination this year (1830) before a select committee on the poor of Ireland (*Parl. Rep.* 3577), loudly denounced the Dublin and Cork foundling hospitals, as "affording a direct encouragement to immorality." And Dr. Doyle re-echoes the sentiments of the Scotch divine (*ibid.* 4582), supported in his views by George Ensor (5138), Frederic Page (840), Paulus Emilius Singer (135-6), and James D. La-touche (134).

In 1791, in the Irish House of Commons, Sir John Blaquiere rose in his place to state, that of 19,420 infants admitted to the Dublin hospital for the last ten years, 17,440 were dead! out of 2180 admitted for the year 1790, only 187 were then alive! He obtained a committee of inquiry, and they gave in their report on the 8th of May, 1797; by which it appeared, that within the quarter ending March 25 last, 540 children had been received into the house, of whom 450 had already died: and that within the six years that had elapsed since the honourable member's complaint, there were admitted 12,786, died in the same time, 12,651; so that, in six years, only 135 lives had been spared!

Some steps, however, have been taken latterly by government; and from a paper laid before parliament last month (May, 1830), it appears that, in consequence of the act of 1822, the annual admissions in Dublin have fallen from 2000 to 400. But who will restore to society the myriads whom the system has butchered? who will recall the slain? When the flower of Roman chivalry, under improvident guidance, fell in the German forests, "Varus,

give back my legions!" was the frantic cry wrung from Augustus in the bitterness of patriotic sorrow.

My illustrious father has written, among other bitter sarcasms on the cruel conduct of government towards the Irish poor, a treatise, which was printed in 1729, and which he entitled *A Modest Proposal for preventing Poor Children from being a Burden to their Parents*. He recommends, in sober sadness, that they should be made into salt provisions for the navy, the colonies, and for exportation; or eaten fresh and spitted, like roasting-pigs, by the aldermen of Cork and Dublin, at their civic banquets. A quotation from that powerful pamphlet may not be unacceptable here:

"Infants' flesh (quoth the Dean) will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, or a little before; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season. Therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in the kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists amongst us."

These lines were clearly penned in the very gall and bitterness of his soul; and while the Irish peasant is still considered by the miscreant landlords of the country as less worthy of his food than the beast of the field, and less entitled to a legal support in the land that bore him; while the selfish demagogue of the island joins in the common hostility to the claims of that pauper, who makes a stock-purse for him out of the scrapings of want and penury; the proposal of Swift should be reprinted, and a copy sent to every callous and shallow-pated disciple of modern political economy. Poor-laws, forsooth, they cannot reconcile to their clear-sighted views of Irish legislation; *fever hospitals* and *gaols* they admire; a *ship-canal* they extol; they will advocate a *school* where half-starved urchins may drink the physic of the soul and forget the cravings of hunger; and they will provide in the *two great foundling hospitals* a receptacle for troublesome infants, who, in those "white-washed sepulchres," soon cease to be a burden on the community. The great agitator,

meantime (God wot!) will bring in "a bill" for a *grand national cemetery* in *Dublin*: such is the provision he deigns to seek for his starving fellow-countrymen.

The great have still some favour in reserve—

They help to bury whom they help't to starve.

The Dublin Hospital being supported out of the consolidated fund, has, by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, at last attracted the suspicions of government, and is placed under a course of gradual reduction; but the Cork nursery is upheld by a compulsory local tax on *coal*, amounting to the incredible sum of 6000*l.* a-year, and levied on the unfortunate Corkonions for the support of children brought into their city from Wales, Connaught, and the four winds of heaven! Three hundred bantlings are thus annually saddled on the beautiful city, with a never-failing succession of continuous supply.

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!"

By the Irish act of parliament, these young settlers are entitled, on coming of age (which few do) to claim as a right the freedom of that ancient and loyal corporation; so that, although we had "no hand in their birth, they have the benefit of their coming," a place in the commonwealth" (*ita Shakespeare*).

My sagacious father used to exhort his countrymen to burn every article that came from England except coals; and in 1729 he addressed to the *Dublin Weekly Journal* a series of letters on the use of *Irish coals* exclusively. But it strikes me that, as confessedly we cannot do without the English article in the present state of trade and manufactures, the most mischievous tax that any Irish seaport could be visited with would be a tonnage on so vital a commodity to the productive interests of the community. Were this vile impost withdrawn from Cork, every class of manufacture would hail the boon: the iron-foundry would supply us at home with what is now brought across the Channel; the glassblower's furnace would glow with inextinguishable fires; the steam-engine, that giant power, as yet so feebly developed among us, would delight to wield on our behalf its energies unfettered, and toil unimpeded for the national prosperity; new enterprise would inspirit the capitalist, while the humble

artificer at the forge would learn the tidings with satisfaction,—

"Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear."

Something too much of this. But I have felt it incumbent on me to place on record my honest conviction of the impolicy of the tax itself, and of the still greater enormity of the evil which it goes to support. To return to my own history, in this "hospital," which was the first *alma mater* of my juvenile days, I graduated in all the science of the young gypsies who swarmed around me. My health, which was naturally robust, bore up against the fearful odds of mortality by which I was beset; and although I should have ultimately no doubt perished with the crowd of infant sufferers that shared my evil destiny, still, like that favoured Grecian who won the good graces of Polyphemus in his anthropophagous cavern, a signal privilege would perhaps have been granted me: "Prout would have been the last to be devoured."

But a ray of light broke into my prison-house. The idea of escape, a bold thought! took possession of my soul. But how to accomplish so daring an enterprise; how elude the vigilance of the fat door-keeper and the keen eye of the chaplain? Right well did they know the muster-roll of their stock of urchins, and often verified the same.

"Bisque die numerant ambo pecus; alter et hædos."

The Lament of Danaë, by Simonides, the elegiac poet of Cos.

Ὅτι λατάναι ἐν δαίδαλιᾳ ἀνέμος
Βρίμει σπινὴν, κινῆδισα τι λίμνη
Δαίματι πρίσιν, οὐδ' ἀδαντοῖσι
Παρουσίᾳ, ἀμφὶ δὲ Περσεύῳ βαλὲ
Φίλαν χίρα, ὡπὲρ τίς δ' ἴκεος,
Οἷον ἔχον σπινὴν οὐδ' ἀνέμου γαλαθνήν τ'
Ἥτορ πύσσιν ἐν αἰεσίᾳ δαίματι,
Χαλκιογόμφῳ δὲ νυκτὶ λαμπρῷ
Κυκλίῳ τι δόφρ' οὐδ' ἀναλίσκῃ
Τῶν περὶ τῶν κορμῶν βαθύν
Παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλγίης,
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθογγῶν πορφυρεῖα
Κιρκίος ἐν χλαυδί, πρὸς σπινὴν καλόν.
Ἢ, δὲ τοὶ δύναντες τογὴ δύναντες ἢ,
Καὶ κινῶν ῥημάτων λίσσων
Τῶν χιμῶν οὐκ, κίλινος, οὐδὲ βριβός,
Εὐδίτῃ δὲ ποτόν, ὡδὶτο ἀμύμονος κακόν.
Ματαίωβυλὶα δὲ τίς φανίσῃ,
Ζῶ πατρί, ἐκ σὸς ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλίον
Ἔσος, ἐν χόρῳ τιναφὶ δικῆς μοί.

Heaven, however, soon granted what the porter denied. The milkman from Watergrasshill who brought the supplies every morn and eve prided himself particularly on the size and beauty of his churn, a capacious wooden recipient which my young eye admired with more than superficial curiosity. Having accidentally got on the wagon and explored the capacious hollow of the machine, a bright angel whispered in mine ear to secrete myself in the cavity. I did so; and shortly after the gates of the hospital were flung wide for my egress, and I found myself jogging onward on the high road to light and freedom! Judge of my sensations! Milton may talk of one who, long in populous city pent, makes a visit to Highgate, and snuffing the rural breeze, blesses the country air; but my rapture was of a nature that beggars description. To be sure, it was one of the most boisterous days of storm and tempest that ever vexed the heavens; but secure in the churn I chuckled with joy, and towards evening fell fast asleep. In my subsequent life I have often dwelt with pleasure on that joyous escape; and when in my course of studies I met with the following beautiful elegy of Simonides, I could not help applying it to myself, and translated it accordingly. There have been versions by Denman, the *Queen's* solicitor; * by Elton, by W. Hay, and Bishop Jortin; but I prefer my own, as more literal, and more conformable to genuine Greek simplicity.

The Lament of Stella by Father Prout.

While round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,

It blew a perfect hurricane,
Wrapt in slight garment to protect her,
Methought I saw my mother's spectre;
Who took her infant to her breast—
Me, the small tenant of that chest—
While thus she lulled her babe: "How

cruel
Have been the fates to thee, my jewel!
But caring naught for foe or scoffer,
Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
Cooped with brass hoops weather-tight,
Impervious to the dim moonlight.
The shower cannot get in to soak
Thy hair or little purple cloak.
Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
Thy face illuminates the churn!
Small is thine ear, wie babe, for hearing.
But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin!
And may folks find that this young fellow
Does credit to his mother, *Stella*,"

* WE never employed him.—REGINA.

POETRY — THE OLD POETS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (PER LEGEM TERRE) LORD CHANDOS OF SUDELEY.

WE unfortunately have not minute memoirs of the early life of many of our great poets; if we had, we should find that, from their first infancy, they exhibited to nice observers all the symptoms of their future genius, such as Beattie ascribes to young Edwin, in the finest stanza of his *Minstrel*,—a stanza which, alone, if he had written nothing else, puts Beattie high among poets. It seems to me impossible that one should make a poet, unless his sensitiveness was extreme. Strong impressions cannot be made upon the fancy without awakening the emotions of the bosom; and till strong impressions are made on the fancy the imagination has nothing to work with. The faculty of imagination is to new-combine and invent from ingredients principally received from without; and perhaps to add to them certain intuitive ideas, whence results a visionary fiction. Now no one is master of himself who is under the ascendancy of these powers; and least of all in childhood, before the judgment has ripened.

In true genius this imaginative faculty works voluntarily, and is always at voluntary work. All forced imagination is imperfect, and never meets the ready sympathy of others, which can only be awakened by natural associations. On the bosoms of the majority are the same figures inscribed; they only want bringing out. Common minds think mistily and confusedly, and want a lamp, or guide. But then they who think strongly and clearly will think in vain, unless they habituate themselves to embody their thoughts in language. They may amuse themselves; but their reveries die as fast as they rise. Language, however, comes slower than thought. We long are visited by bright visions before we are able to express them. One's whole childhood may be passed in a poetical temperament before one is able to write verses.

It is true that we like to persuade ourselves that we are born for particular tasks, which few besides ourselves could perform; and our vanity or our hopes may lead us into delusion. Every one who makes these pretensions makes them *suo periculo*. The love of detraction, which is almost a universal

passion in mankind, will take advantage of the least degree of claim beyond the claimant's positive merits, and pursue him with merciless severity; nay, will do it in defiance of merits. It must therefore be something more courageous than the love of fame that prompts to undertake this task. Men are more conscious of their own defects than of their own powers; and it is late in life before a sensitive person begins to attain firm nerves on the subject.

When at length he has battled it with the world through a long life, and grown a little confident by comparison and by a perpetual erection of a discriminative judgment, he takes a position which calmly defies attack, and braves the censorer to do his worst. I am far from denying that detraction may succeed for a time, and that almost any man may be falsely cried down. Still there are exceptions to this: the *Edinburgh Review* could never succeed in crying down Wordsworth. It is certain that truth and real genius will at last survive all attacks.

Of what we write in the heat of composition we cannot make a fair judgment till that heat subsides. I look back with anxiety, after a long interval, to what I have written; if I am then satisfied with it I depend on my own judgment. Force and clearness appear to me the excellencies of style: I am so far from thinking the ornate style a proof of genius, that I think it the contrary. The style of Cowley and Dryden is strikingly the reverse of ornate. I deny that Burke's style is ornate, though it occasionally bursts into magnificent imagery.

We ought only to take up the pen to describe our own actual feelings and mental sights, and never set down to a compulsory imagination. The artificial critic says, "lay your plan; arrange every thing; write and re-write; prune, polish, add, illustrate, concatenate, compress, read over and over again; lock up in your scrutoire; and then, after nine years, venture to publish"! O, what a piece of cold manufacture must this be! Did Shakespeare write so? Did Scott write so? Never was any thing really eloquent that was studied. Good poetry is po-

sitively and literally inspiration; and he who is insensible to it does not deserve the name of an intellectual being: the longer I live the more I love it; but the more I hate artificial and mediocre poetry. This last is worse than the dulllest prose.

A sanguine temper, high expectations, and an impatient desire of romantic pleasures, display themselves from early childhood, and give the character of a flighty rather than solid understanding; while the cool phlegm of others gives them the credit of what is called good common sense. There is an agitation of spirits, a want of self-possession, which is very disadvantageous in the estimate it possesses. It requires some penetration to see through these shadows the sound wisdom that may lie at the bottom. The supposed common sense, on the other side, is very often nothing more than stupidity, which, venturing nothing and seeing nothing, jogs on in the beaten path. There are those who have no love for or enjoyment in company,—who are too shy, too morbid, and too soon mortified, and too little fitted to make a figure in it, and yet who have a most inordinate desire of notice when forced into society, and who are conscious that their want of calmness shews them to great disadvantage. They who talk by rote talk easily; but he who draws from within requires self-possession to avoid embarrassment and confusion. A talent of clear and quick apprehensiveness is very different from genius. They whose minds are blank oppose no ideas of their own to cloud the impression from without. The notice of such things cannot be uninstructional, that sensitive young people may not be too much discouraged. Pertness and forwardness are strong presumptions of inferior abilities. I can recollect no instance of great genius that did not commence with extreme timidity. It is nonsense to suppose a mind impressible by some things, and not by others; the capacity of impressions must be general. But how can he who is not impressible have poetical genius?

It may be asked, how far are virtue and genius connected? Not necessarily, because there may be an imagination of wicked things; but I think that the chances are greatly in favour of the alliance; because, whatever is sublime, and whatever is tender, is gene-

rally virtuous; and surely thought commonly leads to action, though sometimes they are at variance.

Unless we discuss the progress of the mind, we can never clearly understand its character. Its original powers cannot change their nature, but they may be modified by accident and discipline. And though an author's mature compositions must be tried by their intrinsic merits, yet it is impossible to separate them entirely from the opinion of his native mental force.

It has been said that men of genius have arisen who have shewn no early prognostics of their intellectual gifts. I cannot believe this; it does not seem to me possible: the prognostics may not have been observed by common eyes; but even this appears not very probable. Susceptibility, pointed though perhaps irregular observations, sagacity, fire, moodiness, abstraction, visionariness, unexpected combinations, a constant disregard of the beaten path,—all betray it.

We must adjudge a man's place in the intellectual ranks in right of intellect alone; his claims in other respects must be rigidly thrown out of the consideration. Mental power can never be a question of doubt and uncertainty; when it is doubtful, it can never have risen above mediocrity; when decided it has marked features, and a sort of attractive strength, that makes an impression at once.

No writings are more instructive than those which shew the development of the mind. Sometimes we are wise and strong-headed in the closet, when we are weak in the bustle of the world. It ought to be a desire and a rule with us, from which we ought never to depart, to write with a conscientious honesty,—that is, to express no thoughts of which we are not convinced, and no sentiments which we do not feel. What we write ought therefore to be a genuine picture of our mind and heart. We should write because our mind is full, and we should never seek a subject to write upon. I would not have any one attempt the higher orders of literary composition on whom nature has not bestowed not only eminent talents but considerable genius. It is idle to enter into definitions of genius; every one can feel its effects if he cannot describe its constituents. I cannot believe that it can exist without a high degree of sensitiveness,—

though this is only one ingredient out of many. To discuss these points is one of the uses of essay writing. Any charlatanism, misrepresentation, or vanity, is a moral crime. Disguise cannot avail; but an author ought not to shrink from telling the truth, even at the hazard of being charged with presumption and self-sufficiency. It is to get at the truth that a reader ought to take up books; and they will be instructive in proportion as the writer is sincere and frank. It may be a question how far the character of a poet's early connexions operates on his mind: it certainly cannot change the turn of his genius; for that depends on positive inherent qualities, upon the degree in which one mental power predominates over the others. But it may affect the less positive colour of his thoughts and sentiments; it may give a bent to his affections and his taste; it may in some degree operate on his choice of topics and favourite images. But the imaginative faculty operates in the same way, whatever be its subjects and affections; and therefore he to whom nature has given the most will shew it the most, independent of adventitious circumstances.

It is a curiosity incident to humanity to desire to know the frank opinions and feelings of others. We have many feelings which, though not immoral, we think weaknesses in ourselves; and it is a great consolation to us when we find that others experience the same. When one has attained to any eminence we suppose him to have risen above these sympathies; we are delighted when we discover that we are still upon an equality with him. He who is open always wins our hearts; he who betrays no sensations, but goes on in a sort of insulting mask of superiority, is always hated. Therefore sorrow, which softens and humbles people, is always ingratiating. A boaster is odious to every one. Whoever carries his chin up in the air is marked out for vindictive retribution. It is not in our nature to bear this sort of insulting ascendancy. Pitt had it; Canning had it; and they neither of them were personally popular. Fox was the reverse, and whoever came near him loved him. There is a great difference between openness and garrulity; the latter excites contempt, because nobody gives credit to it, and because it almost always deals in trifles. He who

talks without thinking is of course a parrot.

A great number of the autobiographies hitherto published are far from being as frank and sincere as they ought. Some are reserved; some are vain and ostentatious; some are full of simulation and dissimulation; yet even all these are more or less amusing and instructive. There is too much of ceremonial and finessing in Gibbon; too much of the wit in Colley Cibber; too much of self-sufficiency in Bishop Watson; too much of the affectation of a vain, peevish coxcomb in Richard Cumberland. But we learn from these memoirs many things we could not otherwise have known, and which it is amusing, if not instructive, to know; especially from Gibbon and Bishop Watson. They none of them, however, entirely pour out their hearts to us. I would have noble bursts of sentiment, passion, and conviction. But perhaps none of these authors could rise to this, let them be as open as they would. All men of the world affect the *nil admirari*!

Men in society cast off all their own discriminative features, and appear to be smoothed down to an equality. But men, as Edward Philips, in his preface to the *Theatrum Poetarum*, said, are almost as different from one another as man is from brutes. That is a noble preface, which shews the hand of Milton in many parts. We can only know those who will confess the secret movements of their minds and their bosoms. How can any but an autobiographer perform this task? There are many internal movements which no one can know but himself till he tells them. Then where is the proof of the sincerity? The internal evidence of what is communicated!

The most singular work of this class is *Rousseau's Confessions*. It must contain many falsehoods; but they were falsehoods in which the author believed. His imagination had dominion over him. It is difficult to form a just opinion of this eloquent but immoral work. If we do not allow a tincture of insanity it is inexcusable. No memoir shews so strongly how mysteriously we are made. Notwithstanding what appears to be damning facts, I cannot bring myself to be convinced that Rousseau was a bad man. But the secrets he has disclosed, true or false, are most wonderful.

Let us unveil the beauties of Truth where we can, and behold ourselves reflected as from a mirror! Whatever is embodied in language stands for the examination of future minds! otherwise it passes in vain; for it vanishes like the track of a boat upon the sea. What we think one moment we may never think again. The memory of a creator is as fugitive as his power is rapid.

There is nothing which I despise more than those petty ambitions in life and in literature which may be called hobby-horses. I would have every thing founded in truth and a sound philosophy. I would only love poetry so far as it is the dictator of higher wisdom than any other class of human composition. Elevated thoughts and sublime imagery necessarily exalt the head and the bosom; but I am stern enough to wish to cast away all the little flowers of poetry. I protest against a laboured style, and against every sort of forced fiction which does not exemplify truth.

In legislation, I would steadily pursue the good of all, and remove every abuse that has grown with time; but be slow to change what usage has reconciled us to; and cautious in trying experiments upon speculative points. But obstinate prejudices I would resist, and extirpate with contempt. Many laws that grew out of the feudal system are no longer applicable to the times. They who travel only on particular subjects get heated by them, and see things in exaggerated colours. We can only trust that general talent and genius which pierces into every thing. This is a sort of intuitive sagacity, which does not work out things by a slow gradation of steps.

In general, memoirs and biographies have hitherto been mere registers of facts and anecdotes than of opinions; but few literary men have led eventful lives; and where they have been eventful, many of the events are not worth telling. Anecdotes are amusing, but often doubtful; truth is sacrificed to a point, and characters are misrepresented for a *bon mot*. This is often exemplified in Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, where characters are never comprehensively portrayed as a whole, but are exhibited by detached parts and single features. Are we to view Goldsmith only as jealous of the agility of the figures at a puppet-show? or Lord

Clarendon as twisting about the knee-ribands of Charles I.? or Gray descending a rope-ladder in his shirt at a false cry of fire? or George Lord Lyttelton, in a fit of absence, striking some ambassador with his cane, waved in a reverie? or Cowper losing nights of rest at the terror of a journey from Olney to Earham? or Pope at the secret glass of brandy? or Johnson leaping over a stick at Brighton? or Beattie at the feet of the Duchess of Gordon? or Tom Warton peeping from the window of the secret club at the sound of a drum? or Dr. Young on his Rosinante, accompanying Mrs. Montagu in a morning ride from Tunbridge Wells? or Soame Jenyns with his great wen under his little wig? or Peter Pindar getting a bloody nose from William Gifford?

There are readers who delight in such stories more than in all the finest traits of character, and even think that they learn more from them. Who does not fall into absurdities sometimes, or something that may be turned into absurdities? What shall we say to him who prefers the Dutch school of painting to the Italian? who likes Teniers better than Salvator Rosa? who likes a cabaret of drinking and dancing boors better than the witch of Endor? When our spirits are sometimes deeply oppressed, we are driven to the drudgery of compilation; we have not then elasticity of brain and heart enough for original composition, which requires a free current of blood, and a bright flame,—not a cloudy, heavy, smouldering fire!

There are those who pride themselves on their judgment and their scorn for literature, cross their breasts, and bless themselves that they have not applied themselves to so profitless, barren, and thankless a labour. They are sure that the flighty vapoury humours of literary men lead to nothing; that, for their part, they like good practical common sense; that what is called fancy, or imagination, is a mischievous will-o'-wisp, that leads to nothing but snares and pits; that bookworms are but grown fools; and that there is much more wisdom in doing like other people,—conforming to the world in all things, thinking and talking in a common way; and, instead of idle wanderings after ideal pleasures, contenting ourselves with matters of fact, and not expecting to make or find

mankind better than they are. And as to books, they think they ought not to be made at all; for there are more books already in the world than would do any good. Our virtues must surely be in proportion to the purity and elevation of our minds and hearts; and he who loves good books must have both. Can we love Milton, or Shakespeare, or Cowley, and not feel and think with them? Can we read Lord Clarendon with interest, and not applaud political integrity and courage as he applauds them? (See his letter to Digby, Earl of Bristol.) Can we live with the wise and great of past ages, and not partake of their spirit? Biography alone is a study, of which he who is a master is himself an object of admiration. He whose heart is bad hates pictures of virtue; they reproach him, and hold up a contrast of light to shew his own hideousness.

But the doctrine of these dull haters of books is this: that it is sufficient for a man to mind his own affairs, and not puzzle himself with the affairs of others. If he has but sense enough to see before his nose, and avoid breaking his head against a post, it is sufficient; but with such persons, to fall over a stone, while one's head is in the air, is a crime. As to them, they can trust to nothing but matters of fact; and while they are on the earth they must cling to it: that is, being worms, they must grovel and creep in the dust like worms.

I can forgive stupidity when it knows its own station, and does not mistake creeping for flying; but I cannot forgive it in its conceit and insolence. He who glories in his brutality, doubles its hatefulness. But these same people lick the shoes of eminence which has the popular cry; that is, they bend to the popular cry, not to the eminence. They cannot see eminence or virtue in themselves. He who only improves himself, is not like him who communicates his improvements to others; but still, to improve himself is a high merit. *Mæd virtute me involvo.*

They who read merely to store the memory, and not to receive into the recesses of the head and heart, can only be entitled to a minor sort of praise. It does not mingle itself up with their conscience and their character, but bounds upon the surface, and throws itself off again. A man

with a long memory is a troublesome companion; he veers about like a weathercock, and

“Is every thing by fits, and nothing long.”

He repeats after every one, and believes in no one; he has a quotation ready for whatever topic is started; and when one produces some original conviction from the burst of the moment, has a passage of Horace, Virgil, or Cicero ready, to prove it is two thousand years old.

But when we read and dwell upon the productions of greater men to improve and enrich the materials and workings of our own minds, this is very different from merely loading the memory. What we thus acquire mixes itself up with the fountain-streams of our own intellects, and, by new combinations, becomes our own. To make a rich mind we must borrow from without, as well as draw from within. Thought must be perpetually at work; we must allow of no stagnation; and we must be incessant in observing what passes within us.

It must be a strange prejudice which will deny, that the general effect of the whole tone of criticism contained in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is to depress the higher classes of poetry, and all its enthusiasms; and though the principles the author lays down in the critique upon the *Paradise Lost* are perfect, he seems to have shrunk back from these principles again, as a task which mere duty had exacted from him, and which he was willing afterwards to forget in all his future tests of merit. In truth, what idea of English poetry could be given in a treatise which did not contain the works of Chaucer, Surrey, Sackville, Spenser, and Davenant?

Johnson attached himself to the French school of poetry, and admired no other but by force. What he says of the nature of Dryden's mind (and he says it admirably) might be applied to himself. He admired Pope, but he admired Dryden more; he puts both too high—not in the class to which they belong, but in the order of classes. The first purpose of poetry is not to reason, but to embody abstract ideas, and to paint the involuntary visions of the imagination. If we rise in proportion as we become spiritual beings, the representation of the spiritual part

of our nature conveys the most important knowledge. That cold, freezing criticism which would tear away the most delightful illusions of the brain and bosom, is even morally and philosophically mischievous. The highest imagination is not inconsistent with the strictest moral and philosophical truth. The genius of Burke is an instance of this. It is very well for a critic to tear away all false ornaments and suppress all false enthusiasms, but he ought not to endeavour to cut off the native verdure and bloom, and put out the true fire. There is no doubt that imagination is given us by Providence for the wisest and most benevolent purposes, and that it is by far the noblest faculty of the mind. Minor poets often pervert it to evil or childish purposes; but this is the abuse, and ought to throw no stain upon the use. Johnson seems to wish to make poetry what it was not intended to be; and on *his* principle, it would have been often better to come down to prose at once! Johnson, in his fear of the freaks of the imagination, had a dread of its proper creations. If he thought that no knowledge was valuable but that which teaches us worldly wisdom, and skill in that social intercourse in which the greater part of our existence must be passed, then he had better have chosen other authors than poets for his theme. It was not quite fair to bring a mind to this subject habitually trained to a disapproval or distaste of the visionary part of our nature.

We cannot suppose the critic, whose learning cannot be questioned, unacquainted with the Italian school of poetry: he could not be unaware of the spiritual genius of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso. These should have kept perpetually before his mind, by example, what poetry ought to be. With this feeling, he could not have consented to have left out Chaucer, Sackville, and Spenser, the great grand predecessors of Milton, without whom no idea can be formed of the genuine merits of English poetry. English poetry had already begun to decline from its highest purposes at the epoch when Johnson's *Lives* commenced. The invention of fable, the romances of chivalry, had given way to the petty inventions of an illustrative and decorative style—to simile and metaphor; and above all, to the monstrous corruption of the simile and metaphor,

to which Johnson has properly given the name of metaphysical poetry, and which he has most happily explained in a masterly disquisition, that is by far the most original and powerful part of his work. Cowley, who stands at the head of this class, was a man of deep and subtle thought, of great originality and force of intellect, most copious in moral wisdom, of a pure, amiable, noble, and excellent heart and disposition, and a most simple, classical, and elegant style in prose; but his genius was rather illustrative than inventive: and therefore he did not belong to the highest order.

Johnson's criticisms on Cowley's poetry are excellent; but the memoir of this amiable poet is far from being satisfactory. Johnson's style in narrative wants ease and grace; but it is not his style only which is faulty in this case,—his remarks are sometimes uncandid and unjust. He sets out with a definition of genius which is surely incorrect. "The true genius," says he, "is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." Now almost all genius has its faculties given in various ways, and unequal proportions; and according to the faculty that predominates will be the direction: therefore, where the imagination predominates the determination will be to poetry. A familiar perusal of the *Fairy Queen* would not have made Sir Isaac Newton a poet. The sneer at the story of Cowley's early dislike to retain in his memory the technical rules of grammar as too improbable to be credited, is very ill applied. Cowley had an intuitive quickness and sagacity which probably rendered the trouble of loading his memory with dry technicalities unnecessary, and even useless. The remarks upon the amatory poems to which Cowley gave the title of *Mistress* are an absurd cavil. Johnson says that these lines are not addressed to an actual being the object of a real passion; and that it is as unreasonable to address what praises an "airy nothing" as to fight for "an airy nothing." But before we fight for it, we must take it for a reality; now poets do not take their own fictions for realities. The long paragraph which follows is equally absurd, and were it well founded would strike at the root of all imaginative creations. In such case "the poet's occupation would be gone!"

The desire of retirement, when a man harassed and in peril can no longer be useful, is not "cowardice."

The superiority which Johnson gives to the Latin poetry of Cowley over that of Milton may be doubted: he assumes that Milton expresses the thoughts of the ancients in their own language, while Cowley's thoughts are his own, and his language equally classical. Now I deny that Milton's thoughts are more borrowed than Cowley's; both are in this respect original, though Milton's are more congenial with the spirit and tone of the ancients.

The slight and contemptuous mention of the *Complaint* in which the greater part both of the sentiments and expressions are eminently moral, beautiful, and just, is a striking proof of the critic's want of feeling and taste. It was said that Cowley "was beloved by every muse;" that is, that he has occasionally exhibited every variety of poetical excellence; but his imagination was more illustrative than creative, and he oftener addressed the reader's understanding than the simple fancy; his mind was a compound of imagery, sentiment, wit, reason, learning, observation, and memory,—all in a state of extraordinary effervescence and amalgamation. So that no English poet can be produced who gives more proof of inexhaustible abundance of intense and subtle thought. But instead of giving pure and unmixed images, he commonly makes them subordinate to reasonings and reflections upon them. Though his mind was rich, highly cultivated, and highly adorned, he had a heart of extreme simplicity and *naïveté*. So far, therefore, as sentiment and feeling were the substitute of his ideas, he never wandered away from the representation of realities: in this respect he was the exact prototype of Cowper; but then Cowper could not follow him in learning, in originality, in force, acuteness, and striking splendour of illustrations; his poetry lay in his similes and metaphors, expressed with extraordinary vigour, buoyancy, strength, and novelty of words.

Johnson's criticisms on metaphysical poetry are in the highest style of originality, power, and justness: whether he took this opportunity of bringing forth what had long been revolving in his mind, or on the commencement of a task in which he knew that much was expected from him, he took the

most pains, and put forth all his recollections and all the energies of deep examination and meditation, he has here best shewn the best qualities of his discriminating and gigantic intellect and great learning. All his ideas and combinations are here new. Sometimes Johnson's language is too big for his thoughts; here, whatever force there is in the language is fitted closely to the thought—every remark is just, and at the same time quite new; here his distinctions are surprisingly happy, and his taste is perfect. The faults of Cowley's language are also pointed out with admirable precision and truth. At the same time there is one defect in another branch of his criticism. Johnson has not sufficiently pointed out the beauties of that part of Cowley's poetry which is not metaphysical. In much of that poetry which is intermixed with the prose essays, numerous passages of extraordinary beauty of thought, diction, and versification, might have been noticed and enlarged upon. They are not, it must be admitted, of the class of creative imagination, and therefore do not rise to the highest order of poetry; but they are a sort of intellectualised sentiment of a virtuous, rich, powerful, and meditative mind, expressed with a transparent felicity and harmony.

"Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric, art,

Yet still we love the language of the
heart."

Dryden has been justly praised for the extraordinary excellence of his versification; but though Cowley is more unequal, he has given single lines more happy than any of Dryden. For instance, in his *Complaint*, speaking of the unfitness for the business of life caused by the indulgence of poetical pursuits, he says,—

"Where once such fairies dance no grass
doth ever grow."

In the same poem, and in the "Hymn to Light," there are numerous other equally happy lines. There is this difference in the diction of Cowley from that of Milton, that it is more idiomatic; and in its better parts it is familiar and colloquial, without being vulgar. It has the merit of surprising elasticity. Not only does Cowley delight the imagination by new combinations of irresistible force, but he always instructs and enlightens the understanding, and carries with him that assent and

sympathy which are produced by evident sincerity. Johnson remarks of his prose essays, that they are so distinguished from his verses, that from them no one would suppose him to be the author. If the critic means this of the simplicity and unadornment of his language contrasted with that of his metaphysical poetry, it is true; but if he means that the sentiments, images, reflections, and opinions, are not those of a poet, he is greatly mistaken. What can be more in the spirit of a poet than his love of rural imagery and rural quiet?

Here we find all the best feelings and thoughts of Cowper's *Task* anticipated. If these have not a poetical cast, then Cowper's *Task* is not poetry: in short, many of his metaphysical verses are not true poetry; but I will boldly assert all his prose essays are so! Of the best English style they are the very perfection; and prove that our language then had arrived at a grace and elegance which it has never since exceeded. Unadorned as they are, and flowing from the purity of a most simple and sensitive heart, they are yet such in their selection of topics and lucidness and force of language, as none but a great and deep understanding could have produced.

I know no ethical essays which convey more wisdom and more instruction of moral ability. They tend to still the passions which produce most discomfort and most discontent in life. A rich variety of intellectual acquirements is sufficient to merit distinction; but how many excellencies of a still higher kind did Cowley add to this!

Johnson has very exactly appreciated the merits of DENHAM. In point of matter, he is more of a versifier than a poet; but his thoughts are just and vigorous, and his language strong, smooth, terse, and harmonious. His matter is moral, panegyrical, or descriptive: he never enters the fields of fiction. Johnson supposes him the inventor of *local poetry*, in his *Cooper's Hill*; but surely this is too obvious to be called an invention. Local description associated to history, reflection, and sentiment, naturally occurs in all literature, both in prose and verse. It is something to attain clearness, force, and harmony of diction, and to shew skill in the artifices of composition; but these do not constitute the spirit and essence of poetry. But certain it

is, that many readers think that poetry consists in the metre.

To write in verse may be supposed to require some liveliness of ideas and vigour of intellect, because dull writers never practise this sort of composition with success; but the magical spell of poetry can never be produced without higher qualifications. It is not sufficient to describe happily material objects, the sensations they produce, or the conclusions to be drawn from them. But the gem that is incrustated in a rough mould, will be less valued than an inferior jewel that is better polished and well set. Thus the art of clear and strong language, well selected and put together, has, like an embalmment, preserved the memory of Denham, when higher matter negligently clothed has been suffered to moulder and be forgotten. There is more poetical fancy in Carew, and several others of his neglected contemporaries, than in Denham. But the dress was more fantastic, and the ornaments more adapted to a temporary fashion. Denham is not rich, either in metaphor or in simple imagery; but he always shews power of thought and sound sense.

The character of his mind was well fitted for excellence in the school of poetry which was imported from France after the Restoration. The civil wars put down many of the favourite poets of Charles I., and the French taste imported by his son closed the earth over their memories. In the former reign the Italian school had more prevailed, though not the best Italian school; for Milton, though a follower of Dante and Spenser, had never been fashionable at that time: but Cowley, following Donne, whose prototype was the Italian Marino, a poet of an inferior and affected genius, carried all the popular favour with him. If there be those who gain attention by substituting artifice for genuine strength, they will have innumerable followers. For one that can excel by native force a hundred can excel by art. In private, nature will attract most sympathy; but public approbation always follows some leader. Leaders, however, change; and fashion changes with them.

It may be admitted that Denham deserves to stand where he does; but if so, it proves the extreme rarity of excellence in those who attempt the higher orders of poetry. For no one will contend that Denham belongs to an high order.

One is sometimes surprised to reflect by what scanty fruits some men have the luck to obtain permanent celebrity. All the works of Denham are comprised in a very small compass. If it be suspected that the society of the court, and the circles of fashion in which Denham moved, contributed to his success, the answer is, that authors of much more exalted rank did not acquire it. The scandalous stories of the court which Grammont has preserved rather throw upon him contempt than respect. His young wife, Miss Brooke (the great niece of the last unfortunate Henry, lord Cobham, who was attainted of treason by James the First, as an accomplice in Raleigh's pretended plot), brought shame upon him; and nothing is more injurious to reputation than to be rendered ridiculous. Denham's poetry must have been too grave and preceptive for the prodigal gaiety of the habits of the monarch and his companions, whose noisy example in society gave the ton to the national manners. Light Anacreontics, songs of gallantry, witty epigrams, and indecent satires, were the prevalent favourites of the day.

I cannot bring my mind or my taste to admit that GOLDSMITH'S poetry deserves all the praise it has obtained. It has correctness of composition, flow of numbers, good sense, reason, justness of sentiment, and truth of imagery. These are no doubt great merits; still something is wanting to constitute high poetry. There is a deficiency of that airy imagination and that deep feeling, both of which are perfectly consistent with truth.

Goldsmith's poetry was that of Johnson's school; and though Johnson's judgment in poetry was, when he tasked it severely, excellent, his taste was not good. In description, Goldsmith was superior to Johnson—not in strength of moral elevation of thought, or grandeur of expression. His sentiment sometimes approached to a gentle or feminine querulousness; and the total absence of the visionary, which with many is probably a merit, robs poetry of its first and best attractions. The sternness and baseness of philosophic truth is not necessary to poetry.

Goldsmith's selection of imagery was, for the most part, rather pretty than grand: he had a sort of Dutch taste. His poetry bears the same relation to

that of Collins and Gray, as the Flemish school of painting bears to the Italian. Where imagination is wanting, the claims to exalted genius must surely be feeble: I admit that Goldsmith had fancy (using the word as it is now applied), but not imagination. Fancy only reflects, imagination creates.

I hope it will not be understood that I deny Goldsmith to be a poet. I deny the pre-eminence of the class to which he belongs, and I think it a grave error to exalt that class above its due position. Goldsmith's poetical praise may be said to be propriety, lucidness, transparency. He is a sort of *matter-of-fact* writer of verses. Perhaps it may be urged that he is of the school of Pope. Not so: he never could have written any thing in the tone of Eloisa to Abelard—he wanted invention, passion, solemnity, elevation. In his moral parts he is more equable, and sometimes more sentimental, than Pope, but wants Pope's compression, force, subtlety, and originality: now and then—not often—he rises into a high tone, but far beneath that of Pope. It will be objected to the writer of this criticism, that he is among the most vehement advocates for the necessity of the *truth* of poetry. There is nothing inconsistent in this: he contends for truths, but for the highest class of truths. The native and unprompted works of imagination are as much truths as what the hand can touch and the eye see. The visions of the mind, which find a truth and a sympathy in the heart, are the best subjects of poetry. Of these Goldsmith has none. Goldsmith may be said to be the poet of common sense, in its literal meaning. But there may be good sense, and the best sense, which in this construction is not common sense. Common sense is that which is within the correct judgment of minds conversant only with ordinary things. Goldsmith's imagery is imagery familiar to the observance of every one. The poet's eye, on the contrary, sees what no one else sees till it is drawn out, but which every one recognises when it is drawn out. The separate elements of Gray's descriptions may be open to the common eye, but the charm consists in novelty of combination. There is no novelty of combination in Goldsmith's pictures. Goldsmith was practical in his writings, but wrong-headed, though not visionary, in the character and ha-

bits of his life. His vanity was egregiously foolish, and the jealousy which was almost necessarily connected with it would have been unamiable, if it had not been absurd and ridiculous. He had no dignity of character nor strength of resolution; he was a light feather in society, driven about by every wind. In solitude, and in his study, he was good, simple, generous, and amiable. What is called good sense always has a tendency to sarcasm, satire, and ridicule, in contradistinction to the views of a rich and wild imagination. Whatever outsteps the limits of a severe and philosophic mind can easily be made to appear absurd, and is food both for humour and wit.

After thinking all my life on poetry, it will be singularly unfortunate if I can hit on nothing worth consideration. The canons and judgments of the technical critics never satisfy me. The grand error is to confound the primary and secondary objects and merits of poetry: that is, the thought with the dress! Simile, metaphor, and all ornament, are but secondary. There may be invention in these; but it is a secondary invention. Yet in this almost all the English poets, from the time of Charles II. to the commencement of the present century, almost exclusively dealt. I am afraid that even GRAY can scarcely pretend to higher pretension than this. Now the mighty beauty and charm of invention is in the original idea; in an interesting story of fiction, an imagined character; in the thoughts and feelings of that character; in the ideal scenery, in new combination of incidents; not in the imagery of words by which they are illustrated.

Gray's father was, like MILTON's, a scrivener. The words, *pemionarius rimur*, used in the extract from the register of Milton's entry at Christ's College, are so far from disproving him to have been a *sizer*, that they prove it. Then we come to the Latin lines which Johnson cites from Milton's epistle to Diodati, to prove that the poet suffered corporal punishment at college. It appears to me that the interpretation is perverse and unfounded. We may admit that he was rusticated. He says that he could not endure the threats of a severe master, and other things to which his spirit could not submit: the simple meaning of this surely is *other*

restraints. He thus early shewed his love of liberty; and even then exhibited something of a rebellious disposition. Really these things form no grave charge, and could only be thought important in the humour of detraction and hate in which the biographer composed this Life.

The first years of Milton's manhood, while residing with his father at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, were delineated in the most beautiful colours in his Latin poems, which form a beautiful portion of autobiography. Here his studies, his pursuits, his amusements, and his feelings, are described with a glow which leaves no room to doubt of the sincerity of the picture; and it is such as forms a becoming prelude to the works of the mighty author of the *Paradise Lost*. His ardent thirst for classical studies, his delight in rural scenery and the charms of nature, his love of solitude, his pure affections, his lofty thoughts, his scorn of all vulgar ambitions, his conscious virtue and self-dignity — exhibit his moral character in the most amiable light. Here is no puritan severity, no republican sternness, no mean hatred of the great; but a contempt for the sordid and money-getting pursuits of life, for the coarse and clamorous amusements of the mob, for the distractions of noisy society, and for the base feelings of neglect and insult with which they who are not clothed in the gaudy and golden trappings of worldly prosperity are treated. What grand mind, not born to rank and riches, would enter the servile career of low ambition? Who thus born, that feels himself high in native gifts, would not shun to place himself where he must bend and crouch to adventitious superiority? Here Milton taught himself to smile with placid self-confidence at that fallacious estimate of high and low, which the dull and the grovelling take from superficial prosperity and the tinsel trappings of wealth.

In this rural retreat, Milton became acquainted with the Countess Dowager of Derby, and the Bridgewater family, at the neighbouring seat of Harefield, in Middlesex. For them the *Arcades* and the inimitable *Masque of Comus* were written. Lady Derby was by birth a Spenser of Althorp, and had been the patroness of her relation, the immortal poet of that name. Her daughter was married to the Earl of Bridgewater,

the son of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Egerton. These families moved in the highest sphere of nobility; and the notice he thus received, and the honour he thus reflected, give no indication of Puritan bigotry. Warton has rescued the anecdote that gave birth to the fiction of *Comus*: and we must suppose that Milton himself was at this time (1634) visiting at Ludlow Castle, where Lord Bridgewater kept his court as Lord President of Wales. The poet's age was then twenty-six.

I can command no language adequate to speak of *Comus* in terms becoming the copiousness and richness of its poetical beauties. We may find patches of beautiful imagery in other contemporary poets; but here all is one tissue of enchanting richness. At this period Milton's mind appears to have overflowed with poetry, unmixed with alloy: it was a blaze of poetry.

Three years afterwards he wrote his *Lycidas*, which was in a similar strain of excellence, notwithstanding all the bad taste, unfeeling invectives, and absurd cavils, by which Johnson has disgraced himself in attempting to depreciate it.

Milton must now have been happy: these poems breathe an exquisite sense of enjoyment. He reflects external images of moral beauty and grandeur with so much brightness and freshness—there is so much benevolent, graceful, and exalted sentiment associated with his pictures—so much virtue, such an enlightened and philosophical morality, so much nature, so much novelty—that the mind which does not receive delight from them must be very vitiated or very hard.

When minor poets exert themselves to be rich, striking, and original, they are fantastic, extravagant, and hyperbolic. It is of no use to search for beauties, and pump them by violence out of the brain. If they do not rise voluntarily, and if the thought does not suggest the language and dress, the strain will not be genuine; and the effect will fail, and to enlightened readers produce disgust. Milton's poetry is like rich, mellow, and unadulterated wine, compared with rough raw mixtures of vile ingredients and false stimulants. It is the nectar of the gods, and enraptures, yet not inebriates.

Johnson's account of Milton's travels through France to Italy, and back by

Geneva, is dry, short, and unsatisfactory. He might, more especially, have said more about the notice he received from Manso, the patron of Tasso, and himself a poet; on whom the beautiful Latin epistle, which Milton addressed to him, might have furnished many suggestions. But Johnson's temper was sometimes narrow; he did not like to think upon travels which he himself had never accomplished: nor does he appear to have had much familiarity with Italian literature, or much taste for it. The name of Tasso ought to have warmed him into enthusiasm. But Johnson had no enthusiasm, except on religion; and then it was the enthusiasm of a fearful and superstitious devotion.

Johnson has omitted to notice that the route taken by Italy was exactly pursued an hundred years afterwards by Gray. It is probable that Gray's knowledge of the arts was more nice and particular than Milton's, and so far that he enjoyed his travels still more; but Milton had a bolder, grander, and more fertile mind, though his scholarship might not be so minute, exact, and delicate. Gray had an effeminate fastidiousness, of which Milton's daring temper would have been impatient.

We may suppose the great poet eagerly listening to Manso as to all he could tell him of the unfortunate Tasso's history and habits; and we must deeply regret that he has not committed to writing and conveyed to posterity what he learned. But this sort of curiosity was not accustomed to be gratified in those days. How little has been recorded of Shakespeare and Spenser! The Italians have done more for their early poets: we have much minute knowledge of Dante, and especially of Petrarch. The whole personal history of Tasso is so romantic, and so full of affecting incidents, that it is itself as interesting as a grand poetical fiction. There is no more afflicting story than the story of Tasso's madness. We must believe that Milton did not fail to visit his birthplace.

His Latin epistle to Manso will shew what were his desires and ambitions at this time, and how worthy even then he thought himself of the notice of Tasso's patron. It is here that he throws out the design, on which he was thus early brooding, of an epic on Prince Arthur, and the early British

history, and his confidence of the laurel that hereafter awaits his brows, and of his retirement to the grave in glory after dignified labours and an honourable old age. And thus it was that already he calmly contemplated the strength and splendour of his own mighty powers. This poem, therefore, forms an important document of his early life, and shews that he nursed his immortal aspirations, not only secretly, but ventured to express them in broad day before one habituated to the friendship and familiar with the works of one of the three greatest poets in Europe since the revival of learning. This was not presumptuous in him who had already written *Comus* and *Lycidas*.

It cannot be doubted that Milton's travels in Italy enriched his mind with many additional poetical materials. Not only the magnificence of the scenery of the Alps, the Appenines, and the Bay of Naples, but the wonderful specimens of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, must have enlarged his knowledge, and added splendour to his imagination. Johnson had no eyes for these things; and therefore passes over this topic in silence. Here Milton, treading at every step upon classic ground,

"By godlike poets venerable made,"

must have had all his enthusiasms cherished and inflamed.

Johnson now coarsely rallies his memory, that on his return to England, all this glorious preparation ends in his retiring to an obscure court in London to take private pupils. Such sarcasms do not come well from Johnson, who had himself been a schoolmaster. We cannot believe this to have been a willing occupation, but the probable effect of dire necessity: at least it was innocent and virtuous, and began with the instruction of his own nephews. But Johnson takes this opportunity to give his opinion on the various plans of education, and to declare what he considers the most useful knowledge to be taught young persons. And here he introduces, in favour of moral knowledge, one of the finest passages in his numerous works.

We now come to the biographer's account of Milton as a political controversialist. Here all Johnson's political bigotry, malice, and rude and clumsy invective breaks out. This is the part of the Life which future biographers

have most directed their efforts to answer. They have painfully gone over all that portion of the poet's writings which had long been consigned to oblivion as temporary party matter. I shall leave the defence to them; for it is not my business or purpose to repeat what others have said. Whether Milton's arguments were good or bad, his opinions were sincere and honest; and Johnson is inexcusable for imputing them to dishonourable and base motives. He even goes the guilty length of charging them with Satanic malignity! Such malignity may justly be attributed to the censure.

It is deeply to be lamented that the poet wasted so many years of his precious life in these rude and tumultuary conflicts; only fitted for more ordinary minds and more vulgar spirits. But this is not the ground of the critic's objections: it was the side taken, and the principles laid down. In prose Milton's style was not the best; it wanted ease and simplicity, and had not a vernacular cast: it was the reverse of that flow, transparency, flexibility, and colloquial grace, which so eminently shone in Cowley's prose style. Now and then, indeed, when he rose to great thoughts, it might have the dignity and force of his poetical manner. But of these faults it would ill become Johnson to complain; for his own style was equally deficient in those merits which so distinguished Cowley; and sometimes his pomp approaches to the burlesque in his manner of attempting to be either witty or severe on the great poet.

As to the politics of that calamitous crisis, if Milton's principles were violent, the principles by which Johnson judged of them were equally violent on the other. The ideas of monarchical power which Charles I. inherited were certainly arbitrary; though his own temper was mild, and his mind enlightened and benevolent. The parliament was entitled to an opinion, and a will, as well as the crown. There certainly were faults and oppressions by the kingly part of the government, which required to be resisted and amended. It may be admitted that many individuals, who took a leading part in resistance, were actuated by private ambition, or a hatred of just power; but others were instigated by pure patriotism. That both sides occa-

sionally exercised duplicity and dishonest means, as in all human contests, cannot be doubted. But there is something disgusting in the Puritan machinery of action, carried on from the time of Calvin, because it was hypocritical, virulent, and uncharitable.

Looking to the characters of the individual leaders of the two parties, the honour, lustre, amiableness, accomplishments, and self-devotion, were on the side of the royalists. There were a few men of great talents on the other side; but the greater portion of them were sour, stern, hard, coarse, low, and suspicious demagogues. All Lord Nugent's endeavours have not entirely cleared Hampden. Cromwell was great; but neither amiable nor virtuous. Essex was a weak man, and the tool of flatterers and his own disappointed ambition. On the other side the noble, beautiful, and shining characters were beyond enumeration;—as Falkland, Clarendon, Newcastle, Strafford, Sunderland, Capel, Derby, Winchester, Bishop Hall, Cowley, Denham, &c. &c.

But it seems to me that Milton's stern morals, simple habits, lonely studies, and native independence of mind, listed his conscience on the side of the parliament; and that in all that violence and severity which Johnson imputes to evil passions, he was sincere and honest. It must have been an unbending sense of justice which led him away from some of those attractions of courts which had a peculiar charm for the splendour of his imagination. He loved all the pomp of chivalry and feudal magnificence, the concourse of ladies, the clash of arms, the sounds of martial music, and the display of banners, in halls and palaces. This taste he himself mentions in his *L'Allegro*. He loved these things because they formed the semblance of heroism and glory. He loved, too, the castles and mansions of great noblemen, when they encouraged literature as became them, and lived with the generous sense of inherited greatness—such as the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow, and the old Countess of Derby at Harefield. He was not, therefore, himself a sour Calvinist and dull unpliant Republican. He saw scenes of aristocratic brilliance which Johnson never saw, and associated with high families such as Johnson never had admission to.

By way of conclusion to this paper,

I wish to revert to something I have already said. Simile, metaphor, and all ornament, I have observed, are but secondary. When the imagery is not in the primary thought, or fact to be conveyed, but in the language by which it is represented, then it is of course secondary, and rather overlays what ought to be the principal than enforces it. It partakes more of the mind of a rhetorician than a poet. The plainest language is consistent with the highest invention. Addison remarks this in his admirable and unrivalled critique on Milton: and there is no majesty like that of plain language, when the thoughts are lofty. I believe this is not the popular opinion: common readers think flowery words the proof of pre-eminent genius. But the proof lies in the life of the invented character, or force of the invented fact; in its actual presence. To make the invention poetry, it must also be sublime, or pathetic, or beautiful; or at least comic, for there may be invention without poetry. But to dress up an insipid thought is but like the work of a milliner or tailor.

Some, rich in observation, are deficient in the inventive faculty, or at least have nothing but this secondary invention, which enables them to compare and illustrate. This is but a novelty, in truth, of collocation, and cannot create. The essence of creation is unity. No one who combines artificially can produce unity.

It may be that writers of verses have been misled by rules, and have resorted to this secondary sort of invention, when they could have done better: but in the vast body of what is called poetry, very little of primary invention is to be found. When it does occur, it carries the reader of a *sensitive* taste with it as if by magic. It is this which makes the spell of Crabbe, in defiance of the squalid and painful characters and scenes which he represents.

It is strange that proper invention should be so extremely rare; yet without it there can be no poetry of the first class. Pope may be said to have reached it in his *Eloisa*, by identifying himself with that passionate woman, though the character and facts were already on record—which not a little lessens the merit. The *Rape of the Lock* is a mere artificial invention. The rest of his works are principally matter of observation, or in the secondary order

of illustrative imagery. When a poet truly invents, he has all his matter under his perfect dominion, and therefore is always more forcible, eloquent, and natural than other authors. He must have an insight into the character he draws beyond what observation can ever attain; for he knows not another's heart, but he does know the heart of the character which he invents.

When a poet writes in his own person, a thousand motives of fear, delicacy, and other regards, restrain and embarrass him; but in his invented characters he is free as air. In them no comparison can be made between his thoughts and his actions, his feelings and his outward appearance; which expose him to censure and ridicule who speaks in his own name. If, however, we examine the productions of the muse, we shall find that this sort of creation is both sparingly attempted, and not often well executed when attempted. The inventions are too commonly feeble, unnatural, and flat. One would suppose such a faculty not to be unfrequently bestowed by Providence; but experience teaches us a different lesson; or if the talent be given, it is not properly cultivated.

There are artificial inventions put together to exemplify preconceived theories; but they are generally dull things which carry no one's sympathy with them. Opinions should result from inventions, and not precede them. This faculty, when inborn, grows and strengthens by practice; for no one embodies in language abstract ideas with facility, except after long exercise and much toil. They do not at once fall into distinct shape and order; they flit away before their forms have been noted down. Matter-of-fact minds are the most common that occur, and at the same time most arrogant and insolent. They mistake their blindness for wisdom; and the little which they see upon the surface they delude themselves to believe to be the only true knowledge. They can only believe their own eyes, and thus are ignorant of what passes within: so they are unconscious of the movements of the only thing of which it is necessary to be informed. The most enlarged experiment is comparatively narrow; and he who trusts to experience alone must have very limited intelligence. By the force of imagination the bounds of space and time are overpast.

Shr Walter Scott possessed in a high degree this faculty of primary invention. There lies his magic. His characters are all life. He passed his hours in their society; he gazed upon them, and talked to them. No corporeal being was present to him. Byron had the same faculty; but it had one defect from which Scott was free—it was too much confined to the tone of his individual passions and thoughts.

Collins, when he personified the Passions, saw them in their living shapes before him. I call him an illustrative poet. Campbell, in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, may pretend to something more. So Southey in his *Joan of Arc*, &c.; and Wordsworth in some of his characters. Mrs. Hemans has reached it in her *Arabella Stuart*. It is so natural to love story, rather than precept, that I am surprised that this sort of poetry has not been more encouraged and cultivated. It seems more easy to execute; but its scarcity induces the belief that it is not so. One would have supposed this the natural course that imagination would have taken. There are, however, minds which can suggest nothing original, but can always find similes and metaphors; which, if they are unborrowed, is indeed a minor sort of originality.

Then comes into consideration the quality of the invention. If it be coarse, vulgar, and unpicturesque, it is not practical. It requires loftiness of mind and extreme sensibility of heart. This is an union of intellectual powers which it may be said can rarely be found. Almost all those artist-like compositions, of which we hear so much, are mere pieces of mechanism, which, if they have few faults, have scarcely any merits of the higher order. Surely when we look for genius, we cannot be satisfied with toil and contrivance. We want the soul, not the form. Where there are great beauties, a few faults will weigh but little. We have several popular poets, who, however, it must be confessed, have scarcely any invention—such as Thomson and Cowper; and Beattie has it only in four or five early stanzas of his *Minstrel*. The poets of the reign of James I. and Charles I. had little of it, with the exception of Milton. Drayton took imaginary subjects in his Epistles, but executed them flatly. He who ties himself too much to history, will never succeed in poetry.

All my experience has produced in me the conviction, that periodical and professional criticism has suppressed genius and brought out mediocrity. The critic's praise may give transient popularity; but it will be but momentary, if false. The multitude will repeat the praise; but if they do not feel, they will soon forget: and mechanism and art never touch the bosom. It is an ignorant mistake that the subjects for good poetry are exhausted: out of thousands, very few of the best have yet been touched upon. Secondary minds very properly shrink from them. That creativeness, without which there must be a signal failure, is wanting to them. It is clear that we have two beings here; that which is spiritual, and that which is material. The true poet must deal with the first; he must therefore represent things as they appear in the visionary department of his mind. What the French call *chaleur* of style is nothing but the heat cast on ideal objects present to the writer, by the flame of imagination. He feels rather than reasons. No art, labour, nor skill in the rules of composition, can give this. Nor can mental culture give invention—no tillage of the soil can produce harvest without seed.

It is but a childish pleasure to the mind to be attracted by a trite truth through the means of a happy simile or metaphor. To illustrate what requires no illustration is but idle work; if the image be beautiful let it stand by itself: why join the rare and the common into one band? What is interesting in itself, or by the combination of the story, will only be weakened by collateral lights; each illustration stands separate, and has no connexion with the rest of the story.

Some have a genius for sentiment, reflection, and description, but not for weaving a chain of events. There is a sort of talent which, under the name of plot, rouses the attention of the reader at the first perusal, but when it is known, loses, like an enigma, much of its force. By the means of this, plot, sentiments, and descriptions, and incidents, not intrinsically striking, derive an accidental strength, which, if they are separated from their position, vanishes. Like all other things depending on novelty, this is a merit not of the most lasting effect. There are authors who by the aid of memory can take separate incidents from various

stories, and new-combine them into one: but these never amalgamate into one whole. It will be a piece of joinery which the sagacious and true critic will detect at once. It will not be one web. The common reader will not be able to see the difference, and yet will feel that it loses all charm, and wonder at it; while the author himself is astonished at his own failure, and thinks that great injustice is done to him.

It is a singular trait in Sir Walter Scott, that he did not seem absorbed and eccentric, as almost all other authors of great invention. Few who have been endowed with high imagination have been masters of themselves. Ideal presences hold dominion over them, and they are supposed to be bewildered by shadows because they see what others cannot see. But Scott had great vivacity, yet not often great depth and intensity. Byron strove to be a man of the world, but could not be; it was a paltry ambition.

In the contest between Bowles and Byron on the true principles of poetry as a test by which to try the merits of Pope, both were labouring under a strange mistiness of mind. Neither of them hit upon the genuine clues. It is not so much the nature of the material, whether imagery, or sentiment, or moral, as the character of the inventiveness and imaginary embodiment, which constitutes the poet. The ingredients of the invention may be all, or any one of them. Let us suppose the poet to draw an imaginary character, who deals exclusively in description, or sentiment, or moral axioms. Still, if he draws it with life and force, he is equally a poet. If Byron had tried himself by the rules he laid down, he would have excluded half the best of his own poetry. He did not see whether his canons were tending, or wrote in mere perverseness of temper, contrary to his own convictions and feelings.

I know not how far the present attempted development of the true principles of poetry may be deemed by others to be new and satisfactory. It seems to me to coincide with what has been considered to be the test of poetry in all ages and nations: for that which is merely the fashion of one age or one country must be wrong. And if such exclusiveness has been the fashion of England for the last century, or at any other epoch, it unquestionably ought to be condemned.

WE have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Mrs. Ainsworth, but we are sincerely sorry for her—we deeply commiserate her case. You see what a pretty fellow THE young Novelist of the Season is; how exactly, in fact, he resembles one of the most classically handsome and brilliant of the established lady-killers—the only darling of the day—except Cradock, *alias* Caradoc—whose charms have been equally fatal among the nymphs of the Seine and the Thames. No Truefit, anxious to set off his Brutus, could have devised a more neatly-cut countenance; no *unstricken* Stultze need ask a more dashing outline of back, hip, thigh, leg, &c. &c., for the exhibition of *toggery*. We may, without swagger, apply to Ainsworth what Theodore Hook has sung of D'Orsay *le beau*:

“ See him, gallant and gay,
With the chest of Apollo, the waist of a gnat; ”

— but then comes the rub for Mrs. A., as well as the rhyme for “ gay: ”

“ The delight of the ball, the assembly, the play ! ”

Alas ! it were well if “ balls, assemblies, and plays ” were all : there are also such things, not undreamt-of in the philosophy of the Mayfair fair ones, as *boudoirs* and *tête-à-têtes* ; and the best we can say for this Turpin of the cabriolet, whose prancer will never masticate a beef-steak, is, that if he escapes scot-free during the first month of the blaze of his romance, he is a lucky as well as a well-grown lad. Of this all concerned may be only too sure, that many a dove as well as crow will, on the present occasion,

“ Make wing to the Rooky-wood.”

Well, Heaven send him a good deliverance ! But when we see how even whey-faced, spindle-shanked, musk-smelling baboons, get on occasionally among feathers and furbelows, when once they have attached any thing like a rag of notoriety to their names, we own we regard with fear and trepidation the fiery furnace of flattering sighs, through which this strapping A-Bed-Nego must endeavour to bring his jolly whiskers unsinged.

Of the previous history of Walker Hederic Ainsworth, we believe all that the general reader has any concern in may be told in a couple of sentences. He is the grandson, or great-grandson, of the celebrated Latin lexicographer, who was at school with Tom Hill, somewhere about the middle of the reign of George II. ; while, by the other side of the house, he is connected with the lineage of the illustrious John Bee. His father was a flourishing *gentleman, i. e.* solicitor, at Manchester ; and the old boy spared no pains to train up his child in the way he should engross. But love and genius will out ; and here he is, two hundred miles from the Babylon of spinning-jennies, murdering right and left before and behind the scenes of the Opera—writing Vau-devils for Yates—Inter-lewds for Bunn—and after having had to do, more or less, with we know not how many little pieces of the Olympic, now at length astonishing London and Cræsusfying Bentley by a real dashing display of the long-buried inspiration of romance !

May he turn out many novels better, none worse than *Rookywood* ; may the Adelphi in the mean time do justice to his Highwayman ; and may he, as far as is consistent with the frailty of humanity, penetrate puffery, and avoid the three insatiabls of Solomon, king of Israel ! Amen.

O. Y.

P.S.—I perceive old Yorke has left me room to add my view of the subject in sounding rhyme. Here goes :

Enjoy thy prime of glory, Master Walker,
With moderation : be a cogent talker
In quiet corners—ever, Master Hederic,
Making sheer *sense* the *New Era* of thy rhetoric ;
Thus, saying sunk in doing, Master Ainsworth,
I promise thee in measure full thy pains' worth
Mid the sweet world of intellectual creatures,
Whose bathycolpic forms and dazzling features
May, brass on brass, in tempting file be seen,
Fit FRONTISPIECES all for the COURT MAGAZINE.—M. O'D.



W. F. Answorth

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD".

THE NUN OF LANDISFERN.

YOUNG Linda sprang from a lofty line ;
 But though come of such high degree,
 The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
 Was not so humble of heart as she—
 Her soul was meek exceedingly.
 She told her beads by the midnight lamp ;
 Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp ;
 The world and its vanities all forsaken ;
 For the veil and vows of a nun she had taken.
 Soft were the visions from on high
 That passed before her saintly eye ;
 Sweetly on her ravished ear
 Fell the soul of music near—
 Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
 Or the strains of starry cherubim,
 Or the witching tones of melody sent
 From sweetest earthly instrument.
 Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
 And ever arose to the heavenly clime ;
 Her aspirations sought the sky
 Upon the wings of Piety.
 For more divinely pure were they
 Than morning of a summer day,
 Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
 The palm-crowned top of Lebanon.
 To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
 An angel of heaven came down to earth.
 He left the bright celestial dome,
 His sweet and everlasting home,
 Where choral cherubs on the wing
 Of Love are ever wandering :
 But the glorious regions of the sky
 He floated, all unheeded, by ;
 Their splendours !—what were they to him
 Who shone among the seraphim,
 And saw the throne of God arise
 Unveiled before his mystic eyes ?
 He sought the spot where the holy maid
 In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
 'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
 Of Landisfern's black convent old.
 Meek and solemn and demure
 Was her saintly look—and pure
 As the fountains of eternity
 The glance of heaven in her eye.
 At the sacred altar kneeling,
 Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,
 She seemed, so pallid and so lone,
 A form of monumental stone.
 Each nun hath heard the convent-bell—
 Each nun hath bled her to her cell ;
 And the Ladye-Abbess hath forsaken
 Heavenly thoughts till she awaken :
 Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
 Will not forsake the chapel damp.
 Rapt in delicious ecstasy,
 Visions come athwart her eye ;
 Music on her ear doth fall
 With a tone celestial ;

And a thousand forms, by fancy bred,
 Like halos, hover round her head.
 But what doth Linda now behold
 From that chapel, damp and cold?
 She sees—she sees the angel bright
 Descending through the fields of light;
 For, although dark before, the sky
 Was now lit up with a golden dye,
 And wore a hue right heavenly.

“Do I slumber?” quoth the maid,
 Of this vision half afraid—
 “Do I slumber, do I dream?
 Or art thou what thou dost seem—
 One of that glorious choir who dwell
 Round the throne of the Invisible,
 Listening with heart-stricken awe
 To the thunders of His law—
 And now, in the light of loveliness,
 Comest down the sons of men to bless?”

“Daughter of Earth!” the angel said,
 “I am a spirit—thou a maid.
 I dwell within a land divine;
 But my thoughts are not more pure than thine.
 Whilome, by the command of Heaven,
 To me thy guardianship was given;
 And if on earth thou couldst remain
 Twice nine years without a stain,
 Free from sin or sinful thought,
 With a saintlike fervour fraught,
 Thy inheritance should be
 In the bowers of sanctitie,
 Side by side, for ever with me.
 Thou hast been pure as the morning air,
 Pure as the downy gossamer—
 Sinful thought had never part
 In the chambers of thy heart—
 Then, thy mansion-house of clay,
 Linda, quit, and come away!”

Morning heard the convent-bell,
 And each nun hath left her cell;
 And to chapel all repair,
 To say the holy matins there.
 At the marble altar kneeling,
 Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
 With the cross her hands between,
 Saintly Linda's form was seen.
 Death had left his pallid trace
 On the fair lines of her face;
 And her eye that wont to shine,
 With a ray of light divine,
 At the chant of matin hymn,
 Now was curtained o'er and dim.
 Pale as alabaster stone—
 “Where hath sister Linda gone?”

Quoth the Ladye-Abbess, in solemn mood,
 “She hath passed away to the land of the good;
 For, though a child of mortal birth,
 She was too holy, far, for earth.”

THE NATIONAL FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF ENGLAND.*

THE promise of a new edition of *The Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*, which is announced to be speedily published in the *Family Library*, brings joy to our heart. Many is the time we have read and laughed over the tales of Merrows, and Fir-Darrigs, and Cluricaunes, and "the likes of them chaps," which its author has told in his own admirable manner; and greatly do we rejoice at the inviting opportunity now offered to us of again reading and laughing over them. And heartily glad are we to perceive that there is a spirit abroad which will encourage works on the popular mythology and superstitions; for, not to mention the almost inexhaustible fund of genuine amusement which they contain, they form a most important chapter in the history of man and of the workings of his mind; and we wish we had many such works as Crofton Croker has here given us. This book, too, ought to be the dearer to every one who feels an interest in such things, because it alone, by the exquisite touches of humour and traits of character with which it abounds, has made the subject popular, and has spread abroad the spirit at which we rejoice.

Several publications connected more or less with this subject have appeared during the last two or three years: among the rest we may particularise a neat compilation from foreign authors on *Fairy Mythology*, by Mr. Keightley, which has, it is true, added little or nothing to our knowledge of the subject, though it has given us a tolerably connected view of what has been done by others. We might perhaps have been tempted to say somewhat more in praise of Mr. Keightley's book; but in the preface to the "second issue" of it, and also in a later publication, the *Tales and Popular Fictions*, he has said so very much in praise of

it himself, that he has really left us nothing more to add in the way of commendation. We regret the egotism of the author much; and we deplore still more that, not content with praising himself, he should attempt to detract from the praise of others; because there is in all this a kind of "humbug" which we particularly detest, and which, let it appear when and where it will, seldom fails to sharpen the edge of our criticisms. We are not, however, at present, inclined to be angry, and only hope that Mr. Keightley will take due warning; and since he has had so much intercourse with the "good people," we would have him consider how highly they have always esteemed humility and gentleness of spirit, and how severely they punish those witless mortals who approach them with presumption or selfishness. Even the legend of the peasant has its moral.

We turn with pleasure to another little work before us, the *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, by W. J. Thoms, already favourably known as the editor of the *Early English Prose Romances*. Of the *Lays and Legends*, which are now in the course of publication in monthly parts, we have seen three, being portions respectively of the legends of Germany, France, and Ireland; and, forming our judgment of the whole on what has been published, we most cordially wish it success.

The term "*fairy* mythology" adopted by Mr. Keightley we take to signify the popular mythology of the Teutonic nations; and we in England give it this title, because in our language the name *fairies* has become the common appellation of the elves of the popular creed. We therefore think that Mr. Keightley has quite lost sight of the object of his book, or that its title is a misnomer, when he makes an exhibi-

* *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*. London, Murray.

The Fairy Mythology; illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of various Countries. By Thomas Keightley, Author of "Outlines of History," &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1834. Whittaker.

Tales and Popular Fictions; their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country. By Thomas Keightley, Author of "Outlines of History," "The Crusaders," &c. 1 vol. London, 1834. Whittaker.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations, illustrative of their Traditions, popular Literature, Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. By William J. Thoms, Editor of the "Early English Prose Romances." London, 1834. Cowie.

tion of his learning in running wild among the Persians and Arabs, about whose superstitions we are, if necessary, prepared to shew that he knows nothing beyond the shreds and patches to be picked out of a grammar or a dictionary. We could also very well do without the *fairy* mythologies of Greece and Italy; but we have an especial objection to either a *fairy* mythology of the Jews or a *fairy* mythology of the Hottentots. It may be granted that the Greeks and the Persians are both branches of the great Indo-Teutonic stock, and, therefore, that there is every reason to believe, if we could trace their popular superstitions far enough back, that we should find in them an agreement with those of the Teutons in the west. But as we are no believers in the transmission of these superstitions from one people to another, and as the particular causes which have so long been constantly producing changes in the mythology of the Greeks and the Latins, and again in that of the eastern nations, are so very different from those which have operated upon our own, we imagine that to attempt a comparison, without more knowledge of each than we at present have, would be but a vain and useless labour. We need rather such books as the Germans, and Danes, and Swedes have written for the popular mythology of their countries,—such books as Crofton Croker has written for Ireland—the only one that has yet rendered justice to the superstitions of the peasantry of any part of our islands. There is much yet to be gathered: not enough has been accomplished towards collecting the fairy legends of Scotland and Wales; and as for England, where there is still room for a good harvest, there has been done—nothing! But it is easier and more flattering to our vanity to invent schemes, than to gather together materials which may establish truth.

. Mr. Keightley tells us at some

length how, after a long consideration of the subject, he has come to the conclusion, that of the tales and stories which have during ages floated about in every country, some are, as it were, “geological formations;” having grown up with the people themselves, some have come in by transmission from other countries, and some by other means. All this is very true, and indeed only amounts to the same thing as saying, in familiar English, that they came one way or another. But, then, Mr. Keightley claims this as a discovery,* and makes a book on the subject, in which he certainly proves the proposition, but he makes no great progress towards giving *any* answer, much more a general answer, to those most important questions,—what? how? when? and why? However, the volume to which we allude hardly belongs to the subject of the present article, in which we intend to confine ourselves to popular mythology, and to the popular mythology of our own island; yet we hope to shew, that it is by investigating this mythology in one country, and by examining historically the changes which it has there undergone, and the causes to which we may attribute those changes, that we are most likely to find satisfactory answers to those questions, and to place the subject in a clearer light. Perhaps we may at some future time be tempted to return to the volume which has occasioned these remarks. We will observe, however, in passing, that there are stronger grounds than its author seems to suspect for believing Wilhelm Tell to be a mythic personage, at least as far as he is concerned in shooting the apple off his son’s head. Sprenger, an early writer on these matters, in his *Malleus Maleficarum*, has a chapter “de Sagittariis Maleficis,” where he relates the same story of one Punkler, a magician of Rorbach, in the diocese of Worms; and, if our memory be not very treacherous, we have read in one

* We cannot forbear saying a word or two on Mr. Keightley’s discoveries, because he makes so much parade of them. He asserts that he has proved, that the name Oberon, in French, is the German Elberich; yet he has but taken it on the authority of Grimm, who has shewn, not merely that the word Elberich did take that form in French, but that it could not have taken any other! He says, that *he alone* has discovered why Shakespeare gave the fairy queen the name Titania—we can assure him, that a tolerably advanced boy in one of our public schools would stand in peril of dire birch if he could not make the discovery at a very short notice. We will only add, that his account of the origin and meaning of the word *fairy* is, at best, but a lame and most unsatisfactory performance.

of these older works on spirits and magic of a wood-spirit, concerning whom some such observation as the following was added—"this is the hobgoblin who shot the apple off the child's head." Mr. Keightley will find, too, from the excellent old ballad of those three worthies *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough*, and *William of Cloudeslee*, that the legend was also current at an early period in England.

The memorials of the days of Anglo-Saxon heathendom are unfortunately few. The only work which we can ascribe with any degree of certainty to so early a period of their history, or rather of the history of their forefathers before they came here, is the poem of *Beowulf*, of which an excellent edition has been given to us by Mr. Kemble; and this

poem has been much interpolated by Christian transcribers before it was reduced to the state in which it has come down to us. The chief exploit of the hero, *Beowulf the Great*, is the destruction of the two monsters *Grendel* and his mother; both, like most of the evil beings of old times, dwellers in the fens and the waters; and both, moreover, as some Christian bard has taken care to inform us, of "Cain's kin," as were also the eotens, and the elves, and the orcs (*eótenas*, and *yífe*, and *orcneas*). The haunt of the *Grendels* was a lake in the middle of a dark and dreary morass; it was overshadowed by the thick branches of an ancient wood, and by night the surface of its waters appeared covered with flame (v. 2714).

" Hie dygel lond
warigeaþ wulf-hleðū
windige nassas
frecne fen-ge-lád
þær fírgen-átréam
under nassas ge-nipu
nifer ge-wíteð
flód under foldan.
nis þæt feor heonon
mil ge-mearcos
þæt se mere standeð
ofer þæm hongiað
brinde-bearwas
wudu wyrta fast
water ofer-helmað
þær mæg nihta ge-hwænan
nif-wunder seon
fyr on flóde."

" They keep the secret land,
the refuges of the wolf,
the windy promontories,
the fearful path of the fen;
there where the mountain-stream
under the darkness of the promontories
rushes downwards—
the flood under the earth.
It is not hence [from Heorot]
a mile distant
where that lake standeth,
over which hang
the rinded thickets,
the wood fast with its roots
overhange the water:
There by night to any one
an evil wonder appears,
fire on the flood."

When, after the death of the son, *Beowulf* and his companions pursued the mother into her retreat, they found the water full of sea-drakes and serpents (*wyrn-cynnes fela*), and nicers lying on the banks. To *Beowulf* these were no new antagonists; in one of his exploits by sea, the nicers—for there were nicers in the sea as well as in the lakes—had, during a storm, dragged him out of his boat, and carried him to the bottom, where the desperate struggle between them ended with the death of nine of his opponents. We learn little from the poem of the form, or magnitude, or nature of these "heathen beasts," as they are called, except that against them weapons, the work of men, were useless; and *Beowulf's* sword, when it touched the *Grendel's* blood, melted like ice (*ise gelicost*).

The last exploit of *Beowulf* was against another personage of the fairy

mythology, a dragon, or fire-drake, that sat brooding over his heaps of treasures of the olden days. During the slumber of its guardian, the "heathen hoard" had been plundered; and when the fire-drake awoke, and discovered that the object of his cares had been visited, he paced furiously about the entrance of his den in search of the intruder. He then returned to ascertain the extent of his loss, and at night he issued forth, and in revenge spread devastation through the country. The house of the dragon was a tumulus under a mountain near the waves of the sea.

" Hlæw under hrusan
holm wylme neh
yð gewinne."

When the surviving conqueror, the companion of *Beowulf*, who was mortally wounded in the combat, entered it (v. 5508).

"Ge-seah ðá síge-breðig

máððum sigla feola
gold glitman
grunde ge-tenge
wundur on wealle
and þæs wyrmes denn
ealdes uht-flogan
orcas stondan
fyrn-manna fatu
feormend-leáse
hyratum be-hrórene
þær was helm monig
eald and ómig
earn-beágu fela
searwum ge-sæled.

Swylce he siomian ge-seah
segn eall gylden
heáh ofer horde
hond-wundra mæst
ge-locen leóðo-cræstum
of ðam leóman stóð
þæt he ðone grund-wong
on-gitan meahte."

"He, exulting in victory, saw there

a multitude of costly gems,
gold glittering
heavy upon the ground,
a wonder on the wall;
and in the den of the dragon —
the old fier in the twilight —
platters standing,
the vessels of men of old
no longer living,
fretted with ornaments:
there was many a helmet
old and rusty,
many an armlet
skilfully bound together.

So also he saw raised there
an ensign, all of gold,
high over the hoard,
the most wonderful of handy works,
locked together by magic arts;
from which the light shone forth,
so that he might scrutinise
the whole bottom of the cave."

Popular superstitions are not easily removed; and with the introduction of Christianity, the Anglo-Saxons did not cease to believe in the existence and operations of the elves and the nicers, the orcs and the giants; nor did they cease to trust in the effects of charms and incantations, or to revere wells and fountains. The preachers of the faith of their Redeemer saw nothing in that faith which was contrary to the belief which they had sucked in even with their mothers' milk; for though it asserted the unity of God, yet it did not deny the existence of spirits. It was impossible, however, that so great a change should be made as the total subversion of the previously established religion of a country, without affecting in some measure even the superstitions of the peasant; and we find, accordingly, that the Christian Anglo-Saxons tried to account for the existence of these beings in a way very different from that of their Pagan forefathers. They attempted to rationalise the belief in the elves which they found already established; and they defined their pedigrees and functions, and limited their powers, on principles which varied according to the proportion wherein Christianity or heathendom ruled in their minds. Hence we hear at one time of the Elfin descendants of the first murderer, Cain, who were fated to wander over the wastes and fens, the terror and scourge of mankind; at another, of the spirits unworthy of

heaven, yet too good for hell, who were allowed or compelled to inhabit the air, and the water, and the earth. Just the same influence did Mohammedanism exert on the popular creed of the easterns—the beings with which it had peopled water and earth and air became a race of Peris, beautiful, and to a certain degree happy, and permitted even to approach the gates of paradise and to behold the joys within, joys which they could only hope to partake of after ages of penitence.

The belief of the monks themselves in these spirits will account for the silence with which they are passed over in the homilies and religious discourses of the time. When they preached against heathendom, instead of attacking the superstitions of their countrymen, they broke out into declamations against the heathen practices of the Greeks and Romans. A manuscript homily, bearing the inviting title *De falsis diis*, told us much about Saturn, and Jupiter, and Venus, and their evil deeds, but of elves and nicers not a word. Another homily in the same collection is directed against witchcraft and magic, a title more tempting even than the former. We learn from it much about the witch of Endor, but of native superstitions we find only the following short and scattered notices. "Every one," says the writer, "who uses witchcraft either by fowls, or by sneezings, or by horses, or by hounds, he is no Christian, but

he is a notorious apostate" (fol. 394). "I am ashamed," he says, "to mention all the scandalous witchcrafts that men practise through the devil's teaching, either at spousals, or at the solemnisation of marriage, or in brewing, &c." (fol. 395). "Some men are so foolish, that they bring their offering to firm rocks, and also to trees, and to well-springs, as witches teach. And they will not understand how foolishly they do; or how the dead stone or the dumb tree can help or save them, which themselves never stir from the place where they stand."—(Fol. 396.) "Now a witless woman goes to the high way, and drags her child through the earth, and thus gives both herself and her offspring to the devil."—(Ib.)

The monks, however, were not content with giving a different account of the origin and nature of the elves, but they at once transformed them into devils, whose business it was to plague and tempt frail mortality. They moreover adopted the popular stories, and turned them into saints' legends; and a more extensive knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon fairies may perhaps be gathered by a careful perusal of the legends of the Anglo-Saxon saints, than all the other books together can afford us. It only need be borne in mind, that in the transformation the elves, when mischievously inclined, became devils; when beneficent, angels. The fens and wilds are in Beowulf constantly peopled by troops of elves and nicers and worms (dragons and serpents). So in the saints' legends are they ever the haunts of hobgoblins (*dæmones*); and many and fierce were the struggles between them and the hermits, before the latter succeeded in establishing themselves in their deserted abodes. St. Guthlac built him a mud-cot in the isle of Croyland, a wild spot, then covered with woods and pools and sedgy marshes. The isle had hitherto been uninhabited by men; but many a goblin played among its solitudes, and very unwilling were they to be driven out. They came upon him in a body, dragged him from his cell,

sometimes tossed him in the air, at others dipped him over head in the bogs, and then tore him through the midst of the brambles; but their efforts were vain against one who was armed like Guthlac, for he carried to the combat "*scutum fidei, lorica spei, galeam castitatis, arcum penitentiae, sagittas psalmodie*." St. Botulf chose for his residence Ykanho, a place not less wild and solitary than Croyland itself, which had hitherto, his historian tells us, been only the scene of the "fantastic illusion" (faery, we might say) of the goblins, now to be banished by the intrusion of the holy recluse.* At his first appearance they attempted to scare him with horrid noises; but finding him proof against their attacks (for he was not worse armed than Guthlac), they endeavoured to move him by persuasive expostulations. "A long time," they said, "we have possessed this spot, and we had hoped to dwell in it for ever. Why, cruel Botulf, dost thou forcibly drive us from our haunts? Thee or thine we have neither injured nor disturbed. What seekest thou by dislodging us? and what wilt thou gain by our expulsion? When we are already driven from every other corner of the world, thou wilt not let us stay quietly even in this solitude." Botulf made the sign of the cross, and the elves and nicers departed.

Sometimes these goblins were more obliging towards their new neighbours, and directed them where to dig for treasures; though it appears that they seldom gained much by seeking after "heathen gold." Godric, at a later period, occupied a cell in the wilds of Durham, and was often troubled by these spiritual enemies. On a time, however, one of them appeared by night, and told him where he would find a hidden hoard. Godric was not, it appears, an avaricious man; but he thought he might do some good with the money which was thus revealed to him, and to work he went with pickaxe and shovel. When, however, he had dug a considerable depth—though we are not

* The place chosen by Botulf, and its inhabitants, are thus described in the legends of saints in English verse; of which there is a good old MS. in the library of Trin. Coll., Cant.:

"A stede ther was in wyldernysse, that me clyped Thorze eyze,
That ful was of luther thynges, the men this by seye.
For deuelen and luther gostes here eyse hadde ther,
And her wonynge al at wylle, for non men ther nere."

told that he obtained a sight of the promised treasure—he was terror-struck by seeing come out of the hole a troop of little black dwarfs, who, with a laugh of derision, cast at him little smoking balls. Godric dropped his shovel, and, it is almost needless to add, never sought treasures again. Among others, the following anecdote is related of Godric's encounters with the spirits. It must be premised that Godric had a garden before his cell, which was on the banks of the Wear, and which it was his daily labour to tend. Once when, weary with digging, he had stopped to rest himself, a strange man suddenly made his appearance, and looked earnestly at the saint for some time. Then he spoke, and accused the good saint of idleness, and told him that he did not work half so hard as the saints of former times used to work. The saint, who at first thought it had been a messenger of God sent to instruct him in his duty, answered, "Do you then first set me an example." And he gave him the spade, and left him, for it was then his customary hour of devotion, and he promised to return soon and see how much work he had done. The strange man took the spade, and worked, says the legend, most vigorously; and when Godric returned, he was astonished to find that in the space of an hour his new labourer had dug as much ground as he himself could dig in eight days. "There," said the stranger, "that is the way to work." But Godric was frightened, for he was now sure that it could not be a real man; and indeed appearances were much against him, for he was dark and hairy, and somewhat tall; and, which appeared oddest

of all, though he had worked so hard, yet he shewed no signs of weariness, and did not even sweat. Then Godric went to his cell, and concealed a little book in his bosom, and returned and said, "Now tell me who thou art, and why thou hast come here?" "Do you not see that I am a man like yourself?" was the answer. "Then," said Godric, "if you are a man, tell me if you believe in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and join with me in adoring the Mother of our Lord." But the goblin said, for a goblin it was sure enough, "Be not solicitous about my belief, for it is no concern of yours." Godric now became more suspicious than before; he took the book out of his bosom—it contained pictures of our Lord and of the Virgin and of St. John—and he placed it suddenly against the other's mouth, telling him if he believed in God to kiss it devoutly; on which the goblin laughed at him and vanished. Godric, like a pious man, watered with holy water the ground which had thus been dug, and let it lie uncultivated for seven years.*

Some may think, perhaps, that we speak incautiously in talking of elves and nicers, when no such names occur in the writings from which we quote. But here, fortunately, there steps in to our aid an important passage of the poetic Layamon, which assures us that in the twelfth century elves and *nicers*† were as busily employed among the wilds, wherever they had not been driven out by the powerful weapons of the hermits, as they had been even in the time of the heroic Beowulf. In describing a lake in Scotland, he says (MS. Cott. Calig. A. ix. f. 125):

"That is a seolcuth mere,
Iset a middel ærde,
Mid fenne and mid mæode,
Mid watere swithe bræde,
Mid fæcen and mid feozelen,
Mid uniele thingen,
That water is unimete bræde;
Nikeres ther bathieth inne;
Ther is alene plose
In atteliche pole."

"That is a wonderful lake,
Set in middle earth,
With fen and with reed,
With water very broad,
With fishes and with fowls,
With ugly things,
That water is immeasurably broad;
Nickers bathe therein;
There is play of *elves*
In the venomous pool."

* Other authorities for the superstitions of the Anglo-Saxons are the various spells and counter-charms, which are still extant, and often found on the margins of other books; the civil laws; and, more particularly, the ecclesiastical laws and the penentialia.

† In the fifteenth century, in the *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, the word *nicker* still occurs, and is used to explain the classic sirens. It is a singular instance of the tendency of the monks to turn the elves into devils, that this word is now only preserved in the name "Old Nick," which is given to the arch-fiend himself.

It was an elf, too, which, in Robert of Gloucester, is said to have been the father of the far-famed Merlin; and

when King Vortiger inquired of his sages what kind of being it might be, they said (ed. Hearne, p. 130):

‘ That ther both in the air an hey, fer fro the gronde,
As a maner gostes, wygtes as it be,
And me may hem ofte on erthe in wylde studeas yse,
And ofte in monnes fourme wymmen heo cometh to,
And ofte in wymmen forme thei cometh to men also,
That men clepeth *elune*.”

For our extensive knowledge of the English fairies of the twelfth century we are indebted chiefly to two writers, Gervase of Tilbury, and the Cambrian Giraldus. The tales which are found in the writings of Giraldus are mostly Welsh; but on that account they are none the less valuable to us, for they enable us to compare the Welsh superstitions of that remote period with the English; and it appears from the comparison that they hardly differed from each other. We are told by Bale and others, that Giraldus was author of a topography and itinerary of England, as well as of Wales and Ireland—a work which would be to us invaluable; but we have sought carefully for it in all the manuscript collections where it was supposed to be preserved, and we have been obliged, much against our inclinations, to conclude that—if such a work has been attributed to him on any better grounds than hearsay—now at least it is no longer in being. From Giraldus and Gervase we can form a very tolerable outline of the popular belief of their age. We have in them not only the spirits which dwelt in the wild woods and the waters, the dragons, too, and the mer-women, but we have also the elves which entered people's houses and carried off the new-born children from their cradles to be denizens of the land of faery; and, which is still more important, we have the domestic elves, the dwarfs which laboured zealously in the service of the family to which they had attached themselves, and those “mad-merry” sprites whose joy was in playing mirthful tricks on the deluded peasantry. The stories which lie scattered through the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase have been told over and over; but Giraldus has not been so well used, and his account of the familiar spirits is exceedingly curious. They made their presence known by throwing dirt and other harmless things at every one they came near; and they continually plagued them by cutting holes in their

coats, and playing other such mischievous pranks. Sometimes they would talk with the people of the house; and when displeased or mischievously inclined, they scrupled not to tell in their presence all their secrets and private actions, much to the shame and confusion of many who were so exposed. When any attempt was made to exorcise them, they threw dirt at the priests themselves; and Giraldus thinks, from the inefficiency of the exorcisms of the church in driving them away, that the power of the priests was only efficient against spirits of a malignant nature. These hobgoblins sometimes appeared visibly; and one in Pembrokeshire, where they were very common, took up his abode in the house of one Elidor Stakepole, in the form of a red boy, who called himself Simon. Master Simon began—“impudently,” says our author—by taking the keys from the butler, and usurping his office. However, he was himself so provident a butler, that, while he held the office, every thing seemed to prosper. He never waited to be told to do any thing; but whatever his master or mistress were thinking of calling for, he brought it immediately, saying, “You want so and so; here it is.” Moreover, he knew all about their money and their secret hoards; and often did he upbraid them on that account, for he hated nothing more than avarice, and he could not bear to see money laid up in holes which might be employed in good and charitable uses. There was nothing, on the contrary, he liked better than giving plenty to eat and drink to the rustics; and he used to tell his master, that it was right he should be free in giving to them those things which by their labours he himself obtained. Indeed, Simon was an excellent servant: but he had one failing—he never went to church, and he never uttered a single “Catholic word” (*nec verbum aliquid Catholicum unquam pronunciabat*). One remarkable thing

was, that he never slept in the house at night, though he was always at his post by daybreak. Once, however, he was watched, and found to take up his lodging about the mill and the mill-dam. The next morning Simon came to his master, delivered up his keys, and left the house, after having filled the post of butler for about forty days. (Girald. Cam. Itin. lib. i. pp. 852, 853.)

From the time of Giraldus, we have plenty of materials for a history of the fairy superstitions of our country. The author of the French poem on the deposition of Richard II., of which there is a copy in the Harleian manuscripts (No. 1316), in the prose part of it, accuses the English, among other things, of being given entirely to the belief in prophecies, phantoms, and sorcery ("car il sont de telle nature en leur pays, que en prophecies en fanthomes et sorceries croient tres-parfaitement, et en usent très-volentiers.") Accordingly, in the old chronicles, both those which have been published and those which still remain in MS., we find many fairy tales introduced among the severer records of actual life. We find there, for instance, a series of stories of those who have at different times had interviews with the illustrious Arthur where he abode under the influence of faery, exactly parallel to the Kyffhäuser legends which Mr. Thoms in his first number has given from Büsching; and we would willingly suggest to him that he will do a service by collecting them together in that part of his "*Lays and Legends*" which will be occupied on the superstitions of our own country. We will merely notice as we pass on, that in the year 1344, according to Thomas of Walsingham, a certain Saracen physician came to Earl Warren (or Guarene) to ask of him permission to kill a serpent which was troublesome in his possessions on the Welch marches, at the village of Bromfield, near the town of Ludlow. The serpent was overcome by the incantations of the Saracen; but some words which were dropped by the latter led to the suspicion that large treasures lay concealed in the serpent's den. The men of Herefordshire, taking the hint, went by night, at the instigation of a Lombard called Peter Pikard, to dig for the gold; and they had just reached it, when the retainers of the Earl Warren, having discovered what was going on, fell suddenly upon them,

and put them in prison. The earl, says the historian, was no little gainer by the affair.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, two circumstances tended to encumber and confuse, in our literature at least, the fairy mythology of England — the introduction of French poetry and of the mythic tales of Greece and Italy. Both these causes acted together in the metrical romances, which formed so large a portion of the poetry of that age. We think that Mr. Keightley has most unadvisedly made a separate chapter of his fairy mythology on the fairies of romance; and instead of considering them as a mere modification of the popular creed of the country to which they belong, he seems to think that the fairies of the romances, whether of England, France, or Germany, all belong to one peculiar and individual system.

Much of the popular mythology of the French was probably, as we suspect also is the case with that of the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, essentially Teutonic: and Grimm has long ago observed that the Oberon (Auberon) of French stories is in name and person the Elberich of German poetry. The French, with their poetry, brought into English literature their own popular fairies, as modified in character by the fertile imagination of their poets; and the English imitators of those poets naturally adopted the forms which were thus presented to them. These forms, indeed, were not altogether abhorrent to their own notions; and we cannot suppose they would find much difficulty in accepting, as a tale of their own elves, the lai of Sir Launfal, who were accustomed to listen to the adventures of True Thomas "be Huntley banks," which was altogether an English popular legend. But, even in Sir Launfal itself, we have evidence that the English bards thought they were talking of their own elves, and actually altered and made additions in the circumstantial parts of the story they were translating, in accordance with that notion.

Many of the stories which were current at this period — more perhaps than has generally been supposed — were formed on Grecian and Roman models; and we may point out, as an instance, one of the tales in the *Severn Sages*, printed by Weber, "*The Two Dreams*," the plot of which is sub-

stantially the same as that of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. Several of the persons of Grecian mythology at first sight bore a resemblance to the popular elves and fairies; and hence translators both into Anglo-Saxon and into the English of later times, have sometimes used these latter names as a sort of equivalent for them, just as Alfred translates the Roman *sacerdotes* by the Saxon *biscope*; but it follows no more that those translators considered, as Mr. Keightley thinks they did, that the nymphs of Grecian fable were elves and fairies in the strict sense of the word, than that Alfred thought the heathen priests were actually Christian bishops. However, we find instances of Grecian stories adopted as legends of faery; and some poet, having heard the story of Orpheus, who by the power of his lyre rescued his wife from the regions below, took it for a legend of his own fairies, and invented the beautiful little romance of *Orfeo and Herodys*, a poem which in its English dress contains not one incident which is inconsistent with the native mythology; and indeed the writer—the translator we may say, for the form of the names shews that it came from the French—was so certain of this, that he looked over his histories, and discovered that Thrace, which had somehow been retained in the French story, was none other than an old name of the good and ancient city of Winchester, where Sir Orfeo was king.

The mention of Sir Launfal, Sir Orfeo, and Thomas of Ersildoun, naturally brings our mind to the fairy land itself, which has been quite as ill treated by Mr. Keightley, and in the same way, as the fairies of romance. The consideration of the underground residence of the fairies, as a part of the English mythology, would lead us into long and curious investigations for which now we have not room. The elves have always had a country and dwellings underground as well as above ground; and in several parts of England the belief that they descended to their subterranean abodes through the barrows which cover the bones of our forefathers of ancient days is still preserved. There were other ways, however, of approaching the elves' country, and one of the commonest was by openings in the rocks and caverns, as we find in the poem of Sir Orfeo and in the tale of Elidurus, told by Giral-

dus. The great cave of the peak of Derby was also a celebrated road thither, and Gervase of Tilbury has preserved a tale how William Peverell's swineherd ventured once to descend it in search of a brood-sow; and how he found beneath a rich and cultivated country, and reapers cutting the corn. The communication, however, has long been stopped up; and those who go now to explore the wonders of the cavern find their progress stayed by the firm impenetrable rock. The stories of this subterranean land underwent the same changes as the other part of the system, and among the monks formed the groundwork of such legends as the visions of Furseus and Driethelm and the far-famed purgatory of St. Patrick. The mixture of the monkish with the true mythic stories is nowhere more conspicuous than in the ballad of "True Thomas," which Jamieson has printed from a MS. in the Public Library, Cambridge: we quote from the MS. itself, because the printed copy is not very correct. The elf-queen says to Thomas, after they have passed a long dreary way under ground (MS. Bibl. Pub. Cant. Ff. v. 68),—

"Sees thu yonder is fayr way,
That lyes ouer yonder mounteyne?
Yonder is the way to heven for ay,
When synful soulis have duryd ther
peyne.

Seest thu now, Thomas, yonder way,
That lyse low under yon rise?
Wide is the way, the sothe to say,
Into the joyes of paradyse.

Sees thu yonder thrid way,
That lyes ouer yonder playne?
Yonder is the way, the sothe to say,
Ther [where] sinfull soules shalle drye
ther [suffer their] payne.

Sees thu now yonder fourt way,
That lyes ouer yonder felle?
Yonder is the way, the sothe to say,
Vnto the brennand fyre of hell.

Sees thu now yonder fayre castell,
That stondis vpon yonder fayre hill?
Off towne and toure it berith the bell;
In mydul erth is ther non like ther till.

In faith, Thomas, yonder is myne owne,
And the kyngus of this countre."

We now approach a melancholy period in the history of our mythology—a period when the superstitions of the peasant governed the minds of

judges and rulers, and at the same time the merciless arm of fanaticism too often wielded the sword of justice. Two superstitions—astrology and witchcraft—have always been found connected with popular mythology. The elves and other spiritual beings were believed to be variously affected by different things and different combinations of things; and certain noises, as the ringing of bells, were sufficient in many instances to drive them away; while even the possession of particular herbs and stones was enough to defend the bodies and properties of men from their depredations. The agate, for instance, among the Anglo-Saxons, had various virtues; if a man had it about his person, or in his house, no fiend could remain there (*ne mæg þær inne fœond wesan*), and the man who carried it constantly about with him was proof against all witchcraft and magic arts (*þæt dry-craft þam mon ne dereð se þe hine mid him hæfð*.—*Lib. Med. in Bibl. Reg.*) Again, by certain spells, the performance of certain ceremonies, attended by particular combinations of words, the strongest charms which had been worked by means of these spirits might be dissolved. Other things and ceremonies were believed to be so potent as to bind down these spirits, and put them effectually under the disposal of those who possessed or performed them. To know these things, and how to perform these acts, was, as might be expected, the ambition of many; and those who had arrived at that wisdom became magicians and astrologers, cunning, but sometimes weak and deluded men.

The astrologers made greater transformations in the popular creed than had been effected by any other cause—we of course mean, after astrology had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries been reduced to an extensive system; for they made new and artificial divisions of the spirits of earth, and air, and water, into tribes, and legions, which were placed under thrones and dominations, bearing names such as the ears of the peasant were never accustomed to. Thus we are told in Reginald Scott—to take a few names from among a host—that “the spirit *Paymon* is of the power of the air, the sixteenth in the rank of thrones, subordinate to *Corban* and *Marbas*. *Bathin* is of a deeper reach in the source of the fire, the second after Lucifer’s familiar,

and hath not his fellow for agility and affableness in the whole infernal hierarchy. *Barma* is a mighty potentate of the order of seraphims, whom twenty legions of infernal spirits do obey.” The incantation which must bind down these spirits is, as might naturally be expected, a very serious thing; and when, after various ceremonies performed, they first make their appearance, they address the magician, in their own language of course,—“*Gil pragma burthon machatan dermah*: to which the magician must boldly answer, *Beral, Beroald, Corath, Kermiel*,” and so forth. Good Reginald Scott enlivens the recital of all these formidable proceedings by the following pleasant story of a worthy monk, Sir John, who was desired to utter some most efficient exorcism against the robbers of a miller’s wear (p. 150, fol. 20).

“So it was, that a certain Sir John, with some of his company, once went abroad a jetting, and in a moonlight evening robbed a miller’s weir, and stole all his eels. The poor miller made his moan to Sir John himself, who willed him to be quiet; for he would so curse the thief, and all his confederates, with bell, book, and candle, that they should have small joy of their fish. And therefore the next Sunday Sir John got him to the pulpit, with his surplice on his back, and his stole about his neck, and pronounced these words following in the audience of the people:

‘All you that have stol’n the miller’s eelis,
Laudate dominum de celis;
And all they that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus domino.

‘Lo,’ saith he, ‘there is sauce for your eelis, my masters!’”

The following passage of an old writer, whose notions, like that of many of his contemporaries, were moulded in the astrological doctrines of the age, will shew sufficiently the connexion between that “science” and the fairy mythology. He is speaking of the different orders and classes of spirits.

“The spirits of the earth keepe for the most part in forrests and woods, and doe hunters much noyance; and sometime in the broad fields, where they leade traouellers out of the right way, or fright men with deformed apparitions, or make them run mad through excessiue melancholy, like *Aiax Telamoniuss*, and so prove hurtful to themselves and dangerous to others. * * * The vnder-earth spirits are such as lurk in dens and little

cessaries of the earth, and hollow crevices of mountains, that they may dig into the bowels of the earth at their pleasure : these dig metals and watch treasures, which they continually transport from place to place, that none should have use of them : they raise winds that vomit flames, and shake the foundation of buildings : they dance in rounds in pleasant lands and greene meadowes, with noyses of musick and minstralsie, and merrish away when any comes neere them : they will take vpon them eny similitude but of a woman, and terrifie men in the likenes of dead mens' ghosts in the night-time."—Nashe's *Pierces Penniless his Supplication to the Deuill*, p. 34.

Similar ideas are evidently the groundwork of the following spell, from the "History of Friar Bacon," which is printed in Mr. Thom's *Prose Romances*. The fairies, it must be observed, were always believed to be dwellers in dens, and lakes, and trees ; and it was them whom the astrologer conjured into his glass, or crystal, to direct him to the hidden treasures which they only knew.

"Now the owle is flowne abroad,
For I hear the croaking toade ;
And the bat that shuns the day
Through the darke doth make her way.
Now the ghostes of men doe rise,
And with fearful hideous cryes,
Seeke revengement (from the goode)
On their heads that spilt their blood.
Come some spirit, quicke ! I say,
Night's the devil's hollyday ;
Where ere you be, in dennes, or lake,
In the ivy, ewe, or brake,
Quickly come, and me attend,
That am Bacon's man and friend."

The witch differed from the astrologer in this, that her power over the spirits was believed to be the result of a compact with the spirit of darkness, whereby he bound himself to serve her for a time, on condition that he should afterwards be her master for ever. The witches were among the peasantry what the astrologer was in rather more refined society, in their intercourse with the spirits. But they had no invention of their own ; and there seems to be little room for doubting that the systematic story of their dealings, which we find them made to confess to at their trials, was all put into their mouths by others ; and when we do find an instance where, instead of being asked if they believed and had done and seen so and so, the question was, "What had they done or seen ?" whatever confession is made may be traced to

the fairy superstitions which they had imbibed from their childhood. One new circumstance was brought in with the witchcraft of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the power of fairies to enter into people, and "possess" them. It is not difficult to see whence and how this notion came, and we might point out a hundred instances of it ; but we will only mention one, which seems to have some allusion to the merry and mischievous Puck. It is observed of the celebrated Surrey demoniac,—"He stands upon his head, dances upon his knees, and runs of all fours like a dog, and barks. He seems sometimes extremely heavy, and at other times light, and was thought to be possessed with a *merry ludicrous spirit*."—Hutchinson's *Hist. Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 125.

Our space forbids further quotation than one more, with which to conclude our short survey of the history of the fairy mythology in England ; it is an extract from "A Dialogue concerning Witches and Witchcrafts," written "by George Giffard, minister of God's word in Maldon" (1593). The dialogue is spiritedly written, and gives a curious view of the popular belief at that time. The interlocutors are Samuel, Daniel, and the wife of Samuel. Samuel and Daniel have met in their walk in the fields.

"Sam. * * These witches, these evill-faoured old witches, doe trouble me !

"Dan. What ! doe you take yoursele to be bewitched ?

"Sam. No, no ; I trust no euill spirite can hurt me ; but I heare of much harme done by them : they lame men, and kill their cattle ; yea, they destroy both men and children. They say there is scarce any towne or village in all this shire, but there is one or two witches at the least in it. In good sooth, I may tell it to you as to my friend, when I goe but into my closes I am afraide ; for I see nowe and then a hare, which my conscience giueth me is a witch, or some witches spirite, shee stareth so vppon me. And sometime I see an vgly weasell runne through my yard ; and there is a foule great catte sometimes in my barne, which I haue no liking vnto.

"Dan. You neuer had no hurt done yet, had you, by any witch ?

"Sam. Trust me, I cannot tell ; but I feare me I haue : for there be two or three in our towne which I like not, but especially an old woman. I haue bene as careful to please her as euer I was to

please mine own mother, and to giue her euer anon one thing or other; and yet methinkes shee frownes at me now and then. And I had a hogge, which eate his meate with his fellowes, and was very well to our thinking ouer night, and in the morning he was starke dead. My wife hath had fise or sixe hennes euen of late dead. Some of my neighbours wishe me to burne some thing alius, as a henne or a hogge; others will me in time to seeke helpe at the handes of some cunning man, before I haue any further harme. I wold be glad to do for the best.

"Dan. Haue you any cunning man hereabout that doth helpe?"

"Sam. There is one, they say here, a twenty miles off, at T. B., which hath holpe many. And thus much I know, there was one of my acquaintance but two miles hence which had great losses; he lost two or three kine, six hogs (he would not haue tooke fiftene shillings a hog for them), and a mare. He went to that same man, and told him hee suspected an old woman in the parish. And I think he told me that he shewed him her in a glasse, and tolde him shee had three or foure imps — some call them puckerles; one like a gray catte, an other like a weasell, an other like a mouse — a vengeance take them! it is great pittie the country is not ridde of them — and told him also what he shoulde doe. It is halfe a yeare agoe, and he neuer had any hurt since. There is also a woman at R. H., fise-and-twenty miles hence, that hath a greete name; and great resort there is dayly vnto her. A neighbour of mine had his childe taken lame, a girle of ten yeares olde, and such a paine in her backe, that shee could not sit vpright. He went to that woman; she told him he had some hadde neighbour — the childe was forespoken, as he suspected. Marry, if he would goe home, and bring her some of the clothes which the child lay in all night, shee would tell him certainly. He went home, and put a table-napkin about her necke all night, and in the morning tooke it with him; and shee told him the girle was bewitched in deede, and so told him what hee should doe: and he had remedy. The girle is as wel at this day, and a pretty quicke girle. There was another of my neighbours had his wife much troubled, and he went to her, and shee tolde him his wife was haunted with a *fairy*. I cannot tell what she bad him doe, but the woman is merry at this howre. I haue heard — I dare not say it is so — that shee weareth about her Saint John's Gospel, or some part of it. * * If I had heard but of one [cunning person], I should haue gone ere this

time; and I am glad that I met with you. * * We haue a schoolmaister that is a good prettie scholler, they say, in the Latine tongue, one M. B.; he is gone to my house euen now; I pray you let me entreat you to go thither, you two may reason the matter.

"Dan. Well, I will goe with you.

"Sam. Wife, I haue brought an olde friende of mine; I pray thee, bid him welcome.

"*The Wife*. He is verie welcome. But trulie, man, I am angrie with you, and halfe out of patience, that you go not to seek helpe against yonder same olde beast: I haue another hen dead this night. Other men can seeke remedy. Here is M. B. tells me, that the goode wife R. all the laste weeke could not make her butter come. She neuer reated until she had got her husbände o't to the woman at R. H.; and when he came home, they did but heat a spit red hotte, and thrust into the creame, vsing certaine wordes that she willed him, and it came as kindly as anie butter that euer she made. I met the olde filth this morning. Lord, how scowerlie she looked vpon me! and mumbled as she went: I heard part of her wordes. 'Ah!' quod she, 'you haue an honest man to your husband; I heere how he doth vse me.' In truth, husband, my stomacke did so rise against her, that I could haue found in my heart to haue flouen vpon her and scratched her, but that I feared she would be too strong for me. It is a lustie olde queane."

But we must conclude. We will only add that, in looking back to the fairy mythology of former days, it is the more necessary to take into consideration the causes that haue produced changes in the form of those superstitions, because our only source of information is the literature of the times, which generally came from those who were most apt to garble the superstitions of their countrymen. In them, therefore, the changes are by far greater and more perceptible than they would be at the same time in their true depositories — the oral legends of the peasant. On the latter, the causes which did effect them would act slowly and gradually; and many of the tales of Gervase and Giraldus may very well be compared with those which we can still gather in the more retired parts of England, where perchance the schoolmaster, who is abroad, has not yet shewn his face, and where the baneful effects of political agitation on men's minds haue not been felt.

THE AFRICAN DESERT.

Χθονος μὲν ἵς τὰ λαιμὸν ἡμεῖς πῖλον
 . . . ἀβροτοὺς ἱς ἰσημίαν.—ÆSCHYL. *Prom.* 1. 2.

“Loca exusta solis ardoribus.”—SALL. *Jug.* c. 19.

FAR from those skies that ever softly smile
 O'er lawn and stream in England's happy isle,
 The muse now turns o'er Afric's sands to soar,
 Where reddening whirlwinds rush from shore to shore ;
 Where torrid suns in ceaseless fervour glow,
 And wastes untenanted are stretched below.

How blest those plains where laughing skies expand,
 And golden harvests wave along the land —
 Where heaven's glad shower gives freshness to the soil,
 And spring's bright promise cheers the labourer's toil !
 See where Missouri gives its royal flood
 To wide Savannah and the piny wood !
 See Persia's mountains lift their heads of snow
 To plead with summer for the vales below !
 Yet man alone, 'mid all this pomp of love —
 Whilst earth looks fair below and heaven above —
 Man with cold heart abandons nature's smile,
 For crimes which blacken, visions which beguile.
 Nor heeds *His* care whose fostering hand bestows
 The tree that blossoms and the stream that flows.

There is a clime to love — to hope — unknown,
 Where the soul seeks no beauty save her own ;
 There a huge sun his lazy orb upturns,
 And loiters long above the land he burns :
 No river's crystal there reflects the sky,
 No airs of freshness from the ocean fly ;
 No mountains glisten to the vernal shower,
 Or blush with radiance of the western hour ;
 No tuneful woodlands spread their velvet shade,
 For vow of saint or lover's sadness made ;
 No laughing lake expands its circling wave :
 All sleeps — all there seems mighty nature's grave ;
 Breezes of flame have drunk the vital spring,
 And fire-girt simooms move Destruction's wing !

The homeless Arab walks Zahara's plains,
 Strength in his nerves and ardour in his veins ;
 Though changed in faith, his spirit still the same
 Which sang of Antar's or raised Tobbah's fame.
 In youth, all passion, energy, and joy,
 Visions of glory rouse the intrepid boy ;
 Swarthy of limb he mounts his generous steed,
 Urges his flight and triumphs in his speed.
 In sterner age he gathers statelier pride,
 Views with wild joy his own on every side ;
 And often flashes his audacious spear
 Where waters spring and travellers circle near :
 Such desperate trade the desert steed employs,
 And hence the Arab's wealth — the Arab's joys.
 Yet, when the child of sorrow seeks his shed,
 Even the fierce Arab breaks the social bread —
 Even he delights to wake the stranger's smile,
 To aid his wants, his lonely hours beguile ;
 And, true to nature in her wildest mood,
 In his career of crime dispenses good.

The camel's milk his frugal fare supplies,
Nor longs his bosom for more generous skies ;
This is the land he loves—his empire here,—
A ring'd horizon, spacious, wild, and clear ;
Here, too, when toil and border-trade are done,
His tented desert whitens to the sun.

'Tis told in song, that earlier days saw here
All the fair changes of the circling year ;
The flower-wing'd hours led on the ripening glow,
The heaving harvest and the age of snow ;
Pomona, laughing, held her fruits to view,
And Flora gambol'd in the morning dew ;
Then Phaeton, urged by man's unmeasured pride,
To grasp the rein Apollo scarce could guide,
Sprang up exulting on the golden car,
Saw earth beneath and ocean's waves afar,
And gave the fiery steeds that slacken'd rein
Which human hand could never more regain ;
They rush'd unsway'd—new power, new frenzy given,—
Forsook the path, and traversed all the heaven.
Then the lowered car on northern Afric roll'd,
Here touch'd the steeds, here whirl'd the fervid gold,—
Till Jove's red arm the falling driver hurl'd
In ruin'd splendour to the flaming world.
'Twas then that Afric's green luxuriance fled,—
Its fires were kindled then, its deserts spread ;
The playful nymphs forsook their native plains,
And Echo falter'd in unfinish'd strains ;
Storms swept the land where Zephyr breath'd her sighs,
And sands flew up and clouded all the skies.

Yet not the horrors of this direful way
Can frighten avarice from its sordid prey ;
There with bold breast, in peril undismay'd,
The hardy merchant plies his toilsome trade,—
Spurns the mild joys that from contentment flow—
The hopes, the virtues, peace alone can know ;
And rescued oft, still turns from gentler charms
To sands on fire—the elements in arms !

Lo ! toiling onwards from the distant plain,
While you still listen for the sounds in vain,
One lonely group their sultry way pursue,
With glittering sands still lengthening to their view ;
Nor tree is there, nor mead, nor streamlet nigh,
To glad the heart or rest the wearied eye.
Last eve they gather'd in their hour of pride
A dauntless band on Niger's joyful side ;
But now unsheltered o'er the waste they roam,
With thronging memories of forsaken home.
Hark ! as they come the tinkling bells are heard —
The trampling hoof, the chief's imperious word ;
The camel seems his master's song to know,
And Echo startles in the sands below.
Full many a fear and saddening thought have they
Of hidden banditti and dire affray —
Of travellers lost and never heard of more—
Of tracts unknown where hungry lions roar.
Eager they seek the date-tree's snowy head,
Near Tuarick town and Arab douar spread,
And fearful listen for the songs that rise
O'er the cool mountain when the daylight dies ;
Whilst round their path the threatening surface swells,
And the bleach'd bone its tale of sadness tells.

Now purple mists along the east prevail —
 Too certain prelude of the desert gale !
 That deadly spirit ever known to bring
 Despair and anguish on its sanded wing ;
 Fanned by the furies, heralded by fear, —
 Thirst, death, and famine, hover in its rear.
 Silent — dismay'd — the affrighted train behold
 The rising desert in the distance roll'd,
 And eddying sands that gather as they fly,
 Flinging fresh terrors o'er the angry sky.
 Nor gaze they long ; but sudden to the ground
 Sinks each, as nearer swells the mighty sound, —
 Sole hope of safety in that direful hour,
 When earth and heaven in red confusion low'r ;
 And soon above them in gigantic form
 Rush the mad billows of the sweeping storm.

Thus Lybian sands in fiery tumult rose
 O'er Ammon's plunderers and Egypt's foes ;
 On Persian pride they spread their jaws of flame,
 And tens of thousands died without a name.
 Unlike their fate, illustrious chief, was thine,
 Whom fortune summon'd to the desert's shrine ;
 Benignant still, she own'd her favourite child,
 And ravens flew to guide thee o'er the wild.
 For thee the oasis all its pomp display'd —
 Its mead of freshness and its grove of shade ;
 The olive's green, the laurel's pride, was there, —
 Glass in the stream and music in the air ;
 While thy young zeal rejoiced before its goal,
 And glory's visions crowded o'er thy soul.

The storm has pass'd : beneath its sandy shroud,
 In life's last gasp, is many a victim bow'd ;
 Hid from the world, unaided in their doom, —
 Their dirge the fire-blast and the sands their tomb.
 But there are those who still in life remain
 With maddening fires that burn in every vein ;
 And wither'd hearts and pallid cheeks are there,
 And all that misery offers to despair.
 There, too, apart, more placid than the rest,
 With thoughts unknown and silent cares oppress,
 See Mecca's pilgrim ; on his ghastly brow
 The dews of death are coldly gathering now ;
 But at his heart, despite of all his woes,
 Is sunshine still and memory's sweet repose.
 Now Delhi's towers within his fancy rise,
 Now Delhi's plains expand before his eyes ;
 His hours of childhood, and the peaceful grove —
 And Jumna's waters, and the birds above, —
 All the bright joys of happier days appear,
 And half he dreams and half he wishes near.
 And when the silence hangs a deeper gloom,
 In seeming presage of the pilgrim's tomb,
 Then memory's echoes dearer sounds restore —
 Voices now silent, to be heard no more, —
 And one returns more cherish'd than the rest,
 Which still has power to soothe his aching breast ;
 By love endear'd, that gentle sound beguiles
 The blighted bosom, and the desert smiles !
 He wakes ! — away the fairy accents roll,
 And leave to anguish his forsaken soul.
 How has she pass'd ? the truth seemed half denied ;
 But 'twas not in the desert that she died :

Her gentle soul he *knew* had pass'd away
 With lighter sufferings from its lovely clay,
 And she was laid — where he can never be —
 Beneath the shadow of her own loved tree.
 His spirit fled — no arm was stretch'd to save,
 And silence reign'd above the pilgrim's grave.
 Ill-fated *Afric*! e'er the muse retires
 From the wild chords thy wilder clime inspires,
 One sigh she wafts o'er thy inglorious urn,
 Where Freedom weeps and Science sits to mourn.
 In vain for thee do Nile's proud banks display
 Deathless credentials of thy ancient sway,
 Which mingled wisdom with the sceptre's power,
 And cradled Science in its earlier hour.
 In vain does Niger roll its sands of gold,
 And commerce there her busy marts unfold:
 The arts of peace delight thy sons no more.
 War, slavery, rapine, prowl around thy shore;
 Reason dismay'd resigns her mild control,
 And virtue flies the mansions of the soul!

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE PROCEEDINGS IN OUR PARISH.

THOUGH ours is a small parish in extent, it is thickly inhabited; and our population has long been celebrated for industry, and many other good qualities. To be sure, we have always been plagued occasionally by a few loose hands, and idle, grumbling, gossiping, ale-house politicians, who, instead of minding their own business, wasted their time in talking over parish matters; but, as their number was insignificant, we (perhaps unwisely) satisfied ourselves by treating them with contempt. Our prosperity was the envy of all the neighbouring parishes; and it may be truly said, not without reason, for there was not one to be compared with it, either for good order or general content. And thus we went on, from year to year, without dreaming of any change; though the few raffish fellows alluded to before would now and then harangue such hearers as they could collect, and vehemently affirm that all was going on wrong.

In the meanwhile a neighbouring parish, which had frequently gone to law with us upon vexatious and frivolous pretences, and had always hitherto been nonsuited, became the scene of strange confusion. Every thing therein was turned topsy-turvy. For some time the clergyman dared not shew his face, and the churchwardens and overseers were perpetually changed; though, at every fresh appointment of

those officers, the whole parish would shout and huzza like mad folks, and declare that now they had got the very men they wanted, and that they would *never* hereafter hear of any farther alteration. But this "never" always terminated in a very brief space; and it must be confessed that, when they had once begun the work of change, it was no marvel that they were not contented with the individuals who contrived to thrust themselves into office. The greater number were needy adventurers, who proved the truth of the old adage, "set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." So they went on, from bad to worse, till they elected a daring fellow, who, when once established as churchwarden, took upon himself to be overseer likewise, and so managed matters as to browbeat and overawe the vestry till they "dared not say their souls were their own;" and then he took every thing into his own control. It seemed to us very strange that our neighbours should submit to this; but, so far from resenting his conduct, they cheered and hurraed him, if possible, more than they had any of his predecessors. No doubt they were heartily sick of changing, and thought any thing better than going on with it.

Well, the new man had scarcely settled himself, ere he plunged the parish into a series of law-suits with us and all the adjoining parishes; which

were carried on at a great expense, and with various success, from court to court, and from term to term, till at last all were given against him. Then the parishioners rose against him likewise, and, swearing that he had ruined them, turned him out of office with hissing and hooting, and re-elected the old churchwardens and overseers, with their usual acclamations and vows that they should, *ever* afterwards, be perfectly satisfied with them and them only.

We did hope then, that they would have been better neighbours; but, after a few months, they missed the excitement of litigation, to which their whole attention had been so long directed, and so recalled their lately disgraced officer, giving him full power to enter an appeal against all the actions in which they had been previously cast. Accordingly he commenced proceedings; but, so far from succeeding, was not only nonsuited, but they were compelled this time to pay costs on both sides. So once more they kicked him out, and re-elected the old parish-officers, who continued in their places for several years, and managed matters so that the parish appeared to be subsiding into tranquillity. But the desire of change was not quelled; and, on a sudden, a violent uproar arose about the mode of printing the parish accounts. With us the affair would have been amicably argued and adjusted at a vestry-meeting, but not so with our neighbours; they insisted upon another change of parish-officers, though quite at a loss who to choose. So for three days they were in a state of riot and confusion, which they called "glorious;" and it is supposed that nothing but fear of the neighbouring magistrates (whose interference with the *posse comitatus*, however, they affected to despise) led them eventually to elect such persons as were willing to serve. But when once elected, they declared that all, and particularly the head churchwarden, were the only people fit to manage the affairs of the parish; though the said churchwarden had never been in office before, and few people knew any thing of his real character, as he had resided long abroad. Our neighbours, however, shouted and hurraed as usual at his election, and have, ever since, been threatening to go to law with somebody. How long things will remain thus is, of course, uncer-

tain, as the present officers do not seem inclined to litigation, and have, consequently, been several times threatened with dismissal.

Thus much it was necessary to say of the neighbouring parish, because it is to be feared that their chopping and changing, and other bad habits, have, in no small degree, affected ours. All is strangely altered with us lately. The good people seem dissatisfied with every thing that has been tried and proved to be useful, merely because it is not new. They have taken it into their heads that the old parish-officers, who contrived to get us through our difficulties when hampered with lawsuits, and brought all to a successful termination, are not fit to manage our affairs now, when there is comparatively nothing to be done. So they chose a fresh set, who at first made themselves "hail fellow, well met!" with the ale-house gossipers; who, in return, cheered and hurraed them, and went swaggering about the streets after the fashion of the neighbouring parish, to the great scandal and alarm of all quiet, well-disposed people, and at last took so much upon them, that the new parish-officers themselves were frightened. But then it was too late, as several of the noisiest fellows had got themselves admitted to the vestry-meetings, where they found fault with every thing, in the same manner they had formerly done in the pot-houses; and, in consequence, many of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants, not being able to make themselves heard, ceased to attend. Several, indeed, were grossly insulted; and among the rest our clergyman, a quiet, inoffensive man, as any parish could desire to have. But he had always been on friendly terms with the old churchwardens, and that was sufficient to make him disliked by the new set; and as several of them never went to church, they scrupled not to affirm that a parson was of no sort of use in the parish.

By such means they managed to get the upper-hand in the vestry, and having obtained that, they talked loudly and proudly of what great things they would do, and how they would reduce the rates and all sorts of expenses. All this sounded very well, and many were foolish enough to believe them; but instead of performing their promises, one got himself appointed head-

constable, and others obtained contracts for supplying the poor-house with coals, meat, shoes, clothing, and so forth. Thus all ended by some paltry savings, which tended only to reduce the few comforts of paupers who were past work, while the benefit to the parish was imperceptible. Still, however, they continued bragging of what they would do; and scarcely a day passed without their proposing and discussing some new scheme or alteration; and the noise and uproar they made, both at the vestry and public-houses, made ignorant people stare, and fancy that they must be really very clever fellows.

At last, when almost at their wits' end with talking and doing nothing, they heard of a quarrel among the children in the charity-school, and how the master had interfered and beaten one of the boys, it was said, most unmercifully.

This seemed a proper subject for inquiry, particularly as the said schoolmaster was not of their party, and had twenty pounds a-year and a house to live in, to which a garden was attached. Therefore he was called to appear before them; but he declined coming, because the school was founded and supported by private charity, and he had been appointed by the trustees.

Hereupon they were greatly enraged, and vowed that every body and every thing in and about the parish should be under their control; and some proposed to let or sell the house and land immediately, and apply the produce to the general fund. The general feeling among them was indignation at the schoolmaster's independence of their authority, and envy at the snug "berth" he held. One declared that he had good reason for believing the salary was nearer thirty pounds than twenty, and that the consumption of coals was sufficient for three such houses; and that therefore the surplus was, no doubt, sold by the master for his own benefit. In short, it was declared that the school was an *old establishment*, and *therefore* full of corruption and abuses, and totally unfit for the present advanced state of the human intellect.

Having arrived at this decision on the character of the charity, they proceeded to investigate the particular abuse of boy-beating; and when it was stated that the urchin was a cripple, a universal yell arose against the master,

as a monster of cruelty and iniquity, and a tool of corruption. So forthwith a commission of inquiry was instituted, the members of which sat at a public-house, and summoned before them divers old women and children to give evidence.

"What's your name, my dear?" asked the chairman of a little girl, who was the first witness.

"Sally Box," was the reply.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know," replied the child.

"She don't know!" exclaimed the chairman,—*"what deplorable ignorance! she has not even been taught her age!"*

"She's a Portogee," cried an old woman present; "and she was born in a popish country, where her mother, Sal Smith as was, followed her husband, Jem Box, as was a soldier; and he was killed and she died, and so nobody knows exactly how old little Sal is, as they've no parish registers in them heathenish countries."

"Heathenish countries!" exclaimed the indignant chairman,—*"let me tell you, my good woman, that such a manner of speaking of a religion different from your own is most uncongenial and incompatible with the liberal and enlightened spirit of the present day. It is no matter what a man believes. Every one has a right to think and judge for himself; ay, and to speak his opinions openly, without any detriment to his political rights and franchise. Are we not all brethren? Is not liberty the birthright of every one of us? If I had the power, I'd have you clapped into the stocks directly. Popish and heathenish, indeed! Gentlemen, this is scandalous!"*

"Shameful! abominable!" cried his colleagues: "who is this wretched, prejudiced, illiberal old woman?"

It turned out that she was a pauper, and so the master of the workhouse was called up, and asked if he encouraged the spread of such illiberal opinions among his inmates.

"As for that," he replied, "I neither encourage 'em nor not, but lets 'em gabble away as they like, poor things!"

"Poor things!" exclaimed the chairman, "are they not fed and clothed at our expense? What would they wish more, I wonder? You will please to recollect, that the house you keep is ours, and not theirs; and that we will not suffer such illiberality therein.

What would the neighbouring parish think of us if we did? No, sir, we are determined to put down every thing of the kind, and to do our duty; and, moreover, to see that you do yours."

"I never considered it any part of my duty to listen to all the old women's gossip," said the workhouse master, doggedly.

"You had better recollect to whom you are speaking," observed the chairman. "What you call gossip is, more correctly, the expression of opinions which ought to be entirely exploded. This woman has denounced papists as heathens; and you know we have some of that persuasion in the parish, as well as other dissenters. There is no telling to what this may lead: the mischief might be incalculable if we appeared to countenance any thing of the sort. Pray, who is this miserable old creature, that fattens upon the public purse and yet gives herself such liberties?"

The workhouse master replied, that the poor woman had always borne a very good character; that her name was Esther Smith, and she had not come to the workhouse till utterly unable to do any thing towards providing for her own support.

"Humph! I don't see any thing the matter with her," observed one of the inquirers.

"Nor I," said another.

"She's regularly worn out," continued the master. "She's upwards of seventy, and has the rheumatism very bad."

"It isn't in her tongue, then," observed the chairman; and his attempt at wit excited great glee in his colleagues.

"No," said the master, bluntly; "talking's pretty near all the comfort she has now; but sometimes she has a terrible headach, and so she's allowed twopence a-week for snuff."

"Eh! what? twopence a-week for snuff!" exclaimed the chairman.

"Shameful! abominable!" cried his neighbour.

"A downright waste of money!" added a third.

"Worse!" said the chairman; "it is a filthy, pernicious habit. No wonder she has pains in her head! Vile corruption! And pray, sir, who authorised you to make her this extravagant allowance?"

"The late churchwardens and over-

seers," replied the workhouse master; "they always passed the accounts."

"Oh, they did, did they!" said the chairman, smiling grimly. "I've no doubt of it: they would pass any thing, I really believe. But times are changed now, let me tell you; and we are determined on retrenchment. We will suffer no such scandalous waste of the public money. Twopence a-week! and that to gratify an old woman's bad habits."

"But the doctor recommended her to take it," said the master.

"Aha! did he so?" exclaimed the chairman, exultingly. "Another abuse! Corruption again!—we find it at every turn. The whole system is corrupt! There will be no end to our work of reformation: the medical department must likewise undergo a strict investigation. Why, the surgeon has twenty pounds a-year allowed him for medicine and attendance on the poor, besides extraordinary payments for lying-in women and accidents. You observe, my friends, he has signed his name, and agreed to provide medicines; but see how he escapes by a side-wind—instead of going to his own shelves, he prescribes snuff, and the parish is saddled with twopence a-week! If he orders them snuff, it is his duty to supply them with it."

"Most undoubtedly," said one of his colleagues; "nothing can be clearer."

"And suppose he orders them soup and water-gruel," asked the master, "is he to find them too?"

"Humph!" said the chairman, "I suppose you think that a very witty question: but I shall not commit myself by answering it at present. Indeed I have very considerable doubts whether he ought not to be at the sole expense of every thing of that kind, when furnished in any other way, and at any other hour, than the regular and stated meals. But we must institute an inquiry expressly for the medical department. In the meanwhile I take upon myself, as a precautionary measure for the public benefit, to discharge you from making any farther twopenny weekly payments, till this abuse has been regularly brought forward and discussed at the vestry."

Here dinner was announced, and thus ended the first sitting to inquire into the demerits of the schoolmaster. But there arose therefrom a long debate, at the next vestry meeting, which termi-

nated by a discontinuance of poor old Esther Smith's weekly allowance for snuff. So there was a saving to the parish of twopence a-week; and there-upon the folks in office chuckled and magnified themselves exceedingly.

At the second meeting of the "commissioners," as they called themselves, all but the chairman appeared half ashamed of the small progress they had made in their first sitting: but he assured them, that as long as they continued to ask questions of any body about any thing, they were doing their duty to the parish, and deserving of the applause of their fellow-countrymen. "Corruption," said he, "is every where; and therefore we must pry into the most unlikely corners to seek it. The school affair led us to the workhouse, and, in consequence, we detected a flagrant abuse. That is now rectified. Hem! I trust our labours are properly appreciated. We sacrifice our time to the public good. It is particularly inconvenient to us all, certainly"—(here there was an expressive smile on his countenance)—"but," he continued, "what care we for that, if we can but keep our corrupt predecessors out of office? Hem! I have ordered dinner at two, so we have almost two hours for business."

The "commission" being thus opened, Sally Box, the little non-aged "Portogee," was again called forward, and asked if she had been beaten at school.

"No," said the child, "it wa'n't me. I only got the fool's cap, and was put to stand on a broken form, and then"—

"Stop!" cried the chairman; "a broken form! Are there many broken forms in the school?"

"They be all old and rickety," replied the little girl.

"Ah!" groaned the inquisitor, "old and rickety!—that's the way!—endangering the children's lives and limbs! No investigation has ever taken place before, since the school was founded, I dare say—dilapidations in all directions. There was a large apple or cherry tree in the garden felled, I understand, last year—burnt for firewood, no doubt, or perhaps sold—any thing but applied to its proper use. You see how it is! Well, go on, Sally. You were put to stand on the broken form—what then?"

"Why, there I stood," said the child, "and the rest broke up and

went to play, all except Patty Biggs and one or two more; and she came and got upon t'other end of the form, and shook it; and so I was afeard I should tumble off, and turned round to lay hold of a peg in the wall, and so didn't see what happened till the form give a crash, and down I tumbled and hurt my leg; and then I see master beating Jack Hoskins."

"And pray," asked the chairman, looking significantly at his colleagues, "who is Jack Hoskins?"

"Why, him as goes on crutches," replied the little girl.

"What! beat a cripple!" cried one.

"The monster!" exclaimed another.

"Such cruelty is almost beyond belief," said the chairman. "But this is the natural consequence of allowing things to go on, from year to year, without inquiry. We talk of liberty, and yet suffer such tyranny to go on almost under our own eyes. Where is this unfortunate youth? where is John Hoskins?"

"I'm his mother," said a woman present, "and always used to keep him at home when I could, to be out of harm's way, till the parson made me send him to school."

"Hah!" exclaimed the chairman, "what right had he to interfere, I should like to know?"

"Why," said the woman, "I does a little washing for him, and so"—

"Ah, I see!" resumed the chairman—"priests are the same every where—always meddling in other folks' affairs. So he made you send your boy to his school—for it belongs to what they call most improperly *the* church—against your will?"

"No, I can't say that exactly," replied Dame Hoskins; "but somehow he talked me over till I was of his way of thinking; for he has a power of words, and told me as it was my duty to send Jack to school, instead of letting him sit idle by the fire, or waste his time in playing with the other wicked boys in the street, where he would be sure to learn bad habits."

"Wicked boys! bad habits!" exclaimed the chairman. "What right has he, I should like to know, to pronounce judgment on other folks' children, merely because they don't go to his school? A precious specimen of cant and clerical liberality this! You hear, my friends, if any of your children happen to play or laugh in

the streets, they are pronounced wicked and guilty of bad habits. I suppose he would have them walk as if they were going to a funeral, twirling their thumbs before them, and looking as demure as Methodists at a prayer meeting. It is thus that priestcraft would check the growth of liberal opinions and the march of intellect. I am afraid, Mrs. Hoskins, that you are a very weak woman to allow yourself to be so bamboozled. Where the mothers are priest-ridden, there is little chance of the rising generation being emancipated from their prejudices."

Hereupon Dame Hoskins waxed irate, and observed, "It would take a better than him or you either to bamboozle me. Marry, come up! If I like to send my boy to school, why shouldn't I? I'm a lone widow, and so havn't nobody to consult—that's one comfort; and so I shall do what I please."

"Don't be angry, ma'am," said the chairman; "we mean nothing but what is for your good. You are and ought to be at liberty to do any thing you think fit; and so shall every body in this parish before we have done with it. But you said that you did not mean to send your son to this broken-formed, dilapidated school, till the parson interfered. No doubt you were afraid of losing his washing if you did not comply. It was natural—I can't blame you—you are to be pitied."

"I want none o' your pity," cried Mrs. Hoskins; "and it's no matter to you nor nobody else what I'm afeard of, or what I an't. I've a right to change my mind, I hope."

Here the chairman said something to his colleagues about the "corrupt influence" used on the present occasion, and affirmed that there was no doubt the poor woman had been threatened with the loss of her washing, and that similar threats were commonly used to tradespeople, to induce them to send their children to a school which was regularly drawn up, every Sunday morning, and marched to church, like a regiment of soldiers. "Is this liberty?" cried he, warming with his subject. "Is this freedom of action? Is this the way to promote liberal sentiments? The parents sacrifice the children's birthrights to sordid motives and corrupt influence. They allow their offspring to be flogged at school; and what do they learn there? The church catechism, and nothing else

—the incomprehensible dogmas of a particular sect, founded by our deluded forefathers, in times of darkness and ignorance, before steam-engines were invented, or the march of intellect and liberal opinions had begun their irresistible course. Thus the minds of the children are shackled and debased in early youth. Instead of being permitted to judge for themselves, which (it cannot be too often repeated) is the privilege of every human being, they are marched weekly to the parish church, to hear the same drivelling, antiquated service that has been performed there for hundreds of years, while every thing else has changed and undergone improvements commensurate with the advanced age in which we live. But," he continued, waxing still warmer, "that shall shortly be reformed likewise. We have already frightened the parson from interfering in the vestry, to be sure; but that is nothing to what we will do. The church and churchyard, and singing gallery, and every thing else belonging to it, is the property of the parish *generally*, and ought not, therefore, to be occupied by any *one particular sect*. If the march of intellect and liberal opinions had their free and natural course, we should see preachers of *every* sect in that pulpit, which is now claimed as a right by *one* bigoted party. Nay, I see no reason why the building should not be made use of for other purposes, either of business or pleasure, as the parish officers think fit. I hope to see that day yet. But"—(here he dropped into a calmer, calculating tone)—"we must proceed deliberately and circumspectly. We have too many old, obstinate, ignorant, prejudiced folks at present in the parish. One might as well talk to a milestone as to them. They ought not to have belonged to the present age; for they are the bar against all improvement. However, we shall not be plagued with them long I hope. They will die off or become childish, as, I verily believe, some of them are already. In the meanwhile, our business is with the rising generation. We must look well to them, and prevent them from imbibing those narrow prejudices which the parson or the old schoolmaster would teach them. Their being led to church on a Sunday is nothing less than devoting them to mental slavery, and sending them to have their chains riveted."

Here the orator was interrupted by cheers from his colleagues, and two or three marvelling listeners.

"Well, I'm determined my boy shan't be made a menial slave on," cried a slatternly female; "he shan't go to church no more unless he likes it."

"Why, you know well enough I don't like it, mother," said an urchin by her side: "I'd never a gone, not I, if I hadn't been forced."

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed the chairman; "absolute compulsion! They are driven to church like sheep to the slaughter."

"Yes—just the same," said the boy. "And then we're penned up in a pew, and mayn't speak a word all the time, or else we gets whopped with the cane."

"Shocking!" cried the chairman. "Come forward, my little man. What's your name? Speak up, and don't be afraid."

"My name's Tom Biggs," answered the boy, pertly; "and I an't afraid of nobody."

"That's right," said the commissioner. "And so you don't like to go to church?"

"No, I don't," answered the lad; "I hates it—and so I do the school, too, for the matter o' that: but I'm dashed if ever they catch me there again, after what mother says. I won't be drove like a sheep, nor made a menial slave on neither."

"Really, this is a very promising boy," observed the chairman to his colleagues.

"Yes, he is," said the mother; "there ban't such another in the parish of his age, I do believe. He's up to all sorts of gamuts, and licked a boy twice as big as himself t'other day. Hold up your head, Tom, and speak to the gentlemen. Bless his little heart! only see how fierce he looks!"

"Ah, Mrs. Biggs," said the chairman, "you ought to be very thankful to us for rousing the spirit of inquiry. Like many more, you have allowed yourself to go on in the old jog trot way, and so, as far as lay in your power, supported bigotry and corruption, and checked the progress of liberal ideas and the march of intellect. You may well be proud of your boy's spirit: but, if he had gone much longer to that school, and been driven regularly to church, I do not hesitate to say that his spirit would have been broken, and

he would have become so changed that you would hardly have known him."

"Well, your worship," said Dame Biggs, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for telling me, else I should never have found it out, I'm sure. Howsomever, the only thing is, what am I to do with him if he don't go to school? He'll be sure to get into mischief as soon as my back's turned. If I could but get a place for him, to run of errands or such like, I should be very glad; for he's pretty nigh twelve year old, and is fit for any thing."

"Hem!" said the chairman, "you say that you don't mean to send him to school or church any more?"

"No," replied the mother.

"And I shan't go any more if she does," said the boy. "I heard all as the gentleman said, and I've as much right to do as I please as any body else. I'm blessed if ever they get me to church again!"

"Well said, my lad!" exclaimed the chairman, "I admire your spirit; I wish all the boys in the parish had the same. We must see what we can do for you. What should you like to be?"

"Bless your honour!" cried the delighted mother, "I an't particular about that. I'll warrant he can turn his hand to any thing."

"Let him speak for himself," said the chairman. "What would you like to be, my man?"

"I don't care what," replied the boy; "I'll do any kind of work you like, dirty or not, only not too much of it; and I should like to have plenty of wages."

"A very proper answer!" observed the chairman; and then, turning to his colleagues, he continued, "This is a very promising lad; we cannot do better than make him our own. They wanted an errand-boy at the workhouse the other day, and I don't think that the place is filled yet."

"Why, no," whispered one of the commissioners, "it is not. But, if you recollect, you said that an errand-boy was not at all necessary there, as the old folks ought to run on their own errands."

"Yes, and I think so still," replied the chairman, in the same low tone; "but we cannot do every thing at once; and so I think we ought to give this boy the place, *ad interim*, till the subject can be regularly discussed in

the vestry. Nobody can blame us, you see, because the workhouse master has always been allowed an errand-boy before our time; so the place is none of our making, if it should be voted useless, as I really think it is. In the meanwhile we shall be securing this clever lad and his mother, who is a noted gossip, to ourselves. That will vex the other party, at any rate; and we must contrive to find something else for the lad, if he is turned out. What did the last boy have?"

"Half-a-crown a-week," was the reply.

"That's a deal of money!" he remarked. "But I really do not see that we are justified in making any alteration without the consent of the vestry. There was some grumbling about the snuff-money yesterday, though the saving was as clear as the sun at noonday. Pshaw! there's no pleasing every body! So we must do our duty, and rest satisfied with the approbation of our own consciences. Yes, the boy must have the place, at least till the vestry choose to abolish it; for I really cannot take upon myself to allow it to remain longer vacant."

"It's in your gift; so do as you like," whispered one of his colleagues; and then there was more inaudible whisperings among the rest, probably to the same effect; as, when it ceased, the chairman congratulated Mrs. Biggs on her son's appointment.

"He will have little to do," said he, "only to fetch and carry small parcels and messages; but we shall expect of him that he will make good use of his ears, and let us know if any of the paupers speak disrespectfully of the *present* parish officers. As for what they may say against the late churchwardens and overseers, that is of no consequence; indeed, poor creatures, considering what they have undergone by bad management, it is but fair that they should be allowed the use of their tongues: indeed, it is their right and privilege, in this age of liberality, to raise their voices against the supporters of a system of bigotry, tyranny, and corruption. But when they don't know where to stop, and proceed to find fault and grumble against us, who have reformed so many abuses, and mean to do so much more for them, if they will be but quiet, the case is quite different. We are determined to stop every thing of *that* kind,

and, if possible, to make ourselves respected. Pray, Thomas Biggs, my good boy, do you clearly understand what I've been saying?"

"Yes, to be sure I do," replied the urchin; "we're all to say every thing as is bad about the late churchwardens and overseers, and blow up about the parson and the old school as goes to church, and cry up who but you! And, dash me, if I don't, as long as you give me half-a-crown a-week."

"Ah!" said the chairman, "you are a sharp lad, I see. I have no doubt you will get on exceedingly well."

Mrs. Biggs then returned thanks with much volubility, blessing her stars for her good luck, and vowing that the parishioners ought all to jump out of their wits at having their affairs so cleverly managed. As she was departing, the chairman said,

"Mind, I did not tell you nor your son that you *ought* to speak against the late churchwardens and overseers, and the parson, and so forth, *unless* you feel disposed. But, if you do, I only say that I admire freedom of speech."

"Ay, ay!" said Dame Biggs, winking and laughing, "I understands you well enough. Come along, Tommy!" and, taking her boy by the hand, she walked off, the urchin capering by her side, and crying, "No more church! no more church! That's your sort!"

In the meanwhile, the commissioners went to dinner, and so ended the second meeting for inquiry into the abuses of the school.

At the third sitting, little Sally Box, the "Portogee," repeated her tale, till she came to the beating of John Hoskins, the cripple, when the commissioners repeated their exclamations of horror; and the chairman said,

"You are a good little girl, Sally, and I'm sure you speak the truth. You need not be afraid of telling us every thing; we'll protect you against the cruel schoolmaster. So, now tell us. He beat the poor cripple in a shocking, inhuman manner, didn't he? Poor fellow! I'm sure he didn't deserve it, did he? He's a very good, quiet, harmless boy, isn't he?"

"No, he an't," replied Sally; "he's always in mischief, and knocks the other boys about with his crutches. I'm sure he deserved what he got; for it wasn't above a week ago that he got

behind one o'the other boys, and gave him such a thump o'the head that—"

"Phoo, phoo!" said the chairman, interrupting her, "we've nothing to do with that. I see you are prejudiced against him. You don't like him, do you?"

"No," replied the little girl, "it'd be very odd if I did; nobody does, I think; we're all afraid of him, he's such a terrible bad temper, and so passionate. Whenever we sees him coming, we all gets out o'the way as fast as we can."

"Humph!" said the chairman, "You may go, Sally; we don't want to hear any more. Take her away." Then, addressing his colleagues, he continued, "That girl is evidently prejudiced against the unfortunate victim of oppression. I have no doubt she has been tampered with by the other party. You see she upholds the system; and really it is not wonderful, when one considers that she was born in Portugal, where tyranny is triumphant and liberal ideas are unknown. Besides, what can she know about the matter? You heard her say that, when she felt the form shake, she turned round to lay hold of a peg in the wall; therefore she could not possibly see what happened. Really, we should be wasting our time and neglecting our public duty if we listened to her any longer."

"To be sure we should; that is quite evident," observed his companions in office.

"We must see John Hoskins himself," said the chairman; "there is no other way of coming at the truth."

So a messenger was despatched for John Hoskins, who happened to be on his hands and knees, playing at marbles, and swore, very roundly, that he would not come till the game was finished for all the churchwardens and overseers in the world. When this was reported to the chairman, he said,

"I cannot blame the lad; such an answer indicates a free and noble spirit, that may come to something, if properly cultivated. I don't mean to justify him for not immediately attending to *our* orders; but much is to be said for one who has been so long the victim of oppression. It is no wonder if his temper be soured, while his spirit has risen indignantly against his tyrants. If the heat of his temperament has led him into any little acts of

violence, they only are to blame. When one thinks of the shameful allowances for snuff and other extravagances and abuses so long sanctioned by the vestry, when the rich farmers and tradesmen had all their own way, one's blood boils with indignation."

"Dreadful! shameful! abominable corruption!" exclaimed his colleagues. At length a scuffling was heard in the passage, and presently John Hoskins was brought in by his mother, both in violent heat and agitation, and the cripple looking defiance on all around.

"I tell you I didn't lose the game fairly!" he cried; "I'm sure they cheated me! I shan't pay, that's what I shan't! and if any of 'em goes to take my marbles, I'll knock 'em down with my crutch, that's what I will! I'll let 'em know I'm as good as any of 'em, and better too!" and he flourished his formidable weapon menacingly.

"Come, my good lad!" said the chairman; "don't put yourself in a passion; there's nobody here means to do you any harm."

"I don't know, nor I don't care, about that," muttered the cripple sullenly; "but I won't be done out of my marbles."

"If I'd lost, you'd have made me pay you," said a boy who had followed him into the room.

"You'd better be off!" cried John Hoskins, raising his crutch.

"Why don't you pay me then?" exclaimed the other lad; "you know well enough that you lost. But that's the way with you always. If the game goes against you, you're always for fighting and hitting us with your crutch; and if any of us but just touches you, you cry out, and say we're cowards for striking a cripple."

"Turn that boy out!" cried the chairman; "we can't waste our time in listening to his nonsense here. Really, it seems as if all the lads in the parish were in a conspiracy against this poor fellow."

"Yes, that's what they are!" said the cripple, chuckling as he saw his late successful playmate thrust out of the room.

"And now, John Hoskins," resumed the chairman, "we want to hear what you've got to tell us about the schoolmaster."

"Why, I hate him!" cried the cripple.

"Ha!" exclaimed the chairman;

and his eyes twinkled as he turned to his colleagues and observed, "*now* we shall come at the truth." Then he said, "How is that, my good lad?—there must be some reason for your hating him."

"Ah! a pretty sight!" replied the urchin. "Doesn't he give me nasty long lessons, and keep me in after school time if I don't learn 'em, when I want to go out to play?"

"Humph!" said the chairman, evidently somewhat disappointed; "he gives tasks that are too hard for you?"

"Yes," replied the boy.

"No such thing!" exclaimed his mother. "All the other children learn 'em well enough, and don't grumble; but he's idle, your worship, and always playing truant. I'm sure I don't know what'll be the end of him. He can learn well enough, too, if he's a mind, drat him!"

"You should not attempt to prejudice us against your own son," observed the chairman sternly. "I have no doubt that the master is unnecessarily severe: we have heard something of the kind before. Pray, my good lad, what was the last task that he kept you in doors for not learning? Don't be afraid, speak up! we are none of us his friends here."

"It was because I could not say my catechism," replied the lad.

"Monstrous!" exclaimed the chairman. "Deprive a youth of the pure air of heaven, which is the common property of all, and confine him in the heated atmosphere of a close room, polluted by the breath of a crowded school! cut him off from all innocent enjoyment! endanger his health!—and be an invalid, too! one whose infirmities, one would have thought, must have called forth all the kindest feelings of the human heart! And for what is all this iniquity done? why is this tyranny exercised? wherefore is this incarceration and suffering inflicted? Simply because he cannot remember what nobody can understand. Oh, Mrs. Hoskins! I know not what to say to you, when, knowing all this, you suffer your child to continue at such a school!"

"A pack of nonsense!" exclaimed the mother. "Don't tell me of your 'carceration and hot atmospheres! the school's a pretty sight better room than we lives in at home, worse luck! What else am I to do with him to keep him

out of mischief, I should like to know? If boys won't learn of their own accord, they must be made to learn: that's plain enough; leastways, it was so when I was a girl."

"Ah!" said the chairman, "that is the general error of all that are behind the present age. When you were a girl, indeed! But I pity you. I suppose you scarcely would know what I meant, if I talked of the march of intellect and liberal ideas?"

"Yes, but I should!" replied the poor woman, suddenly much affected; "I heard too much about 'em in my poor husband's time. Till he got such nonsense into his head, never was a more pains-taking, hard-working man; but after that he was always at the public-house, with a set of fellows that were for putting all the world to rights and neglecting their own families. If he had but minded his business and stuck to his work, I need not have been obliged to go out a charing; and then our poor boy would never have met with his accident. It was one morning when——"

"Well, well, my good woman!" exclaimed the chairman, interrupting her, "we cannot waste our time in listening to your family affairs. You told us the other day, that you shouldn't have sent your boy to school if the parson had not persuaded you; and now you see what has come of attending to what he said. So long as he can have the school brought to church to increase his congregation, that's all he cares about them. They might be flogged within an inch of their lives, I'll be bound to say, before he would interfere."

"No such thing!" cried the widow; "he's as good a man as ever lived, and I wish there was more like him. Directly as he heard that the schoolmaster had been beating Jack, and that there was an uproar about it, he went directly to inquire all about it; and put the matter all to rights in no time. And then he sent the schoolmaster down to me to tell me how it happened, and how Jack had poked his crutch in between the legs of the form, and twisted it round till he broke one of 'em, and so threw down Sally Box and Patty Biggs; and they were both very much hurt. And then the master said, he must confess that he was in such a passion he couldn't help giving that young scapegrace a good

box on the ear. And serve him right too, I say. I hope it will be a warning to him. But be that how it will, as long as I'm his mother to school he shall march, in spite of the march of intellect and all such nonsense. I promised the parson that, and I'll be as good as my word."

"It is useless for us to attempt to do any thing for those who are wilfully blind," observed the chairman, somewhat crest-fallen; and in a sarcastic tone he continued, "You are, no doubt, afraid of losing the parson's washing; and I dare say you find the rectory kitchen very convenient now and then, when you've short commons at home."

At this insinuation the widow waxed wroth, and said that she worked hard, and came honestly by what she got, and didn't pretend to be any thing but what she was; while some people did all they could to make mischief, and set the parish together by the ears. So she was dismissed, with little ceremony, forthwith; and retired, dragging her hopeful son after her: for the boy had listened with greedy ear to what had been said against his taskmaster, and wished to remain, to hear more of doctrines so congenial to his own feelings.

When she had withdrawn, the chairman addressed his fellows to the following effect:—"My friends! if we have not succeeded in bringing home the charge of cruelty, to its full extent, against this petty tyrant of the rising generation, enough has transpired to exhibit the baseness and corruptness of the system by which he has so long been upheld in his unjustifiable authority. These things cannot last long, that is one comfort: the irresistible march of intellect, and the rapid spread of liberal ideas, will sweep them from the face of the earth, and number them with things which have been; the memory whereof will be a wonder and a marvel to think how they were submitted to. In the meanwhile, observe the manner in which they attempt to prop up the rotten system, and support each other. When the parson hears that *we* have commenced an inquiry (not *before*, you will recollect), he runs to the schoolmaster, and they lay their heads together to trump up a story; and having settled that, away goes the parson to the boy's mother, and threatens her that he will take away his washing if she dare to complain; and, no doubt, gives her hints about cold

meat, and soup, and so on, besides. Well, then, off he goes, rubbing his hands, and triumphing in his iniquity; and before the poor weak woman has time to recollect herself, in steps the schoolmaster, as previously arranged, and, smirking and bowing, pretends to be shocked at having been for once betrayed into a passion; and goes on to tell her a rigmorale story about having only boxed her son's ears. So the poor creature, terrified at the idea of being shut out from the loaves and fishes at the rectory, is obliged to submit. And her mind being contaminated, as we have seen, by antiquated prejudices and illiberal ideas, she basely, corruptly, and most unnaturally forgives the foul attack made upon her own flesh and blood, and pretends to believe that he only boxed her son's ears. *Pretends*, I say; because it is impossible for any human being to credit so ridiculous an assertion. Not, be it observed, that a box on the ear is not as grievous an act of tyranny as a blow with a cane, though, may be, a trifle less painful: but, recollect, it has been proved in evidence that the delinquent carries a cane, even to church. Can it, then, for a moment be imagined — can any but the most besotted, degraded tools and victims of corruption and oppression suppose that *he*, the daily, hourly tyrant, going perpetually armed with such a weapon, should coolly lay it aside, in a moment of irritation, to make use of his bare palm? Faugh! The offence is rank! It makes my blood boil to see our efforts for the public good thus frustrated: my honest indignation is excited at the idea, that this fellow is still likely to hold a place which I hoped to obtain for my brother-in-law!"

"A very proper person for the office," observed one of his colleagues.

"None more so," said the chairman; "he was drill-sergeant in a marching regiment, and therefore must know how to manage boys. I shall not give it up yet, though; but in the meanwhile, since we cannot do what we would, we must endeavour to be satisfied with what we can get. So let us go to dinner."

Thus terminated the third and last meeting, holden at the parish expense, to inquire into the beating of Jack Hoskins; but our new parish-officers have such an itch for meddling with all within their reach, that we expect

daily to hear of their stumbling upon another job. Report speaks of a commission to ascertain what became of the old apple-tree, that was cut down in the school-house garden last year; which, our wisacres say, ought to have been cut up to make new forms. Such proceedings appear, certainly, very trivial and insignificant in themselves; and, in spite of the dinners and other expenses they cost the parish, might be treated with contempt, if they had no worse effects. But, unfortunately, they become the topics of conversation and dispute among our labourers and work-people, to their own injury and loss of time and temper, and the benefit of public-house and beer-shop keepers. Thus nothing is more common now than quarrels in our streets; and the more decent and better sort of parishioners are, every now and then, insulted if they will not join in abusing the parson and the late churchwardens.

All this is bad enough; but what we view with the greatest fear and suspicion is the intimacy of our new men in office with those of the neighbouring parish, by which we have se-

veral times lately been nearly involved in expensive law-suits. Indeed, proceedings had commenced at one time about a paltry foot of ground, where an old landmark had been destroyed by some mischievous fellows; but the parish to which it really belonged was obliged to give up the point, for want of funds sufficient to carry the question into court. This paltry success seems to have turned the heads of our new men, and they have positively gone so far as to recommend a sort of compact with our litigious neighbours, by which we are to bind ourselves to become a party with them in any future law-suits in which they may be involved. All our old parishioners, who know them well, and recollect how they have annoyed us for years, feel convinced that they will soon quarrel with somebody. Indeed they already brag of being sure of our assistance, and snap their fingers in defiance when they meet any of the churchwardens or leading men of the adjoining parishes, with whom we have hitherto always been on friendly terms. So, unless we can manage to get rid of our new parish-officers, nobody can guess how things will end.

SARTOR RESARTUS. IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. VI.

Old Clothes.

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of Politeness; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries; like sunlight, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay, brightening London smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

"Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a

truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth any thing when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbour's schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant, could no more be met with than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

"For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art thou not ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? 'There is but one Temple in the world,' says Novalis, 'and that Temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.'

"On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to

every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is he not a Temple, then; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times); therefore must we withhold it.

"The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence; to the fine frogged broad-cloth, nowise to the 'straddling animal with bandy legs' which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket, fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! Whoso would avoid Falsehood, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshippers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained the Man: nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

"Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John Balliol, reign long over Scotland; the man John Balliol being quite gone, and only the 'Toom Tabard' (Empty Gown) remaining? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honours! No haughty looks, no scornful gesture; silent and serene, it fronts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no

evil passion, no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of Sense, from the carking Cares and foul Vices of the World; and rides there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus, might some skyeey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

"Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous Tuberosity of Civilised Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth; and was one lone Soul amid those grinding millions;—often have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence: the past witness and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in 'the Prison called Life.' Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are not venerable. Watch too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish Highpriest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara; on either hand, are the similitude of Wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fateful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: 'Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!' Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts: he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear. Oh! let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austerest thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness, and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and

jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation!”

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of “Devotion:” probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers, who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas *Teufelsdrückh* might be in that happy middle-state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical Figure, with its steeple-hat and loose-flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, “pacing and repacing in austerest thought” that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the “Ghosts of Life” rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic *Teufelsdrückh*, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paperbag Documents, destined for an English Work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English “ink-sea,” that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

CHAP. VII.

Organic Filaments.

For us, who happen to live while the World-Phoenix is burning herself,

and burning so slowly that, as *Teufelsdrückh* calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done “within two centuries,” there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. “In the living subject,” says he, “change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phoenix, who fanciest that she must first burn out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap; and therefrom the young one start up by miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise! In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed together; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves; and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirlwind-Element, come tones of a melodious Deathsong, which end not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.” Let us actually look, then: to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

“In vain thou deniest it,” says the Professor; “thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell Lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

“Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once, have I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts: ‘Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered up with even the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the world! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but must drop unread: neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy

Manufacture into no purchasing hand ; thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking out and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time : there has a Hole fallen out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned up again !

"Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye : but the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing : all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it : will not the price of beaver rise ? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Universe.

"If now an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, Tradition : how we inherit not Life only, but all the garniture and form of Life ; and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning, have given it us ?—Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on the Philosophy of Clothes ? Not the Herren Stillschweigen and Company : but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had there been no Mæsgothic Ulfila, there had been no English Shakespeare, or a different one. Simpleton ! it was Tubalcain that made thy very Tailor's needle, and sewed that court suit of thine.

"Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual, Mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on those main-currents of what we call Opinion ; as preserved in Institutions, Politics, Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that

a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic Heart, the seeing Eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers ; and there is a living, literal *Communism of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

"Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind ; Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards ; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler saw ; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton ; he must mount to still higher points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and perseverance : for Luther it was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the Pope's Bull ; Voltaire could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical ; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phoenix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks, and with spherul swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer."

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles :

"Remark, not without surprise," says Teufelsdrückh, "how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from

Fighting. Your *Hersog* (Duke, *Dur*) is Leader of Armies; your Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man; your Marshall cavalry Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised?

"The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning*, means Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King."

"Well, also," says he elsewhere, "was it written by Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable."

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances, and straggling light-beams, have a supernatural character. And then with such an Indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably-coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own! It is our painful

duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise; at least so we interpret the following: "Satisfy yourselves," he says, "by universal, indubitable experiment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM, heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and brought to light in that same Ballot-Box of yours; or at worst, in some other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience; and beyond all feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto." Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly?—He says, under another figure: "But after all, were the problem, as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House from the top downwards (since you must live in it the while), what better, what other, than the Representative Machine will serve your turn? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with the name of Free, 'when you have but knit up my chains into ornamental festoons.'"—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this: "The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely; there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot!"

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our hest, for "organic filaments," we ask, may not this, touching "Heroworship," be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

"True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, only not obey. True likewise that whose cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when it has become inevitable; only in loving

companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

"Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even in this: that man had for ever cast away Fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, which is the higher and highest?

"Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the Godlike shewed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true religious Loyalty for ever rooted in his heart; nay, in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which fact, that Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will for ever exist, universally among Mankind, mayst thou discern the corner-stone of living rock, whereon all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure."

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims: "Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire? How the aged, withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mockery, and millinery Court-poet, yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best, could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, so that princes coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest of France would have laid their hair beneath his feet! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-Worship; though their Divinity, moreover, was of feature too apish.

"But if such things," continues he, "were done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green? If, in the most parched season of man's History, in the most parched spot of Europe, when Parisian life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*, bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could come out of it: what is it to be looked for when Life again waves leafy and bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing apelike, but be wholly human? Know that there is in man a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Shew the dullest clodpole, shew the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul Higher than himself is actually here;

were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

"There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but, in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and doest not thou listen, and believe? Look well, thou seest every where a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols; and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it?"

Perhaps, also, in the following; wherewith we now hasten to knit up this ravelled sleeve:

"But there is no Religion?" reiterates the Professor. "Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-Homiletic lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay, fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him — Goethe.

"But thou as yet standest in no Temple; joinest in no Psalm-worship; feelest well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of

a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangelic? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together."

CHAP. VIII.

Natural Supernaturalism.

It is in his stupendous Section, beaded *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; "Cloth-webs and Cob-webs," of Imperial Mantles, Super-annuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures, have all melted away; and now to his rapt vision the interior, celestial Holy of Holies, lies disclosed.

Here therefore properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. "Courage, then!" may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long, painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but on the contrary to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical '*open sesame!*' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?"

"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

"Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good friends: nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient, inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you too I make the old inquiry; What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of man's Experience?—Was man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and

gauged every thing there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His ground-plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and 'System of the World;' this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodaical Waybill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us as in the signless Inane?

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries, and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*wonderfully* enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

"We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know

the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will, in this wise, one day, evolve itself, the fewest dream.

"Custom," continues the Professor, "doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raidment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, for ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do every thing by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftentimes simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

"Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of Custom: but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live; for man must work as well as wonder: and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurselings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice,

or two hundred, or two million times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should : unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power whereby Cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realised.

"Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names; which indeed are but one kind of such Custom-woven, wonder-hiding garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it? In every the wisest Soul, lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

"But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for biding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial Me for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvass, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

"Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what

a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Anywhere, straightway to be There! Next to clap on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Anywhen, straightway to be Then! This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

"Or thinkest thou, it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, so is it an Everlasting NOW.

"And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and must be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and for ever. This, should it unhappily

seem new, thou mayst ponder, at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

"That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings (not imaginings),—seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay, even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-efulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand, and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown Baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

"Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

"Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses,

who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilising Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold Accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the Music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time: glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? Oh, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

"Again, could any thing be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the three-score years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, shaped into a body,

into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air, and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlsh debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*pollern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-Hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

“O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our Me; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; Force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed

Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not, their very ashes are not.

“So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission, APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

‘We are such stuff

As Dreams are made of, and our little
Life
Is rounded with a sleep!’ ”

BLACKIE'S AND SYME'S TRANSLATIONS OF FAUST.*

ONE of the most injurious consequences of bad translations is the check they form upon the production of good. They not merely, so far as their circulation extends, give currency to the most erroneous impressions of the originals, but, by taking off the grace of novelty and anticipating some portion of the limited patronage vouchsafed to undertakings of the sort, they often preoccupy the field to the entire exclusion of rivalry. Perhaps no foreign author has had more reason for complaint on this score than Goethe; so far, at least, as concerns his *Faust*. For many years the English public, on seemingly good authority, believed that Lord Francis Egerton (Gower) had effected every thing that a consummate master of both languages could effect; and that his work reflected all the fire, fancy and feeling, of the great German, as in a glass. The hour of retribution came, and his lordship has been tumbled down from his pinnacle; but hardly have we had time to congratulate ourselves, when, lo and behold! an impudent attempt is already making to elevate two (or one of two) equally shallow, equally undeserving pretenders in his place; which attempt, and all attempts like it, we hereby avow our firm determination to defeat.

The pretenders in question are Messrs. Blackie and Syme, and we undertake to shew, in the course of a very few pages, that neither of them has so much as approximated to what can be termed an adequate metrical translation of *Faust*.

Before coming to specimens, which is the only fair way of deciding on such matters, we have a word or two to preface as to the style and versification of the original. The language, then, be it remembered, of this wonderful poem, is as easy, natural, and idiomatic as it

is possible for language to be: the most varied rhythm, the most delicious harmony, have been attained, without undue inversion or transposition of any sort; no roundabout modes of expression are employed in order to hitch in the rhymes, but the words are uniformly those very words, and no other, which are exactly adapted to the sense. The author is also strictly logical, in the better and philosophical sense of the term; and he is never guilty of bathos or absurdity.

Mr. Blackie, whom we shall take first, is diametrically the reverse, the very antipodes, of Goethe in these respects. His language is hardly ever natural or idiomatic, hardly ever such as any human being but a namby-pamby rhymster would employ; the adjectives follow and precede the substantives, and the nominatives and accusatives the verbs, not according to any rules of grammar or idiom, but according as may be found necessary to complete the scanning or final jingle of the lines; and when, as often happens, the most forced inversion proves insufficient to supply the required quantity or accentuation of syllables, it is Mr. Blackie's wont to add or substitute some wretched nonsense of his own. He is, moreover, extremely inaccurate; and, to crown all, his ear is so singularly defective, that the worst descriptions (or, rather, make-believes) of rhymes, with lines which have no pretension to be called verses, are abundantly discoverable throughout.

All that is here stated shall be proved to the letter—proved by such a host of instances, as to place the matter beyond the possibility of a doubt; though, as regards Mr. Blackie's taste in rhymes, we should conceive it quite sufficient to quote such a specimen as the following:

Mephistopheles.

“What! know'st me not? thou hag! thou skeleton!
Thy lord and master dost not own?
Thy sov'reign, who can smash thee when he pleases,
With all thy cat-imps, in a thousand pieces?”

* *Faust*, a Tragedy. By J. W. Goethe. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by John S. Blackie, Fellow of the Society for Archaeological Correspondence, Rome. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London. 1834.

Faust, a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goethe, by David Syme. Black, Edinburgh. 1834.

Know'st not the scarlet doublet, mole-eyed mother ?
Bow'st not the knee before the fam'd cock's feather ?
Was then my face within a vizor buried ?
And must I write my name upon my forehead ?

The Witch.

O my liege lord ! forgive the rough salute,
I did not see the horse's foot :
And where, too, have you left your pair of ravens ?

Mephistopheles.

For this time you may thank the heavens
That you have come so cheaply off ;
It is, I must confess, long time enough,
And more than should be, honest mother,
Since you and I last spake together ;
Besides, the march of modern cultivation
Has made the devil, too, a man of fashion.
All things are now so smooth, the famous northern devil
Meets every where with treatment most uncivil ;
And now must horns, and claws, and tail, and hoof
From an enlightened age be kept aloof :
As for the horse's foot, once of such notoriety,
It would now bar me quite from good society,
And I, as modern dandies do, must use
A stuffing to fill up my boots and shoes."—P. 106.

Now here are twenty consecutive lines without one legitimate rhyme : *Skeleton, own—pleases, pieces—mother, feather—buried, forehead—salute, foot—ravens, heavens—off, enough—mother, together—cultivation, fashion—devil, uncivil.* Such are the attempts at jingle in which Mr. Blackie exults : nor must we omit to call attention to the felicitous conclusion of the paragraph. What Mephistopheles really says is, "Therefore, like many a gallant, I have worn false calves these many years." This Mr. Blackie judiciously renders—

"And I, as modern dandies do, must use A stuffing to fill up my boots and shoes ;" being the very opposite course to that which modern dandies, who pride themselves on the smallness of their feet, would pursue.

The atrocity of this instance has led us to anticipate a little ; we will now begin with the beginning, and cull Mr. Blackie's beauties as they occur. The dedication, compared with the rest of the version, is good ; compared with the original, exceedingly poor. How weakly, for example, are the last two lines of the first stanza rendered by—

"The magic breath that wafteth on your train,
Stirs in my breast long silent chords again !"

How unlike Goethe is it, as in the second stanza of the translation, to say :
"The echo like of half-forgotten lays !"

In the third, again :

"They hear no more the sequel of my song,
The souls to whom I sung my early lay."

As if the souls in question ever had heard *the sequel* at all. The original is, "They hear not the following lays, the souls to whom I sang my first." In the fourth and last stanza, too, the simple words *Ein Schauer faßt mich*—"a trembling comes over me," are tortured into

"My heart is moved with youth's returning fire ;"

which operates as a complete disturbance of the sentiment.

Mr. Blackie blunders in the very first sentence of the Prologue in the Theatre, or, as he phrases it, *Prelude on the Stage* :

"Ye twain in weal and woe to me,
Who have been faithful company,
Say, have ye heard yet what effect is making,

In German lands our hopeful undertaking ?

Without the multitude we cannot thrive,
Their maxim is to live and to let live."

The manager merely asks what *hopes* they entertain of an undertaking which he is on the point of engaging in.

On the poet's remarking that, "What glitters is born for the moment ; what is genuine, remains unlost to posterity," the clown or merryman breaks out :
"If I could but hear no more about posterity ! Suppose I chose to talk

about posterity, who then would make fun for contemporaries? That they will have, and ought to have it. The presence of a gallant lad, too, is always something, I should think. Who knows how to impart himself agreeable, he will never be irritated by popular caprice." This Mr. B. renders:

"Vain, glittering show may match a fleeting fame,
But genuine worth Posterity shall claim.

Merry-fellow.

With sons and grandsons we have nought to do,

Look to the world that lives and moves with you;

And if the future be the present's heir,
'Tis meet the living first should have their share.

*Mathinks the present of a goodly boy
Has something that the wisest might enjoy;
Whoso with easy sweetness can discourse,*

May tame the humours of the mob by force."

With sons and grandsons we certainly have nought to do; but we are equally at a loss to see what the wisest have to do with goodly boys in this place, or how one who discourses with easy sweetness can be said to tame the humours of a mob *by force*. In a word, no one unacquainted with the original could even form a notion of what Mr. Blackie is driving at.

An equally unintelligible passage is only disconnected by a line or two:

"Give what you please, so that you give but plenty.

They come to see, you must engage their eyes:

Scene upon scene, *each act may have its twenty,*

To keep them gaping still in new surprise."

The manager, describing the usual composition of an audience, says: "The one is *looking forward* to a game of cards after the play; the other, to a wild night on the bosom of a wench. Why, poor fools that ye are, do you plague the sweet muses for such an end?" Mr. Blackie makes him say:

"Look at your patrons, as you should,
You'll find them one half cold, and one half rude.

One leaves the play, to spend the night
Upon a damsel's breast in wild delight;
Another o'er a billiard-table frets,
And play and players both alike forgets.

For such an audience, and for purpose such,
Why should ye plague the gentle muses much?"

There are a few other passages in the prologue which deserve to be extracted:

"Each tender sentimental disposition,
Sucks from your work sweet *woe-begone* nutrition."—P. 10.

"When mist the world around me veil'd,
Each bud embryo wonders *cherished*;
And I the thousand flow'rets broke,
That on each meadow richly *flourished*."
P. 10.

Buds cherishing embryo wonders must be wonderful buds indeed! The German *brechen*, when applied to flowrets, means to *pluck*. The manager immediately afterwards exclaims: "What boots it to stand talking about being in the vein? The hesitating never is so. If ye once give ourselves out for poets, command poesy." Mr. Blackie gives it:

"What nonsense prate ye about humour?
A lazy man is never in the humour.
If once your names are on the poets' roll,
The muses must be under your control."

Some injudicious friends may have placed Mr. Blackie's name on the poet's roll, but the muses seem singularly intractable. The line, "Resolution should boldly seize the possible *by the forelock* at once," is rendered—

"You should not lose a single day;
But let the present purpose lay
Hold of your fleeting fancies by the *cus*;"

which, looking to the French derivation of the word, we presume to be the very opposite of forelock. Mr. Blackie, however, has a fancy for seizing persons in this manner; for in the Brocken scene (p. 177), Mephistopheles cries out to Faust, "Hold me tightly by the *cue*," where the original says *skirt*. The concluding paragraph of the prologue is made to commence—

"Among the sons of German play
Each tries his hand at what he may."

Did any one ever hear an actor called a "son of play" before?

We have as yet disposed of only nine pages of Mr. Blackie's translation, which contains more than two hundred pages in the whole, and the reprehensible passages are in pretty nearly the same proportion throughout. We must therefore rest satisfied with indicating

a sufficient number to shew that the general sense and spirit of the poem are irremediably destroyed by them. Passing over such rhymes as *glasses, cases—nature, creator—alone, skeleton, —arise, suffice*, which occur in a single page of the opening soliloquy, we find Mr. Blackie translating, "Thou wilt then know the course of the stars," by

"Then dost thou see the secret *tether*
That binds the planet orbs together?"

And the celebrated passage beginning,
"Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt,"

"How mingles here in one the soul with
soul,

And lives each portion in the restless
whole—

How heavenly powers, a-bright *unwearied*
band,

Their golden *flacons* reach from hand to
hand."

As if the heavenly powers were engaged in a drinking bout! And in the next passage he has actually translated
"Die lampe *swindet—es dampft*"

"The lamp's flame wanes—it *smokes*."

Nothing can be worse than the spirit's chant in Mr. Blackie's hands, ending,

"Thus on the *noisy* loom of Time I weave
The living mantle of the Deity."

An equally tasteless substitution is that of *foggy wind* for *mist-wind*, as Mr. Hayward has translated *nebelwind*. Faust's advice to Wagner, "You may gain the admiration of children and apes, if you have a taste for it; but you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not flow fresh from your own," is thus perverted:

"Vain wonderment of children and of
apes,

If with such paltry meed content thou art.
The pliant heart to heal he only shapes
Whose words persuasive flow from heart
to heart."

What can Mr. Blackie mean by shaping a pliant heart to heal? When Faust is left alone with Wagner, he is represented as commencing his soliloquy thus:

"Strange how his pale alone Hope never
leaves,

Who still to shallow husks of learning
cleaves!

With greedy hand, who digs for hidden
treasure—

And when he finds a grub, rejoiceth
beyond measure!"

The conclusion of the same soliloquy

is shamefully murdered. Thus, instead of the fine expressions, "Now is the time to shew by deeds that man's dignity yields not to God's sublimity," we find—

"This is the time by deeds, not words,
to prove

That earth-born man yields not to *gods*
above."

In another place (p. 142), Mr. Blackie also makes a heathen of Faust:

"Yes, my child, let this language of the
flowers

Be as the judgment of the gods to thee."

We shall be glad to be informed how the following two lines in the next scene are to be made to scan:

"The best society have they, if they
please,

And run after such low-bred girls as
these."

Or the four immediately following to rhyme:

"No, no; I have no patience for your
ladies.

Quick, brother, quick, before the game
quite fled is.

The maid whose week-day broom the
chamber dresses,

When Sunday comes, gives you the
sweetest kisses."

In the old peasant's address to Faust (p. 39), Mr. Blackie, reversing the miracle, has turned the wine into water:

"Then from our hands the *pitcher* take,
Which we have fill'd with *water* fresh."

Nor has he much improved the rest of the old peasant's compliment:

"Here stand here living not a few
Whom your most worthy father drew
From the wild fever's ruthless *rage*,
When he set limits to the *plague*.
You, who were then a brave young *man*,
Enter'd the hospitals every *one*," &c.

The magnificent passage in which Faust longs for wings to follow the course of the sun, is utterly ruined:

"Oh that no wing may from the ground
me heave,

To follow still and still in his career!
Then should I see, borne on the beam of
eve,

The silent world at my feet appear."

The last of these lines is sheer prose, and very bad prose too. It is not clear from the context whether Faust or the world is to be "borne upon the beam of eve." The original is "in (not on)

everlasting evening's beams." But a subsequent line settles the difficulty; for, instead of "I hurry on to drink his everlasting light," we find,

"I hasten onwards on his quenchless ray."

And, still misled by this same notion of riding in the air, Mr. Blackie has converted, "Alas, no bodily wing will so easily keep pace with the wings of the mind," into—

"Alas, not soon the pinioned soul will find A wing to waft the body on the wind!"

We should very much wonder if the soul sought, much less found, any wing of the sort.

The next page (p. 44) affords a precious specimen:

"Thou knowest but the one impulse—it is well:

Oh! may'st thou long be stranger to the other!

Two souls, alas, within my bosom dwell,
Whose hostile natures ceaseless strive together;

The one, by stubborn power of love compelled,

With clutching organs to the world is held;

The other from earth's misty region soars
To join the realms of high progenitors.

Oh! be there spirits in the air,
Betwixt the heavens and earth that hover,
Descend ye from your golden atmosphere,
And waft, to new and varied life, me over!"

Other, together—soars, progenitors—air, atmosphere—hover, over—we should really be glad to know from a craniologist whether this gentleman has the organ of sound. An occasional false concord may be permitted for the sake of a fine or idiomatic expression; but he seems to use inverted and vulgar language for the express purpose of introducing bad rhymes.

After introducing Mephistopheles as "an itinerant schoolmaster" (a truly original version of *Fährender Scholast*), he puts the following expressions in his mouth as to light:

"From body streams it—body doth it paint;

By body is its simple substance rent."

And, speaking of the futility of his attempts at destruction:

"This something, the plump world, which stands

Opposed to nothing, still ties my hands;
And, spite of all the ground that I seem winning,

Remains as firm as in the beginning;
With storms and tempests, and earthquake and burnings,
The earth still enjoys its evenings and mornings."

To get through our task as quickly as possible, we shall now set down a few scattered beauties of language, without note or commentary of any kind, merely adding the literal translation occasionally:—

"The lord of the rats and of the mice,
Of the flies, and frogs, and bugs, and lice,

Commands you with your teeth's good ^{saw}

The threshold of this door to *gnaw*;
Forth come, and there begin to *fill*
Where he lets fall this drop of oil."—
P. 60.

"What needs there that your hasty declamation
Should puff into a flame at such a ration?"
—P. 69.

"Who makes with me this journey bold,
No bulky bundle *busts* behind;
A single *puff* of inflammable air,
And from the ground we nimbly *fare*."—
P. 83.

"Out of the door with all who dare to *quarrel*,
Drink, roar, and sing from out your lungs' good *barrel*."—P. 84.

"Leave that to me, I'll soon fish out the truth;
Fill me a bumper till it overflows,
And then I'll draw the worms out of their ^{nose}
As easily as 'twere an infant's tooth."—
P. 89.

The original is, "I'll worm the truth out of them." The conclusion of Mephistopheles' song is given:

"And yet they durst not crack 'em,
Nor brush the fleas away;
But we to death are crack'd all,
And bitten every day."

The original is, "But we crack and stifle them fast enough when one bites;" a blunder the more unaccountable, as Siebel directly after exclaims: "Such be the fate of every flea!"

At p. 128, *Ihr man* (your husband) is translated "your man;" at p. 147, Faust is "like an old owl, *screeching to-whit, to-whoo*," which is carrying the comparison a little too far; at p. 150, we have Margaret "a reckless infant" rearing her hut "sideways;" and a *torrent* shattering rocks to dust. Faust's profession of faith commences,

"Misunderstand me not, *thou sweetest fare*;" and Margaret thus expresses her willingness to yield to him:—

"Alas! did I but sleep alone
I'd leave the door unbarred this very
night;
But my good mother sleeps so soundly
not,
And overheard she our *delight*,
Then were I dead upon the spot."

Eliza (as Mr. Blackie translates *Lieschen*), in the well scene, uses language which it is impossible to mistake for verse:—

"How long did she not hang upon
The fellow! Yes, that was a parading.
A dancing and a promenading."

Valentine's first speech (p. 164) contains, among other beauties, the following rhymes: *compare, her—one, sir, answer—taunt me, affront me—torture, mortar*; and during the ensuing combat the following colloquy takes place:—

"*Mephistopheles.*

"My good guitar is broken past redemption!

Valentine.

And your skull, too, anon; come, boy,
attention!"

Blutbann is translated *blood spilt*; the fine cathedral scene begins:

"How different, Margaret, was thy case!"

and *wider mich* (in the same scene) is translated *against me*. What must the readers of Shelley feel on coming to such passages as this in the Harz scene—

"*Faust.*

How roars through the dark night the
savage blast!

How buffets it my neck with noisy whiz!

Mephistopheles.

By the old mountain's rocky ribs hold
fast!

Or you will tumble down the precipice.
The night is overcast with clouds;
Hear how the storm is crashing through
the woods!"

These, too, are pretty lines:—

"No sword that hath not made a truce
miscarry,
Or stab'd behind the back its adversary."
P. 185.

"That is the breast that Margaret offered
me,
That the sweet body I enjoy'd so free."
P. 189.

The prose scene is no better than the

rest, and the exquisite prison scene is rendered in a style which it is utterly impossible to describe. Metres of all kinds, lines of all lengths—sometimes rhyming and sometimes not; and yet, after taking all these licenses (certainly not poetical), he has actually left out or distorted almost all the delicacies, all the simple touches of natural feeling, which constitute its charm. For example:—

"How, givest thou me no kiss?
My friend, so very short a time away,
And hast forgot to kiss?
Why feel I now so straitened round thy
neck,
Whereas of old thy word, thy glances,
spoke
A very heaven, and thou didst kisses
take
So many, as if thou wouldst make me
choke."

We have heard of smothering, but never before of choking, with kisses. Again:

"They bind me with cords, and drag me
away,
And on the bloody scaffold me lay;
And every trembling eye doth quake
At the blade that is brandished o'er my
neck."

Inverted modes of expression are always out of place in *Faust*; but such phrases as "givest thou me," and "me lay," are utterly inexcusable here. At p. 210, too, there is a gross blunder. Margaret requests that her child may be placed on her right breast, with the remark, "no one else will lie by me." Mr. Blackie, after mentioning mother and brother, has:—

"And my child at my right breast,
These only share our place of rest."

No one who has read Mr. Hayward's notes will learn much that is new to him from those appended to the work before us; indeed most of them are borrowed, some with and some without acknowledgment, from that gentleman's. We shall only call attention to one of them:—

"'And washed it [the child] at the well by break of day.' The original is *waschtrog*, *washing-trough*; but I have been advised by female friends of taste, that neither *trough* nor *tub* can be tolerated in English poetry. I have therefore given the difficulty the slip."

We would wager any money that these female friends of Mr. Blackie's

were what the French call *chères amies*; for we are quite sure that no woman much above the condition of a street-walker could have been guilty of such a disgusting affectation of delicacy. But, at all events, Mr. Blackie might have turned *tub* into *well* without making Margaret wash the child in it, — a most ridiculous mistake.

The preface is principally remarkable for the presumption of it. Mr. Blackie has actually the audacity to say, that his own irregularities of versification are imitations of similar irregularities in Goethe:

"Thus, for instance, in p. 34, the long line of my translation,

'And see how down the stream the gay ships softly glide,'

is an exact imitation of the original,

'Und sieht den fluss hinab die bunten schiffe gleiten.'

And who is there so deaf to harmony that does not perceive instinctively the beauty of this versification?"

Now we see the beauty of Goethe's, but we fail to see the beauty of the (*soi disant*) imitation. On the contrary, Mr. Blackie's line is an exact imitation of those described by Pope—"Where expletives their feeble aid do join."

The following may be taken as a specimen of the critical acumen of the preliminary remarks:—

"Milton, indeed, who (*pace tante nominis*) was somewhat apt to be stilted, as much in his thoughts as in his language, has chosen to make his devil an immense Polypheme, strutting about like a wood-demon, with a Norway pine for a walking-staff in his hand, rolling his eyes, and gnashing his teeth, and stamping his feet,—the sublime tragic hero of Tartarus."

We must not forget to mention that Mr. Blackie has favoured us with only a description or abstract of the Prologue in Heaven, interspersed with extracts; being too well-principled a young gentleman to venture the whole.

Mr. Syme's is a work of much less pretension, and may be much more

cursorily discussed. "The Theatrical Prologue," says he in his preface, "the Intermezzo, and a few words and lines at different places, are left out; while for a very few expressions, chiefly in the lyric passages, there may be no authority in the strict letter of the text. On the whole, however, I venture to hope that I have taken no greater latitude in these respects than will be thought allowable in this kind of composition." The importance of keeping to the strict letter, to the *ipsissima verba*, of *Faust*, has been clearly demonstrated by Mr. Hayward. "As a fact within my own immediate experience," observes that gentleman, "I may add that expressions, seemingly indifferent in their proper places, so frequently supply the key to subsequent allusions, that a translator always incurs the risk of breaking or injuring some link in the chain of association by a change. For instance, in my first edition, I follow Shelley in translating *vereinselt sich* 'masses itself,' under an idle notion that the context required it; and every body thought me right, until Mr. Heraud* one evening took up the book and proved to me that the most obvious signification, 'scatters itself,' was the best, and that I had disconnected the following line, and marred the continuity of the whole description, by the change. 'I was wout boldly to affirm,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'that it would scarcely be more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Shakespeare or Milton, (in their most important works, at least,) without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say.' This observation is strictly applicable to the first part of *Faust*."—*Preface to Second Edition*.

Now we undertake to say that there is hardly a fine passage or description in the poem which Mr. Syme has not disconnected or marred by some injudicious interpolation or change. We shall give three or four decisive examples, and then leave the reader to draw the conclusion for himself:

* The author of the *Judgement of the Flood*, reviewed in one of our late numbers. This gentleman has announced a translation of the whole of *Faust* in the metres of the original; and, judging from the command of language exhibited in his great poem, we should say, that, if any man can execute the undertaking, he can. His plan of following the metres of the original is perfectly just. There are many parts of *Faust* to which blank verse, most frequently suggested for it, would be about as appropriate as an organ accompaniment to one of Theodore Hook's songs.

Chorus of Angels.

"Christ is risen! joy,
Mixed with fear and wonder;
You may now destroy
The serpent, and asunder
Tear the bands of sin.
By the love you bear
To each other, you
Can alone declare
That you your master know.
Love all things that are,
Flee from hate and war;
Teach men to do this,
And promise them the bliss
That is in Jesus. Lo!
He is here, is there,
He is every where,
Witnessing that ye
Serve him faithfully."

The literal translation is:

"Christ is arisen
Out of Corruption's lap!
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds!
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love-manifesting,
Living brethrenlike,
Travelling and preaching him.
Bliss promising
You is the master nigh—
For you is he here!"

Faust's wish to follow the sun (which, because it is one of the finest passages, all the metrical translators seem in a conspiracy to distort) is given thus:

"Ah! that no wing will bear me from
the ground,
To follow him in his eternal round!
Then should I see the world in evening's
beams
Spread out below me, its high summits
bright
With living fire, its valleys hushed, its
streams
Flowing like gold into the realms of night!
The chasm-vent precipice would not re-
strain
My godlike course; and underneath my
feet,
With all its sun-illuminated creeks, the
main
Would be unfolded in one burning sheet.
Though now below the wood he seems to
sink,
The wish survives. I hasten on to drink
His everlasting light—the day before,
The night behind me—over me the sky,
And far, far down, old ocean's shining
floor,
Expanding glorious as I onward fly!
A lovely dream! It fades! What mortal
wing
Is like the mind's, on which we gladly
spring
Away from earth!"

Compare this with the prose translation:

"Oh that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after, for ever after, him! I should see, in everlasting evening beams, the stilly world at my feet—every height on fire, every vale in repose—the silver brooks flowing into golden streams. The rugged mountain, with all its dark defiles, would not then break my godlike course.—Already the sea, with its heated bays, opens on my enraptured sight. The god seems at last to sink away! But the new impulse wakes. I hurry on to drink his everlasting light—the day before me and the night behind—the heavens above, and under me the waves. A beautiful dream! As it is passing, he is gone. Alas, no bodily wing will so easily keep pace with the wings of the mind."

Mr. Syme's translation of this passage affords a good example of the importance of a word. The line,

"Then should I see the world in evening's beams,"

is rendered meaningless by the omission of *everlasting*; for Faust is wishing for a perpetuity of the pleasure he is actually enjoying as he speaks. The fine break, "Already the sea," &c. is altogether sunk by Mr. Syme. We doubt, by the by, whether Hayward is right in translating *sich gesellen* by "keep pace with." It is literally "to associate itself to."

In the two following lines Mr. Syme has copied one of Lord F. Egerton's blunders:—

"Meanwhile is that the treasure rising?
look!

Where yonder taper at the casement
gleams."—P. 195.

Faust sees, not a taper, but the blue light or flame supposed to hover over places where treasure lies hid. Faust's account of his faith is wretchedly distorted; for example:—

"Fill your whole heart, however great,
With this sensation, and then wait,
And call it what you will,
The opposite of ill!
Love! God! they are the same,—
There is no other name."—P. 182.

Why are we to wait, Mr. Syme? Where do you get "The opposite of ill?" Why do you say merely *Love! God!* when the original has *Bliss! Heart! Love! God!* i.e. four exclamations instead of two? And why "no

other name," when Faust says positively that he has none at all. The conclusion of the soliloquy is thus travestied :

"And it is more the feeling !
The name concealing,
Or half revealing,
Like a thin smoke upon the shore
The bright blue deep beyond."

Mr. Syme has had the inconceivably bad taste to checker the fine prose of the cathedral scene with some indifferent rhymes :

"Ah Gretta! what a difference,
Since when, in your innocence,
You sought this altar,
And lisped your prayers
Out of the little old
And well-worn psalter,
Half a child at play,
Half with God!—Gretta,
Can your head stand it?
Does your heart bleed
For your misdeed?
And do you pray?
Pray for your mother's soul, that has
been sent
By you unto its long, long punishment!"

Lord F. Egerton's false delicacy is also imitated; for we find Mr. Syme translating, like his lordship, *Nachbarin, euer fläschen* (neighbour, your smelling-bottle), by "*neighbour, help!*" To the best of our recollection there was a rather ridiculous correspondence upon this point in the *Examiner*,—it having been contended by Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, and other sagacious critics, that the young lady was actually calling for a dram-bottle. We should not think the worse of her on that account, much less seek to hide the truth from a discerning English public by a mis-translation. At the same time, we do not suspect Mr. Syme of being endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, for we find *am verderben sich lezt*, in the prose scene, translated "*fattens on destruction.*"

Margaret's exclamation, after directing her infant to be placed on her right breast, mistaken by Lord F. Egerton

and Mr. Blackie, is also mistaken by Mr. Syme. He has—

"No one else *shall* lie beside me."

This shews an ignorance of the language, as well as a want of perception. *Wird* could not here mean *shall*.

We trust we have now said enough to justify our opinion, that Mr. Syme has failed in the attempt to convey an adequate conception of Faust. He is certainly an elegant versifier, but appears to be utterly incapable of intensity and force.

We have devoted more space to these translations than, strictly speaking, they are worth, with the view of exposing, along with their blunders, the blunders of what we must term by courtesy our contemporaries of the press. The *Metropolitan* vouches boldly for the spirit and fidelity of both of them,—avowing at the same time a preference for prose. It is quite clear, not only from the criticisms, but from the verses inserted in that magazine, that the conductor has no taste for poetry, and no perception either of poetical beauties or defects. He has no ear either for rhythm or rhyme. *Tait* praises Mr. Syme in the highest terms; and our friend Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, thus announces his opinion of Mr. Blackie:—"We might cavil at single words, but upon the whole we feel ourselves bound to say, that he is to Goethe even more than Pope was to Homer; for he is accurate as well as poetical. Our extracts must justify our decision." The extracts, in our opinion, proved just the contrary; for one of them consisted of Faust's soliloquy in the cavern, evidently a bad copy of Mr. Hayward's version, and another consisted of an execrable extract from the prison scene. This is the more inexcusable, since the book really does contain a few passable passages, as the curse (p. 64), and the *Intermezzo*, which is spiritedly executed, and might even have induced us to mitigate our sentence, had any thing else of merit presented itself.

ON MANNERS, FASHION, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A WORK IN TWO CHAPTERS,

BY BOMBARDINIO.

WITH A FEW NOTES BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

CHAPTER I.

“Es giebt keine Narheit, zu welcher die Menschen nicht leicht zu bewegen wären, Wenn nur dafür die rechte mode decoration Aufgefunden wird.”—*Welt und Zeit*.

“There is no folly into which men may not be easily led, provided you adorn it with a fashionable decoration.”

I HAVE always entertained a sort of predilection for fashion. Whether this has arisen from any civility I may, individually, have experienced from the fashionable world, or from the amusement which its doings have occasionally afforded me, I know no more than a philosopher. Certain it is, however, that there are few things so truly diverting as the constant striving of little persons, from peers to pawnbrokers, to exalt themselves into notoriety by the aid of little things, to which a great and fictitious importance is attempted to be attached. But fashion has lately taken a direction injurious to the robust, honest, and manly feelings once peculiar to Britons, so that war, even to the pen, must be waged against its power. Aware of the enemy's strength, I have, in imitation of Peter the Great, when he was about to destroy the Strelitz, and of Sultan Mahmoud when preparing to annihilate the Janisaries, been long and silently arranging my plan of operation. I have toiled late and early; I have danced, dined, made love, and feasted, in order to watch the motions of the foe. I have travelled from Naples to John O'Groat's for the purpose of reconnoitering the weak points of the enemy's position; for though fashion itself may not perhaps have crossed the Moray firth—some, indeed, say that it has never crossed even the Tweed—its influence extends from one extremity of the land to the other; as noxious vapours infect the air far beyond the boundaries of the marsh from which they arise. Thus prepared, I now sound my warriorn, as signal for the skirmishers to advance. Where, when, and how, the principal onset of battle will be made, I keep, like a prudent general, to myself.

The people of Britain boast, with some right, of their freedom and love of independence; and yet they bow to the tyranny of fashion with a ready subserviency far surpassing, in abject submission, the blind obedience paid by slaves to eastern satraps. This sort of voluntary homage would be nothing more than ridiculous, if circumstances had not by degrees contrived to make it imperative, and thus given to the giddy Goddess of Fashion a power that, owing to her ladyship's total want of heart, head, judgment, and feeling, has become in the highest degree dangerous and pernicious.

When governments fall into error and commit blunders, as will sometimes happen with the best, the remedy is, thanks to the language of diplomacy and of debate, sufficiently easy, though not always cheap or creditable. If we vote that black shall be white one day, we can vote that white is to be black on the next. If we neglected to send five sail of the line to the assistance of the Turks in 1828 and 1832, we may perhaps atone for it by sending twenty sail of the line, with 30,000 men, to their aid in 1836; and so on. Very different is the case, however, when the far more despotic government of fashion falls into error: then no opposition is tolerated, and no appeal allowed. The truth is therefore never heard; for as all wish to be thought not only zealous votaries but active members of the executive, views and opinions, derogatory alike to the honour and happiness of the entire community, may be disseminated by this public *Whem-Gericht* with as much rapidity as the fashion of a flounce or the cut of a coat. The mischief is, that the effect of vicious opinions cannot be recalled with as much facility as an act of parliament can be amended. You may easily

break down the dike that protects your property from the fury of the mountain stream; but when the torrent is once let in, you may never be able to repair the damage it has occasioned, or to replace the vigorous, healthy, and fruit-bearing soil that may have been swept away.

And what, after all, is this spirit, essence, or mania, called fashion? Is it any thing better than a false varnish, sought after, or applied, in order to raise persons, stuffs, or trinkets, to some fictitious value exceeding their real intrinsic worth? Was it ever thought necessary to make a guinea fashionable, in order to make it acceptable? Fashion at one time attempted to make a king unfashionable; but no one ever voted the king's coin vulgar or *de mauvais ton*. Fashion is a house of refuge for the poor in mind and thought; who, wanting taste, tact, courage, and character, are forced to take shelter under some fashionable folly or fantasy, in order to conceal the feebleness that prevents them from standing on their own ground. Fashion never introduced any thing really great, noble, or ornamental. Not a single monument has ever been raised to a departed fashion; nor has a single elegy been written on one of the family, though hundreds are constantly descending to the tomb of all the Capulets, while hundreds of bardlings are hunting town, hill, and plain, for elegiac subjects wherewith to drown the world in tears. And as to dress, "Don't you know, my dear Lady Jane, that your beautiful ball costume of last night will appear just as ridiculous a few years hence as the costume of Marie de' Medici appeared to you a few years ago, when you first beheld her majesty figuring in Rubens' pictures?" In the reign of Louis XI. exquisites wore false corporations of mighty circumference, as they now wear stays. We laugh at the former, and why not at the latter also?

Shall we be told that fashion has tended to polish and refine manners, and to spread far and wide the elegant courtesy of deportment for which all persons of good breeding are distinguished? Much the reverse. Good manners result from knowledge, good sense, good feeling, and the habit of good society: whereas fashion cares not a straw for sense, feeling, or learning; and only lays down a rule of

manners which the initiated must acquire and act up to, and which prescribes at present a stiff, vapid, *blasé* kind of *hauteur*, totally inconsistent with healthy, sanguine, and elastic feeling, but which is easily acquired by all those who are destitute of the very qualities from which elegant and refined manners can alone spring. The exertions of fashion have always been directed towards the extinction of whatever is elevating in our nature. All generous enthusiasm, all chivalrous sentiments, were unfashionable. Even cheerfulness, good-humour, and hilarity, were banished from polite society, in order that the dignity of fashionable persons might not be compromised by sympathising, either in joy or in woe, with the pleasures or sorrows of ordinary mortals. This is by far the worst part of fashionable training; because its effects are to destroy or relax all the finer fibres of the heart—those that should receive and respond to the impressions produced by whatever is great, beautiful, or noble. It tends, for the same reason, to dry up the sources of imagination, which, when pure, bright, and sparkling, lead us to build fabrics of beauty, and temples of virtue and of happiness, even on the slenderest foundations. But fashion smiles at this. Shun, therefore, with scorn all those who, from nature or practice, are already perfect in their training; pity those who are in progress; and never mistake the fantastic fooleries of the silver fork school for any thing but a feeble attempt to conceal real shallowness of heart or mind under an affected *hauteur* of exterior deportment.

Patriotism is a word devoid of meaning in fashionable vocabulary. The want of that noble sentiment is concealed under a pretended freedom from national prejudices, and a liberal feeling towards foreigners. And justly so, indeed; for, making an exception only in favour of the Germans, there is a narrowness in most foreign minds that is exceedingly congenial to little-minded people. That disgusting person, Prince Pückler Muskaw, was, on the strength of his foreign rank and title, a favourite in the world of fashion, till some quarrel with one of the clubs drove him from the country; when the publication of his book (addressed to a lady!), by placing the author in his true light, shewed at once that the courted favourite of the *beau monde* was

as destitute of taste and delicacy of feeling as of the sentiments that should be inseparable from the character of a gentleman (1).

This mention of foreigners brings me easily to the consideration of foreign manners. But, before entering upon the subject, it may be as well that I should say something of the writer of this article; as I hold with the *Spectator*, that there is nothing which so much helps the reader to a just understanding of the work before him as a perfect acquaintance with the author himself. Steele, in one of the papers of the *Guardian*, says that a man must have visited foreign countries, and have seen both courts and camps, before he can divest himself of national prejudices. It is, therefore, right that the reader should know the grounds on which I claim implicit submission to the doctrines I am about to propound. In truth, then, I am a perfect anti-liberal, a regular ultra John Bull: the stubborn prejudices belonging to that character have, in fact, grown upon me exactly in proportion as my knowledge of foreign nations has increased. I believe that one Englishman can with ease beat two Frenchmen any day of the week, because I have seen something of the kind done in spite of modern tactics, which, partaking of the liberal spirit of fashion, attempt to reduce all men to the same level, the level of drilled mediocrity. I believe that we are still—with all our faults, follies, and imperfections, and notwithstanding the rapid progress of crime and demoralisation, so fearfully urged on by the presumptuous pedantry of the schoolmaster and the mischievous ignorance of fashion—a better, braver, wiser, and more enlightened people than any now existing on the face of the earth; better, at least, than any I have seen—and I have seen many, under circumstances of all others the most favourable to observation. I have rested in the wigwam of the Indian, and have bivouacked on the plains of the Peninsula. I have been quartered in Portuguese hovels, Spanish palaces, and in the best houses of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. I have seen the moment which Byron could only describe,

“When shriek'd the timid and stood still
the brave;

And some leap'd overboard with dreadful
yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave.”

I have sported a toe in a country dance, waltz, mazourka, bolero, and galopade. I have worn a locket containing one ringlet of hair, which I have pressed to my lips at the very moment when the thunder-cloud of battle was bursting over us. I have done many things I would willingly forget—many that I would rather know than tell. But there are two things of which my conscience fully and fairly acquits me: I never made love to maid or mistress under false colours, and I never made so consummate an idiot of myself as to dance a quadrille. And now that you know who and what I am, you must not, most courteous reader, think me illiberal if I express opinions at variance with those which you happen to entertain. I may be wrong—it is the lot of mortality; but I can have no cause of personal quarrel with foreign manners or fashions. Were I to abuse the Horse Guards in good set phrases, as I intend to do one of these days, you might ascribe my indignation to the disappointment I have experienced in regard to promotion. But I cannot lay this to the charge of foreign nations, as I never heard that either Louis Philippe, who received me very politely when I was last presented, or the autocrat of all the Russias, with whom I have shaken hands many a time, ever applied to the commander-in-chief to have my promotion stopped.

I consider the great admiration of foreign manners and fashions, now so much in vogue, as one of the worst signs of the times. The elegant and unaffected politeness of the *ladies* and *gentlemen* of England is, or was—I must sometimes confound the past and the present—as superior to the wretched mannerism of the highest society in France and Italy, as is the highly polished diamond of the first water to the mere painted glass bauble. The first resulted from a delicacy and refinement of feeling, utterly unknown abroad—from education, as well as from our peculiar institutions. The latter was, on the contrary, the mere result of imitation and instruction: the cause and consequence of which are alike evident. We live under institutions that, by the constant collision of parties, and of individuals striving for public favour, naturally call forth the highest intellectual powers; and expose all whose rank, station, or talents, make them in any way leaders

in manners, to a degree of public scrutiny perfectly unknown any where else, and which necessarily forces them to a constant display of that urbanity, indicative, or affecting to be so, of the kindness of feeling and general intellectual superiority that is expected from those who seek public distinction. All the educated classes had therefore an example set, and a reward, not to be found in any other country, held out to them. The very affectation of virtue is a tribute which it receives, and an encouragement to its cultivation—for none would affect what was not held in general esteem; so that all naturally joined, by example and by precept, to instil into the minds of the young what was to be of advantage to them in their future career. Causes and effects go on multiplying in geometrical progression. As education spreads, more candidates for favour naturally spring up. The consequence is a striving at higher attainments; and our free press, public meetings, dinners, hustings, parliaments, are so many open lists, in which the candidates are called upon to assert their claims, and in which the highest in the land are constantly brought into contact with the middle classes. In such a state of society, the mere repetition of a well-taught lesson, or half an hour's good acting, could go for nothing; men were obliged to be always prepared, or they were sure to be found out and scouted in the end. When the lords of the creation made such progress, the fairer part of the community could not well remain behind; on the contrary, the pains bestowed on female education was in general well rewarded, and produced a degree of mental elegance and refinement of feeling that no unbiassed observer can pretend to have seen even approached in the most polished societies of France, Italy, or Spain. A highly intellectual intercourse between the parties was the natural consequence; and refreshing indeed to the heart is a little pleasant flirtation with a pretty, well-educated, and good-humoured girl. I say girl rather than woman, because your married women are often too knowing—besides, the bloom and first freshness of the heart is gone; and, generally speaking, married women have no longer an object to gain, and neglect us ordinary mortals a little. Still, this is matter of opinion; and I know myself to be rather in the

minority. Your regular blues, except when they possess much good sense and feeling—which they very often do, however—are bores; and your mere fashionably dressed, drilled, and quivering dolls are worse than insipid.

Thus our political institutions endowed our manners with truth and sincerity; the highly educated part of our female society gave them elegance and refinement; a large body of moral literature, unknown in any other language, gave them a just tone; the court of the sovereign contributed the necessary degree of fashionable polish; and the habits of travel of our young aristocracy brought us all that was worth importing from abroad. So that we naturally acquired an elegant and unconstrained suavity of manners, which no other nation had the means of attaining.

Gifted, too, as the people of these islands are above all other nations, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, abundantly proved by our caricatures, satires, and magazines, we were naturally prevented from falling into the extremes of manner, for which some of our continental neighbours are distinguished. We naturally laughed at their overstrained attentions in trifles, as oppressive and displeasing; looked on all the *petits soins* on which they so much pride themselves as unmanly; and should certainly inflict a sound kicking on the first brace of London porters found kissing each other in the streets, in imitation of the filthy politeness of their Parisian brethren. Now, what has any continental nation to set off against such advantage? As we gradually conquered our freedom and popular institutions, they all lost theirs. The court alone gave the character of manners; and provided a nobleman (for a middle class there was none) could only play his part well in the presence of king, minister, or mistress, it was all that was required. Once out of the presence, he was at liberty to behave as he liked; and it is too natural for human nature to indulge in such liberty from restraint, and to fly from one extreme to the other. Russia, even now, illustrates this truth in the most striking manner. The Russian, who, at court or in society, is seen glittering in all the splendour of dress and the artificial polish of exterior deportment, is at home not much above the Calmuck of the desert; and the palace, in the

public *salons* of which hundreds are sumptuously feasted, can rarely afford a basin of water and a clean towel. Manners and politeness became, therefore, mere matters of imitation, with which mind and feeling had nothing to do. People were taught a certain number of bows, smiles, and set speeches, compliments suited to the occasion, or to the character of the prince or princess on whom impression was to be made, and no more. Much fine reasoning has lately been employed to prove that where there is no demand there will be no supply; and as there was no call for mental politeness at any of the continental courts, very little was likely to be brought to market.

To speak of the French only, as they set the fashion in continental manners. They were avowed but decorous libertines in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV.; *égards au convenances* was all then required. When he became a bigot, they naturally became hypocrites:

“Lorsqu’Auguste buvait, la Pologne était ivre.

Lorsque le Grand Louis brûlait d’un tendre amour,
Paris devint Cythère, et tout suivit la cour :

Quand il se fit dévot, ardent à la prière,
Le lâche courtisan marmota son bréviaire.”* (2)

Under the regency, decency itself was banished. The Duchess of Bourbon lived openly with Du-Chayla; the Princess of Conti, the king’s daughter, with her nephew, La Vallière; the young Princess of Conti with La Fare; her second sister, the Princess Charolais, with the Duke of Richelieu; and her youngest with the Duke of Méln. The daughters of the regent also had their lovers: some must not even be named. The second and all the nuns of the convent of Blois were the hand-maidens of the Duke of Richelieu; the eldest had a *garde d’amour* of fifty young men. The sister of the Duchess of Bourbon lived with Marton, and the Cardinal of Polignac was the public and avowed lover of the Duchess of Maine. If such were the manners and the morals of the royal family, what were those of the rest of the community? A century has no doubt elapsed since the times of which we are speaking, but you must always recollect that

it was in this hot-bed of vice that the boasted manners of *la vieille cour* took their rise. In the reign of Louis XV. the French were men of gallantry—they adopted the very manners and occupations of the women to whom they wished to make themselves agreeable; and as men had formerly shivered lances in the lists to gain ladies’ smiles, *les marquis* and *les petits collets* of Paris actually handled the needle and embroidered tapestry to please the fair. The rout of Rosbach shewed what heroes such manners produced; and the next age saw the result to which they naturally led. Under the weak and good-natured Louis XVI., who had some liking for the physical sciences, our volatile neighbours became elegant philosophers; and a pretty business we know they made of it. Under Napoleon, who was vulgar in mind, they became vulgar, fiery, and blustering soldadoes; not satisfied with the reputation for bravery which, as a nation, the French have so justly acquired, but choosing to be thought *gourmands par excellence*, even in fire-eating, the very affectation of politeness and good manners was swept from the land during the reign of the sword and the guillotine. To this mania succeeded a sulky *fierité* on the part of the Liberals, and a kind of refined jesuitical dandyism on the part of the Royalists. What they now are it is impossible to say, seeing that they have not yet determined on the character to be assumed. At present they are only a newspaper-ridden people, and to ignorant and stupid riders they certainly submit, let our Liberals say what they will (3).

Now let me ask, How could refined manners, in opposition to mannerism, possibly spring up under such changes? There was no permanent standard or tribunal of manners, and there was no influential moral literature; for though Bourdaloue, Bossuet, La Bruyère, and Fénelon, are moral and religious writers of the highest rank of excellence, yet have their works long since been consigned to the shelves of mere collectors. The education of the female part of the society was almost entirely neglected, and unmarried women never came into company; so that the finished refinement their intercourse could alone bestow was entirely wanting. Several

women of distinguished talents played, no doubt, a conspicuous part in society during the reigns of the latter kings; but we know, from the contents of many a volume, how completely destitute they were of any thing like delicacy of feeling: how, then, were the men to come by it? Unguarded by such feeling, and unchecked by ridicule (for the French, though possessed of infinite wit, have long ceased to have either humour, irony, trenchant satire, or caricatures), they constantly fell into extremes; overstepped the bounds of nature; overacted their parts—a sure sign of *mauvais ton*; affected politeness in trifles to an unpleasant and oppressive degree (for real politeness, like real benevolence, should be unobtrusive); and too often resorted to a fade and vapid style of set-speech compliment, alike removed from gallantry and good taste. We have said affected politeness, and we must repeat the expression; for, with many good qualities, the French are far from being a polite people. The chances are, that the first savage caught in the wilds of Conamara, or on the hills of Morven, will, in any act of real politeness, beat the best-drilled Parisian dandy out and out. “*Comment se porte Madame la Baronne de W——?*” said a French *petit-maitre* to a German lady of our acquaintance, as he entered a shoemaker’s shop in which she happened to be, and as he proceeded, *sans façons*, to pull a naked, stockingless foot out of his boot, in order to be measured by *Monsieur le Cordonnier*. In all situations of authority, from the highest to the lowest, from the minister of state to the *conducteur* of the diligence—in all situations in which the French are independent of you, they are the least polite people of any in Europe. On the other hand, they resemble some of their bad wines—they mellow and improve with age: a proof that there are good particles mixed up in their composition, or that the last generation was better than the present. But then a Frenchman certainly possesses, above the native of any other country, the power of adapting himself to whatever situation he may be placed in. If no longer wanted as a cabinet-minister, *presto* he becomes a dancing-master, painter, hair-dresser, or maker of hair-rings.

Few things are more characteristic of a people than their national dances,

and those of the French shew them to be a serious and artificial people; destitute alike of whim, humour, and hilarity, as well as of that sensitive delicacy of feeling from which alone highly-polished manners can result. Look at their quadrilles, that we are now striving so hard to imitate, and say whether any English gentleman, in the real acceptance of the word, could ever bring himself to caper about in the midst of a circle of ladies and gentlemen, with *la poitrine en avant, les épaules en arrière, les jarrets tendus, les pieds en dehors, &c. &c.* The veridea is absurd. The truth is, fashion has forced these dances of mere exhibitions upon us, and we bungle through them as best we may; but they can never become national, though, as the most active people in Europe, we could easily learn all the sort of thing in less than a week. Ladies have, from their dress and general manner, some kind of advantage over us lords of the creation in these kind of moving *tableaux*; but I am happy to say, that they are yet very far behind their Gallic neighbours. Some of the pretty dears strive, indeed, very hard to throw off that innate mental modesty that still so eminently distinguishes our countrywomen, and to give themselves “*en spectacle*” to the surrounding circle: but there is a sort of *gaucherie* lurking about the best of them which they cannot altogether get over. I never saw an English-bred girl who ever attained the cool, graceful, prim, and puss-like self-composure of a real Parisian *belle*, displaying herself in a quadrille: it is altogether unique and indigenous.

But to return to our immediate subject. After being for a good many years cooped up within our island, the peace sent all the idle of the land across the channel; and much astonished were the reconciled foes at each other’s appearance, after so long an estrangement. The more endowed of our countrymen and women, and who, like all well-educated people, perfectly understood French, saw at once through the wretched mannerism, *verbiage*, and fulsome style of set-speech compliment, termed politeness, conversation, and gallantry, and laughed at it accordingly; while the real coarseness and vulgarity so constantly displayed by all ranks of the French, when affecting perfect ease or *fierté*, could not fail to

disgust them. Not so the secondary set, who are of course the most numerous in all ranks and nations. Having always heard the French spoken of as the most polite people in Europe, they easily mistook mere gesticulation and bustle for manners and politeness; cool and modest assurance for confidence in superior powers; and a useless profusion of words, uttered in a language they understood but imperfectly, for wit and vivacity. The really coarse and insulting remarks the French are famous for making, when speaking of the literature, manners, and feelings of other countries (of which, in general, they know little or nothing), were for the same reason overlooked, or misunderstood. The French, too, who hate us with the keen and deadly hatred of disappointed rivals, for having robbed them of that military glory which was their boast and idol, took every opportunity of depreciating our persons, and of ridiculing, as far as their powers of ridicule went, our manners, and, above all, our dancing. This also made impression on those who looked up to them; and as they took care to assimilate a little where they had an object to gain (an heiress or so), they continued to gain ground. With the novelty of foreign manners the ridicule also wore away; many of our country people made a long stay abroad, and got accustomed to the overacting they daily witnessed: the taste became vitiated, so that on their return home they mistook the simplicity of English manners for absence of manners altogether; on the same principle that persons long accustomed to strong grog are incapable of appreciating the flavour of Lafitte and Châteaux Margot. The consequence was, that the shout of foreign manners, dances, dresses, and fashions, was raised from one extremity of the island to the other.

Of French quadrilles I have spoken, and can only add that a mere succession of figures without spirit, animation, grace, or hilarity, is not a dance, but a moving *tableau*; and a poor-looking one into the bargain. Without having any thing in its favour, it has the disadvantage of teaching young persons to display themselves; it encourages boldness instead of reserve, and helps to brush away that sensitive feeling of modesty which constitutes the greatest charm of female character (4). As to a little time being allowed for

firtation between the figures, it is not a recommendation worth talking about; and in France it is never allowed, as unmarried women never dirt. If you dance with a young girl, you must reserve all the pretty things you have to say till the set is over, and then address them to the old lady under whose protection your partner immediately takes shelter.

There are always opportunities for speaking to the girls; what we he-animals want on such occasions are tact, feeling, and ideas. It is only when a man is very far gone — when he is what I would call in the very last stage of love, that opportunities seem wanting; because he is then too simple and single-minded to take advantage of the moments. I speak from considerable experience, and never found the actual minutes or half-hours wanting, but *graces* and *supers* were constantly wanting. These words of power are not to be translated — the secret would only make the dear creatures vainer than they naturally are; and women have already too much vanity and too little pride. Waltzing is not a French but a German dance, and the quick French manner of dancing it reduces it to a mere ungraceful twirl, that completely spoils it. Still it is too graceful to be abolished, badly as we twirl it in this country. To call it objectionable is mere nonsense; more may be said, more ideas and feelings may be communicated by a simple shake of an ungloved hand, than by half an hour's twirling round a room with your kid glove under a lady's shoulder. A pleasant thing it is, however, to have a pretty girl thus resting, as it were, on your good right-hand, which you never thought so well occupied before: waltzing requires, in fact, a steady heart, as well as a steady head. I shall not consent to its abolition; but it must be made an absolute rule, that no gentleman can presume to ask a lady to waltz unless he produces a certificate from Madame d'Egville, or any other competent authority, shewing that he is able to keep time; for you may just as well attempt to waltz without legs as without ear, and you have no right to make your partner ridiculous: but you may make a fool of yourself, by yourself, as much as you like. As to dancing generally, I can only say at present, that a reform in dancing is far more wanted than a reform in the state.

And I hope that the lord-chancellor, the only man of universal genius, or of any genius at all, now in the cabinet, will take the matter seriously in hand (5).

There is much in national costume and dress that deserves attention, as it generally bears a strong impress of the genius and character of a people; but at present I cannot well enter, at any length, upon the difficult and important topic. Besides, national costume is every where going out along with national character. Europeans are all rapidly assimilating to the same standard of mediocrity; they are in general little better than the drilled automata of fashion, or the driven automata of labour. Sultan Mahmoud has banished the graceful Turkish dress by force of arms—at the command of avarice the mountaineer has left the heaths and the glens of his fathers to cross the Atlantic, or to seek a penurious and uncertain livelihood in the crowded sinks of manufacturing towns—the flowing tartans, the martial garb of the Gael, are no longer seen on the hills of the north. Chieftains, whose clansmen are in America or Glasgow, and who never saw a shot fired unless at a grouse (and that only when, contrary to custom, they happened not to have let out their moors to London poulterers), sport the old Highland dress at parties and at fancy balls, where it is totally out of character, not to say indecent. Sunday beaux and writers' clerks follow the laudable example; thus making the dress of the bold a sign at which to point the finger of scorn. The Highland garb is now only a military uniform, splendid to look at, but ill-suited for war. I have worn it myself, and officers of Highland regiments are now the only chieftains; let them wear the dress if they please, but at all events banish the kilt from the ball-room (6).

We may safely say, however, that Frenchmen, to whom we must return, have no genius for dress: they try hard, indeed, but they only make quizzes of themselves. I recollect how astonished we were, when we got to Paris in 1815, not to find a well-dressed man in the place. But though a well-made coat was not to be got in the whole town, the art of padding

calves and chests, as well as the mystery of dying hair (things that we had never seriously dreamed of), were everyday practices; shewing how much pains were bestowed on the adornment of the person. Frenchmen now regularly imitate the English style of dress, but it will not do; *n'est pas montagnard qui vent*, has become a sort of French saying, which may be well applied to their attempts at dandyism. The best *schneider* in Bond Street could not make an English coat to fit a Frenchman; the cut does not harmonise with their character. They formerly set the fashion in dress also, and the following description of an exquisite in the genuine French costume, will shew what a pretty thing they made of it. I copy from a paper of the year 1770:—"A few days ago, a macaroni made his appearance in the Assembly Rooms at Whitehaven in the following dress: a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, breeches covered with elegant silver net, white silk stockings with silver clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buckles, mushroom-coloured stock, covered with point lace; his hair remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins."

As to dress generally, the surtout-coat and trousers, that sailors and soldiers brought home from the field and the quarter-deck, they do very well for a morning costume; though, strange to say, no Christian *schneider* can make a pair of Christian trousers—I am obliged to get mine sent from Constantinople. But our evening coats are silly, stiff, ill-looking things; and being mostly black, and always accompanied by black pantaloons, give a ball-room a sombre and uniform appearance, that calls for amendment. Coloured cloth trousers are of course impossible in dress; let them be made of silk therefore—crimson, light blue, grey, striped, or any colour you please. Add shawl waistcoats to match, and see how Almack's will submit, and Spitalfields will rejoice, in a change that now only requires the approving nod of Sir Morgan O'Doherty to be carried into immediate effect (7). It will also be for the baronet to reap immortal fame by the invention of a new dress-coat; George the Fourth failed in the attempt (8).

NOTES BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

(1) I have always understood that Pückler Muskaw was turned out of the Travellers' Club; or, what is the same thing, got a hint that his presence would gladly be dispensed with there, in consequence of his having flung a fork at a waiter. To revenge this, he abuses the travellers most unmercifully in his trumpery work; bringing that peculiar charge against their chairs which has (with, I hope, unconscious simplicity) been translated by Mrs. Austen. Bombardinio, in the text, seems to be amazed that the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* should have been addressed to a lady: it is, perhaps, as strange, that they should have been translated by a lady. It may, perhaps, be worth while some of these days to write an account of the prince's proceedings in England, and especially of what brought him here. There would be many strange things found in it, which are not alluded to in the preface to his trumpery *Tutti Frutti*. But, indeed, the principal object of that preface is to puff off the baths lately opened by the illustrious prince, who has become a kind of licensed vintner, and keeper of a house of entertainment, in a small but respectable way, at Muskaw.—M. O'D.

(2) I venture on a rough and ready translation of his majesty's verse:

When Augustus got drunk, then all Poland grew tipsy;
When Louis the Great became tender in love,
Every courtier, of course, had his favourite gipsy,
And Paris resembled fair Venus's grove;
But when he grew pious, and left off the lasses,
Then the courtiers all mumbled their prayer-books at masses.

It is rather a shabby translation, I own—but I cannot make it better at this day of the month and hour of the night.—M. O'D.

(3) In this remark Bombardinio is perfectly right. The writing of the leading French journals is ignorant and stupid beyond all belief; and those who prefer it on any ground to what we have in London do the editorial folk of *Cocagne* great injustice. But this is matter for a far longer discussion than can be afforded by me in a note. I have a great mind to write a real—that is, a personal—history of the London and the Paris press. I think I could do it; but I have not time. If any good reporter would take notes of my conversation on that subject, for three or four hours of any evening, I warrant him that he would not be playing the part of *Jemmy Boswell* to disadvantage.—M. O'D.

(4) Bombardinio is, like myself, a man of a certain age, and we do not readily assimilate with the dancing matches of our juniors. I suppose they find the way of doing the thing in their way, as we did it in ours. But still I shall ever hold that it was a great mistake to abolish the ancient country dances. A mistake, I mean, in reference to the main object and end of all dancing, which I shall not insult the understandings of those whom I wish to be my readers by saying is getting husbands or wives, or something of the kind—for the country dance was the finest instrument for that purpose ever devised. There you had your partner to yourself, dragging her up and down some five or six miles of ground, and the devil was in the dice if you could not find time to say something sweet in the course of one of the furlongs. You cannot have any thing like such a chance in the quadrille—besides (I speak for myself) people are bothered by the figure, which they must mind much more than their partner. As for the waltz, it is too open a proclamation—it puts girls on their guard. I hope young ladies in general have skipped this note of mine; but as they cannot have come as far as my warning voice without reading to the end of it, I suppose my hope is vain. But I never blot.—M. O'D.

(5) Sir Christopher Hatton, we all know, was a dancing chancellor; and

The seals and maces danced before him.

I do not think that Brougham dances, but I have no doubt that he tumbles. I am sure that nobody who has seen him of late in the House of Lords would dispute the assertion that

The lamps and candles dance before him.

Well, why should he not jollify if he likes? At all events, he shall not be reprehended by me for it.—M. O'D.

(6) On this business of the flowing costume, &c. of the Gael, much may be said. I am of opinion that the kilt is quite a modern invention; but as Bombardinio tells us he wore it, I shall not say any thing in the disparagement even of its antiquity. As for the Celtic club, if that unfortunate body should still exist, I leave it to the unmixed reprobation of Bombardinio.—M. O'D.

(7) Humph! I'll think about it. *Le Roy s'avisera.* Perhaps I may tip 'em the silk.—M. O'D.

(8) George the Fourth might have had a great many good points about him, though, to speak the truth, it would puzzle me very much to tell you what they were. But as to dressing, he had the vilest taste. He studied hard, which is a recommendation to any man in the business, but he never could have been a first class or senior wrangler. I think he would have been decidedly plucked or gulphed, or whatever is the name they give these things at the Universities on this side of the water. At our own we call it *cautioned*. I remember seeing him one day in a purple velvet waistcoat, with a running stripe of a gold tree, surmounted with gold monkeys upon it; and congratulating him on his exquisite taste in the selection of colours, he felt evidently very proud of my approbation; but when I recommended him a yellow coat, with purple braiding to match, I think he smelt a rat—he did not ask me to Carlton House for nearly a month afterwards. He had, however, uncommon cleverness in making punch, which was, I think, the best thing he did—and when a man can do that well, it is wrong for any person to speak disparagingly of his talents. He was very civil to me always; but I cut him at the time of the Catholic question. I wonder what kind of a postmaster the Marquess of Conyngham will make. Perhaps it may be only mere rambling in me to introduce his name on the present occasion, but writing notes makes a man gossipy. As *I have* rambled, however, I do not wish to conclude without asking what has become of the verses—the *printed verses*, *my good friend*—written as an epitaph on the old fat king, immediately after his death. They were very bad. I only remember a few.

"Here lies the corpse of George the Fourth,
A fellow without wit or worth.
Rotten through life in soul and thought,
His body is laid here to rot."

The rest is just as infamous. We wish that somebody would send it to us, and the name of the author.—M. O'D.

SOME PASSAGES IN A VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

AND now, my own dearest little Lizzy, we have reached the top of this accursed staircase! The ascent is as tedious, as tiresome, as winding, as wearisome, as slippery, and therefore, Lizzy, as dangerous, as that to the very topmost stone of Quin's high tower—

"Our abbey's old monastic tower."

And shall we be in like manner rewarded by the view? You let your long dark eye-lashes fall in soul-fraught shadow upon the deep blue orbs beneath, and you smile a sweet, an enthusiastic, "No!" You are right! Your mind, my girl, is far away!—it is possessed by a vision of our own romantic land! But let the fond illusive recollection pass away. Remember we are going to see mere things—mere

toys of art. We are not to measure them by the high standard of our own thoughts, our own recollections, our own sympathies, our own aspirations. Painting is at the best a small art—and an art most artificial. I speak of it in reference to the fine arts—not to arts mechanical; and I say it is a small art. So thought Napoleon. The asinine dauber of canvass will sneer at the idea of the emperor's asserting an opinion upon such a subject. But would Michael Angelo or Raphael do so, had they flourished under the shadow of his greatness? Most assuredly they would not. The stock-jobbing secretary, Bourrienne, ridiculed Napoleon's taste in poetry! But Béranger, in the pervading wisdom and full truth of genius, declared that Napoleon,

albeit he had never penned a couplet, was the greatest poet of modern times, and haply of all times:—" *Le plus grand poëte des temps modernes; et peut-être de tous les temps.*" And so he was, my Lizzy—and in like manner was he the greatest actor and the greatest painter. The fact is, that the man of genius is every thing in *posse*—that is, he can be any thing when occasion may require,—even the warrior of the working day—even the athlete of the needful hour. The feeble frame of a Cæsar, the delicate form of an Alexander, becomes instinct with giant strength under the impulse of the almighty mind. You smile, Lizzy, at my *enthusiasm*, and I know the meaning of your smile; but really I have said all this merely to strengthen the force of my authority; and I now repeat that I do think with Napoleon—Napoleon, the imbodiment of the genius of the greatest age of the world—that painting is a small art. It is, I again say, an art artificial—and our taste for it is altogether factitious. We relish it not in youth, the season of warm and true sensation. It is gradually created for us as we advance in years; and this after we have once and for ever determined to admire. In a word, it is an art which furnishes forth but a distant approximation to the truth of things, and one in which there is not, and there cannot be intrinsically the least illusion—to him, perhaps, I should say, who is not under the power of a spell—his own enthusiasm, wrought by long dreaming of results impracticable and effects impossible—a spell which, like the faëry ointment, gives grace, and beauty, and the innumerable glories of the specious miracle, to things themselves cold and incapable. Look to your historical pictures! What are they? The poet says:

"Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one glance from time."

A glance!—ay, truly, it is but a glance, and that seldom, if indeed ever, a correct one, for the artist sacrifices all to effect—fact, costume, scene, circumstance—every thing must be bent to suit his idea of that which ought to be accessory to a delightful picture. As a record of things, as an imbodiment of events, pictures are useless—as an abstract exemplification of passions, they are very feeble. They cannot

compare for an instant with sculptured marble, which has in it the touch of reality, albeit cold reality—nor can they compete with the mere sketch in outline of a Retsch. As an abstract representation of congregated beauties—as in the Venus of Titian, the Madonna of Murillo—again do they fall far behind the works of the sculptor, and afford but a cold and meagre resemblance of any of the "cunning patterns of excelling nature," though many have been rendered tributary to the creation of the painter. Next, as to landscapes, why, Lizzy, these be perchance the least real of any one of the productions of the pencil. It seldom happens that a man can recognise in a landscape a scene with which he is familiar; and I should think never yet was there a spot of earth, now seen for the first time, identified in your mind's eye with the painting of it, over which you had from time immemorial expatiated in rapture. Trees are introduced where trees never did grow—water, as false as the mirage of the desert—ruins, moss-adorned and ivy-clad, where structure never yet was raised; and, then, as for the hues in which earth and sea and sky are clothed, they have existed once, and the artist saw them—happy hues!—and he transferred them to his canvass—and he glories accordingly in them, as though they were a grand invention of his own: certainly, they never will exist again; and therefore I presume it is, or at least should be, that you are expected to admire them for their rarity, or rather singularity, and to be very grateful to the man who had the cleverness to catch them as they gleamed, and the talent to embody them in his colours. Well, then, Lizzy, be grateful; but when you come to see the vale of Tempe, or the vale of Arno, or any other such storied place, you will want, after uttering due lamentations for the lack of the trees, and bowers, and towers, and so forth, which you remembered as things of grace and beauty in the pictures—you will want the loan of the peculiarly coloured glasses through which the artist looked upon the scene—yellow, or green, or blue, or grey—and then perhaps you may be led to acknowledge, if not positively to believe, that the scene you are gazing upon is the scene which was painted. You remember at Greenwich, yesterday, the old pen-

sioner furnished you with yellow glasses, that made the whole country around look like Lord Durham's face, or a landscape of Turner's. You do not understand what I mean just now; but I will shew you one of the artist's grand pieces of flaming yellow nonsense, by and by, and then you will feel the force of my illustration.

Hah! you think our run upstairs, for such it almost was, has put me out of humour, though not out of breath, being mountain-bred. Perhaps it has, Lizz—but it was the dust, and not the distance. I feel, indeed, that I have been throwing forth some notions which would strike horror ineffable into the minds of the patrons, and raise a rage unquenchable in the breasts of the professors of the art. I am sorry for it, because painting is a gentle craft. It has been followed by men of the very highest intellect; several of those now pursuing it are scholars and gentlemen, and my friends, and I love them much. So, Lizzy, with all feeling of kindness to the art, and all possible disposition to be delighted, let us boldly rush through the adverse crowd. We will endeavour to make our way into the great room at once. You will only have some dozen pictures to look at—the rest you may pass by unheedingly. I will shew you the works which Wilkie, Landseer, Stanfield, Calcott, Eastlake, and MacClise exhibit; and shall beg of you to bestow a passing glance upon the productions of one or two others.

* * * * *

What a throng of portraits! Ay, well may you say so. I never can see them without thinking of the indignant burst of "Glorious John"—

"Good Heaven! that sots and knaves
should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may
remain,
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!"

And, apropos to that, Lizzy, I will shew you two portraits, one of which is a libel and the other a jest. Behold Wordsworth!—you cannot believe it—that rough, clumsy, frowzy, old, sturdy beggarman, with small eyes and narrow nostrils—he the author of *Dion and Laodameia*—he the poet of wild nature! he whose whole soul is fraught with high and gentle sympathies—

"Sympathies

Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior kinds!"

Impossible!—I would fain agree with you, my Lison, for it is a vile libel! The painter may indeed tell me it is very like. Be it so. But I would then only cite against him the maxim of our law, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." It is an atrocious resemblance. How different from that which ought to be the portraiture of a poet! Likeness should be ever there, as Dryden observes—

"But still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language
drest."

You maintain that there must be some mistake in the catalogue, and that the picture was intended as an imbodiment of Scott's old bedesman, Edie Ochiltree. Certainly the fact of the cloak, or blue gown, being wrapped so carefully about his nether-man, doubtless to conceal the rents in his inexpressibles, and the blue cap extended in quest of charity, would seem to countenance this hypothesis. But no, Liz; do you not perceive, from the lack of speculation in the eye, and the dull, frozen, impassible expression of the face, that the poor fellow in the picture is deaf (which Edie was not), and probably dumb. He has in all likelihood been writing down a statement of his deplorable case with that pencil yet in his hand, in the hope of attracting the notice of some benevolent passenger. But, all joking apart, it really is too bad to turn poor Wordy into one of the *gens de casquette*!

Now for the jest: it has been perpetrated by the same artist. If it were to be applied practically, however, to the person of Jack Murray, I know who would be an angry man. Only fancy our jovial friend Jack being compelled to sit bolt upright, and look pretty in an arm-chair, and read proofs with the gravity of a tea-drinking mandarin! It is very funny! But as Jack likes the picture, I will say no more about it. Enough of this. Let us betake ourselves to the consideration of other matters; and first, Lizzy, to one of the two gems of the exhibition, "A Scene of the Olden Time at Bolton Abbey." Is it not a title rich in associations? All, all of Wordsworth's most exquisite "Tale of Tears" shadows the mind with a sweet and

holy feeling of gentle sorrowfulness! You dream, my Lizzy, of "the consecrated Emily" and her lowly friend, the soft-paced doe. But again dismiss your dream; the scene we have to gaze upon has nothing of the soul-striking pensiveness you imagine. We have to deal with times long before the sumptuous Priory had felt "the bitterness of wrong and waste." Come! here we are in the refectory; the door is open, and gives us a glimpse of the glories of the ancient pile: the prior is in presence — an awful man, just touched with years; the stalwart frame has begun, and only begun, to relax into corpulency, and that evidently from the new indulgence of dignified ease and the lack of accustomed exercise; for these magnificent limbs are not the limbs of a cloistered monk. Many and many a time has that broad chest swelled and that haughty nostril been expanded to the breezes of the mountain; many and many a day of free and sweet toil has it taken to develop those splendid muscles. Higher attributes, however, has he than those of mere physical conformation: look at that magnificent brow — that pile of a brow — in which thought, and will, and power seem enthroned. Bow down, Lizzy, to the impersonation of mighty intellect! bow down in your knowledge and gentleness, as your fair sister the peasant-girl of the picture does in her ignorance and humility. But mark! the prior is reading a letter. What be the purport of its contents? We are told it is an epistle of compliment, comprising an inventory of the various heads of game, and so forth, exhibited to his view. An epicurean twinkle in the corner of the eye, and his portly person, are quoted in support of this theory. I believe it not; I will not believe it: that letter is touching matters of high import. The Neville or the Percy is about to raise his banner, and shout his war-cry against the king or against the Scot; and he prays the aid of his dear friend and kinsman, the most reverend prior, with his following. And is not that prior as well able to wield a battle-axe in foughten field as was the mitred lord of Beauvais? Or else the letter advises him of the perilous assaults made upon holy church by the zeal and labours of some heretic — some preacher of the reformed faith, — and invokes him to stretch forth the arm of power to crush

the apostle of innovation; and in either case he is meditating, even as he reads, whether it will be advisable or expedient for him to embark in the enterprise to which he is so earnestly invited. He gazes intently upon the scroll, though he has ceased to regard the words, to wring a new, an occult meaning — an omen — an inspiration, from it. In the words of the poet —

"His mind is wandering away, away!"

In vain does the forester kneel at his feet, pointing to the haunch of a magnificent "stag of ten;" in vain is the floor strewn with gastronomic treasures —

"The treasures of earth, of sea, of air;"

in vain does a lay brother stand in all humility at his side, with a salver gleaming with the richest cordials; in vain does a groom, bearing some noble's cognizance on his shoulder, gaze upward to his countenance in the depth of awe and admiration, waiting to catch a glance and deliver, with some courtly message from his lord, the heron and bittern wherewith he is loaded; in vain does one of the loveliest girls that ever adorned earth, that ever made earth glad some with her presence — in vain does she stand before him with downcast eyes, cheeks gently flushed, and swelling bosom — even she remains unheeded! The prior's mind has expanded far beyond the circumstances whereby he is surrounded. — This, Lizzy, is my theory of the picture. But, setting the story it may convey aside, let us examine it again in detail. Can any thing be more exquisite? What character, and how appropriate the character conveyed in all those figures! We have spoken of the prior; now mark the lay brother: he is of common clay; the lines of servility are on his brow and withered countenance; he watches the prior with moist eye, and it is the eye of a menial. The forester, albeit kneeling, has more of the consciousness of manhood; he has something of the freedom of the forest in his look and bearing, vassal though he be. The groom is a younger servant, and in him, added to the awe for the prior as the feudal lord, which alone perchance remains with the vassals of the abbey, there is a touch of superstitious reverence for the dignified ecclesiastic, well evinced in the earnest concentrated gaze wherewith he contemplates, without that

calmness and self-possession which would enable him to peruse, the dread and venerated features. And now look at the girl,—she is a peasant girl, an English peasant girl. What exquisite truth of beauty there is in that form and face! A vision of some such being must have possessed the mind of Wordsworth when he spoke of the woman that a man might indeed love, as
 “A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For gentle sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

How exquisitely English she is! Look at the soft blue eyes, shaded by their long silken lashes—look at the sunny hair—look at those kindly features, irregular, it is true, but redolent of gentleness and love—look at that beautiful bosom, swelling with the lightness of full youth, and suffused with a tingling fear! Is she not, I will not say

the most beautiful, but one of the most loveable beings you ever gazed upon? How well does her plain russet garb become her! How well do its dark and coarse hues contrast with the fairness and beauteous sheen of that neck and bosom, to which a loving sun has only lent a rich and healthful hue! They talk—that is to say, your enthusiastic lauders of old masters talk—of the necessity of giving fine classic flowing robes to your imbecilities in painting of beauteous womanhood; but here, Lizzy, is a mere English peasant-girl, really appearing as she might in nature, without the adventitious aid of art—coarse gown, coarse stockings, coarse shoes, a strap and buckle round the waist; and yet I hesitate not to say, that she can compete in beauty and truth with any creation of the pencil, ancient or modern. Surely the lines of one of our native poets might be well used as a description of her:

“Of Landseer's maiden innocence and truth,
 The beam of beauty and the bloom of youth;
 Blithe as the lark that pours his morning lay,
 Pure as the drop that sparkles on the spray,
 Fresh as the rose, whose opening blooms dispense
 Perfume that soothes, yet vivifies the sense!
 No tortures cramp her limbs or swathe her waist,
 But there she stands, unfettered and unbraced—
 Model for sculpture, symmetry, and rule,
 For early Greece or late Canova's school;
 Form to call back, as glancing to the sky,
 And fix the poet's heavenward-rolling eye.”

But enough of poesy, though you do look “bravo!” I love the impersonation, Lizzy, especially because it is so real. There is that in it which we have all seen and loved; there is nothing beyond that we have seen and loved, and which might destroy our sympathy from the feeling that we were dealing with a being of a superior essence, and of a higher order.

I have detained you long before this exquisite picture, but I cannot leave it, Lizzy, without pointing out to you how admirably is every thing finished. All the accessories—observe, they have each a character! Every “bit” of the picture (to use the artist's phrase) is in itself a treasure; a peculiar and appropriate character has been imparted to every object, animate and inanimate, from the lordly prior to the prior's lap-dog, who sits at his feet in all the pride and sleekness of a minion. Mark the stag-hounds! do they not display the bearing befitting their nobler nature, aweared, but unabashed and un-

embarrassed in the dread presence? Again, observe the dog of my lord's groom has caught something of the servile taint of his master; and, moreover, he is of inferior kind. Why talk of the swan—the stately ornament of gentle waters—stretched as it is upon the flags in dead dignity, with a gracefulness surviving animation? The mallard? No!—it is idle: these things have never before been painted as Landseer paints them. I must, however, for a moment, call your attention to the trout. Be they not well worthy “our own sweet lake”—Inchiquin, I mean—which, all unknown to fame though it be, hath more of real pure loveliness about it than ninety-nine out of the hundred of those lakes upon which all the pomp of praise has been lavished by Scott and others? But look on these trout!—see, Lizzy, the moisture of their native waters yet glitters on their backs: they are absolutely alive! The gills of one are dilated gaspingly in the ungenial

element; a bend-wavy (as the heralds might call it) of the tail of the other—a spasmodic action, declares that he, too, is instinct with the remains of life, and that he is faintly writhing in the throes of expiring animation. The very crucifix the prior wears, the book he holds under his arm, with that air of ease and familiarity, which shews that the volume and he are old companions, would be of itself sufficient to make the reputation of an aspiring artist. All the surfaces, I may add, too, are done in the most masterly manner; and yet that not old-masterish. No dust has been rubbed in to give the picture (itself at best a perishable thing, and destined to no very long period of existence) an aspect of dingy eld: all is fresh, fair, bright, true, exquisite painting!

As to the faults of the picture as a thing of art, I cannot see them—I will not acknowledge them. The artists remark, that Landseer paints his human hair after exactly the same style that he paints his terriers' hair. There is no terrier in the picture! They refer, however, let us suppose, to former paintings. But the assertion is ridiculous! Look at the girl's sunny hair—not that even; but look at all the hair of all the heads in the picture, excepting only the forester's, and what is there in them like the coarseness of dog's-hair? There is in the forester's: but wherefore? The hair is grizzled!—old Time has done that. Besides, he is in the situation of the fair Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs; the which, you remember, she narrated to the sympathising and admiring company, under the cover of an adjuration to "the living Jingo." He is—no, he is not—but he has been, in "a muck of sweat;" and his hair, now something thinned by age, is matted; and never, I do say, was this condition of human hair better represented upon canvass than it is here by Landseer. And most glorious use has he made of the thinness of the hair to display the sutures and the processes—the moulding, in a word, of the head and brow, and the tracery of the great veins. Away, then, with the paltry objection! There is another, on which I will not condescend to dwell: it is, that he has dragged his pencil, in painting the girl's bosom, so as to leave a rough and coarse appearance in its texture. If the critic had not come within an inch of the picture, where he had no

business to be, he would not have ascertained this fact. Every thing, in sooth, that has been attempted, has been effected; and the picture altogether is one of the most perfect that ever issued from the easel of an artist. A friend of mine, himself a painter and a man of genius, declares that Landseer's art has never been surpassed in this or any other country. "Talk of the old masters!" exclaims he; "their surface, richness, depth, colour, and what not! — his pictures have all their good qualities, with some peculiarly his own."

I quite agree with him. Happy is the Duke of Devonshire, who can now buy such pictures as a scene of Bolton Abbey in the olden time! pictures which, at some future day, will be to the dilettante things above all price. My friend maintains, moreover, that the power of well representing upon canvass external objects is no ordinary gift; and who, of the present set of men, I have heard him say, can do this better or so well as Landseer? Look at his finish and facility combined; no slavish, laboured detail, but his eye takes in the entire object to be portrayed, and he executes it *à trait de pinceau*, in a manner no man living but himself can accomplish. Wilkie does it, Leslie does it; but in a way perfectly distinct from him and from each other, and certainly after a manner shewing more of care and effort, and much less of ease and of enchantment.

But now turn we to one of the artists I have named—to Wilkie; a painter of great talent and of great versatility of talent, and one of whom British art may well be proud, since he has won a European celebrity. His “Blind Fiddler,” his “Day of Waterloo,” his “Rat-Hunt,” are the very first of their kind. No Dutchman ever did any thing half so good. But I cannot refrain from observing, in support of the opinion I so warmly urged on the staircase, that Wilkie’s painting of a rat-hunt is in the last degree contemptible, as compared with Cobbett’s description of the same; I mean that hideous old man I shewed you near the House of Commons the other evening—the man that I remarked to you looked like a hyæna on his hind legs. You remember him! Well, he described a rat-hunt in an introduction to one of the papers in his *Register*; and hang me, Lizzy, if a more spirit-

stirring thing I ever read in my life ! It was as good as ten minutes of a fox-chase, and that is saying a great deal for a couple of pages of a printed book. Let us look at the pictures, however, and talk of the men that made them.

Wilkie! ay! In addition to those pictures in which he is unrivalled, he has painted others with success; but a success much more dubious. I have not seen that for which some of his brother-artists accord him the highest praise, "John Knox preaching before Queen Mary;" and I certainly cannot put faith in it upon authority. The strong impression on my own mind is, that Wilkie cannot paint ladies or gentlemen; I believe him to be essentially the painter of low life; I think it is a vain ambition which leads him to the attempt beyond it. In the picture to which I have been alluding, I can accordingly well understand him to have depicted with entire fidelity the stern, rude fanatic and his followers; but that he could have embodied in representation the lovely lady and her gentle Maries I cannot imagine. Look at his portraits, and begin with the best: "Her Majesty of England." As a picture it is elaborate, and yet appears ill-finished. There is an air of effort, ay, and of stiffness and constraint, about the accessories. Did any body ever see a lady with such a pocket-handkerchief, and so held, in her hand? Next, consider it as a portrait. It is a likeness undoubtedly, and as truly is it well nigh, literally to speak, a likeness *couleur de rose*; and yet not a flattering likeness, or, perhaps I might say, a just likeness. Wilkie, in truth, has made our gracious mistress look neither like a queen nor a lady. We have only a spare figure, every limb of which would appear to have been rendered rigid under the appalling consciousness of being invested in royal robes.

Now see the Duke of Wellington, "the very topmost man of all the world." You laugh; and so indeed you well may. Bad colouring! worse drawing! composition *bizarre*, ambitious, but puerile—miserable in the extreme! Pass over that, however, and the brick-dust hue which predominates in this, as in several of the pictures he exhibits, and observe the drawing. Why, Lizzy, the mistakes in it are absolutely ludicrous! The youngest pupil

of the Academy, one would think, could scarcely be betrayed into them.

The "Spanish Mother," as you observe, is much better than the portraits, but yet utterly unworthy of the artist's fame. Here, again, there is queer drawing. Here we have a most puzzling confusion of legs and arms. There is an obvious want of canvass on the left of the picture; and decidedly some indication of the lady's foot on this side should have been given, to set our minds at ease as to her actual position. You are not quite sure, indeed, as it seems, that she is not all legs, like a Manx halfpenny; and that she is not, in rivalry of the rotatory powers of that agile coin, about to trundle herself round and round on the settee. Nor do I, more seriously to speak, like the expression of her countenance. It is not that of a mother alone with her child, and unconscious of the gaze of other eyes. There is a leer in the eye and a moist smile on the lips that is quite out of character with the unmixed purity of the pastime in which she is engaged. Nor does the child please me. He bears a close, but not very felicitous, resemblance to Sir Joshua Reynolds's Puck.

At length we come to a painting of Wilkie's that does honour to the master. Here it is—a little cabinet picture—the subject, "Not at home." Here the colouring is exquisitely unctuous and transparent, and withal richly sombre: it would do no dishonour to one of the ancient Spanish masters. There are, you observe, one figure and two heads—one, you think, too many—that from the lattice. I know not that I can altogether agree with you—but yet I certainly cannot praise that head: it is a discord, and not one scientifically arranged to the general harmony of the picture. Let us, however, read the story. Here is an old gentleman, who has ridden sundry miles, standing on the doorstep of his young kinsman's house. He is undoubtedly the scamp's natural guardian. The door is half open; yet whatever may be the right, there decidedly is no means of entry. A stalwart serving-man has placed himself in the breach—an unscrupulous, a ruthless rascal, who has advanced to age in campaigning under the auspices of youthful spendthrifts against duns and bailiffs. His head and shoulders

are alone visible—the one worthy of the Earth-shaker—the head excellent, most excellent of its kind: both are ready to be withdrawn at the instant; while the heavy hand, incumbent on the interior of the door, is applied to the purpose of slamming it in the face of the obnoxious visitor. The fellow has just uttered, with all the impassable firmness of surly civility, the irrevocable “Not at home, sir.” The annoyance, the bewilderment, of the precise old man, who is evidently moulded of gentle clay, is admirably, is triumphantly expressed. So is the malicious feeling of enjoyment in the servant’s countenance—that countenance in which, by long indulgence in gross debauch, at the expense of his master’s cellar, the blood has been curdled, and the muscles of the lips slaveringly relaxed; so that under the expression of excitement—that excitement now being the servile instinct to wrong, which causes him to gloat over the old man’s confusion—they become, of necessity, pursed, or rather let me call it puckered. As for the head of the young man, though I cannot agree with you in wishing it away altogether, I must confess “it likes me not.” You are quite right in saying that he never was, and never will be, and never can be a gentleman—no, he is a mere coarse sot: and certainly there is something disgusting in his dirty cigar (which, by the way, from his position, must necessarily have offended the nostrils of his cleanly old relation), smoked at such an hour, during such a glorious glare of sunshine—and this in the trellised shade of all sweet-smelling parasites. Phaugh! it is very nasty! This, however, may not offend every body as it does us; and I certainly cannot object to the probability of the whole scene, though this passage of it be unpleasant to contemplate. I have only one other remark to make upon the picture which would not be laudatory: it is that the lights are something overloaded.

We will now, with your good leave, my Lizzy, look at the four or five good landscapes which adorn the rooms. There is an exquisite scene by Calcott—laid, according to the catalogue, at Cologne. It is very, very beautiful—seldom, indeed, has it been surpassed. Here, too, is another, styled “Dutch Peasants waiting the return of a passage-boat.” By Jupiter, Lizzy, has he

not made even Dutchmen graceful for once, and so caused their vulgar, albeit animated clay, to harmonise with the glories of earth, and sea, and sky, which he has assembled and depicted. Calcott is undoubtedly a great master of his craft; and, better and moreover, he has a high and gentlemanly mind. There is one other picture of his, which we will admire by and by—“Recollections of the Campagna di Roma.” It is, as a friend of mine has happily observed, one of the most charming chimney-piece ornaments which could possibly be devised. Would there not be something strangely delicious in having dreams of the faëry land of Italy, the clime of soft and voluptuous sunshine, suggested to your mind as you gaze upwards, while a sea-coal fire was blazing at your feet! Italia, O Italia! We are near another imbodiment of a passage of its beauty—“The Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,” by Stanfield. You are enchanted with it, and so you should be, for it is indeed a happy portraiture of a most glorious scene. But come and look at Turner. That you should derive any pleasure from the view, I should rub your eyes with the faëry ointment, so that you might gaze under the spell enacting “That nothing is, save what is not.” But, as a matter of curiosity, look at one of his best pictures; you never saw any thing like it in dull reality. No, it is a bilious vision which has visited the artist, between sleep and wake; and in the grace of the outline there is something yet left of the inspiration of the divine dream.

Come to Eastlake: he has several pictures in the rooms, and, Lizzy, they are one and all deserving of the very highest commendation. “The Italian Peasant Girl;” is that not wrought forth in the purest and truest tints? Giorgione, Murillo, Titian might acknowledge it with pride! It is a grand portraiture—an imbodied representation of Italy itself in the person of its genius. Surely that cheek and brow, they have that whereof Byron talks as characterising an Italian heaven—

“ — that clear obscure—
So softly dark and darkly pure.—”

And calm, and smooth, and beautiful as is that surface, mark you no indication of the all-withering fire of the volcano underneath? Is there not the expression of the full force of passion

in the depths of those large black mirror-like eyes, all tranquil though they be at present? Might not those veins, think you, run lava if the heart were only once affected with the burning rage of love, or hate, or jealousy? But a truce to this! Let us descend from airy speculation to downright reality. I think it is Mirabeau, a mighty authority upon the lore of the human heart, who says that an Italian woman doth only believe herself beloved when her lover is ready to commit a crime for her. Is not that face of dusky beauty an admirable illustration of that doctrine? But now, as the eye glances to the gentle countenance of the English peasant girl in Landseer's picture, I do bethink me of a passage in a poem which I have but just read, and one which applies so well to either peasant girl, that I must repeat it for you. I quote from a dramatic poem, "Philip Van Artevelde."

He was in the ancestral line of the great Dutch philosopher Euistern Artevelde, with whom we are acquainted. The regent, comparing the beauties of his dead wife with those of his living lady-love, whom he is now wooing, says to the Italian,—

"——'tis true

A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which, being gone, its very duplicate
Is counted in its place. Yet waste so
great

Might you repair, such wealth you have
of charms,

Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion; her's was
light

And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place; her skin else-
where

White as the foam from which in happy
hour

Sprang the thalassian Venus: your's is
clear,

But bloodless; and though beautiful as
night

In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day.
Such is the tint of your diversity,—
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair!"

I love these lines, Lizzy, first, because they are beautiful, secondly, because they express ideas which I have myself enjoyed, and felt, and thrown forth in conversation. I know a lady the very counterpart of Taylor's Elena; she is quite as lovely! and I remember suggesting earnestly to a friend of mine to paint her as the Queen of

Night, or, in Shelley's words rather, "the Spirit of Night." You know the damsel that I mean. Well! would she not look "beautiful exceedingly," unethereally lovely, were she depicted with her long dark locks floating abroad, and her delicate form enwrapped

—— "In a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought."

There are other pictures of Eastlake's, which I will shew you by and by. There is a likeness of Miss Bury, drawn as a saint, with flaxen hair streaming on either side of a brow which is at once pale and fair: it is painted after the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, and I fancy you will think it not unworthy of the master. There is also, in the next room, a portrait of a lady in Italian costume, which is a very triumph of art,—so exquisitely is the purity of the delicate lace bordering the bosom, and the richer living hues of the bosom itself, brought forth—each enhancing the other as they together fix the view. But let us haste to the only historical picture which Eastlake has this year exhibited,—historical picture, or composition, or whatever else may be the phrase for a depicted passage in human life wherein there is more than a solitary actor. The character of all men, let them but be of the higher order of intellect, may be traced in their works, provided these works be of no mean or unbecoming nature, such as necessity may compel or waywardness induce us on occasion to be engaged upon withal. Now the conviction in my soul, as I gaze upon the paintings of Eastlake, is, that he must be a scholar and a gentleman,—a man of elegant mind, of gentle feelings, of refined sensibilities, and of expanded sympathies; one, in a word, that I should wish to be of the number of my friends. But I must at the same time say, notwithstanding all my admiration of his works, that I do feel there is something wanting in them. Is it soul, or enthusiasm, which is its symbol? I cannot pretend to say; something, however, is wanting. It strikes me as though he were too downright English ever to achieve the highest glory as a painter. My feelings of his works and this want in them is analogous to that which Byron describes as prevailing towards the Lord of Amundeville. I cannot explain my meaning better. The picture represents "The

escape of Francesco di Carrara, last lord of Padua, and Taddea d'Este, his wife (who was ill at the time) from the power of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan." So saith our catalogue; and further, it gives us the passage of history which the artist has illustrated.

" Dans les déserts et parmi les rochers, des émissaires de Visconti étoient aux aguets pour surprendre les fugitifs : partout les voyageurs étoient entourés de dangers, et François de Carrare, après avoir marché tout le jour dans les chemins tortueux qui sillonnent ces âpres montagnes, soutenant de son bras sa femme au bord des précipices, n'osoit point le soir entrer dans une maison pour s'y reposer ; à Ventimiglia le podestat les fit poursuivre par ses archers."—*Sismondi, Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, tom. vii.

The escape! It is well to know the fact, lest from the power of the painter we might be led to make those woes and fears which were another's our own by gentle sympathy. We should scarcely, in sooth, have anticipated an escape; so beset with dangers and difficulties is the savage path trodden by the fugitives. Is it not a grand group? The lady! Oh, she is sick, sick,—clinging in the extremity of fear and suffering—of mighty anguish, and still mightier love, to her right noble husband. And he—was there ever yet seen a more gallant cavalier? The paleness of will unalterable, of courage imperturbable, is on his cheek and brow; the blood has rallied in force at his body's citadel, the heart; and as with Lara in his last battle,

" In him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair."

One hand is on the hilt of his sword. He may be compelled to stand at bay upon the instant! His life will at least be dearly sold! The other hand gently presses his lady's arm, and that thrilling touch assures her—

" My friends may falter, and my band
may flee ;"
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"

The head, and form, and aspect of the boy leading the mule, too, is admirably conceived and executed. The colouring, by the way, in this, as indeed in all Eastlake's pictures, is eminently Titianesque. He brings out the flesh in precisely the same manner, by means of that self-same russet shading in the outline. Come to the next room, and

see his " Martyr." * * * *
In this figure will you not allow that he has in no small degree attained and achieved

" The tints of Titian and Correggio's grace!"

How delicately well is the expression of the countenance managed! Here is the courage of Christ's soldier most admirably displayed. The eyelids are closed, but they have not all concealed the meek resigned expression of the orbs beneath. You see the arrow fixed in the trunk of the tree to which the martyr is fastened. The last day I was here I heard a young painter observe, with no less truth than naïveté, " A common villain, sir, would have stuck that arrow in his side." I am afraid, however, that the original honour of the bad shot belongs to Titian.

* * * *
Stop! here is one of Stanfield's Venetian pictures. It is painted under a strange, although no doubt true aspect, of the heavens. The figures are well-drawn and grouped, and it is altogether a fine painting. " It likes me not" so well, however, as the smaller one we before so enthusiastically admired. If I were not afraid of being supposed to mingle political prejudice with my feeling towards the picture, I would tell you there is too much of grey in it. You have seen enough—you are tired—you wish to go away. No, Liz, no! there is one more picture you must visit—ay, in the high enthusiasm of a pilgrim. But softly! Upon Addison's principle, as set forth in the introductory part of the first paper in the *Spectator*, I will furnish you with a reason for " enthusiasm." You remember that maudlin old proser talks of one's enjoyment in the perusal of a book being enhanced by our acquaintance with the fact of whether the author be a tall man or a short, of a fair or of a dark complexion, and so forth; in a word, by our knowing the author. He expresses the opinion prettily, as usual, and, as usual, feebly. He stole it from—I cannot immediately recollect from whom—but, at all events, from a writer of male mind, who had accordingly put forth his thoughts with vigour. No matter; if the doctrine be correct (and such I assuredly believe it to be) it should hold good as well with respect to creators of works of art as with the composer of books. There-

fore is it I am anxious to shew you the painter of the picture to which we are about to wend our way. Do you see that tall, slender youth, with the neck-erchief rather flung round than folded on a fair and muscular neck, and those blackest elf locks, clustering in orderly confusion about his head and brow? That is the painter of "The Installation of Captain Rock," which we are now going to see. His name? Why, it is not the most euphonious or sentimental in the world—Daniel MacClise. But "what's in a name," &c. &c., Lizzy? Look at him, and tell me if you be not persuaded that he must be a man of genius. I must *tell you*, by the by, that he is my *beau idéal* of a German student; not one of the mere filthy herd, who are only fit to puff away their souls with the aid of Meerscham pipes, and patter Kant (if I may be allowed the pun), but a sort of Novalis—a gentle idealist, who lives in his own world—a man familiar with high thoughts, and choicest impulses, and noblest aspirations, and the mute influences of incommunicable dreams. Can you not conceive him even now, as he stands in personal solitude amidst the buzzing throng—there being no communion whatsoever between his mind and the surrounding crowd—can you not conceive his soul and senses to be wrapt in the contemplation of some grand theorem of transcendental philosophy; some forlorn yet pleasing speculation concerning God and Destiny, Freewill and the judgment of the last great day, the phantasmal forms of things, the mystery of existence, and the secrets of the grave? Or may he not, in sweet and subtle thought, be analysing and separating and defining the various differences, properties, and accidents of Soul and Mind, to use the language of the ancient Pythagoreans; or of Understanding and Reason, to adopt the phraseology of the modern transcendentalists? He may;—the wildered glance of that deeply-meaning eye, and that massive freely-chiselled brow, "sicklied o'er (as it is) with the pale cast of thought," declare that he may. Yet is he not! Visions of such matters, I should believe, have never heretofore possessed or shadowed his mind, all dreamer and mystic though he be; as is every man of genius upon occasions—every man who has the higher powers of the intellect, who has the almighty will

and the illimitable capability of excitement, which are the symbols and the implements of Genius. Great, however, he might be in any pursuit to which he chose to devote himself; he might be more and better than a painter. Having selected painting, however, I hesitate not to say, that if life and health be but vouchsafed to him for some years longer, he will be the first painter of his age. He is even now the Dryden; I should not despair of yet seeing him the Shakespeare of his art.

And why the Dryden? I will tell you. In reading the glorious poetry of Dryden, the sense, the feeling most strongly impressed upon one's mind, is of the POET's power, of his manly vigour, of his mighty intellect, which, giant-like, ever rears its head above the subject on which it is occupied, making it look as though it were beneath its full exertion; or as if, at least, its full exertion had not been vouchsafed to it. Ay, Lizzy! for that Intellect still towers above all its own creations, beautiful, august, resplendent, though they be; and conveys unflinchingly to the mind the sensation of indistinct and unlimited vastness. Thus is it in like manner with respect to MacClise's pictures. In gazing on them, we are more deeply impressed with a sense of the vigour and genius of the painter, than with admiration of the painting. The subject, however masterly may be the manner in which it has been treated, appears beneath his powers, and shews as though these vast powers were not all put forth upon it. We feel that he could do better than that on which our eye is resting; and we feel that, had it so pleased him, he might have done *that* better. But enough of disquisition critical and learned; let us go and speak to him. You have guessed he is a friend of mine, for though I have spoken but the truth, I have spoken it fervidly. Come, you cannot fail to like him; for he is one of those kindly beings

"That make the salt of earth."

* * * *

The Academy have behaved very ill to MacClise, in hanging his picture in such a place. He is their own pupil; they have given him all their honours, including the gold medal, which entitles him to spend three years at their

expense in Italy. His fame ought, in no small degree, to be considered by them as theirs; and really, when they could find accommodation in good lights for acres, and literally "dirty acres," of daubed canvass, I think they might have done something better for the youthful artist they had reared.

As I am abusing the Academy upon one point, I may as well go on to abuse them upon another. This is general. The academicians and associates, men whose fame is already made, whether for good or evil, enjoy the privilege of touching their pictures so as to adapt their tints to the particular, and probably the new lights, in which they are placed in the exhibition-rooms. This privilege is denied to all others; so that the young and inexperienced—those who have yet a reputation to create, and who would most need the use of all appliances and means, are precluded from the enjoyment of an indulgence which is accorded to others, who cannot be supposed to be so much in want of it, and who appear in the unenviable position of seeming to reserve it to themselves; not so much from a belief that it can be of any particular use to them, as from a conviction that it cannot fail to be of serious injury to their young competitors. In fact, their conduct in this respect is so excessively mean, so utterly unworthy of an association of Englishmen—Englishmen, who from their very cradle are taught to love fair-play, that it only requires to be known to the public to be abolished. * * From the mode in which this picture is placed, whereby we are absolutely forced up to it by the incumbent crowd, it is necessary that I should tell you the story it conveys, that you may be enabled to enjoy it; and this I will do as shortly and as simply as I may.

The scene is laid in a ruined abbey—a very common sight in the south of Ireland, thanks to the old Fitzgeralds, and Butlers, and the more recent labours of Ireton and Cromwell. It is not quite so usual, however, to see tables spread, and the vulgar process of mastication going forward, in a place hallowed by superstition. But let that pass. There is a crowd assembled, and the business on hand is the installation of a chief, in the room of the last scoundrel who held the office, and whose career (it is to be presumed) has been lately cut short by the bullet of

the policeman, or, more appropriately, by the noose of the hangman. Perhaps that ill-favoured elderly personage, now stretched a corpse upon the tombstone, may be the late Captain Rock. At all events, the fine athletic fellow who is vowing revenge upon the body, is some relation—perhaps the nephew of the defunct rebel. The hunchback, raised upon the shoulders of a kneeling figure (who is laughing at the malicious enthusiasm, the impotent rage and fierceness of his deformed burden), is about, with congratulatory grin, to place an old infantry cap on the head of the young chieftain. Another fellow, in all the valorous excitement of drunkenness, places his paw over the hands of the other figures laid on the breast of the body; they, with various gestures, pledge themselves to vengeance. Three keeners are already engaged; one is chanting forth the praises of the deceased in the wild Ullaloah, and another is adjusting the toes, tying them for the decorous arrangement of the body. Young women, daughters probably of the deceased, in all the abandonment of grief, are flung on the ground, near their father's head. Above these is a descent of figures, bearing in a wounded man; serving to shew that an affray has recently taken place. On the left is a rude table seen in perspective, round which are various figures, engaged in different ways; four with crossed hands, pledging themselves in unity and good fellowship to the cause; others drinking whisky from egg-shells, and so on; while at the top of the table the country schoolmaster, the Philomath, as he would love to be called, is concluding an harangue on the grand topics of the day to a portion of the assemblage. The poor scholar, a youthful Dicky Shiel, is his most attentive auditor; still on the left, in the foreground, are two women, one playing with a child, who is trying to draw a sword—(this would seem to intimate an early familiarity with the use of weapons, which, by the way, the Irish peasant has not)—the other praying on the grave of a relative. There is beside, in the artistic cant, a bit of simplicity in the shape of a child carelessly picking daisies. On the right is a group, of an old Terry alt veteran teaching a young *bosthoun* how to use a gun, the muzzle of the gun being addressed to the spectator's eye as well as the finger of the old wooden-legged

director; a group of girls are fluttered, — one places her hands on her ears, as if dreading the report of the piece; a boCCAUGH, or sham cripple, mad with patriotism and pothien, unbuckles his wooden leg, and flourishes his crutch, — he is actively drunk; another leans on him passively ditto, and his face is expressive of a hiccup. Beyond this group, for the sake of composition, there is a plump of heads — of boys and girls; the latter are engaged in disguising the faces of their “bachelors,” by painting moustaches on them, or by blackening the face all over; kissing and courting are of course going on simultaneously with the business of the hour. The scene takes place after one expedition, and previous to another. The line is completed by a distant group listening to an agitator raised on a barrel, and very like Lord Althorp in the back. Now there is the story of the picture, which, from the air of confusion imparted to it by the bad light, and the proximity to it into which you are compelled by the constant crowd, it would have cost you half-a-dozen visits to make out. That this painting is a work of genius it is scarcely necessary to observe. Nothing can be finer than the drawing throughout; and the colouring, so far as the fair faces of the women are concerned, quite equals any thing that was ever done by Rubens. Still, however, there are many faults; but in sooth they are scarcely separable from the subject, which has been most injudiciously selected: it is one where-with no human being entering the exhibition, unless it be some scoundrel agitator, can have the slightest sympathy. If the visitor be English, his feelings revolt against the portraiture of those Irish kerne — those rebel-ruffians, whose savage deeds, whose atrocious blood-guiltiness he is continually contemplating through the magnifying medium of the lying newspapers. If the visitor, on the contrary, be Anglo-Irish, what are his feelings towards the Rockites? the most intense contempt and hatred commingled — the feeling of the man towards the poisonous reptile: he knows that the Rockites are the most treacherous and cowardly rascals in the wide world, excepting only the agitators by whom they are incited. He is lost in amazement, therefore, to see genius employed upon the depiction of such a *rascaille rabblement*! For myself,

although I cannot but rejoice that the picture has been painted, yet do I deeply regret that MacClintock did not, if I may be allowed to talk trade, change the *VENUE*. Perhaps, however, he was anxious to make a perfectly Irish picture — to represent Irish features and Irish feelings in every form and mood! But this he has not done: drunkenness, recklessness, and the unquenchable thirst for vengeance, are not exclusively Irish. Rockites were not in the habit of holding their “high solemnities” in ruined abbeys, or of bringing their women and children with them to their meetings, like the ancient Germans or the modern Italian banditti. Besides, the women he has painted are not the female peasantry of Ireland; the men he has introduced are Celts, and have all the characteristics of that ill-favoured race: but the women are, one and all, Anglo-Hibernian. That sunny hair, those blue eyes, that delicately-fair complexion, were never yet seen, excepting amongst the English of England and the English of Ireland. They are to be found in no other country, nor amongst any other race under the sun.

You are quite right. The faces of the ladies (for such they be) are as clearly distinguishable from the murky faces of the peasantry as the pure crystal waters of Lake Lemman from the dusky current of the Rhone, with which, cast together though they be, the gentle lake suffers not its glassy floods to mingle. I repeat, then, that I much regret he did not transfer the scene to some other country and some other age; that he did not embody persons in whom we might acknowledge sympathy. Might not some such passage as is here represented be imagined in the history of Spartacus, that immortal slave and rebel? Might we not have him in the ruins of some ancient temple, vowing vengeance against imperious Rome and the Roman name, over the body of some fellow-slave, done to death by the cruelty of his patrician master, and surrounded by the multitude of slaves, male and female, belonging to some great household? Here would have been an opportunity, by the introduction of rich and flowing costume, to relieve the picture from some of that monotony of tone in the colouring which it necessarily acquires from the sombre dresses of the men. Here would be a scene which would strike

every heart with sympathy — every heart, at least, that was conscious of the wrongs which in the olden time were heaped by the guilty few upon the miserable many. But away with these dreams! Amongst the rest, I regret that MacClise painted this particular picture; for I am much afraid that he will be mistaken for a Radical, or, still worse, a Whig: the fact being, that he has never dabbled the least in politics, and has nothing of political feeling, excepting perhaps that instinctive disposition to free and gentle Toryism which is proper to a high-minded gentleman. But let us consider the picture as it actually is. And after one observation or two in blame, let us turn to the more grateful duty of praise. There is a want of unity in the design which injures the effect, though inseparable from the ambitious nature of the subject, which is the representation of a miscellaneous multitude, severally operated upon at a period of high excitement by the feelings proper to their nature. There are in this picture materials for a dozen different pictures, that would be each excellent of its kind. Again, there is the ambitious attempt to represent positive action, which almost always fails miserably, and never can, in my mind, be executed with complete success. I allude to the group in which the *boccaugh* plays the principal part.

And lastly, I would say, the admixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce, as in real life, was a perilous experiment in painting: it rarely succeeds in poetry — rarely even in plain prose, and nothing but high genius could make it other than a failure in “painting mute and motionless.” In a word, to use a familiar illustration, a calm, cold spectator, coming to gaze upon a picture in which the fitful ebullitions of our nature are represented, is pretty much in the situation of a man perfectly sober entering a company excited and flushed with liquor. Nothing, however, can be finer than the expression of the principal figure; there is in it all the nobleness of intense feeling, without the slightest touch of exaggeration. All the women, especially the sister who is tying on the sash, and the delicious little mixx who affects to dread the report of the gun, are most exquisitely depicted. The *chiaro scuro*, too, is better and more artistic in this picture than in any other of MacClise’s I have ever seen; and there is wonderful breadth, when you consider the number of heads and the difficulty of massing the various groups.

Enough, however, for one day; I really cannot think of keeping you longer in the oppressive atmosphere of this crowd. We will turn in again to-morrow, and then I will shew you some exquisitely beautiful drawings by Chalon.

OXFORD AND LORD BROUGHAM.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS! Hackneyed as is that quotation, we must make it once more. We are about again to speak of an exhibition by Lord Brougham. We may, however, extend our extract from Juvenal somewhat beyond these three opening words:

“Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandis
In partes.

— Quid agas, quum dira, et fædior omni
Crimine persona est?”

There has been some critical controversy wasted on the interpretation of the word *persona* in this passage. Dr. Johnson, defending Salmasius against the sneers of Milton — against his *persona regis* — interprets it in the ordinary sense of *person*. The general run of scholars more correctly, as we think, maintain that no Latin writer ever used the word in any other sense than that of *character*. Dr. Johnson might, according to his view of the passage, have thus translated it:

“What can we say, when the mean fellow’s look
In filth surpasses the most foul rebuke?”

Milton would have done something as follows:

“Why rail upon him, when the fame he bears
Is fouler than all charge?”

The admirers of the name and the face of Lord Brougham may choose which version they think the most appropriate.

Ecce iterum Crispinus. Month after month—nay, day after day—we might have rich matter for our pen in the perpetual proceedings of the Lord Chancellor. If we desired to exhibit him as a lawyer, there is scarcely a decision which he attempts in which he does not blunder—scarcely a *dictum* he utters which is not marked either by impertinence or legal ignorance, and generally by a happy mixture of both. The newspapers are now amusing themselves with his unparalleled conduct in the case of Solarte and Palmer (how capitably *that* has been handled in the *Morning Post* !); but there is scarcely a day in which, if his sayings and doings in the Court of Chancery or the House of Lords were attended to with critical eye, that something as absurd, as ignorant, as petulant, and as erroneous, might not be discovered. He boasts that he has but few appeals before him—and nothing can be more true. If he be continued on the woolsack for a few terms longer, he will have neither case nor appeal. No man of sense will dip his property in the chances of such a lottery as the decisions of Brougham. It is really woful to think that the opinions of Lord Tenterden, Sir Launcelot Shadwell, Sir John Leach, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Nicholas Tindal, &c. &c. (Denman we leave to be arranged with as Brougham desires) should be liable to the reversal of a man who, without any knowledge of the difficult science in which they shine as leading lights, or the capacity of industrious application to the subjects laid before him, has been thrust into the highest office of the law because he had the power of making sarcastic speeches in the House of Commons, and might, if his price had not been come up to, been a thorn in the side of the nascent administration of Lord Grey. If Lord Brougham should be in want of an argument to prove that the political and the judicial functions of the Lord Chancellor should be severed, he is supplied with by far the most cogent in his own person. He may say that a flagrant instance has occurred in which a bustling, busy, abusive, and bullying member of the bar, at which he never made the slightest figure as a lawyer, is placed upon the woolsack to decide the knottiest cases that the circle of jurisprudence can supply, and to set aside the decisions of the great masters of the art, with whom not one of his own firmest adherents could have the consummate impertinence to compare him for a moment—and placed there, not because he is qualified as a judge, but feared as a political adventurer. He may appeal to the lords and say, “If your lordships want a proof of the mischief of making politics the passport to the chief judicial office of the realm, look at *me*. To be sure, so extreme a case never before occurred; but still the possibility of its occurrence having been thus proved, ought to make you desirous that it should not be repeated.” And yet this man raved or drivelled about Lord Eldon’s not promoting talent (he meant himself) in the legal profession, and was indignant to think that a practice of sedition was not a sufficient passport to rank at the bar, though it were unaccompanied by any other species of practice. What must he now think of his diatribes on this subject, when he finds that he has it in his power to contradict Sugden while arguing in Equity, and to overrule with contemptuous tongue the counsels of Scarlett or Pollock in Law? Can even he be brazen enough to think that the honours which have been conferred on him were won by his professional merits? If he does, no bronze statue need hereafter be by his admirers erected to his memory. He need only be preserved as a mummy, and set up in *eternam rei memoriam* as a specimen of brass far beyond any thing that Corinth ever exhibited.

He gives us but little opportunity of judging of him as a general politician of late; but he affords us ample occupation in the manner in which he conducts himself in the House of Lords, whether we consider him merely as a peer or as *primus inter pares*. If there were not a more obvious and directly visible cause for his general conduct in that assembly, we should attribute it to a desire of degrading the House and the office which he unfortunately holds. One of the Dukes of Beaufort (we believe) observed, when he saw a person of ungentlemanlike character, or family, or breeding, introduced as a lord into the upper house, that he had always expected to meet with nobody but gentlemen *there* at least, but had now discovered his mistake. Could the duke revive and see who presides in that house, and how the office of presidency is performed, he would, we imagine, be inclined to reverse his proposition, and express his wonder that any gentleman should stay there.

But it is not of these points in the character and behaviour of Lord Brougham

we were about to speak. We intended to have made his name serve merely as an introduction to a few lines about Oxford, and the noble part played by the members of that university in the course of the month just passed. We should perhaps apologise for having spent so much time upon Lord Brougham as a preface; but we were desirous of citing him as an authority on the affairs of Oxford, and we could not avoid bestowing upon him a page or so when once he had been started. We look upon him as being too good a testimony as to what is the value set upon the proceedings at Oxford, by himself and his colleagues, to lose him for a moment. What we have already said is sufficient to prove that we set no high value on his demeanour as a judge, a senator, or a gentleman; but we shall willingly allow him the praise of being a dexterous pleader, and well versed in all the wiles and stratagems of debate. This praise we shall never deny him—taking care, however, at the same time to add, that so far from considering this as a proof of genius, we have always observed it to be the companion of cunning, the remotest thing from genius that can possibly be conceived.

That the installation of the Duke at Oxford had annoyed and irritated the Whig party, nobody can doubt; but that the general conduct of the men of the University was tenfold more bitter in annoyance, is still plainer. Various have been the artifices and affectations under which it has been attempted to conceal this feeling. One writer says that he records the clappings and hootings of the undergraduates as merely “matter of history,” it being of no earthly consequence how or of whom a parcel of noisy boys expressed their approbation or censure. This author must have a fine appreciation of what is fit to be “matter of history.” Another treated the installation as nothing more than the nonsense of the nonage and the dotage of the University; intimating thereby that the opinions formed after a long life of study and reflection, and those expressed in the fine feelings of educated youth, were unworthy of his attention. It may also be remarked, as a curious fact in statistics, that in all the great assembly which met at Oxford, none appeared but the very aged and the very young. Others were loud on the folly displayed by the Oxonians (these were, of course, writers in newspapers, whose wisdom shines so pre-eminently forth on all occasions as to entitle them justly to despise all the rest of the world); and Mr. O’Connell was pleased to remark particularly on the “buffoonery” of the exhibition, which, when we consider what are the habitual exhibitions of the religion by professing and brawling for which Mr. O’Connell makes his professional money, may be considered to be at least amusing. These are the *testimonia* of inferior artists. Lord Brougham may be at least allowed precedence over them, and we therefore cite him at some length.

His lordship took occasion, on the presentation of a petition by the Bishop of Llandaff against the admission of Dissenters into the Universities, to deliver himself of one of those staggering rhapsodies to which we have before alluded as tending so materially to bring the House into contempt. In the observations of the Bishop of Llandaff there was nothing to excite anger—nothing casting blame upon any body of men on earth—nothing but a prayer that the old regulations of the Universities should be respected. There was nothing, in short, to call for a word in reply, when the Lord Chancellor thought proper to abuse Oxford and Cambridge in the most violent terms, and to cover with overweening praise that joint-stock establishment which they call the University of London. It being now admitted on all hands that that establishment is a failure, it may perhaps be pardoned in the Lord Chancellor if he attempts to assist his friends whose money is embarked in it, with any thing that may tend to raise the price of the shares, now some 70 or 80 per cent at a discount. In this charitable design we should not visit him with much severity, only stopping to express a wish that some other place could be found for puffing off tumbling joint-stock speculations than the seat of the Chancellor of England. It would not be considered very correct in Mr. Bish, if he were to take advantage of being member for Leamington to entertain the House of Commons with the choicest puffs on the “last and final” Glasgow lottery. Still less correct, then, can it be in Lord Brougham to take advantage of his chancellorship to disseminate, in the shape of reports of his speeches, unpaid-for advertisements through the newspapers as puffs calculated to raise the market-prices of a humbug more mischievous and more fraudulent than

any lottery that was ever devised. We repeat it, however, it is not with this we quarrel. But, in the name of Goodness! why did he, in performing this Bartholomew Lane sort of business, fall foul with such asperity of the ancient Universities, particularly as Dr. Coplestone had not given him the slightest ground for being angry with the remarks which that *liberal* prelate had thought fit to make? The reason is plain enough, and by and by Lord Brougham explained it.

The Duke of Wellington, after having quietly expostulated with the inconvenient, or rather the disorderly course (disorderly, we mean, as to usual practice) pursued by Lord Brougham in raising a debate on a most important question merely on the presentation of a petition, proceeded to complain of the tone of that learned and respectable personage with respect to the Universities. "If I was surprised," said the Duke, "at the noble and learned lord's departure from the general and more convenient practice of the House in this respect, I was much more so at the tone of his remarks. My lords, the University of Oxford or King's College ought to expect from the high station of the noble and learned lord that he would have defended them from any attack, instead of attempting to put them down on this occasion by misstatements respecting their practice. My lords, it is not true that the student does more at his admission than in fact stating that he is a member of the established church; but on taking a degree he is obliged to sign the articles, to shew his knowledge of and adherence to the doctrines of that church. The noble and learned lord knows this much better than I do; and I must again say, that instead of making such statements as he has just now made, it was to be expected, from the high station which he holds, that he should have been found amongst the defenders of the Universities—that he should not attempt to pull them down by statements with a view to their injury."

Lord Grey thought that he was called upon to answer this, and endeavoured to protect his learned colleague, but in vain. The Lord Chancellor was determined to protect himself, and took care to prevent Lord Grey, who had already risen to speak, from going on. The premier sighed and sat down, leaving his Chancellor to his fate; and the Chancellor proceeded accordingly to sneer at the want of logic of the Duke of Wellington—to admit that he did not hear the speech of Coplestone—to thank Lord Grey for having bid him attend to what was going on; in plain English, for having aroused him out of a tipsy slumber—and after some more rubbish-like verbiage of the same kind, delivered in a manner which no writing can describe, he came to what lurked *altâ mente repositum*—the true reason of his hatred of Oxford, and his desire to insult it whenever any opportunity, no matter how remote or irrelevant, came in his way. Here are the words of the noble and learned lord: "My lords, I am not bound to the Universities by any allegiance. Individually I owe them nothing—the country, no doubt, is greatly their debtor; and, no doubt, the country is disposed to acknowledge the obligation. I NEVER HISSED THEM."

This, then, is the grief! Oxford hissed Lord Brougham—but Lord Brougham, innocent creature, never hissed Oxford. But Coplestone, who wrote a very pleasant vindication of Oxford some five or six-and-twenty years ago against the sneers of Sidney Smith and Brougham's brother Edinburgh reviewers, and we suppose of Brougham himself—it being the only clever thing the aforesaid Coplestone ever did write—might have told Lord Brougham, that if he never hissed Oxford, he had spat venom against it; and that if the hissing had not the effect of that of a serpent, it was because it was as impotent as that of a goose.

His lordship proceeded to say that at a dinner-meeting of the principal scheme jobbers of the London University he attended, and (after a needless sneer against the Duke of Cumberland, who was not taking any part in the debate) he lauded the good behaviour of all present, from the Duke of Sussex, who lent all his weight to the chair, to "the boys of fourteen," who were getting themselves drunk at the side-tables. Their great kindness to Oxford and Cambridge was the most noble and magnanimous feature of this most noble and magnanimous meeting. "I had occasion," said Lord Brougham, "in the course of the proceedings to mention the names of Oxford and of Cambridge. They were received with unmixed applause. I spoke in praise of them, and there was not on that occasion, even during the greatest hilarity of the evening, one indecent expression which could in any way refer to those learned bodies."

The merit that there was no indecency spoken in the presence of boys of fourteen at this dinner can, we suppose, be only appreciated by those who are able to testify to what is the usual strain of conversation in those companies where Lord Brougham has the lead—but let that pass. His lordship then, with much energy and due indignation, compared the conduct of the men of Gower Street with that of the men of Rhedycina. “But, my lords,” says he, “they order things differently on the banks of the Isis. In the cool retreats and shady bowers which the muses haunt along the margin of that classic stream, we have recently had a very different exhibition. There we heard expressions of feeling, not in the hilarity of the evening, but in the cool of the morning, when the head was free from every kind of vapour, save that which might remain from theological controversy—of feelings not restrained by the presence of royal and illustrious dukes, noble peers and senators, archbishops and bishops, heads of colleges, and reverend doctors of divinity;—I say on that occasion there was kept up an ancient, and I may add an *infinitely harmless* custom, of shewing their respect or the contrary for certain names or authorities, which were proclaimed in the ebullition of the moment. My lords, I do not blame this. *I think it harmless that certain names should have been put forth to excite the approval or disapprobation, as the case might be, of those present.* I WAS PLACED AMONG THE LATTER, but of that I do not complain; for I feel that I was in very good company, and among others, in the company of one who is as great an ornament to the University of Oxford as he is to that right reverend bench. *I repeat, my lords, that I consider all this very harmless; and I mention it only to shew, that I AM NOT BOUND BY ANY ALLEGIANCE TO OXFORD.* At the same time I have not said any thing against it, nor any thing which could bear the interpretation that I have a wish to pull down the Universities.”

Oh, Sir Fretful Plagiarist! Nothing that ever Sheridan put into your mouth can surpass some parts of this tirade! Sir Fretful rather liked that he should be abused; Lord Brougham thinks the custom of hooting him harmless—very harmless—infinitely harmless. It is so harmless that he cannot too often repeat its utter harmlessness. If Mathews ever again plays Sir Fretful, we recommend this phrase to his attention. The slapping of his snuff-box, as an accompaniment to the cuckoo-cry of “it is harmless—perfectly harmless—infinitely harmless,” would be sure to draw down thunders of applause, especially if Mathews were to grace his utterance with the physiognomy of Brougham.

Brougham, it appears, was hooted, and heartily hooted, at Oxford. This was infinitely harmless: it is not, however, infinitely wise that he should shew such unequivocal symptoms of wrath. He will not, we are told by him, pull down the Universities, even though their undergraduates committed the atrocity of hissing when his name was heard. How kind, how singularly kind, to pardon a crime so dreadful, and not to press for utter extinction as a too-lenient punishment! The whole scene puts us in mind of Elliston—quite as clever, quite as respectable, quite as honest, and quite as sober a man as Brougham. Elliston had been hissed in some country-town (where, we suppose, he had been playing some of his characters when he was too drunk to stand), and the indignity made him as angry as the Chancellor. He came forward at the first cessation of the storm to reprove the house for hooting him, but the hooting was renewed. It is most disgraceful conduct, said the intrepid orator; but never mind: it is my intention to go into the next parliament, and I assure you I shall forget your insolence while I am acting as a legislator, and not inflict in that capacity any injury on your borough. Precisely similar is the kindness of the Chancellor to Oxford.

They hissed *me*, said Brougham. Why this again is stolen from Elliston, who once called a singing or dancing-girl into his manager's room, to lecture her on the impropriety of refusing to go forward. What can be your objection, my dear? said the gracious lessee. I'll not go on again, sobbed the indignant fair one: why should I, when they have hissed me? Hissed you, my dear! said Elliston, in his softest and most solemn manner; go, go, foolish girl; go on the stage again. Why, they have even hissed *me*! Elliston did not think that another word was to be added. The unreasonable villany of the audience was shewn in that one phrase: he had not another word to add. So now Brougham comforts Archbishop Whately by the assurance, that if his grace was received

with disapprobation at Oxford (of which, it seems, he is as great an ornament as he is of the right reverend bench—a proposition that we are not inclined to deny), so was also the clear and venerable name of Brougham. There is a whimsical identity in the vanity of the two buffoons.

Here, then, is the confession made, not by any underling, but by the best-practised debater of the whole party, that the “expression of feeling made at the installation at Oxford, not in the hilarity of the evening, but in the cool of the morning, when the head was free from every kind of vapour” (how unconsciously but how truly does not this denote the habits of the speaker?), has deeply wounded the party which still for our misfortunes possesses the reins of state. It will be neither forgotten nor forgiven; but we draw from it an augury, that whatever may be the duration of its remembrance among our enemies, it will tend materially to contract the period when it will be necessary for us to think of the consequences of their anger.

Oxford has indeed nobly come forward. We may justly continue to apply to it a couplet from some verses, written by one of her most brilliant sons—of Lockhart, whom she has lately honoured herself by distinguishing among the distinguished men called to receive the honorary degree of doctor; though of course long since entitled to that rank by standing. As Lockhart said some years ago, so can we in his words say now—

“Unfading in lustre, unbroken in years,
The great mother of Churchmen and Tories appears.”

She appears as she has always appeared in our history, the champion and advocate of honourable principles—ready to support the cause of the venerated institutions of our country—ready to resist the tyranny, no matter in what way displayed, of a Chancellor Jefferies or a Chancellor Brougham. The drunken chancellor of the days of James II. was armed with the powers of shedding blood which, in our days, thanks to that revolution in which Oxford played so noble and important a part! would not be tolerated in any chancellor, drunk or sober. He who sits in the seat of Lord Chancellor Jefferies in the days of William IV., possesses perhaps the means of instigating spoliation; but as one failed in breaking the spirit of Oxford, so will the other. It was with feelings of infinite delight that we found the memory of Hough toasted at all the dinners in the several colleges. We wish it was in our power to give the speech of Wilson Croker at Exeter, which turned upon the analogy between the usurpations which Hough resisted and those to which the University was now exposed. It was decidedly the most brilliant and the most dignified oration he ever uttered, and we trust that we may be ere long favoured with a report. But we must conclude for the present. We look upon the spirit manifested at the installation of the Duke of Wellington as being of the highest and most auspicious omen. The “boys” who shouted or hissed, who expressed their approbation or disapprobation with all the energy of uncalculating youth, will, before another lustre elapses, be taking their places among the influential men of the country. Will they forget the feelings that animated them when they cheered the friends, and assailed with expressions of hatred the enemies, of their native land? Never, never! Of the rising generation we have, for many reasons, great and sanguine hope; and that hope is rendered greater and more sanguine by the late scenes at Oxford.

*Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troja est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Quum tales animos juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora!*

God of our fathers! whose protecting hand
Has long been spread o'er England's favoured land,
How can we deem us doomed to lasting ire,
When thoughts like these our rising sons inspire?
And words that glow with honour, faith, and truth,
Ring from the manly breasts of Oxford's youth!

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1834.

No. LVI.

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DOMESTIC MANNERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY JAMES HOGG.*

THERE is no author, living or dead, who has supplied us with so many lives of himself as Hogg. As a friend of his once said of him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, he has made a perfect sty of our literature: and here we have him again. On the present occasion, however, we are entertained not merely with a grunt about himself, but he has impressed his hoofs on the memory of Sir Walter Scott.

The work which we are about to notice is printed in Glasgow; but we suspect that it is only a reprint of an American edition. It consists of three parts: a preface of four pages, written by some very poor Scotch body; a sketch of Hogg's life, from an American hand, which occupies fifty-eight pages; and what Hogg calls "the Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott," of about seventy pages more. Who the writer of the first two portions may be we do not know nor care. We agree with the preface, that "by whatever means the sketch came into the hands of the editor, its paternity is certain; it fathers itself: none but James Hogg could write it." We take it for granted that the means by which the sketch came into the hands of the editor are neither honest nor honourable, else there could be no need of making any mystery about what in an ordinary case would be a matter of infinitely small consequence; but that its paternity is certain, we allow. It is Hogg all over—coarse,

egotistical, vain, regardless of obligation, careless of truth, and ready to take advantage of any opportunities injudiciously afforded him to break through the decencies and privacies of life, if by so doing he could furbish up materials for an article. His editor admits (p. ii.) that "honest James is given to 'leeing' in a small way"—the only mistake in which assertion consists in using the word "*small*." There is scarcely a passage in his sketch of the domestic manners of Sir Walter Scott which does not contain a falsehood or an exaggeration. Hogg write the domestic manners of Sir Walter Scott! If by domestic manners he had intended the manners of Sir Walter's domestics, there is no doubt that he is fully qualified, from taste, relationship, congeniality of sentiment, and considerable social intercourse with them, to do the subject justice; but as to the manners of Sir Walter himself, as well might we expect from a costermonger an adequate sketch of the manners of the clubs in St. James's Street. The idea is ludicrous in the extreme. As Hogg is a literary man, we might tolerate an attempt to depict the literary history of Scott. That it would be most enviously and clumsily executed, we see even by the book before us, if we had no other means of ascertaining the fact—but still it would not be wholly out of character. But a sketch of his manners from Hogg!

* The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott, by James Hogg; with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, &c. 1 vol. Glasgow, 1834. Reid and Co. Pp. 136.

" — what sport!
As well might rowing swine preside at court."

Of the preface not much is to be said. It is the work of a dull idiot, as will be perceived by the following extract :

" This is a point in Sir Walter's character which is well worthy of note ; it shews how the strongest minds, if they ' get a throw ' in youth, are precisely those that retain it most stubbornly. Sir Walter was sung into a reverence for aristocracy in his cradle. He grew up amid the first fervent glow of the anti-Gallican spirit. His sympathies received a bent which his feudalised imagination led him to cherish and exaggerate, instead of seeking to counteract it. He felt the glamear of caste dispersing like mist before the sun, and he sought to wrap the elusive mantle round our hills again. It was this that made him take pleasure in enacting the feudal baron at Abbotsford ; it was this that made him cling to those great families with which he claimed clanship ; it was this that made him take pride even in a questionable alliance with nobility ; it was this that made him happy amid the tomfooleries of the king's welcome to Edinburgh ; it was this that in his latter day, when his mind was enfeebled by disease, caused him to be haunted by the dread of a violent and bloody revolution. Sir Walter Scott was, in some respects, a Horace Walpole on a greater scale, throwing a heart into his play ; his greater depth of feeling, his more powerful intellect and passions, render that in him tragical which in the other was only ludicrous."

The only assertions of fact contained in this stupid passage are direct lies. Sir Walter Scott did not enact the feudal baron at Abbotsford—he did not cling to any great families—he claimed clanship with no family but with those with which he was connected—(it will be seen further on, that so far from his paying undue reverence to noble names, he looked on the squirely family of Mr. Scott of Harden as the head of his house, ranking it in that particular before the Duke of Buccleuch) ; and he took no pride in any connexion with nobility, and would have disdained to claim a questionable alliance. As for Sir Walter's politics, we shall not defend them against such an assailant. We know, and all the world knows, that when the Gallican spirit was the spirit of military tyranny, iron oppression, and mortal hatred of Great Britain, he was anti-Gallican. We know, too, that he denounced the

revolutionary madness of the first year of Grey rule, and exposed to a people too much excited by the arts of unprincipled demagogues to listen to him, the futility of the expectations which they were taught to entertain as to the consequences of the Reform-bill. It is, however, begging the question rather too impudently to assume that Sir Walter was wrong. As for the parallel between Sir Walter and Horace Walpole, we leave it to the derision of our readers. There is scarcely a single point in common between the men. They were as dissimilar in mind as in body. But we have wasted words enough upon a jackass.

The second portion is the sketch of the Shepherd's life, which we have pronounced to be American. The evidence is internal. An allusion to Franklin is introduced quite *à propos des bottes* (p. 5). Hogg's brother's family is, we are told, " situated at Silver Lake, in Pennsylvania, where they have found a liberal friend and generous landlord in Robert H. Rose " (p. 6). We are assured that " there is not a modern poem in our language which has had a greater circulation in the United States than the *Queen's Wake* " (p. 31) ; and that though nobody ever dreamt of buying the *Pilgrims of the Sun* in Europe, " a very large edition of it was sold in America " (p. 35). We are told (p. 47), that an American farmer would have been daunted at the expense of some of Hogg's speculations ; and so forth. All these things may be very interesting to the Americans, but to no one else ; and they plainly denote that this sketch of Hogg's life has been transmitted across the Atlantic. But what decides not only the country but the date, is the following :—

" In a letter addressed to a friend in America, written March 7, 1834, he writes :— ' I am most proud of being valued so highly by my trans-Atlantic brethren ; it unluckily happens, that the older I grow, and the more unfit for mental exertion, the more it is required. I published, last spring, the *Attribus Tales*, and in the summer the *Queer Book*. If the latter has not yet found its way to any of the presses of the States, it might be of some value to you, as all my best ballads, both humorous and pathetic, are included ; but a few of them have appeared in *Blackwood*.

" I am likewise engaged to commence a series of tales in November,

which will run from ten to twelve volumes. For though I was a poor shepherd more than half a century ago, I have still got no farther than a poor shepherd to this day."

"The same letter contained a proposition to transfer the copyright of all his English publications, as they came out. But this, by the copyright law of the United States, was impracticable. The laws shut out the productions of foreign writers from a participation in the advantages of American publication.

"Mr. Hogg was, of course, informed of the difficulties in the way, in consequence of the discrimination by our law between the productions of foreigners and native citizens."

A letter written to New York, March 7, 1834, could not receive an answer in *Altrive* until May 7, 1834, if so soon. How could any body, then, in this country obtain possession of the copy of Hogg's letter, so as to publish it in June in Glasgow? The fact is, that this sketch of Scott was sent out by Hogg in March last, to eke out the contents of his *Queer Book*; and that the Yankee, having no relish for that work, thought he might make something by lumping Scott and Hogg together for the States; and a copy being caught here, the same idea occurred to somebody in Glasgow, and hence the reprint.

The biography is written in that fussy style in which our American brethren so much delight. For instance, the first sentence is as follows:

"Those persons who, by the force of genius, have overcome the difficulties attending an humble origin, or have risen above the disadvantages of a defective education, have always been very properly considered extraordinary characters."

This is a grand discovery indeed! We rather think, however, that it was known in former times that persons who display genius in any manner are extraordinary characters. A careful perusal of the works which we see every day, convinces us that it is very extraordinary when we find genius in *them*.

This deep remark is followed by philosophical reflections, equally profound, on the various stages of civilisation, one portion of which we subjoin:

"In our own times, in this most civilised age of the world, the same feeling of admiration has sometimes aided extraordinary talent to attain unexampled success. We have beheld individuals

working their way upward from the humblest class of society to the first places in literature and the first rank in arms. These instances do not take away from our wonder at each new example; for there is far more difficulty in our day in rising above the common level, than at those eras in which less information was distributed, and less restraint prevailed of actual knowledge upon the imaginings of genius."

We doubt this position very much indeed. The first rank in literature in our times has been attained by men of birth and family, or, at all events, of careful, learned, and expensive education. He who has achieved the first birth in arms among us is the son of an earl. His great antagonist was of gentle blood, and received the regular education which fitted him for the course he had to pursue. A few of the marshals rose from the ranks; but these are the exceptions, and may be easily accounted for. But be this as it may, in our literature it is quite certain, with the single exception of Burns (who did not, after all, reach the first place), that the remark is untrue. It is, however, of no importance.

The sketch of Hogg's life contains nothing but what we have had published in a hundred forms already. There is the old lie of Hogg having been born on the anniversary of Burns's birth-day, and the wonderful adventure of the midwife. We have also the lies about his father's farming speculations at Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall—of his founding *Blackwood's Magazine*—of the various persecutions by enemies and maligners—of his extreme popularity with the fair sex—of the divers presents of articles of plate which adorn his cottage—of the ill fate of the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*—with a thousand other ingenious inventions, with which Hogg has already favoured the world so often, that we are somewhat inclined to think he partly believes them himself. But is there never to be an end of writing these stories? The great epochs of the Shepherd's life—his being taken from school at six years old, when able only to read the *Proverbs of Solomon* and the *Shorter Catechism*—his going to service as a cowherd at seven for a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes, when he describes himself as being somewhat eccentric and fond of running about; a most singular circumstance in gentlemen of

that time of life—his endeavouring to write, and succeeding in fashioning letters an inch long—his tending kine until fifteen; an occupation which the American biographer describes as the lowliest of employments, in which he is much mistaken, as the occupation in which he himself is engaged, that of Hogg-writing, is infinitely lower—his buying a five-shilling fiddle, and thereby laying the foundation of the eminent skill in music which he at present possesses—his going into service with Mr. Laidlaw from 1790 to 1800—the first bitings of the muse, which he felt in 1796—his ingenious manner of composing poetry, “in his mind or on a slate,” before he transfers it from those coarse materials to paper—his being afflicted with some peculiar complaint, from which he escaped, thanks to providence and a good physician—his first publication, *Donald Macdonald*, and the bad luck attendant thereupon*—his first prose essay, or, as his Edinburgh friends used to call it, his brose essay, entitled, *Reflections on a View of the Nocturnal Heavens*—his *Mountain Bard*, one poem of which, according to Mr. Allan Cunningham, in a recent essay on British literature, ranks with the *Glenfinlas* of Sir Walter Scott; the name of the romantic lay being *Wullie Wilkin*—his celebrated essay on sheep, and the misfortunes which befel him in consequence of obtaining 300*l.*—the unheard-of villany of Constable in refusing to publish for him books that had no chance of being sold, and the cruelty of people in not encouraging him, i. e. giving him money, to establish a weekly paper, “for which he admits he was any thing but qualified”—the dolorous and dramdrinking history of the *Spy*, which failed on account of its unhappily containing “indecorous expressions”—the patriotic conduct of Grieve the hatter, who is thereby immortalised—the

Queen's Wake, and the gross immorality of Dominie Gray and his wife in not listening to him while he recited its verses from the original MS.—the Edinburgh Forum, and its disastrous events—the wondrous progress of the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, the *Poetic Mirror*, *Mador of the Moor*, *Queen Hynde*, the *Chaldee MS.*, the *Jacobite Relics*, the *Three Perils of Man*, and many other works—his ill luck in his farms, and his splendid reception at the Freemasons' Tavern, which has been already recorded in our pages, and which is justly deemed of so much importance as to be twice noticed in the sketch (pp. 51, 55)—surely, surely, all these things have been told over and again. *Sit tandem finis Hoggismorum.* If the American writer had enlightened us as to what part of the *Poetic Mirror* and of the *Jacobite Relics* Hogg did write—how much of the writings of others in the former he passed off as his own, and how much of his own writing in the latter he passed off as the writing of others—if he had told us the secret history of the *Chaldee MS.*, the *Noctes*, and other Blackwoodian affairs, so far as Hogg was connected with them—if he had accurately detailed Hogg's dealings with Goldie, Blackwood, and some more—if, in short, he had related us those particulars of Hogg's life which Hogg does not desire that we should know, instead of following him implicitly in all his stories, the work might have been worth looking at. The Yankee biographer describes Hogg as “a good bowman” (p. 58); and we readily allow that no one pulls a long bow more lustily or continually. He also eulogises him for his powers of retention. “A strong memory seems to be the prerogative of the barons of Scotland.” There is another class of persons to whom it is proverbially of the first necessity, and among them the Shepherd holds a prominent situation.

* “Two anecdotes are connected with it which we cannot refrain from repeating. Earl Moira, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, happened to be present at a dinner in Edinburgh where this song was sung. After three successive encores, which were complied with, his lordship arose, expatiated on its excellence, praised the singer, who was a very respectable person, and offered him his whole influence, for any thing he could aid him in obtaining from the government.

“And yet such is life,—the name of the author was never asked. While his verse was drawing forth eulogiums of rank and valour, he was never thought of, but was left in his peasant garb to wander among the Scottish hills in penury and ignorance.”

We rather think there is no truth in these two anecdotes, which, by the way, appear to us to be only one.

Enough, however, of Hogg in the hands of his biographer. Let us now turn to Hogg in *propria persona*. He is in his sketch of Sir Walter Scott, however, fully as much the hero of the tale as he is in his own biography. We shall publish the whole of the sketch of "the domestic manners" with a running commentary interspersed, because we think that any anecdotes of so great a man as Scott are worth preserving; and it may not be considered unworthy of attention by future biographers to see how Scott's character was considered by one of his neighbours in the country, who regarded him as a peasant does a gentleman, though he seems to think, or actually does think, that he looks upon him as one literary man does upon another of no very superior pretensions. For Hogg, who imagines that *Wullie Wilkin* is equal to *Glenfinlas*, that *Old Mortality* was borrowed from the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, that the *Queen's Wake* surpasses *Marmion* or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, we should care but little: to Hogg the herd, describing in his own fashion Scott the sheriff, or Scott the laird, we should willingly listen—and thus he begins:

"In the following miscellaneous narrative, I do not pretend to give a life of my illustrious and regretted friend; that has been done by half-a-dozen already, and will be given by his son-in-law fully and clearly—the only man who is thoroughly qualified for the task, and is in possession of the necessary documents. The whole that I presume to do is, after an intimate acquaintance of thirty years, to give a few simple and personal anecdotes, which no man can give but myself. It is well known what Sir Walter was in his study, but these are to shew what he was in the parlour, in his family, and among his acquaintances; and, in giving them, I shall in nothing extenuate, or set down aught through partiality, and as for malice, that is out of the question."

The reader will perceive as he goes along, that of Sir Walter in his parlour, or in his family, or among any of his acquaintances but two or three of those whom he brought down with him to the country, there is very little indeed in this sketch. We may find no malice in it, but we meet the occasional ranking of mortified vanity, which frequently operates in the same way as malice. The account of Hogg's first meeting Sir W. is the opening anecdote:

it has been often told before, and we doubt not is considerably dressed up for effect; but it is pleasant enough, and has some foundation of truth.

"The first time I ever saw Sir Walter was one fine day in the summer of 1801. I was busily engaged working in the field at Etrick House, when old Wat Shiel came posting over the water to me, and told me that I boud to gang away down to the Ramsey Cleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there were some gentlemen there who wanted to see me directly.

"Wha can be at the Ramsey Cleuch that want to see me, Wat?"

"I coudna say, for it waana me they spake to i' the bygangin', but I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

"I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, and had copied a number of ballads from my mother's recital, or chant rather, and sent them to the editor preparatory to the publication of a third volume. I accordingly flung down my hoe, and hasted away home to put on my Sunday clothes; but before reaching it I met the Shirra and Mr. William Laidlaw, coming to visit me. They alighted, and remained in our cottage a considerable time, perhaps nearly two hours, and we were friends on the very first exchange of sentiments: it could not be otherwise, for Scott had no duplicity about him—he always said as he thought. My mother chanted the ballad of *Old Maitlan* to him, with which he was highly delighted, and asked her if she thought it had ever been in print? And her answer was, 'O na, na, sir, it never was printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it an' many mae frae auld Andrew Moor, and he learned it frae auld Baby Mettlin, wha was housekeeper to the first laird of Tushilaw. She was said to hae been another nor a gude ane, an' there are many queer stories about hersel'; but O, she had been a grand singer o' auld songs an' ballads.'

"The first laird of Tushilaw, Margaret?" said he; "then that must be a very old story indeed?"

"Ay, it is that, sir! it is an auld story! but mair nor that, excepting George Warton an' James Stewart, there war never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel', an' ye hae spoilt them awthegither. They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair. An' the worst thing o' a', they're nouthier right spell'd nor right setten down."

" 'Take ye that, Mr. Scott,' said Laidlaw.

"Scott answered with a hearty laugh, and the quotation of a stanza from Wordsworth, on which my mother gave him a hearty rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, 'Ye'll find, however, that it is a' true that I'm tellin' ye.' My mother has been too true a prophetess; for from that day to this, these songs, which were the amusement of every winter evening, have never been sung more.

"We were all to dine at Ramsey Cleuch with the Messrs. Brydon, but Scott and Laidlaw went away to look at some monuments in Ettrick church-yard, and some other old thing, I have forgot what, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramsey Cleuch I met with Mr. Scott's groom, a greater original than his master, at whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

" 'Oo ay, lad, the Shirra's come,' said he. 'Are ye the chap that mak's the auld ballads, an' sings them sae weel?'

"I said, I fancied I was he that he meant, though I could not say that I had ever made any very auld ballads.

" 'Ay, then, lad, gang your ways into the house, and speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is, an' he'll be very glad to see ye, that I'll assure ye o'.'

"During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that everlasting drawback on the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced forest breed being always denominated the *short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed the *long sheep*, the disputes at that time ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr. Scott, who had come into that remote district to visit a bard of nature's own making, and preserve what little fragments remained of the country's legendary lore, felt himself rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and short sheep. So, at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr. Walter Brydon, and said, 'I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this very important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?'

"Mr. Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity, 'It's the woo', sir; it's the woo' that mak's the difference; the lang sheep hae the short woo' an' the short sheep hae the lang thing, an' these are just kind o' names we gie them, ye see.'

"Laidlaw got up a great guffaw, on

which Scott could not preserve his face of strict calculation any longer; it went gradually awry, and a hearty laugh followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the *Black Dwarf*, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true that Johnnie Ballantyne swore me into a nominal acquiescence to the contrary for several years, but in my own mind I could never get the better of that and several other similar coincidences.

"The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if, on the farms of Buccleugh and Mount Comyn, the original possession of the Scotts, there were any relics of antiquity which could mark out the original residence of the chiefs whose distinction it was to become the proprietors of the greater part of the border districts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and the remnants of a kiln-mill and mill-dam, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,—

'Had heather bells been corn o' the best,

The Buccleugh mill would have had a noble grist.'

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black mails, which it is well known were all paid to him in kind; and an immense deal of victual is still paid to him in the same way, the origin of which no man knows.

"Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, the most fabulous historian that ever wrote, there was a remaining tradition in the country that there was a font-stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleugh were baptised, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it, but on going among the ruins where the altar was known to have been, we found the rubbish at that spot dug out to the foundation, we knew not by whom, but it was manifest that the font had either been taken away or that there was none there. I never heard since that it had ever been discovered by any one.

"As there appeared, however, to have been a sort of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a-turning over some loose stones, to see if the baptismal font was not there, when we came to one-half of a small pot encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was part of an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, fell a picking and scratching with great patience, until he came at last to a layer of pitch inside; and then, with a malicious

sneer, he said, 'The truth is, Mr. Scott, it's nouth mair nor less than an auld tar-pot, that some of the farmers hae been buisning their sheep out o' i' the kirk lang syne.' Sir Walter's shaggy eye-brows dipped deep over his eyes, and, suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that 'we had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen.'"

Sir Walter remembered this incident when he made Edie Ochiltree, in the *Antiquary*, overthrow the theory of Jonathan Oldbuck as to the meaning of the inscription A. D. L. L.

"He was, at that time, a capital horseman, and was riding on a terribly high-spirited grey nag, which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivalet, and ditch, that came in our way. The consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat in spite of the animal's plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, 'Mr. Scott, that's the maddest de'il of a beast I ever saw. Can you no gar him tak' a wee mair time? he's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye.'

"'Ay,' said he, 'he and I have been very often like the Pechs (*Picts*) these two days past, we could stand straight up and tie the latches of our shoes.' I did not understand the allusion, nor do I yet, but those were his words."

The allusion to the Picts is plain enough; but Hogg has blundered what Scott said; and it is hardly worth while to conjecture what may have been the correct version.

"We visited the old castles of Tushilaw and Thirlstane, dined and spent the afternoon and the night with Mr. Brydon, of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all while in the highest good humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude which we traversed exceedingly; indeed, I never saw him otherwise in the fields: on the rugged mountains, and even toiling in the Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee surpass that of all other men. His memory, or, perhaps I should say, his recollection, was so capacious, so sterling, and minute, that a description of what I have witnessed regarding it would not gain credit. When in Edinburgh, and even at Abbotsford, I was often obliged to apply to him for references in my historical tales, that so I might relate nothing of noblemen and gentlemen named that was not strictly true: I never found him at fault."

Hogg made but a poor use of this information, because his historical tales are nothing but a heap of blunders from beginning to end. As to the strict truth of his noblemen and gentlemen, he has never even a glimpse of what was their conduct or demeanour. If we do not mistake, he introduces the court of Scotland, in one of his novels, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, tumbling on haycocks.

"In that great library, he not only went uniformly straight to the book, but ere ever he stirred from the spot turned up the page which contained the information I wanted. I saw a pleasant instance of this retentiveness of memory recorded lately of him, regarding Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*; but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

"He and Skene of Rubislaw and I were out one night about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, about the end of January, not long after the opening of the river for fishing, which was then on the tenth, and Scott having a great range of the river himself, we went up to the side of the Rough haugh of Elibank; but when we came to kindle our light, behold our peat was gone out. This was a terrible disappointment, but to think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

"The night was mild, calm, and as dark as pitch; and while Fletcher was absent we three sat down on the brink of the river, on a little greenward which I never will forget, and Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of 'Gilman's Cleuch.' Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been printed,—I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it, and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Frith of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ('The Abbot of Aberbrothock'), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word.

"Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Mr. Laidlaw of the Peel with him, carrying a lantern, and into the river we plunged in a frail bark, which had suffered some deadly damage in bringing up. We had a fine blazing light, and the salmon began to appear in plenty, 'turning up sides like swine;' but woe be to us, our boat began instantly to manifest a disposition to sink, and in a few minutes we reached Gloddie's Weal, the deepest pool in all that part of Tweed. When Scott saw the terror that his neighbour old Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always the more mischief, the better sport for him. 'For God's sake, push her to the side!' roared Peel. 'Oh, she goes fine,' said Scott.

'An' gin the boat were bottomless,
An' seven miles to row—'

a verse of an old song; and during the very time he was reciting these lines, down went the boat to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed, over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all, for I had no change of raiment at Ashiesteel; but that was a glorious night for Scott, and the next day was no worse.

"I remember leaving my own cottage here one morning with him, accompanied by my dear friend William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Ferguson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of Loch Skene and the Grey Mare's Tail. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, as reported, never was rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf and got a sad fright; but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with Lady Scott and Sophia, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were to him matter of infinite merriment; and then, there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn who wanted to pick a quarrel with him for some of his sharp retorts, at which Scott laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

"I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another. But here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat all these several times. Such a scene may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will; for he has

rarely ever been known to interest himself either in a scene or character which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities."

There may be some truth in the boat-scene, though the whole story is much exaggerated—but all about the sad fright of Sir Adam Ferguson is a sad fiction; and as to the sharp retorts passing between Scott and the ill-tempered boot-boy, it is literally impossible that it *could be true*. The conduct is utterly unlike Sir Walter in every particular. What the work may be in which Hogg thinks the scenery of these adventures will appear, is beyond our powers of conjecture.

"There are not above three people now living who, I think, knew Sir Walter better, and who understood his character better than I did; and I once declared, that if I outlived him I should draw a mental and familiar portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original could not be disputed. In the mean time, this is only a reminiscence, in my own homely way, of an illustrious friend among the mountains. That revered friend is now gone, and the following pages are all that I deem myself at liberty to publish concerning him.

"The enthusiasm with which he recited and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour through the forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated the 'Mountain Bard' to him:

'Blessed be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.'"

Who are the three persons who knew Sir Walter better than Hogg, according to his own admission? In our opinion there are not three persons living, who knew him at all, that knew him worse than the Shepherd; as indeed abundantly appears in this sketch. We can never believe that Hogg had the impudence to tell Sir Walter that he intended to draw a mental and familiar portrait of him; for we are sure that Scott would have felt as Peter Pindar tells us Johnson did when he was informed that Boswell intended to write his biography. "If I thought you serious, sir," said the

indignant doctor, "I should anticipate such an outrage on *my* life by taking *his*." Scott would have been clearly justifiable in committing *sui-cide*, or Hoggslaying, if he heard any thing so monstrous proposed as a *mental* portrait of him by the Herd. That the portrait would be familiar enough, there cannot be any doubt; but the visitation of those beasts which are most familiar to man are not the most agreeable.

"The only foible I ever could discover in the character of Sir Walter was a too strong leaning to the old aristocracy of the country. His devotion for titled rank was prodigious, and, in such an illustrious character, altogether out of place: it amounted almost to adoration; and, not to mention the numerous nobility whom I have met at his own house and in his company, I shall give a few instances of that sort of feeling in him to which I allude.

"Although he, of course, acknowledged Buccleuch as the head and chief of the whole clan of Scott, yet he always acknowledged Harden as his immediate chieftain, and head of that powerful and numerous sept of the name; and Sir Walter was wont often to relate how he, and his father before him, and his grandfather before that, always kept their Christmas with Harden in acknowledgment of their vassalage. This he used to tell with a degree of exultation which I always thought must have been astounding to every one who heard it; as if his illustrious name did not throw a blaze of glory on the house of Harden a hundred times more than that van of old border barbarians, however brave, could throw over him.

"He was, likewise, descended from the chiefs of Haliburton and Rutherford, on the maternal side, and to the circumstance of his descent from these three houses he adverted so often, mingling their arms in his escutcheon, that to me, alas! who to this day could never be brought to discover any distinction in ranks save what was constituted by talents or moral worth, it appeared perfectly ludicrous, thinking, as no man could help thinking, of the halo which his genius shed over those families, while he only valued himself as a descendant of theirs.

"I may mention one other instance, at which I was both pleased and mortified. We chanced to meet at a great festival at Bowhill when Duke Charles was living and in good health. The company being very numerous, there were two tables set in the dining-room, one along and one across; they were

nearly of the same length, but at the one along the middle of the room all the ladies were seated, mixed alternately with gentlemen; and at this table all were noble, save, if I remember aright, Sir Adam Ferguson, whose everlasting good humour insures him a passport into every company. But I, having had some chat with the ladies before dinner, and always rather a flattered pet with them, imagined they could not possibly live without me, and placed myself among them. But I had a friend at the cross table, at the head of the room, who saw better. Sir Walter, who presided there, arose, and addressing the Duke of Buccleuch, requested of him, as a particular favour and obligation, that he would allow Mr. Hogg to come to his table; for that, in fact, he could not do without him; and, moreover, he added,

'If ye reave the Hoggs o' Fauldshope,
Ye harry Harden's gear.'

I, of course, got permission, and retired to Sir Walter's table, when he placed me on the right hand of the gentleman on his right hand, who, of course, was Scott of Harden. And yet, notwithstanding the broad insinuation about the Hoggs of Fauldshope, I sat beside that esteemed gentleman the whole night, and all the while took him for an English clergyman! I knew there were some two or three clergymen of rank there, connected with the family, and I took Harden for one of them; and though I was mistaken, I still say, he ought to have been one. I was dumb-founded next day, when the duke told me, that my divine whom I thought so much of, was Scott of Harden; for I would have liked so well to have talked with him about old matters, my forefathers having been vassals under that house, on the lands of Fauldshope, for more than two centuries, and were only obliged to change masters with the change of proprietors. It was doubtless owing to this connexion that my father had instilled into my youthful mind so many traditions relating to the house of Harden, of which I have made considerable use.

"But the anecdote which I intended to relate, before my ruling passion of egotism came across me, was this. When the dinner came to be served, Sir Walter refused to let a dish be set on our table which had not been first presented to the duke and the nobility. 'No, no!' said he; 'this is literally a meeting of the clan and its adherents, and we shall have one dinner in the feudal style, it may be but for once in our lives.'

"As soon as the duke perceived this whim, he admitted of it, although I be-

lieve the dishes were merely set down and lifted again. In the mean time, the venison and beef stood on the side-board, which was free to all, so that we were all alike busy from the beginning. At the end of our libations, and before we parted, some time in the course of the morning, the Duke set his one foot on the table and the other on his chair, requesting us all to do the same, with which every man complied, and in that position he sang, 'Johnie Cope, are ye wauken yet?' while all joined in the chorus. Sir Walter set his weak foot on the table, and kept his position steadily, apparently more firm than when he stood on the floor, joining in the chorus with his straightforward bass voice with great glee, enjoying the whole scene exceedingly, as he did every scene of hilarity that I ever saw. But though a more social companion never was born, he never filled himself drunk. He took always his wine after dinner, and, at least for upwards of twenty years, a little gin-toddy after supper; but he was uniformly moderate in eating and drinking. He liked a good breakfast, but often confessed that he never knew what a good breakfast was till he came to my cottage; but he should never want it again, and he kept steadily to his resolution.

"He was a most extraordinary being. How or when he composed his voluminous works, no man could tell. When in Edinburgh, he was bound to the Parliament House all the forenoon. He never was denied to any living, neither lady nor gentleman, poor nor rich, and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him; for I have remained in his study, in Castle Street, in hopes to get a quiet word of him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders, foreboding myself. Noblemen, gentlemen, painters, poets, and players, all crowded to Sir Walter, not to mention booksellers and printers, who were never absent, but these spoke to him privately. When at Abbotsford, for a number of years his house was almost constantly filled with company; for there was a correspondence carried on, and always as one freight went away another came. It was impossible not to be sorry for the time of such a man thus broken in upon. I felt it exceedingly, and once, when I went down by particular invitation to stay a fortnight, I had not the heart to stay any longer than three days, and that space was generally the length of my visits. But Sir Walter never was discomposed; he was ready, as soon as breakfast was over, to accompany his

guests wherever they chose to go, to stroll in the wood, or take a drive up to Yarrow, or down to Melrose or Dryburgh, where his revered ashes now repose. He was never out of humour when well, but when ill he was very cross, he being subject to a bilious complaint of the most dreadful and severe nature, accompanied by pangs the most excruciating; and when under the influence of that malady, it was not easy to speak to him, and I found it always the best plan to keep a due distance. But then his sufferings had been most intense; for he told me one day, when he was sitting as yellow as a primrose, that roasted salt had been prescribed to lay on the pit of his stomach, which was applied, and the next day it was discovered that his breast was all in a blister, and the bosom of his shirt burnt to an isel, and yet he never felt it!

"But to return to our feast at Bowhill, from which I have strangely wandered, although the best of the fun is yet to come. When the duke retired to the drawing-room, he deputed Sir Alexander Don, who sat next him, to his chair. We had long before been all at one table. Sir Alexander instantly requested a bumper out of champagne glasses to the duke's health, with all the honours; it was instantly complied with, and every one drank it to the bottom. Don then proposed the following of so good an example as his grace had set us, and accordingly we were all obliged to mount our chairs again, and, setting one foot on the table, sing Johnie Cope over again. Every one at least attempted it, and Sir Alexander sang the song in most capital style. The Scotts, and the Elliots, and some Taits, now began to fall with terrible thuds on the floor; but Sir Walter still kept his station as steady as a rock, and laughed immoderately. But this was too good fun to be given up. The Marquess of Queensberry, who was acting as croupier, said that such a loyal and social border clan could never separate without singing 'God save the King'; and that though we had drunk to his health at the beginning, we behaved to do it again, and join in the anthem. We were obliged to mount our chairs again, and in the same ticklish position sing the king's anthem. Down we went, one after another. Nay, they actually fell in heaps above each other. I fell off, and took a prodigious run to one corner of the room, against which I fell, which created great merriment. There were not above six stood the test this time, out of from thirty to forty. Sir Walter did, and he took all the latter bumpers off to the brim. He had a good head more ways than one."

We have suffered the Shepherd to proceed at some length, because this scene serves to describe the sort of acquaintance between Hogg and Sir Walter Scott. The Duke of Buccleuch, who, it appears, was living when he gave his dinners, asked all the tenantry on his estates to meet his party at Bowhill, and Hogg had the impudence to place himself at the wrong table among the ladies, of whom he tells us he was always rather a flattered pet—a circumstance which we take leave to deny—and Sir Walter kindly took him out of a situation in which he was going to make an ass of himself. The jocular festivities which attend such meetings, or at least used to attend them, are scarcely worth repeating. That Sir Walter Scott never “filled himself drunk” we believe—that the Shepherd, on the above occasion, and many others, did so, there can be no reason to disbelieve, though it does not exactly tally with the character given of him in the *Quarterly*. “A more worthy, modest, sober, and loyal man does not exist in his Majesty’s dominions, than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the idea of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon.” He here, and in fifty other places, has exhibited himself as a boozing buffoon; and we believe that none of his waggish friends ever thought of setting him up as a boozing buffoon (the part he plays in the *Noctes* is what is alluded to) until he himself had set them the example.

There is, however, something else worth attending to in this extract. Sir Walter Scott’s leaning to the old aristocracy of the country is inferred, in some part at least, from the number of the nobility whom Hogg met in his house and in his company. Now, it is absolutely, totally false that Hogg ever met any noble persons at Abbotsford or elsewhere in company with Sir Walter Scott, because Sir Walter most cautiously refrained from letting him into his house when any one was there who had not been in some degree accustomed to the display of uncivilised manners. He sometimes, though not often, allowed him to come when those with whom he was perfectly familiar were the only company, or when curiosity might be expressed to see the buffooneries of the Shepherd poet; but on no other occasion. As for Sir Walter having any undue partiality

for noble rank, it is no more true than that, as a Tory, he had the proper reverence for the established orders of the land, and that, as a poet and an antiquary, he had the true antiquarian and poetical feeling in favour of proud and long-descended names. That the nobility of this country, and of foreign countries too, as well as all other persons who were in any way distinguished, visited Abbotsford, cannot be denied; but who can look upon that as a proof that Sir Walter Scott was devoted to them to adoration? His was the very reverse of the character of a tuft-hunter; he was the sought, not the seeker—the host, not the guest of the noble. Mr. Hogg may believe us, that this makes a very great distinction between the characters of men. When we find a person thrusting himself impudently into places where he has no right to intrude—when we find him whining because the aristocracy do not take notice of him—when we find his American biographer (p. 40), complaining that “the caprice of the fashionable world is greater, however, than its respect for talent. The treatment of Burns might have been in his [Hogg’s] mind’s eye at the moment he wrote the sentences we have quoted. It is well known, that during the height of his popularity, the Duchess of Gordon took his arm at a fashionable assembly, and distinguished him by a marked attention. It was not long, however, *or ere his shoes were old*, before he found the poet forgotten in the ploughman, and his fashionable friends turning away their eyes from him, as he passed, lest he might claim the recognition they were once so anxious to offer. The Shepherd, if he has not discovered the keen sensibilities of the unhappy Burns, has been blessed with a temperament more resolute and unyielding. Reposing upon the conscientiousness [consciousness] of integrity, and having a bold and manly spirit, he seems to have sustained himself under vicissitudes which broke the heart of Burns. The neglect of the aristocracy, however marked, never affected the Shepherd’s tranquillity to any great degree; and the very independence of his manner had the effect to retain the friendship of that portion of it which was worth possessing”—when we see the casual whim of the Duchess of Gordon in taking a man’s arm so carefully treasured up, and the cutting of the fashion-

able world [of Edinburgh too!!] so keenly felt as to call forth an expression of wonder that it did not break his heart—when we see these, and a thousand other touches of the same kind, perpetually bursting forth, we know where to look for the man who reverences the aristocracy with an undue devotion, who cannot stand up straight in the presence of a great man, and who can only shake off the feeling of servile awe which naturally oppresses him in such society, by calling to his aid the powers of a brazen impudence, which in its essence is just as servile.

Hogg, after kindly admitting that Scott was an extraordinary being, bears testimony to the true affability and good-humoured deportment which marked that really great man in his intercourse with all, whether "rich or poor." This does not look like the conduct of one devoured with an idolatrous adoration for the great. We have a more enduring monument of his feelings towards the humbler ranks of life in his immortal novels. The pen that gave due honour to the Claverhouses, the Ivanhoes, the Ravenswoods, the princes and the peers who fill the pages of the Waverley series, has painted in colours as attractive the virtues and the graces of the very lowest members of society. The beggar Ochiltree, the gipsy Merrilies, the friar Tuck, the serving-man Balderstone, the peasant, the serf, the boatman, the clown, the herd, the retainer, the soldier, the village schoolmaster, the parish-clerk—where shall we find them so amiably, so kindly, and we rejoice to say so justly, depicted as by Scott? Or has his pen even descended to sneer at persons in the middle walks of society? Is there any trace in him of the pseudo-fashionable cant which despises the shopkeeper, the tradesman, the artisan, the man who labours to maintain an honourable competency in honourable professions, but through paths unknown to fashion, in law, in medicine, in arts, in divinity? No; the worshipper of the aristocracy must be sought for elsewhere than in the Author of Waverley. That he was their firm defender, is true; but it is one thing to guard the gate as a soldier, and another thing to grovel before its steps as a slave. We must, however, get on to matter more strictly literary.

"There was no man who ever testified more admiration, and even astonishment,

than he did at my poetical productions, both songs and poems, and sometimes in very high terms before his most intimate friends. It was somewhat different with regard to my prose works, with which he uniformly found fault, and always with the disagreeable adjunction, 'how good they might have been made with a little pains.' When *The Three Perils of Man* was first put to the press, he requested to see the proof slips, Ballantyne having been telling him something about the work. They were sent to him on the instant, and on reading them he sent expressly for me, as he wanted to see me, and speak to me about my forthcoming work. We being both at that time residing in Edinburgh, I attended directly, and I think I remember every word that passed. Indeed, so implicit was my dependence on his friendship, his good taste, and judgment, that I never forgot a sentence nor a word that he said to me about my own works, but treasured them up in my heart.

"Well, Mr. Hogg, I have read over your proofs with a great deal of pleasure, and, I confess, with some little portion of dread. In the first place, the meeting of the two princesses at Castle Weiry is excellent. I have not seen any modern thing more truly dramatic. The characters are strongly marked, old Peter Chisholme's in particular. Ah! man, what you might have made of that with a little more refinement, care, and patience! But it is always the same with you, just hurrying on from one vagary to another, without consistency or proper arrangement."

"Dear Mr. Scott, a man canna do the thing that he canna do."

"Yes, but you can do it. Witness your poems, where the arrangements are all perfect and complete; but in your prose works, with the exception of a few short tales, you seem to write merely by random, without once considering what you are going to write about."

"You are not often wrong, Mr. Scott, and you were never righter in your life than you are now; for when I write the first line of a tale or novel, I know not what the second is to be, and it is the same way in every sentence throughout. When my tale is traditional, the work is easy, as I then see my way before me, though the tradition be ever so short; but in all my prose works of imagination, knowing little of the world, I sail on without star or compass."

"I am sorry to say, that this is too often apparent. But in the next place, and it was on that account I sent for you, do you not think there is some little danger in making Sir Walter Scott,

of Buccleuch, the hero of this wild extravagant tale?

“ ‘The devil a bit.’

“ ‘Well, I think differently. The present chief is your patron, your sincere friend, and your enthusiastic admirer. Would it not then be a subject of regret, not only to yourself and me, but to all Scotland, should you, by any rash adventure, forfeit the countenance and friendship of so good and so great a man?’

“ ‘There’s nae part o’ that at a’, Mr. Scott. The Sir Walter of my tale is a complete hero throughout, and is never made to do a thing, or say a thing, of which his descendant, our present chief, wima be proud.’

“ ‘I am not quite sure of that. Do you not think you have made him a rather too selfish character?’

“ ‘O, ay, but ye ken they were a’ a little gi’an that gate, else how could they hae gotten hand o’ a’ the south o’ Scotland, naeboddy kens how.’

“ ‘Sir Walter then took to himself a hearty laugh, and then pronounced these very words: ‘Well, Hogg, you appear to me just now like a man dancing upon a rope or wire, at a great height; if he is successful, and finishes his dance in safety, he has accomplished no great matter; but if he makes a slip he gets a devil of a fall.’

“ ‘Never say another word about it, Mr. Scott, I’m satisfied; the designation shall be changed throughout, before I either eat or sleep.’ And I kept my word.

“ ‘I want, when in Edinburgh, at his particular request, two or three days every week to breakfast with him, as I was then always sure of an hour’s conversation with him, before he went to the Parliament House; and I often went for many days successively, as I soon found it was impossible to be in his company without gaining advantage. But there was one Sunday morning I found him in very bad humour indeed. He was sitting at his desk in his study at Castle Street, and when I went in he looked up to me with a visage as stern as that of a judge going to pronounce sentence on a malefactor, and at the same time, he neither rose nor saluted me, which was always his wont, and the first words he addressed to me were these: ‘Mr. Hogg, I am very angry with you, I tell you it plainly, and I think I have a right to be so. I demand, sir, an explanation of a sentence in your *Spy* of yesterday.’

“ ‘Knowing perfectly well to what sentence he alluded, my peasant-blood began to boil, and I found it rushing to my head and face most violently, as I judged myself by far the most aggrieved. ‘Then

I must demand an explanation from you, Mr. Scott,’ said I. ‘Were you the author of the article alluded to in my paper, which places you at the head and me at the tail, nay, as the very dregs of all the poets of Britain?’

“ ‘What right, sir, had you to suppose that I was the author of it?’ said he, in a perfect rage.

“ ‘Nay, what right had you to suppose that you were the author of it, that you are taking it so keenly to yourself?’ said I. ‘The truth is, that when I wrote the remarks, I neither knew nor cared who was the author of the article alluded to; but before the paper went to press, I believed it to have been Mr. Southey, for Johnie Ballantyne told me so, and swore to it; but if the feather suits your cap, you are perfectly welcome to it.’

“ ‘Very well, Hogg,’ said he, ‘that is spoken like a man, and like yourself; I am satisfied. I thought it was meant as personal to me in particular. But never mind. We are friends again as usual. Sit down, and we will go to our breakfast together immediately, and it shall never more be mentioned between us.’

“ ‘Mr. Southey long afterwards told me, that he was not the author of that article, and he believed it to have been written by Scott. If it was, it was rather too bad of him; but he never said it was not his: it was a review of modern literature in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. As some readers of these anecdotes may be curious to see the offensive passage in the *Spy*, I shall here extract it, that work being long ago extinct, and only occasionally mentioned by myself, as a parent will sometimes mention the name of a dear, unfortunate, lost child, who has been forgotten by all the world beside.

“ ‘The papers which have given the greatest personal offence are those of Mr. Shuffleton, which popular clamour obliged the editor reluctantly to discontinue. Of all the poets and poetesses whose works are there emblematically introduced, one gentleman alone stood the test, and his firmness was even by himself attributed to forgiveness. All the rest, male and female, tossed up their noses, and pronounced the writer an ignorant and an incorrigible barbarian. The *Spy* hereby acknowledges himself the author of these papers, and adheres to the figurative characters he has there given of the poetical works of these authors. He knows that, in a future edition, it is expected that they are all to be altered or obliterated. They never shall! Though the entreaties of respected friends prevailed on him to relinquish a

topic which was his favourite one, what he has published he has published, and no private consideration shall induce him to an act of such manifest servility as that of making a renunciation. Those who are so grossly ignorant as to suppose the figurative characteristics of the poetry as having the smallest reference to the personal characters of the authors, are below reasoning with. And since it has of late become fashionable with some great poets to give an estimate of their great powers in periodical works of distinction, surely others have an equal right to give likewise their estimates of the works of such bards. It is truly amusing to see how artfully a gentleman is placed at the head of a school of poetry, and one who is, perhaps, his superior, at the tail of it. How he can make himself to appear as the greatest genius that ever existed. With what address he can paint his failings as beauties, and depict his greatest excellencies as slight defects, finding fault only with those parts which every one must admire. The design is certainly an original, though not a very creditable one. Great authors cannot remain always concealed, let them be as cautious as they will, the smallest incident often assisting curiosity in the discovery."—*Spy* for Aug. 24th, 1811.

"This last sentence, supposing Sir Walter to have been the author, which I now suspect he was, certainly contained rather too broad and too insolent a charge to be passed over with impunity. When I wrote it, I believed he was; but had I continued to believe so, I would not have called on him the next morning after the publication of the paper. Luckily, before putting the paper to press, I waited on Mr. John Ballantyne, and asked him who was the author of that insolent paper in his *Annual Register*, which placed me as the dregs of all the poets in Britain.

"'O, the paper was sent to our office by Southey,' said he; 'you know he is editor and part proprietor of the work, and we never think of objecting to any thing that he sends us. Neither my brother James nor I ever read the article until it was published, and we both thought it was a good one.'

"Now this was a story beside the truth; for I found out afterwards that Mr. James Ballantyne had read the paper from manuscript, in a library, long before its publication, where it was applauded in the highest terms. I, however, implicitly believed it, as I have done every body all my life. At that period the whole of the aristocracy and literature of our country were set against me, and determined to keep me down,—nay, to crush me to a nonentity. Thanks

be to God! I have lived to see the sentiments of my countrymen completely changed.

"There was once more, and only once, that I found Sir Walter in the same querulous humour with me; it was the day after the publication of my *Brownie of Bodbeck*. I called on him after his return from the Parliament House, on pretence of asking his advice about some very important affair, but in fact to hear his sentiments of my new work. His shaggy eye-brows were hanging very low down, a bad prelude, which I knew too well. 'I have read through your new work, Mr. Hogg,' said he, 'and must tell you downright plainly, as I always do, that I like it very ill—very ill indeed.'

"'What for, Mr. Scott?'

"'Because it is a false and unfair picture of the times and the existing characters,—altogether an exaggerated and unfair picture!'

"I dimma ken, Mr. Scott; it is the picture I have been bred up in the belief o' ain' ever I was born, and I had it frae them whom I was most bound to honour and believe. An' mair nor that, there is not one single incident in the tale—not one—which I cannot prove from history to be literally and positively true. I was obliged sometimes to change the situations, to make one part coalesce with another, but in no one instance have I related a story of a cruelty or a murder which is not literally true; an' that's a great deal mair than you can say for your tale o' *Auld Mortality*.'

"'You are overshooting the mark now, Mr. Hogg. I wish it were my tale. But it is not with regard to that that I find fault with your tale at all, but merely because it is an unfair and partial picture of the age in which it is laid.'

"'Na, I shouldna hae said it was your tale; for ye hae said to your best friends that it was not, an' there I was wrang. Ye may hinder a man to speak, but ye canna hinder him to think, an' I can speak at the thinking. But whoever wrote *Auld Mortality*, kenning what I ken and what ye ken, I wadna wonder at you being ill-pleased with my tale, if ye thought it written as a counterpoise to that; but ye ken weel it was written lang afore the other was heard of.'

"'Yes, I know that a part of it was in manuscript last year, but I suspect it has been greatly exaggerated since.'

"'As I am an honest man, sir, there has not been a line altered or added, that I remember of. The original copy was printed. Mr. Blackwood was the only man beside yourself who saw it. He read it painfully, which I now know you did not, and I appeal to him.'

"Well, well. As to its running counter to *Old Mortality*, I have nothing to say—nothing in the world. I only tell you, that with the exception of *Old Nan*, the crop-eared covenanter, who is by far the best character you ever drew in your life, I dislike the tale exceedingly, and assure you it is a distorted, a prejudiced, and untrue picture of the royal party."

"It is a devilish deal truer than you say though, and on that ground I make my appeal to my country."

"And with that I rose, and was going off in a great huff."

"No, no! stop!" cried he, "you are not to go, and leave me again in bad humour. You ought not to be offended with me for telling you my mind freely."

"Why, to be sure, it is the greatest folly in the world for me to be so. But some folks are like his bairns, he disna like to hear them spoken ill o', especially when he is conscious that they dinna deserve it."

"Sir Walter, then, after his customary short good-humoured laugh, repeated a proverb about the Gordons, which was exceedingly *à propos* to my feelings at the time; but all that I can do I cannot remember it, though I generally remembered every thing that he said of any import. He then added, 'I wish you to take your dinner with me to-day. There will be nobody with us but James Ballantyne, who will read you something new; and I wanted to ask you particularly about something which has escaped me at this moment. Ay, it was this. Pray had you any tradition on which you founded that ridiculous story about the hunt of Eildon?'

"Yes, I had," said I, "as far as the two white hounds are concerned, and of the one pulling the poisoned cup twice out of the king's hand when it was at his lips."

"That is very extraordinary," said he; "for the very first time I read it, it struck me I had heard something of the same nature before, but how or where I cannot comprehend; I think it must have been when I was on the nurse's knee, or lying in the cradle, yet I was sure I had heard it. It is a very ridiculous story that, Mr. Hogg; the most ridiculous of any modern story I ever read. What a pity it is that you are not master of your own capabilities, for that tale might have been made a good one."

"It was always the same on the publication of any of my prose works. When *The Three Perils of Man* appeared, he read me a long lecture on my extravagance in demonology, and assured me I had ruined one of the best tales in the world. It is manifest, however, that

the tale had made no ordinary impression on him, as he subsequently copied the whole of the main plot into his tale of *Castle Dangerous*.

"Sir Walter's conversation was always amusing, always interesting; there was a conciseness, a candour, and judiciousness in it, which never was equalled. His anecdotes were without end, and I am almost certain they were all made off-hand, for I never heard one of them either before or after. His were no Joe Miller's jokes. The only time ever his conversation was to me perfectly uninteresting was with Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London. Their whole conversation was about noblemen, parliamenters, and literary men of all grades, none of which I had ever heard of or cared about; but every one of which Mr. Murray seemed to know, with all their characters, society, and propensities. This information Sir Walter seemed to drink in with as much zest as I did his whisky toddy, and this conversation was carried on for two days and two nights, with the exception of a few sleeping hours; and there I sat beside them all the while, like a perfect stump; a sheep who never got in a word, not even a bleat. I wish I had the same opportunity again."

That Hogg sate like a sheep or a stump while our friend Murray was pouring into the ear of Scott the latest London news of noblemen, *parliamenters*, and others, is highly probable; but that the conversation was carried on for two days and nights, we have the most particular reasons for doubting. If we do not mistake altogether, Hogg was for a very short time in company with the great bibliopole of Albemarle Street and Sir Walter. As the conversation turned, in the first place, on the ladies and gentlemen of London, and secondly, on the latest memorabilia of Lord Byron, we must admit that on the former of these topics Hogg was profoundly ignorant, and on the latter peculiarly jealous.

The rest of the extract is almost wholly a collection of falsehoods. Of the *Spy* we shall have soon an opportunity of speaking; and we drop it for the present. But see how a few plain dates will put down the story of the *Three Perils of Man*, and the conversation about it above reported. The work appeared in 1822; and we find Hogg addressing Scott as *Mr.* Scott four several times—Sir Walter having been created a baronet in 1820. That may be a slip of memory; but when we find that Sir Walter is made to re-

monstrate against making his namesake the hero of that silly story, on the ground that it might offend the chief of Buccleuch, the "good and great man," who was at that time Hogg's patron, there can be no slip. The thing is pure invention. The father of the present Duke of Buccleuch died in 1819. Hogg therefore could not have been afraid of losing his patronage in 1822. The present Duke of Buccleuch was a lad at school about 17 years of age, who of course could not have been called a great and good man by Sir Walter Scott, and who certainly was not then, nor indeed ever after, the sincere friend and the enthusiastic admirer of Hogg. We suppose it is quite unnecessary, after those two facts, on the correctness of one of which the truth of the main incident of the conversation turns, to say that the whole is a sheer invention. As for the dialogue concerning the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, the internal evidence is sufficient to prove that it never occurred. Blackwood is ready to bear testimony that all what is said here and elsewhere (p. 39) about its being written before *Old Mortality*, is mere nonsense. Blackwood, who published both novels, would not be so great a goose as to publish Hogg after the Author of Waverley had written on the same subject, if he had had it in his power to have published it before; and as to Sir Walter dreaming of there being any rivalry between the works, or shewing the foolish want of caution in so openly betraying, out of mere literary pique, his secret, which at that time he most religiously kept, it is too absurd for belief. Besides, dates here again destroy Hogg. He writes as if this grand quarrel of the *Brownie* immediately succeeded that about the *Spy*, and makes Sir Walter say, "You are not to go and leave me *again* in bad humour." The obnoxious article in the *Spy* (of which hereafter) appeared in 1811, and the *Brownie of Bodsbeck* in 1818 or 1819. Who fancies that Sir Walter, tenacious as his memory was, remembered any thing of the trumpery publication seven years after it was defunct? Nobody but a blockhead could fancy that Hogg would have dared talk with so much impertinence as he here describes himself to have done, to one who could put him down, if he had found him guilty of any thing of the kind, with a single word.

"I first met with Sir Walter at my

own cottage, in the wilds of Ettrick Forest, as above narrated, and then I spent two days and two nights in his company. When we parted, he shook my hand most heartily, and invited me to his cottage on the banks of the North Esk, above Lasswade. 'By all means come and see me,' said he, 'and I will there introduce you to my wife; she is a foreigner, as dark as a blackberry, and does not speak the broad Scotch so well as you and me; of course I don't expect you to admire her much, but I shall assure you of a hearty welcome.'

"I went and visited him the first time I had occasion to be in Edinburgh, expecting to see Mrs. Scott a kind of half black-a-moor, whom our sheriff had married for a great deal of money. I knew nothing about her, and had never heard of her, save from his own description; but the words 'as dark as a blackberry' had fixed her colour indelibly on my mind. Judge of my astonishment when I was introduced to one of the most beautiful and handsome creatures, as Mrs. Scott, whom I had ever seen in my life. A brunette, certainly, with raven hair and large black eyes, but in my estimation a perfect beauty. I found her quite affable, and she spoke English very well, save that she put always the *d* for the *th*, and left the aspiration of the *h* out altogether. She called me all her life Mr. Og. I understood perfectly well what she said; but for many years I could not make her understand what I said; she had frequently to ask an explanation from her husband; and I must say this of Lady Scott, though it was well known how jealous she was of the rank of Sir Walter's visitors, yet I was all my life received with the same kindness as if I had been a relation, or one of the family, although one of his most homely daily associates. But there were many others, both poets and play-actors, whom she received with no very pleasant countenance. Jeffrey and his satellites she could not endure; and there was none whom she disliked more than Brougham, for what reason I do not know, but I have heard her misce' him terribly, as well as 'dat body Jeffrey.' It might be owing to some reasons which I did not know about. After the review of *Marmion* appeared, she never would speak to Jeffrey again; for, though not a lady who possessed great depth of penetration, she knew how to appreciate the great powers of her lord, from the beginning, and despised all those who ventured to depreciate them.

"I have heard Sir Walter tell an anecdote of this review of *Marmion*. As he and Jeffrey, Southey, Curwin, and some

other body, I have forgotten who, were sailing on Derwent Water, at Keswick, in Cumberland, one fine day, Mr. Jeffrey, to amuse the party, took from his pocket the manuscript of the review of *Marmion*, and read it throughout. This, I think, was honest in Jeffrey, but the rest of the company were astonished at his insolence, and at some passages did not know where to look. When he had finished, he said, 'Well, Scott, what think you of it? what shall be done about it?' 'At all events, I have taken my resolution what to do,' said Scott, 'I'll just sink the boat.' The review was a little modified after that.

"But to return to Lady Scott; she is cradled in my remembrance, and ever shall be, as a sweet, kind, and affectionate creature. When any of the cottagers or retainers about Abbotsford grew ill, they durst not tell her, as it generally made her worse than the sufferers; and I have heard of her groaning, and occasionally weeping for a whole day and a good part of the night, for an old tailor who was dying, and leaving a small helpless family behind him. Her daughter Anne was very like her in the contour and expression of her countenance. Who was Lady Scott originally? I really wish any one would tell me, for surely somebody must know. There is a veil of mystery hung over that dear lady's birth and parentage which I have been unable to see through or lift up; and there have been more lies told to me about it, and even published in all the papers of Britain, by those who ought to have known, than ever was told about those of any other woman that ever was born. I have, however, a few cogent reasons for believing that the present Sir Walter's grandfather was a nobleman of very high rank."

On which we find the following note:

"This impression, strange to say, was encouraged by Sir Walter. Falconbridge was contented to be a king's bastard. The anxiety to be connected with nobility by a wife's illegitimacy is a step beyond this in aristocratical devotion."

The story about Jeffrey, though it has been sometimes published before, is simply a lie. Equally false is it that Lady Scott ever expressed any "high dudgeon," as a note on this extract expresses it, against the tiny critic. What is said of Lady Scott's family is not simply a lie, but an impertinent one, worthy of an eavesdropper at a lady's-maid's table. Lady Scott was daughter of M. Charpentier, of Lyons, and

there is not the slightest foundation for assigning her another paternity, nor did any one ever surmise any thing of the kind.

"Like other young authors, Sir Walter was rather vain of his early productions, and liked to make them the subject of conversation. He recited *Glenfinlas* one day to me on horseback, long before its publication. He read me also the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from manuscript; at least, he and William Erskine (Lord Kinneder), and James Ballantyne read it, canto about. He always preferred their readings to his own. Not so with me. I could always take both the poetry and the story along with me better from his reading than any other body's whatsoever. Even with his deep-toned bass voice, and his Berwick burr, he was a far better reader than he was sensible of. Every thing that he read was like his discourse—it always made an impression. He likewise read me *Marmion* before it was published; but I think it was then in the press, for a part of it, at least, was read from proof-slips and sheets with corrections on the margin. The *Marmion* manuscript was a great curiosity; I wonder what became of it. It was all written off-hand, in post-letters, from Ashiesteel, Mainsforth, Rokeby, and London. The readings of *Marmion* began on his own part. I had newly gone to Edinburgh, and knew nothing about the work—had never heard of it. But the next morning after my arrival, on going to breakfast with him, he sought out a proof-sheet, and read me his description of my beloved St. Mary's Lake, in one of his introductions, I think to canto second, to ask my opinion, as he said, of its correctness, as he had never seen the scene but once. I said, there was never any thing more graphic written in this world; and I still adhere to the assertion, so it was no flattery; and I, being perfectly mad about poetry then, begged him to let me hear the canto that followed that vivid description, expecting to hear something more about my native mountains. He was then, to humour me, obliged to begin at the beginning of the poem; and that day he read me the first two books.

"That night my friends Grieve and Morison, who were as great enthusiasts as myself, expressed themselves so bitterly at my advantage over them, that the next morning I took them both with me, and they heard him read the two middle cantos, which I am sure neither of them will ever forget. When we came to the door, Morison said, 'For God's sake, Hogg, don't ring.'

" 'What for,' said I.

" 'Because I know there will be

something so terribly gruff about him, I dare not for my soul go in,' said he.

" 'You never were so far mistaken in your life,' said I; 'Sir Walter's manner is just kindness personified,' and rang the bell.

"When the *Lady of the Lake* was mostly, or at least partly, in manuscript, he said to me one evening, 'I am going to adventure a poem on the public quite different from my two last, perfectly different in its theme, style, and measure.' On which he took the manuscript from his desk, and read me the course of the Fiery Cross, and the Battle of the Trosachs. I said, 'I could not perceive any difference at all between the style of that and his former poems, save that, because it was quite new to me I thought it rather better.' He was not quite well pleased with the remark, and was just saying, I would think differently when I had time to peruse the whole poem, when Sir John Hope came in, and I heard no more.

"After that, he never read any thing more to me before publishing, save one ghost story. His fame became so firmly established, that he cared not a fig for the opinions of his literary friends beforehand. But there was one forenoon he said to me in his study, 'I have never durst venture upon a real ghost story, Mr. Hogg, but you have published some such thrilling ones of late, that I have been this very day employed in writing one. I assure you, 'it's no little that gars auld Donald pegh;' but yon Lewis stories of yours frightened me so much, that I could not sleep, and now I have been trying my hand on one, and here it is.' He read it, but it did not make a great impression on me; for I do not know at this moment, not having his works by me, where it is published. It was about the ghost of a lady, and, I think, appeared in the *Abbot* or *Monastery*. He read me also a humorous poem in manuscript, which has never been published that I know of. It was something about finding out the happiest man, and making him a present of a new Holland shirt. Paddy got it, who had never known the good of a shirt. Mr. Scott asked me what I thought of it. I said the characters of the various nations were exquisitely hit off, but I thought the winding-up was not so effective as it might have been made. He said he believed I was perfectly right. I never heard what became of that poem, or whether it was ever published or not; for living in the wilderness, as I have done, for the last twenty years, I know very little of what is going on in the literary world. One of Sir Walter's representatives has taken it

upon him to assert, that Sir Walter always held me in the lowest contempt! He never was farther wrong in his life, but Sir Walter would still have been farther wrong if he had done so. Of that posterity will judge; but I assure that individual, that there never was a gentleman in the world who paid more respect or attention to a friend than Sir Walter did to me, for the space of the thirty years that we were acquainted. True, he sometimes found fault with me, but in that there was more kindness than all the rest.

"I must confess that, before people of high rank, he did not much encourage my speeches and stories. He did not then hang down his brows, as when he was ill-pleased with me, but he raised them up and glowered, and put his upper lip far over the under one, seeming to be always terrified at what was to come out next; and then he generally cut me short by some droll anecdote, to the same purport of what I was saying. In this he did not give me fair justice, for, in my own broad homely way, I am a very good speaker, and teller of a story too."

Hogg, no doubt, is a pleasant storyteller enough, and perhaps not the less so because he never suffers his inventive faculty to be at all curbed by the slightest regard to truth. The esteem in which Sir Walter held him is sufficiently visible in this very extract. He might have tolerated him when alone, but repressed any attempt at impertinent intrusion before others. In fact, he considered him as a man of genius, but destitute of a regard for truth—of no fixed principles, and so vulgar and intrusive, as to render it necessary to keep him at arm's length. It is perhaps too much to say that he held him in the lowest contempt, but he assuredly did not affect his company.

"Mrs. Hogg was a favourite of his. He always paid the greatest deference and attention to her. When we were married, I, of course, took her down to Abbotsford, and introduced her; and though the company was numerous, he did her the honour of leading her into the dining-room and placing her by his side. When the ladies retired, he, before all our mutual friends present, testified himself highly pleased with my choice, and added, that he wondered how I had the good sense and prudence to make such a one; 'I dinna thank ye at a' for the compliment, Sir Walter,' said I.

"As for her, poor woman, she perfectly adored him. There was one day, when he was dining with us at Mount

Benger, on going away, he snatched up my little daughter, Margaret Laidlaw, and kissed her, and then laying his hand on her head, said, 'God Almighty bless you, my dear child!' on which my wife burst into tears. On my coming back from seeing him into the carriage, that stood at the base of the hill, I said, 'What ailed you, Margaret!'

'O,' said she, 'I thought if he had but just done the same to them all, I do not know what in the world I would not have given!'

"There was another year previous to that, when he was dining with me at the same place, he took a great deal of notice of my only son, James, trying to find out what was in him, by a number of simple questions, not one of which James would answer. He then asked me about the boy's capabilities. I said he was a very amiable and affectionate boy, but I was afraid he would never be the Cooper of Fogo, for he seemed to be blest with a very thick head. 'Why, but Mr. Hogg, you know, it is not fair to lay the saddle upon a foal,' said he; 'I, for my part, never liked precocity of genius all my life, and can venture to predict, that James will yet turn out an honour to you and all your kin.' I was gratified by the prediction, and lost not a word of it.

"The boy had at that time taken a particular passion for knives, particularly for large ones, and to amuse him Sir Walter shewed him a very large gardener's knife, which he had in his pocket, which contained a saw, but I never regarded it, and would not have known it the next day. James, however, never forgot it, and never has to this day; and I should like very well, if that knife is still to be found, that James should have it as a keepsake of his father's warmest and most esteemed friend. Col. Ferguson, perceiving the boy's ruling passion, made him a present of a handsome two-bladed knife. But that made no impression on James. Col. Ferguson he forgot the next day; but Sir Walter he never forgot till he came back again, always denominating him, 'The man wi' the gude knife.'

"The last time Margaret saw him was at his own house in Maitland Street, a very short time before he finally left it. We were passing from Charlotte Square to make a call in Laurieston, when I said, 'See yon is Sir Walter's house, at yon red lamp.' 'O let me go in and see him once more!' said she.

"'No, no, Margaret,' said I, 'you know how little time we have, and it would be too bad to intrude on his hours of quiet and study at this time of the day.' 'O, but I must go in,' said

she, 'and get a shake of his kind, honest hand once more. I cannot go by.' So I, knowing that

'Nought's to be won at woman's hand
Unless ye gie her a' the plea,'

was obliged to comply. In we went, and were received with all the affection of old friends; but his whole discourse was addressed to my wife, while I was left to shift for myself among books and newspapers. He talked to her of our family, and of our prospects of being able to give them a good education, which he recommended at every risk and at every sacrifice. He talked to her of his own family one by one, and of Mr. Lockhart's family, giving her a melancholy account of little Hugh John Lockhart (the celebrated Hugh Littlejohn), who was a great favourite of his, but whom, as he said that day, he despaired of ever seeing reach manhood.

"The only exchange of words I got with him during that short visit, which did not extend to the space of an hour, was of a very important nature indeed. In order to attract his attention from my wife to one who, I thought, as well deserved it, I went close up to him with a scrutinising look, and said, 'Gudeness guide us, Sir Walter, but ye has gotten a braw gown!' On which he laughed and said, 'I got it made for me in Paris (such a year), when certain great personages chose to call on me of a morning, and I never thought of putting it on since, until the day before yesterday, on finding that my every-day one had been sent to Abbotsford. But I shall always think the more highly of my braw gown, Mr. Hogg, for your notice of it.' I think it was made of black twilled satin, and lined."

All these are kind and good-natured traits of Sir Walter Scott; but surely marking the degree of estimation and respect in which he held Hogg. Some nonsensical literary matter immediately follows.

"But to return to some general anecdotes, with which I could fill volumes. When I first projected my literary paper, *The Spy*, I went and consulted him, as I generally did in every thing regarding literature. He shook his head, and let fall his heavy eyebrows, but said nothing. The upper lip came particularly far down. I did not like these prognostics at all; so I was obliged to broach the subject again, without having received one word in answer.

"Do you not think it rather dangerous ground to take after Addison, Johnson, and Henry M'Kenzie?" said he.

"'No a bit!' said I; 'I'm no the least feared for that. My papers may not be sae yeleant as theirs, but I expect to make them mair original.'

"'Yes, they will certainly be original enough, with a vengeance!' said he.

"I asked him if he thought threepence would be a remunerating price? He answered, with very heavy brows, that, 'taking the extent of the sale into proper calculation, he suspected she must be a four-penny cut.' He said this with a sneer which I never could forget. I asked him if he would lend me his assistance in it? He said he would first see how I came on, and if he saw the least prospect of my success, he would support me; and with this answer I was obliged to be content. He only sent me one letter for the work, enclosing two poems of Layden's. He was, however, right in discouraging it, and I was wrong in adventuring it. I never knew him wrong in any of his calculations or inhibitions but once; and then I am sure my countrymen will join with me in saying that he was wrong. He wrote to me once when I was living in Nithsdale, informing me that he was going to purchase the estate of Broadmeadows, on Yarrow; that he was the highest offerer, and was, he believed, sure of getting it; and that he had offered a half more on my account, that I might be his chiefshepherd and manager of all his rural affairs. The plan misgave. Mr. Boyd overbid him, and became the purchaser; on which Sir Walter was so vexed on my account (I having kept myself out of a place, depending upon his), that he actually engaged me to Lord Porchester, as his chief shepherd; where I was to have a handsome house, a good horse, a small pendicle, rent free, and twenty pounds a-year. I approved of the conditions, as more than I expected or was entitled to; only they were given with this proviso, that 'I was to put my poetical talent under lock and key for ever!' I have the letter. Does any body think Sir Walter was right there? I can't believe it; and I am sure my friend, the present Lord Porchester, would have been the last man to have exacted such a stipulation. I spurned the terms, and refused to implement the bargain. This is the circumstance alluded to in the *Queen's Wake*, as a reflection on Walter the Abbot; which I think it proper to copy here, to save researches for an extract, where it may be impossible to find it. It alludes to the magic harp of Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes:

'The day arrived—blest be the day,
Walter the Abbot came that way—
The sacred relic met his view:
Ah! well the pledge of heaven he knew;

He screw'd the chords, he tried a strain,
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again.
Then pour'd the numbers, bold and free,
The ancient magic melody.
The land was charm'd to list his lays,
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres, unheard and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array;
And by their moonlit halls were seen,
In vizor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye—
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy.
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung!
O, could the hard I loved so long
Reprove my fond aspiring song!
Or could his tongue of candour say
That I should throw my harp away,
Just when her notes began with skill
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core?
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all: I cannot blame,
For bootless is the minstrel flame.
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Queen's Wake, 6th edit. p. 336-7.

"I never knew any gentleman so shy and chary of his name and interest as Sir Walter was; and though I know Allan Cunningham and Capt. J. G. Burns will not join me in this, 'Let every man roose the ford as he finds it.' He never would do any thing for me in that, save by the honour of his undeviating friendship and genuine good advices; both of which were of great value to me, insuring me a welcome among all the genteel company of the kingdom, and the other tending greatly to guide my path in a sphere with which I was entirely unacquainted: and these I set a high value on. But he would never bring me forward in any way by the shortest literary remark in any periodical—never would review any of my works, although he once promised to do it. No, he did not promise; he only said before several friends, to whom he had been speaking very highly of the work, that he was thinking of doing it. But seeing, I suppose, that the poem did not take so well as he had anticipated, he never accomplished his kind intent. I asked him the following year why he had not fulfilled his promise to me.

"'Why the truth is, Hogg,' said he, 'that I began the thing, and took a number of notes, marking extracts, but I found that, to give a proper view of your

poetical progress and character, I was under the necessity of beginning with the ballads, and following through the *Waverley* and all the rest; and, upon the whole, I felt that we were so much of the same school, that, if I had said of you as I wished to say, I would have been thought by the world to be applauding myself.

"I cannot aver that these were Sir Walter's very words, but they were precisely to that purport. But I, like other disappointed men, not being by half satisfied with the answer, said, 'Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belong to your school o' chivalry! Ye are the king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours.'

"He rather hung down his brows, and said, 'The higher the attempt to ascend, the greater might be the fall;' and changed the subject, by quoting the saying of some old English baronet in a fox-chase.

"He paid two high compliments to me, without knowing of either; and although some other person should have related these rather than me, I cannot refrain from it. One of them was derogatory to himself, too—a thing which a young poet is not very apt to publish. He was, he said, quarter-master to the Edinburgh gentlemen-cavalry, and composed a song for the corps, got a friend to learn it and sing it at the mess, but it did not take very well. At length a Mr. Robertson got up and said, 'Come, come, that's but a droop of a song; let us have Donald M'Donald.' On which Donald M'Donald was struck up, and was joined in with such glee that all the mess got up, joined hands, and danced round the table; and, added Scott, 'I joined the ring too, and danced as well as I could; and there were four chaps, all of the clan Donachie, who got so elevated, that they got upon the top of the table and danced a highland reel to the song.' He did not know it was mine until after he had told the anecdote, when I said, 'Dear man, that sang's mine, and was written six or seven years by-gone. I wonder ye didna ken that.'"

We are glad to see that Hogg admits that Scott's advice to him, not to attempt to follow Johnson or Addison in essay writing, was judicious. We shall take the account of this *Spy* from his friendly American biographer: "Disappointed in the anticipations which he had formed, he attempted to establish a weekly paper, for which, as he admits, he was any thing but qualified. Not meeting with encouragement he grew impatient, and began to ima-

gine booksellers 'the enemies of genius,' and printers the tools of the booksellers. After running about from one to the other, he could not help giving them his malediction, for being, as he supposed, all combined together against him. He received ridicule from one, a subscription from another, and advice, that *liberal bestowment* of friendship, from a third. At last a person by the name of Robertson, a bookseller in Nicholson-street, embarked in the venture, and a quarto demy sheet, price 4d., made its appearance in that year. The history of this paper is amusing. In the first place, the carrier demanded pay for all the presentation copies, and this gave much offence. Many persons expected to obtain their papers for nothing, many more never intended to pay for those they ordered; and besides experiencing all this, the editor, raw, or, to say the least, quite devoid of tact, made use of some indecorous expressions in his third number, which caused the immediate withdrawal of seventy-three subscribers! Nothing daunted at his misfortune, he set this down to the absurd fastidiousness of cockneyism, and made no change in his method of expressing himself. Another error which he himself soon perceived, was his indulgence in the company of Robertson and his companions at a tippling house, near the Cowgate, where every day they drank sufficient to confuse their heads, and to convince Mr. Hogg that he was going 'straight to the deevil.' Acting upon a proper impulse, he broke off the connexion with his publisher, made a new arrangement with the Aikmans, and lagged at his hebdomadal for the residue of the year. Several persons of great respectability contributed to the columns of the *Spy*. The matter furnished by the editor himself amounted to eight hundred and thirty quarto columns, certainly a proof of great industry, if nothing else. It had reached the point of remuneration, according to Mr. Allan Cunningham, when it was obliged to yield to the opposition of those who had previously deserted its cause. The paper went out of print, and the author imagines that five copies could not now be found in Scotland."

In short, Hogg lost character, both moral and literary, by this *Spy* adventure, and he was never the same man in Edinburgh society again. We have already seen how he used it as an

engine to assail Sir Walter, for an article in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, in which the relative position of the Scotch poets was correctly assigned, and which Hogg still absurdly persists in pretending to believe to have been written by Scott, though it does not bear the slightest trace of his style. The Shepherd tells us in this book again and again, that there was a horrible conspiracy of the whole of the aristocracy and the literature of the country to keep him down. It is idle, indeed, to contradict such rubbish. The aristocracy of the country knew nothing, its literature very little, about Hogg; but in his own immediate circle he had hurt himself past surgery; and it was not until a generation had arisen, which had heard but little of his original Edinburgh escapades, that he regained the caste which he had lost among those who remembered his original appearance. Such doings as those of the Right and Wrong club rendered him no service. "Mr. Hogg's love of conviviality was not without its bad consequences. In the instance we are to relate, however, it led to a reconciliation with Sir Walter Scott. He relates of himself, that in consequence of the dissipation prevalent among the members of a curious club, called the *Right and Wrong*, he became very ill, and was for three weeks under the hands of Dr. Saunders. Sir Walter, notwithstanding the warm language and avowed hostility of the Shepherd, and the interruption of all intercourse for a twelvemonth previous, made daily inquiries after his health. He also requested that he might have the best medical advice in Edinburgh, without regard to the expense, which he would himself willingly incur. And this, too, was accompanied by the condition, that the invalid should not, on any account, be informed of the circumstances. This kind and considerate conduct was accidentally discovered some months afterwards, by the convalescent, and it went straight to the heart of the grateful man. He immediately addressed an apologetical letter to his estranged friend, in which the whole soul of the writer was poured forth in apologies and regrets. The next day it was replied to in the shape of an invitation to breakfast, which was willingly accepted. In a walk which they took together the same day, the Shepherd endeavoured to introduce the

subject of their differences, but Sir Walter adroitly parried every attempt to give the subject a reconsideration. He wished by-gones to be by-gones; and it is an inference of Mr. Hogg's—now all is forgiven and forgotten—that no unfriendly feeling actuated the refusal to contribute to the *Poetic Mirror*." Nothing could be better than the conduct of Scott in this business. It was, however, not a little mingled with contempt. We shall soon say a word or two about Hogg's grand affair of the *Poetic Mirror*. A little reflection will suffice to explain to him why Sir Walter Scott refused to give him letters of introduction—to lend him his name and interest—or to encourage his visits or conversation; but we have no fancy for dilating upon what may give unnecessary annoyance to the Shepherd.

It was unreasonable on the part of Hogg to expect that Sir Walter should review his poems; we admit that it was shabby in the *Edinburgh Review* never to have given any assistance to a struggling poet, who, with all his manifold blemishes, it is no slight honour to Scotland to have produced. As to rendering Hogg literary assistance, in one sense he avows that the advice and information which he derived from Sir Walter was of the highest importance; and we rather suspect that literary assistance, of a more direct nature, was supplied, if not from Scott himself, yet from persons not very far removed from him. The *Poetic Mirror*, we have seen, was a great object of soreness to Hogg. We shall tell the tale in the words of his admiring biographer:—"His next literary adventure was of a different character. He proposed editing a volume of poetry, to consist of original compositions from the pens of the most distinguished authors of the country, and he applied to them individually for their assistance in his scheme. From Southey and Wordsworth he obtained poems of superior excellence; from Byron and Rodgers [so in the original], although he had their promises, he received nothing. In his account of this project, he mentions his ignorance of the cause of Lord Byron's conduct. In the life of the noble bard, his biographer, Moore, avows he dissuaded him from the performance of his engagement, out of regard to his interests. The poem intended for Mr. Hogg was the celebrated *Lara*; and its author thought well of the plan of which it

was to be a part, and which he compared to a similar one of Dodsley's which had proved successful. It appears, from the published letters of Lord Byron, that he esteemed the Shepherd highly, and recommended him to Mr. Murray. A correspondence of some length took place between them, of which Mr. Hogg has spoken with great animation. Mr. Hogg mentions that one letter, and the last, was written to him by Lord Byron, after the birth of his daughter Ada; and in that, his affection for his wife and daughter was very evident. The Shepherd complains that these valued testimonials have been taken from him by visitors, without his knowledge or approbation. The refusal of Scott to contribute any thing to the proposed volume overthrew the whole design. It was in vain the Shepherd reminded him of his services, in adding to the treasures of the *Border Minstrelsy*. The appeal was fruitless, and the result an estrangement of the two bards. In the forthcoming Life of Sir Walter by Mr. Lockhart, the mystery of the refusal may be unravelled. The Shepherd resented his conduct warmly, and candidly admits that he addressed him a letter couched in very intemperate language, and for a long time refused to speak to him. Under the influence of these feelings, he resolved to outdo even his contributors, by an imitation of their various styles, to be collected in a work to be called the *Poetic Mirror*. So complete was the deception, that one of the poems, which was read aloud by Mr. Ballantyne at a dinner party, was unanimously pronounced to be an original production of Lord Byron. The work was composed in three weeks, and published in three months afterwards. The first edition sold in six weeks, and another has since been exhausted. It was produced anonymously; and but for a bungling imitation of Wordsworth, might, as the poet imagines, have passed for a genuine work."

On this we may remark, in the first place, that we do not believe that Lord Byron ever wrote a single line to Hogg. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, there is nothing mysterious remaining for the elucidation of Lockhart. He saw that Hogg clearly intended to forge, as well as he could, the style of the different poets whom he could not wheedle to contribute, and therefore declined having any thing to do with the concern. In

short, every thing worth a farthing in the *Poetic Mirror* was written by Professor Wilson; and the imitation of Wordsworth, which is here said to have damned the concern, was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Hogg himself.

We confess that we should have been extremely sorry if the advice, which, in the above extract, is said to have been given by Sir Walter Scott to Hogg, viz. to abandon his poetic pursuits, had been adopted, because Hogg has written much charming poetry—poetry which will live, and which it would have been a thousand pities to have lost—since the time he says the advice was given. But we much doubt that Sir Walter Scott ever thought of making any stipulation of the kind. Hogg assures us that he *has* a letter in which it was made. Let him print that letter, and we engage to eat it. No such thing ever existed, else he would have published it long ago, as he would have published the letters which he wishes us to believe he has received from Lord Byron. What immediately follows, is, we are sorry to say, not much to the credit of either the good taste or the good feeling of the Shepherd.

"There was another day, as we were walking round the north side of St. Andrew's Square to call on Sir C. Sharpe, in York Place, he said to me, laughing very heartily, 'I found Ballantyne in a fine quandary yesterday, as I called on leaving the Parliament House. He was standing behind his desk, actually staring, and his mouth quite open. 'I am glad you have come in, Mr. Scott,' said he, 'to tell me if you think I am in my right senses to-day, or that I am in a dream.' 'O, it is quite manifest, from the question, that you are not in your right senses!' said I; 'what is the matter?' 'Here is a poem sent me by Mr. Gillies, to publish in a work of his,' said he; 'it is in his own handwriting, and the gradation of the ascent is so regular and well-managed, that I am bound to believe it is his. Well, before you came in I read and read on, in these two proofs, until I said to myself, Good Lord! is this the poetry of Mr. Gillies that I am reading? I must be asleep, and dreaming. And then I hit my little finger, to prove if I was not asleep; and I thought I was not. But sit down, and judge for yourself.'

"So James read the poem to me from beginning to end,' continued he, and then said, 'Now, what think you of this?' 'The only thing that I can say,' said I, 'is, that the former part of the

poem is very like the writing of a eunuch, and the latter part like that of a man. The style is altogether unknown to me, but Mr. Gillies's it cannot be.' I was sorry I durst not inform him it was mine, for it had been previously agreed between Mr. Gillies and me that no one should know. It was a blank-verse poem, but I have entirely forgotten what it was about: the latter half only was mine.

" 'So you say that the poetry is not the composition of Mr. Gillies?' said James.

" 'Yes I do, positively: the thing is impossible.'

" 'Well, sir, I can take your word for that; and I have not lost my senses, nor am I dreaming at all.'"

Who Sir C. Sharpe can be, we have no means of ascertaining; but we have had ample means of ascertaining that Mr. Gillies, whose verses here are so cruelly disparaged, was, for ten or twelve years, the most industrious dinner-patron of his severe critic; and now, when the removal of Mr. Gillies from Edinburgh renders it not so convenient for him to entertain the Shepherd, it is not quite fair that he should be abused by the man who was once his very humble servant. If Hogg had assisted him with half-a-dozen lines, which may or may not be the case, (the man who tells us he would break such a compact as one to keep secrets like these, is not to be very hastily credited), he ought to have remembered how many hundred dozen of his burgundy and hock he had assisted in opening at the time when Kempferhausen was in feather in Edinburgh.

"There was one day that I met with him on the North Bridge, on his return from the Court of Session, when he took my arm and said, 'Come along with me, Hogg; I want to introduce you to a real brownie, one who does a great deal of work for me, for which I am paid rather liberally.' I accompanied him into one of the register-offices, where a good-looking, little, spruce fellow—his deputy-clerk, I suppose—produced papers, bunch after bunch, to the amount of some hundreds, all of which he signed with 'W. Scott,' laughing and chatting with me all the while. We then took a walk round the Calton Hill till dinner-time, when I went home with him and met Ballantyne and Terry. I think it was on that day (for it was during a walk round the Calton Hill, and I never enjoyed that pleasure with him but twice in my life) that we were discussing the merits of his several poems. The *Lady of the Lake* had had an unprecedented

run previous to that, and as it was really my favourite, I was extolling it highly, assured that I was going on safe ground; but I found that he preferred *Marmion*, and said something to the following effect—that the *Lady of the Lake* would always be the favourite with ladies and people who read merely for amusement, but that *Marmion* would have the preference by real judges of poetry. I have heard people of the first discernment express the same opinion since. For me, I think in the *Lady of the Lake* he reached his acmè in poetry; for, in fact, the whole, both of his poetry and prose, have always appeared to me as two splendid arches, of which the *Lady of the Lake* is the key-stone of the one, and *Guy Mannering* and *Old Mortality* the joint key-stones of the other. I should like very well to write a review of his whole works, but that is quite out of my way at present.

"The only other walk that I ever got with him round the Calton Hill was several years subsequent to that. At that time I did not believe that he was the author of the celebrated novels, for Johnny Ballantyne had fairly sworn me out of my original fixed belief; so I began about them very freely, and he did the same, laughing heartily at some of the jokes, and often standing still and sitting down, and telling me where he thought the author had succeeded best and where least; and there were some places where he did not scruple to say he had failed altogether. He never tried to defend any passage when it was attacked, but generally laughed at the remarks.

"There cannot be a better trait of Sir Walter's character than this, that all who knew him intimately loved him; nay, many of them almost worshipped him. The affection and subservience of the two Messrs. Ballantyne far surpassed description: they were entrusted with all his secrets and all his transactions, and faithful to the last; and I know, that had he taken some most serious advices which James gave him, he never would have been involved as he was. In James he always reposed the most implicit confidence. John he likewise trusted with every thing, and loved him as a wayward brother; but he often broke a joke at his expense. There was one day I was telling the sheriff some great secret about the author of a certain work or article—I have quite forgot what it was—when he said, 'I suspect you are widely misinformed there, Mr. Hogg, for I think I know the author to be a very different person.'

" 'Na, na, Mr. Scott, you are clean wrang,' said I; for Johnie Ballantyne tauld me, an' he coudna but ken."

“ ‘Ay, but ye should hae ascertained whether it was leeing Johnny or true Johnny who told you that, before you avouched it; for they are two as different persons as exist on the face of the earth,’ said he. ‘Had James told you so, you might have averred it; for James never diverges from the rightforward truth.’ As Mr. Southey once told me the very same thing, I think I am at liberty to publish the sentiments of two such eminent men of the amiable deceased. James was a man of pomp and circumstance, but he had a good affectionate heart. It was too good and too kind for this world, and the loss first of his lady, and then of his great patron and friend, broke it, and he followed him instantly to the land of forgetfulness. How strange it is that all connected with those celebrated novels have been hunted off the stage of time as it were together! The publisher, the author, the two printers, and, last of all, the corrector of the press, the honest and indefatigable Daniel M’Corkingdale, all gone! and none to tell the secrets of that faithful and devoted little community.”

“There was no man knew Scott so well as James Ballantyne, and I certainly never knew a man admire and revere a friend and patron so much. If any person ventured to compare other modern productions with those of Scott, he stared with astonishment, and took it as a personal insult to himself. There was one time that, in my usual rash, forward way, I said that Miss Ferrier’s novels were better than Sir Walter’s. James drew himself up—I wish any reader of this had seen his looks of utter astonishment, for he was always a sort of actor—‘James! what do I hear? what do I hear?’ cried he, with prodigious emphasis; ‘is it possible that I hear, sir, such a sentiment drop from your lips?’ I was obliged to burst out a-lanthing and run away.”

“Sir Walter’s attached and devoted friends were without number, but William Erskine and James Ballantyne were his constant and daily associates. It is a pity that Ballantyne had not left a written character of him, for he could and would have done him justice. But the interesting part of their correspondence will soon all come to light in Lockhart’s life of his illustrious father-in-law. He was the only one I ever knew whom no man, either poor or rich, held at ill-will. I was the only exception myself, that ever came to my knowledge; but that was only for a short season, and all the while it never lessened his interest in my welfare. I found that he went uniformly on one system. If he could do good to any one he would do it, but

he would do harm to no man. He never resented a literary attack, however virulent (of which there were some at first), but always laughed at them. This shewed a superiority of mind and greatness of soul which no other young author is capable of. He never retaliated, but trusted to his genius to overcome all; and it was not on a bruised reed that he leaned.

This is highly to the credit of Sir Walter Scott. Cannot Hogg conjecture why he was the only exception to the general current of kindness?

“Although so shy of his name and literary assistance (which, indeed, he would not grant to any one, on any account, save to Lockhart), yet to poor men of literary merit his purse-strings were always open, as far as it was in his power to assist them. I actually knew several unsuccessful authors, who for years depended on his bounty for their daily bread. And then there was a delicacy in his way of doing it, which was quite admirable. He gave them some old papers or old ballads to copy for him, pretending to be greatly interested in them; for which he sent them a supply every week, making them believe that they were reaping the genuine fruit of their own labours.”

“There was one day, when I was chatting with Ballantyne in his office, where I was generally a daily visitor, as well as my illustrious friend, I chanced to say that I never in my life knew a man like Scott; for that I knew to a certainty he was at that time, feeling himself a successful author, lending pecuniary assistance to very many unsuccessful ones: and the best thing of all, he never let his left hand know what his right hand was doing.”

“Ballantyne’s face glowed with delight, and the tear stood in his eye. ‘You never were more right in your life!’ said he; ‘you never were more right in your life! and I am glad that you know and so duly appreciate the merits of our noble, our invaluable friend. Look here,’ and with that he turned up his day-book, and added, ‘some word, it seems, had reached Scott, that Maturin, the Irish poet, was lying in prison for a small debt; and here have I, by Mr. Scott’s orders, been obliged to transmit him a bill of exchange for sixty pounds, and Maturin is never to know from whom or whence it came.’ I have said it oft, and now say it again for the last time, that those who knew Scott only from the few hundreds, or, I might say, hundreds of thousands of volumes to which he has given birth and circulation through the world, knew only one half of the man; and that not the best half either. As a

friend, he was sometimes stern, but always candid and sincere; and I always found his counsels of the highest value, if I could have followed them. I was indebted to him for the most happy and splendid piece of humorous ballad poetry which I ever wrote. He said to me one day, after dinner, 'It was but very lately, Mr. Hogg, that I was drawn by our friend Kirkpatrick Sharpe to note the merits of your ballad the *Witch of Fife*. There never was such a thing written for genuine and ludicrous humour; but why, in the name of wonder, did you suffer the gude auld man to be burnt skin and bone by the English at Carlisle (for, in the first and second editions, that was the issue)? I never saw a piece of such bad taste in all my life. What had the poor old carl done to deserve such a fate? Only taken a drappy o' drink too much, at another man's expense; which you and I have done often. It is a finale which I cannot bear, and you must bring off the old man by some means or other, no matter how extravagant or ridiculous in such a ballad as yours: but by all means bring off the fine old fellow, for the present termination of the ballad is one which I cannot brook.' I went home, and certainly brought off the old man with flying colours; which is by far the best part of the ballad. I never adopted a suggestion of his, either in prose or verse, which did not improve the subject. He knew mankind well; he knew the way to the human heart, and he certainly had the art of leading the taste of an empire, I may say of a world, above all men that ever existed. As long as Sir Walter Scott wrote poetry, there was neither man nor woman ever thought of either reading or writing any thing but poetry; but the instant that he gave over writing poetry, there was neither man nor woman ever read it more. All turned to tales and novels, which I, among others, was reluctantly obliged to do. Yes, I was obliged from the tide, the irresistible current that followed him, to forego the talent which God had given me at my birth, and enter into a new sphere with which I had no acquaintance. The world of imagination had been opened wide to me, but the world of real life I knew nothing of. Sir Walter knew it in all its shades and gradations, and could appreciate any singular character at once. He had a clear head, as well as a benevolent heart; was a good man; an anxiously kind husband, an indulgent parent, and a sincere, forgiving friend; a just judge, and a punctual correspondent. I believe that he answered every letter sent to him, either from rich or poor, and generally not very shortly. Such is the man we

have lost, and such a man we shall never see again. He was truly an extraordinary man;—the greatest man in the world. What are kings or emperors compared with him? Dust and sand! And, unless when connected with literary men, the greater part of their names either not remembered at all, or only remembered with detestation. But here is a name which, next to that of William Shakespeare, will descend with rapt admiration to all the ages of futurity. And is it not a proud boast for an old shepherd, that, for thirty years, he could call this man friend, and associate with him every day and hour that he chose?

"Yes, it is my proudest boast. Sir Walter sought me out in the wilderness, and attached himself to me before I had ever seen him; and although I took cross fits with him, his interest in me never subsided for one day, or one moment. He never scrupled to let me know that I behoved to depend entirely on myself for my success in life, but at the same time always assured me that I had talents to ensure that success, if properly applied, and not suffered to run to waste. I was always received in his house like a brother, and he visited me on the same familiar footing. I never went into the inner house of parliament, where he sat, on which he did not rise and come to me, and conduct me to a seat in some corner of the outer house, where he would sit with me two or three minutes. I am sorry to think that any of his relations should entertain an idea that Sir Walter undervalued me; for of all men I ever met with, not excepting the noblemen and gentlemen in London, there never was a gentleman paid more deference to me than Sir Walter: and although many of my anecdotes are homely and common-place ones, I am sure there is not a man in Scotland who appreciates his value more highly, or reveres his memory more."

Still harping on the old string. Still afraid of its being suspected that his hero *did* undervalue him after all; though, when nobody was present, he treated him like a brother, and occasionally indulged him in three or four minutes' conversation in a nook in the Outer House—a sort of meeting-place for the barristers in Edinburgh.

"With regard to his family I have not much to say, for I know but little. Sophia was a baby when I first visited him, about two or three months old, and I have watched her progress ever since. By the time she had passed beyond the years of infancy, I perceived that she was formed to be the darling of such a

father's heart; and so it proved. She was a pure child of nature, without the smallest particle of sophistication in her whole composition. And then, she loved her father so! O, how dearly she loved him! I shall never forget the looks of affection that she would throw up to him as he stood leaning on his crutch, and hanging over her at the harp, as she chanted to him his favourite old border ballads, or his own wild Highland gatherings. Whenever he came into a room where she was, her countenance altered, and she often could not refrain from involuntary laughter. She is long ago a wife and mother herself, but I am certain she will always cherish the memory of the most affectionate of fathers.

"Walter is a fine, manly, gentlemanly fellow, without pride or affectation [affectation?] but without the least spark of his father's genius that I ever could discern; and for all the literary company that he mixed with daily in his youth, he seemed always to hold literature, and poetry in particular, in very low estimation. He was terribly cast down at his father's death. I never saw a face of such misery and dejection; and though I liked to see it, yet I could not help shedding tears on contemplating his features, thinking of the jewel that had fallen from his crown.

"I always considered Anne as the cleverest of the family—shrewd, sensible, and discerning, but I believe a little of a satirist; for I know, that when a mere girl her associates were terrified for her. Charles is a queer chap, and will either make a spoon or spoil a good horn."

Respect and affection for the worthy diplomatist introduced in this last sentence, urge us to suggest a doubt. Whether Charles Scott will make a spoon or not, we cannot say. Many of the most illustrious people in the world have, in spite of all their most earnest endeavours, succeeded only in making spoons, which spoons have perhaps shone as brightly afterwards as if they were articles of the highest value; and perhaps Charles has adventured something in the manufacture, or at least towards it; but that he will spoil a horn is extremely improbable. That he will fill and empty a great many with the most laudable industry, is unquestionable; perhaps he may, in another sense, give away a few among his friends; but that he will spoil one, we hold to be improbable in the highest degree. So much for the foreign office.

"Of Lockhart's genius and capabilities Sir Walter always spoke with the

greatest enthusiasm—more than I thought he deserved, for I knew him a great deal better than Sir Walter did; and whatever Lockhart may pretend, I knew Sir Walter a thousand times better than he did. [Poh!] There is no man now living who knew Scott's character so thoroughly, in all its bearings, as William Laidlaw did. He was his land-steward, his amanuensis, and managed the whole of his rural concerns and improvements for the period of twenty years; and sorry am I that the present Sir Walter did not find it meet to keep Laidlaw on the estate, for without him that dear-bought and classical property will be like a carcass without a head. Laidlaw's head made it. He knows the value of every acre of land on it to a tithe, and of every tree in the forest, with the characters of all the neighbours and retainers. He was, to be sure, a subordinate, but Sir Walter always treated him as a friend, inviting Mrs. Laidlaw and him down to every party where there was any body he thought Laidlaw would like to meet; and Sir Walter called on Mrs. Laidlaw once or twice every day when he was in the country. I have seen him often pop in to his breakfast, and take his salt-herring and tea with us there, with as much ease and good humour as if he had come into his brother's house. He once said to me, as we were walking out about Abbotslee—and I was so much interested in the speech that I am sure I can indite it word by word, for Laidlaw was one of my earliest and dearest friends—

"Was it not an extraordinary chance for me that threw Laidlaw into my hands? Without Laidlaw's head I could have done nothing, and to him alone I am indebted for all these improvements. I never found a mind so inexhaustible as Laidlaw's. I have met with many of the greatest men of our country, but uniformly found that, after sounding them on one or two subjects, there their information terminated. But with the worst of all manners of expression, Laidlaw's mind is inexhaustible. Its resources seem to be without end. Every day, every hour, he has something new, either of theory or experiment, and he sometimes abuses me like a tinker because I refuse to follow up his insinuations."

"Another day he said to me, 'You know I recommended your friend Laidlaw last year to Lord Mansfield, as his factor, but was obliged to withdraw my recommendation and give his lordship a hint to relinquish his choice. For, in the first place, I was afraid that Laidlaw's precarious health might unfit him for such a responsible situation; and more than that, I found that I could

not live without him, and was obliged, maugre all misfortunes, to replace him in his old situation.' I therefore wish, from my heart and soul, that matters could have been so arranged that Laidlaw should not have been separated from Abbotsford; for though my own brother has long had, and still has a high responsibility, as shepherd and superintendent of the enclosures, I cannot see how the management of the estate can go on without Laidlaw. Under the law agents it will both cost more and go to ruin; and I say again, without Laidlaw, that grand classical estate is a carcass without a head.

"Whenever Sir Walter spoke of either of his two sons (which he frequently did), it was always in a jocular way, to raise a laugh at their expense. His description of Walter, when he led in Mrs. Lockhart a bride, with his false mustachios and whiskers, was a source of endless amusement to him. He was likewise wont often to quote some of Charles's wise sayings, which, in the way that he told them, never failed to set the table in a roar of laughter.

"Sir Walter had his caprices like other men, and when in poor health was particularly cross; but I always found his heart in the right place, and that he had all the native feelings and generosity of a man of true genius. I am ashamed to confess, that his feelings for individual misfortune were far more intense than my own. There was one day that I went in to breakfast with him as usual, when he said to me, with eyes perfectly staring, 'Good Heaven, Hogg! have you heard what has happened?'

"'Na, no that I ken o'; what is it that ye allude to, Mr. Scott?'

"'That our poor friend Irving has cut his throat last night, or this morning, and is dead!'

"'O, ay! I heard o' that,' said I, with a coldness that displeased him. 'But I never heedit it; for the truth is, that Irving was joost like the Englishman's fiddle—the worst fault that he had, he was useless. Irving could never have done any good either for himself, his family, or any other leevin' creature.'

"'I don't know, Mr. Hogg, what that poor fellow might have done with encouragement: this you must at least acknowledge, that if he did not write genuine poetry, he came the nearest to it of any man that ever failed.' These were Sir Walter's very words, and I record them in memory of the hapless victim of despair and disappointed literary ambition. He farther added, 'For me, his melancholy fate has impressed me so deeply, and deranged me so much, that it will be long before I can attend to any thing again.'

"He abhorred all sorts of low vices and blackguardism with a perfect detestation. There was one Sunday when he was riding down Yarrow in his carriage, attended by several gentlemen on horseback, and I being among them went up to the carriage-door, and he being our sheriff I stated to him, with the deepest concern, that there was at that moment a cry of murder from the Broadmeadows wood, and that Will Watherston was murdering Davie Brunton. 'Never you regard that, Hogg,' said he, with rather a stern air, and without a smile on his countenance; 'if Will Watherston murders Davie Brunton, and be hanged for the crime, it is the best thing that can befall to the parish. Drive on, Peter.'

Ay! drive on, Peter. Hogg ought to know what it was Sir Walter Scott held in perfect detestation,—but no matter.

"He was no great favourer of sects, and seldom or never went to church. He was a complete and finished aristocrat, and the prosperity of the state was his great concern; which prosperity he deemed lost, unless both example and precept flowed by regular gradation from the highest to the lowest. He dreaded religion, as a machine by which the good government of the country might be deranged, if not uprooted. There was one evening when he and Marrit [he means Morritt; but the fact is that Hogg scarcely knows the names of Sir Walter's acquaintances] of Rokeby, some of the Fergusons, and I, were sitting over our wine, that he said, 'There is nothing that I dread so much as a very religious woman; she is not only a dangerous person, but a perfect shower-bath on all social conviviality. The enthusiasm of our Scottish ladies has now grown to such a height, that I am almost certain it will lead to some dangerous revolution in the state; and then, to try to check it would only make the evil worse. If you ever choose a wife, Hogg, for goodness' sake, as you value your own happiness, don't choose a very religious one.'

"He had a settled impression on his mind that a revolution was impending over this country, even worse than we have experienced; and he was always keeping a sharp look-out on the progress of enthusiasm in religion as a dangerous neighbour. There was one day that he and Laidlaw were walking in the garden at Abbotsford, during the time that the western portion of the mansion-house was building. The architect's name, I think, was Mr. Paterson.

"'Well, do you know, Laidlaw,' said Scott, 'that I think Paterson one of the

best-natured, shrewd, sensible fellows, that I ever met with. I am quite delighted with him, for he is a fund of continual amusement to me. If you heard but how I torment him! I attack him every day on the fundamental principles of his own art. I take a position which I know to be false, and persist in maintaining it; and it is truly amazing with what good sense and good nature he supports his principles. I really like Paterson exceedingly.'

" 'O he's a verra fine fellow,' said Laidlaw. 'An extraordinary fine fellow; an' has a great deal o' comings an' gangings in him. But dinna ye think, Mr. Scott, that it's a great pity he should have been a preacher?'

" 'A preacher!' said Scott, staring at him. 'Good Lord! what do you mean?'

" 'Aha! it's a' ye ken about it!' said Laidlaw. 'I assure you he's a preacher, an' a capital preacher, too. He's reckoned the best Baptist preacher in a' Galloways, an' preaches every Sunday to a great community o' low kind o' folks.'

" On hearing this, Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott) wheeled about and halted off, with a swiftness Laidlaw had never seen him exercise before, exclaiming vehemently to himself, 'Preaches! d— him!' From that time forth his delightful colloquies with Mr. Paterson ceased.

" There was another time at Abbotsford, when some of the Sutherland family (for I don't remember the English title) and many others were there, that we were talking of the Earl of Buchan's ornamental improvements at Dryburgh, and, among other things, of the colossal statue of Wallace (which I rather liked and admired, but which Sir Walter perfectly abhorred), he said these very words:— 'If I live to see the day when the men of Scotland, like the children of Israel, shall every one do that which is right in his own eyes, which I am certain either I or my immediate successors will see, I have settled in my own mind long ago what I shall do first. I'll go down and blow up the statue of Wallace with gunpowder. Yes, I shall blow it up in such style, that there shall not be one fragment of it left—the horrible monster!' He had a great veneration for the character of Sir William Wallace, and I have often heard him eulogise it. He said to me one morning, long ago, when Miss Porter's work, the *Scottish Chiefs*, first appeared, 'I am grieved about this work of Miss Porter! I cannot describe to you how much I am disappointed. I wished to think so well of it; and I do think highly of it as a work of genius. But, Lord help her! her Wallace is no more our Wallace than Lord Peter is, or King Henry's messenger to Percy Hot-

spur. It is not safe meddling with the hero of a country, and, of all others, I cannot bear to see the character of Wallace frittered away to that of a fine gentleman.'

" Sir Walter was the best-formed man I ever saw, and, laying his weak limb out of the question, a perfect model of a man for gigantic strength. The muscles of his arms were prodigious. I remember of one day, long ago—I think it was at some national dinner in Oman's Hotel—that, at a certain time of the night, a number of the young heroes differed prodigiously with regard to their various degrees of muscular strength. A general measurement took place around the shoulders and chest, and I, as a particular judge in these matters, was fixed on as the measurer and umpire. Scott, who never threw cold water on any fun, submitted to be measured with the rest. He measured most round the chest, and, to their great chagrin, I was next to him, and very little short. But when I came to examine the arms, Sir Walter's had double the muscular power of mine, and very nearly so of every man's who was there! I declare, that from the elbow to the shoulder, they felt as if he had the strength of an ox.

" There was a gentleman once told me, that he walked into Sir Walter's house, in Castle Street, just as the footman was shewing another gentleman out, and that, being an intimate acquaintance, he walked straight into Sir Walter's study; where he found him stripped, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and his face very red. 'Good Heaven, Scott! what is the matter?' said the intruder. 'Pray, may I ask an explanation of this?' 'Why, the truth is, that I have just been giving your friend, Mr. Martin, a complete drubbing,' said Scott, laughing. 'The scoundrel dared me to touch him with but one of my fingers; but if I have not given him a thorough basting, he knows himself. He is the most impudent and arrant knave I ever knew. But I think it will be a while before he attempts to impose again upon me.' This Mr. Martin, the gentleman said, was some great picture-dealer; but as I never heard Sir Walter mention the feat in his hours of hilarity, I am rather disposed to discredit the story. He was always so reasonable and so prudent, that I hardly think he would fall on and baste even a knavish picture-dealer black and blue in his own study. The gentleman who told me this is alive, and will and may answer for himself in this matter.

" Sir Walter in his study, and in his seat in the Parliament House, had rather a dull, heavy appearance; but in com-

pany his countenance was always lighted up, and Chantrey has given the likeness of him there precisely. In his family he was kind, condescending, and attentive, but highly imperative. No one of them durst for a moment disobey his orders, and if he began to hang down his eyebrows, a single hint was enough. In every feature of his face decision was strongly marked. He was exactly what I conceive an old border baron to have been, with his green jacket, his blue bonnet, his snow-white locks, muscular frame, and shaggy eyebrows."

There are some honest touches of nature in this, but we must plumply contradict the story, no matter on whose authority it is narrated, about the thrashing of Martin. He was a poor harmless fellow, quite a dwarf, whom it would have been a shame for so athletic a man as Scott to have struck, and whose drubbing certainly would not have called for the tucking-up of shirt-sleeves, or occasioned a redness in the face of a man such as his supposed antagonist. Equally apocryphal is the story of Sir Walter Scott's dread of religion. That he disliked cant, is, we suppose, true enough; and we take it for granted that few men of sense feel any great desire for the interference of ladies in matters which, speaking in general, they do not understand, however they may feel. Sir Walter Scott through life, and especially in its closing scenes, was a true Christian, according to that form of Christianity which we think is the purest; he lived and died a serious member of the Church of England.

"He was said to be a very careless composer, yet I have seen a great number of his manuscripts, corrected and enlarged on the white page which he alternately left—a plan which I never tried in my life. He once undertook to correct the press for a work of mine, the *Three Perils of Women*, when I was living in the country; and when I gave the manuscript to Ballantyne I said, 'Now you must send the proofs to Sir Walter, he is to correct them for me.'

"'He correct them for you!' exclaimed Ballantyne; 'Lord help you and him both! I assure you, if he had nobody to correct after him there would be a bonny song through the country. He is the most careless and incorrect writer that ever was born, for a voluminous and popular writer; and as for sending a proof-sheet to him, we may as well keep it in the office. He never heeds it. No, no, you must trust the correction of the press to my men and

me; I shall answer for them: and if I am in a difficulty at any time, I'll apply to Lockhart. He is a very different man, and has the best eye for a corrector of any gentleman-corrector I ever saw. He often sends me an article written off-hand like your own, without the interlineation of a word, or the necessity of correcting one afterwards. But as for Sir Walter, he will never look at either your proofs or his own, unless it be for a minute's amusement.'"

When Sir Walter heard the name of Hogg's novel, he said, "Well, I have often heard of men throwing *pearls* to hogs, but this is the first time I have known of Hoggs throwing *perils* before men." It is very unlikely that Sir Walter ever volunteered to correct a proof for the Shepherd; and we do not think that James Ballantyne, or any other printer, passed the encomium just quoted upon Lockhart.

"The Whig ascendancy in the British cabinet killed Sir Walter. Yes, I say and aver, it was that which broke his heart, deranged his whole constitution, and murdered him. As I have shewn before, a dread of revolution had long preyed on his mind; he withstood it to the last; he fled from it, but it affected his brain, and killed him. From the moment he perceived the veto of a democracy prevailing, he lost all hope of the prosperity and ascendancy of the British empire. He not only lost hope of the realm, but of every individual pertaining to it, as my last anecdote of him will shew; for though I could multiply these anecdotes and remarks to volumes, yet I must draw them to a conclusion. They are trivial in the last degree, did they not relate to so great and so good a man. I have depicted him exactly as he was, as he always appeared to me, and was reported by others; and I revere his memory as that of an elder brother.

"The last time that I saw his loved and honoured face was at the little inn on my own farm, in the autumn of 1830. He sent me word that he was to pass on such a day, on his way from Dumlaurig Castle to Abbotsford; but he was sorry he could not call at Altrive, to see Mrs. Hogg and the bairns, it being so far off the way. I accordingly waited at the inn, and handed him out of the carriage. His daughter was with him, but we left her at the inn, and walked slowly down the way as far as Mountbenger-Burn. He then walked very ill indeed, for the weak limb had become almost completely useless; but he leaned on my shoulder all the way, and did me the honour of

saying that he never leaned on a firmer or a surer.

"We talked of many things, past, present, and to come; but both his memory and onward calculation appeared to me then to be considerably decayed. I cannot tell what it was, but there was something in his manner that distressed me. He often changed the subject very abruptly, and never laughed. He expressed the deepest concern for my welfare and success in life, more than I had ever heard him do before, and all mixed with sorrow for my worldly misfortunes. There is little doubt that his own were then preying on his vitals. He told me that which I never knew nor suspected before, that a certain gamekeeper, on whom he bestowed his maledictions without reserve, had prejudiced my best friend, the young Duke of Buccleuch, against me, by a story; and though he himself knew it to be a malicious and invidious lie, yet, seeing his grace so much irritated, he durst not open his lips on the subject farther than by saying, 'But, my lord duke, you must always remember that Hogg is no ordinary man, although he may have shot a stray moorcock.' And then turning to me he said, 'Before you had ventured to give any saucy language to a low scoundrel of an English gamekeeper, you should have thought of Fielding's tale of Black George.'

"'I never saw that tale,' said I, 'an' dinna ken ought about it. But never trouble your head about that matter, Sir Walter, for it is awthegither out o' nature for our young chief to entertain ony animosity against me. The thing will never mair be heard of, an' the chap that tauld the lees on me will gang to hell; that's aye some comfort.'

"I wanted to make him laugh, but I could not even make him smile. 'You are still the old man, Hogg—careless and improvident as ever,' said he, with a countenance as gruff and demure as could be.

"Before we parted, I mentioned to him my plan of trusting an edition of my prose tales, in twenty volumes, to Lockhart's editing. He disapproved of the plan decidedly, and said, 'I would not for any thing in the world that Lockhart should enter on such a responsibility; for, taking your random way of writing into account, the responsibility would be a very heavy one—ay, and a dangerous one, too!' Then turning half round, leaning on his crutch, and fixing his eyes on the ground for a long space, he said, 'You have written a great deal that might be made available, Hogg, with proper attention; and I am sure that, one day or other, it will be made available to you or your family. But,

in my opinion, this is not the proper season. I wish you could drive off the experiment until the affairs of the nation are in better keeping, for at present all things, and literature in particular, are going straight down-hill to destruction and ruin.' And then he mumbled something to himself, which I took to be an inward curse. I say again, and I am certain of it, that the democratic ascendancy, and the grievous and shameful insults he received from the populace of his own country, broke the heart of and killed the greatest man that ever that country contained.

"When I handed him into the coach that day, he said something to me which, in the confusion of parting, I forgot; and though I tried to recollect the words the next minute, I could not, and never could again. It was something to the purport that it was likely it would be long ere he leaned as far on my shoulder again; but there was an expression in it conveying his affection for me, or his interest in me, which has escaped my memory for ever.

"This is my last anecdote of my most sincere and esteemed friend. After this I never saw him again. I called twice at Abbotsford during his last illness, but they would not let me see him; and I did not at all regret it, for he was then reduced to the very lowest state of weakness to which poor prostrate humanity could be subjected. He was described to me by one who saw him often, as exactly in the same state with a man mortally drunk, who could in nowise own or assist himself; the pressure of the abscess on the brain having apparently the same effect as the fumes of drunkenness. He could, at short intervals, distinguish individuals, and pronounce a few intelligible words; but these lucid glimpses were of short duration: the sunken eye soon ceased again from distinguishing objects, and the powerless tongue became unable to utter a syllable, though constantly attempting it, which made the sound the most revolting that can be conceived.

"I am sure Heaven will bless Lockhart for his attention to the illustrious sufferer. The toil and the watching that he patiently endured, one would have thought was beyond human nature to have stood; and yet I never saw him look better or healthier all the while. He will not miss his reward. I followed my friend's sacred remains to his last narrow house, remained the last man at the grave, and even then left it with reluctance.

'Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna, serius ocys
Sors exitura.'

As to the politics contained in the extract we have just made, we shall not say any thing about them. Scott, and Hogg, and ourselves, agree on that point. But much as we dislike the Whigs, we cannot lay his death at their door. It is true that a ruffian rabble insulted him in the very scenes which he had made immortal, because he could not discern the absolute wisdom of Lord John Russell; but the disease that took him away from us was of older origin than any thing connected with the quackeries of 1831. We shall not discuss them now. On the whole, this sketch, which we have extracted, is one which we should have been very sorry to have had any concern in writing; but now that it is written, we do not see any thing wrong in making use of its information, slight and scanty as that information is. We find that in some sporting expeditions Scott was once or twice in Hogg's company—that he dined with him at such meetings as the gathering of the Duke of Buccleuch's tenantry—that he gave him good advice—and frequently rendered him serious assistance. There is nothing in all this to justify Hogg in pretending that he knew the domestic manners of Sir Walter Scott. In all the pages of his sketch, not five names of the gentlemen acquainted with Sir Walter occur. We are, in short, quite certain that Hogg was never on any footings of intimacy with the hero of his sketch.

With all that is said in the concluding sentences about Lockhart, it is impossible not to agree, for his conduct to his illustrious father-in-law was beyond all praise. We hope that he will not long delay his biography. As for the *events* of Sir Walter's life, they are nothing.

They could be contained in a page, and he has himself told them already in a style which will not be hastily mended. His personal adventures were those of any quiet ordinary gentleman who happened to have an office in the law—who was convivial, social, and generous, and who almost always staid at home. In his immortal works is written the history of his mind—of what he thought upon from day to day, and from year to year. In this Lockhart cannot give us any thing that is new, except his own fine critical remarks, of which perhaps it is to be expected he will be sparing. But there is the correspondence! What an inexhaustible mine of information and entertainment will not that present! We are much mistaken if the letters of Sir Walter Scott do not exhibit talent and genius and knowledge as strikingly as his novels.

In the mean time we have no objection to such books as that which we have been extracting. There are some men who can furnish admirable accounts, and supply us with personal particulars of Scott, who in the course of a few years will be removed from the scene. We wish that they would contribute their quantum of information to the general stock of knowledge concerning the man, of every particular about whom posterity will be curious,

“As long as water runs, and tall trees grow.”

As for Hogg himself, we wish him better employed than in writing books which may deserve other epithets besides that of “*queer*.” But as he has concluded his work in a better spirit than he either conceived or carried it on, we shall not say another word.

THE MEN, OR SCHOOLMISTRESS.

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE REV. MICAH BALWITHER, OF DALMAILING.

BY JOHN GALT.

MISS PEERIE, the schoolmistress, was, about sixty years ago, the most beautiful young woman in our town; her father was head-master of the grammar-school, and she excelled every young lady far and near in accomplishments. She danced, but it was only not to appear above human nature; every body who saw her had no adjective by which her beauty could be described; Greek and Latin were to her household words, and she could read Hebrew as easily as if it had been the A B C.

She was then blooming: the epithet bonny was never applied to a more suitable subject, and her temper was as mellow as her looks were sweet. She had such a sleight in dressing, that every thing she wore seemed to grow better on her than on any other young lady; and on her every pattern, no matter how old-fashioned, seemed to improve in gaiety and beauty.

But marriages are made in heaven, and fortune is not at man's bidding. Years have passed away, her beauty departed, and her still more delightful temper become all odds and ends, like the contents of a wisdom-bag. Had the boldest soothsayer foretold her fate in that blithesome time, he would have been derided as envious and malignant; nor was it in the heart of man to imagine she would ever become the lonely inhabitant of a garret-room, and exercise the rod of authority over negligent and giggling misses. And yet such came to pass: she lived in an attic, and followed the patient and penurious bread-making of a schoolmistress, until her failing sight obliged her to give up the teaching of white-seam with the hieroglyphicals of the sampler, and to addict herself in the twilight of old age entirely to the knitting of stockings. But the course of life with Miss Peerie, if we except her schoolmistressing, was not uncommon; though the world withholds its sympathy from many that equally deserve it. She was the victim of disappointments, and a low winter sun dawned upon her lot, which through all her day has only served to shew its bleakness.

But I am anticipating the results of

a sad and simple tale. I cannot, however, refrain from saying as much when speaking of the sunny days of my youth, and remembering the flowers that bloomed in my path with such loveliness.

The first misfortune that fell on Miss Peerie was the death of her father. He was a learned, erect, and accurate man—the whole presbytery acknowledged that he had not his equal among them for a recondite knowledge of those ancient mysteries, which make many men learned merely by knowing that they were once believed. But, above all, he was celebrated for the method with which he had transmitted all his lore to his glad and gamboling daughter, his only child, without leading her to imagine that she possessed any talent above her companions.

He died when she was on the threshold of life, and from that moment an increasing blight was evidently upon her. Before her mournings were well worn, the poor widow, her mother, who had never lifted her head from the hour of the master's death, pined away in unspeakable sorrow, and left the orphan exposed to the trials and tribulations of a harsh and hard-hearted world.

But soon after her death, Peter Rattlings, the mate of a ship called the Sea-Flower, which traded to Virginia, made up to Miss Peerie, and promised when he returned to make her his wife: but he never returned. Soon after he sailed, the wind blew, the rain fell, and in a dismal night the gallant Sea-Flower foundered off the Tuscar, when all hands perished.

The sad tidings of this disaster coming on the heels of the loss that the winsome maiden had sustained by the removal of her mother, was a grief that could not be soon mastered. She was so long off laughing in her young manner, that she forgot the way of it; and the rosy hue on her cheek vanished for ever like the sun-beams of the evening, which tinge the pale cloud once and never glow on it again.

Every body in the town sympathised with the poor afflicted Miss Peerie; and ladies in the country, to whom her name till that time was unknown, sent

her many a kind present; but she grew more woful and sequestered every day. Some said (as I shall never forget), that grief made her raven locks untimely grey; but it was thought that anxiety was mingled with her sorrow, for when time softened her grief, and bred negligence in those that felt for her distress, she became very poor; and if she had not plucked up a wonderful resolution for one so broken-hearted, she would have outlived the sympathies of all who knew her.

In her extremity, a courage, by common consent, was lent to her; and she consulted Mrs. Psalmody, the minister's wife, about taking up a school to earn her crumb. In this matter the lady gave her great heart, and advised her to teach the young ladies of the town to read the Scriptures in Hebrew with the Greek Testament—things which were greatly wanted among them, no one knowing an alpha from a beta; but Miss Peerie herself was more moderate in her ideas, and said to Mrs. Psalmody, that as all the young ladies of the burgh were ordained to be men's wives, it would be more conciliatory if she would just undertake to teach them plain work.

Thus it came to pass, upon consulting the minister upon the subject, that Miss Peerie should take up a school of the discreet latter kind, and let it be known that she would give private lessons in Hebrew to those misses that were desirous of reading the Scriptures in the original. Accordingly Miss Peerie took up a school of plain-work, in which she was surely a great teacher; for all the young ladies, gentle and simple, were sent to her school, some to make shirts, others to hem neckcloths and to work stockings, with various items of household drudgery. It said, however, very little for the wisdom of their parents, that not one of the young ladies was sent to learn Hebrew.

Well was it (for thin and pale Miss Peerie was then grown) that the thought was put into her head to take up a school. I remember at the time it was said, that if the provost's lady had not sent with her three daughters a beforehand payment of the school wage, by which a good example was set to other folk, she would not have been able to have fought so bravely with her circumstances; as on the Saturday night before she opened her school, which

was on a Monday morning, she had nothing to put in the basin, and was obligated to borrow a handful of meal and a rusted herring to get over the Sabbath day. Her lines, poor thing! had not fallen on pleasant places; but for all that, she received a modicum of human pity, and many that were thought of ne'er-begun dispositions, shed a tear when it was reported that she had been so destitute.

From the time that she took up her school it could not be said that she was in absolute want, for James Plane, the carpenter, told my father in my own hearing that, to his certain knowledge, Miss Peerie was making money, and had a seventeen-pound gathering in the bank; which was wonderful to hear of, as she had been only then one-and-twenty years a schoolmistress. But I should mention, that all the ladies that had been her first scholars made a point of sending their daughters to learn every thing that Miss Peerie taught in public. Once she had, also, two scholars, preijunct misses, the daughters of an Englisher, that had a post in the government about our custom-house, at her private class, learning French (which Miss Peerie taught in the most perfect manner); but their father would not hear of them learning Hebrew or mathematical, though it was well known that Miss Peerie was as capable of teaching them as any professor in a college.

Well do I recollect when it was known that Miss Peerie had money in the bank, that the story ran about like wildfire, and received from all who spoke of it great augmentation; inasmuch, that the very lowest sum any one thought it worth their while to name was hundreds of pounds, and she in consequence was reputed to be a rich and miserly woman; for by this time, as I have said, she was more than forty years of age, and had a pinched and peeping look, as if she stinted herself in the sanctified uses of the necessaries of life. But for all that, the rumour of her wealth spread far and wide, and was not without an effect; for mankind, hearing that she was so bien, laid their heads together concerning her treasure, and sent divers wooers to Miss Peerie because of her purse. She, however, was not to be easily won; only Colin Pennyton was not so soon turned away of his own accord, for he remembered the proverb

that says "faint heart never won fair lady," and thought by sticking to her he would carry the day.

Of this Colin Pennyton I cannot speak much of a certainty, from my own knowledge of the man; but he was thirteen years older than Miss Peerie, and had, it was said, a purse of his own, that he could shake in the teeth of a north-east blast. He was in his looks more elderly than those who had been brought up with him said he was; particularly Miss Babby M'Cun, who made a point of telling on all occasions that he was a much younger man than the gossipry of the town would let him be. But Miss Babby's remonstrances were not much heeded, for it was recollected that they were both christened on the same afternoon in the Auld Kirk; which was a plain proof that she had an interest in keeping him young, as she herself was far from despairing of making some honest man's life bitter—for she was, to her latter days, a most controverting woman.

Colin, as we have said, adhered to Miss Peerie with the tenacity of a sticking-plaster; but it would not do: for some day, in the mirk of the night, she had made a vow to live and die in single blessedness, which she did in the most abstemious manner perform; and Colin in the end, seeing he had no hope, gave up his vain pursuit, while Miss Peerie continued to keep a school in unmolested tranquillity.

It happened, however, that notwithstanding she had done all in the power of a prudent and parsimonious person to do, her sphere, little as she made it, could not be considered altogether a nonentity; for she met with rubs, and had her share of misfortunes over and above the great calamities that I have rehearsed. It therefore behoves me to tell the courteous reader, that her way of life was not favourable to the growth of her understanding; for as she waxed older she grew more penurious, and by the time she had reached her fifties she was a meagre sister, and not prized for the capacity of her judgment. But there was a nerve in her that well deserves to be laid open to public commendation, though in the end to herself it was a great loss, and became the parent of many afflictions.

The regular teaching of her school was over on the Saturdays by twelve o'clock, and all the afternoon the

scholars had for play, while the Mem was known to be very busy in setting her house in order. She did this in a most excellent manner, and in the doing of it went about the business cannily and cautiously, as became her looks and her character. But one day, when she was in her fifties, she took the rheumatics in her back; and not being able to stoop as she was wont, she became fain to ask some of the biggest lassies to assist her in the Saturday afternoon's thrift. At last it came into her head that she would make house-cleaning one of the tasks of her school, and teach rambling misses how to set about it. Accordingly she enacted that they should in turns do her work for a lesson every Saturday, that they might get an insight of that business.

Thus it was brought to a come-to-pass that she not only spared herself from the toil of rubbing and scrubbing, but got some additional wage for teaching how a house should be cleaned; by which she earned, it was said, a good penny.

When she first gave notice of her intent to make it an edifying branch of education, every mother that had a daughter was delighted with the scheme; and the whole lot of the scholars pressed forward to be taken into what was called the domestic class. The thought, therefore, though begotten of necessity, was, by the natural cleverness of Miss Peerie's thoughtful mind, turned to a profitable account.

It was not, however, all clear profit that she made by it; for either there were too many of the misses at one time employed, by which there was bred anarchy and confusion, or others of them were not so circumspect in the task as they should have been.

Miss Peerie had in her room a dresser, and above that dresser a few shelves, on which she was in the habit of putting her plates on rim, with their faces to the public; making, I will say, a very goodly show, especially when she put before each a knife and fork and well-cleaned pewter spoon, that had been her father's, and for many a year retained by her as an honesty. Upon this dresser there was placed a row of tea-pots, pouries, tea-cups, and other utensils with handles, making an apparition of great wealth in such sort of things; and the misses, when they set the house in order, never

forgot to wash and arrange them : but in doing this, being young heedless creatures, they did not pay that attention to these idols, and the consequence was, that one day when the Mem, as they called her, happened to be on an inspection, she saw with unutterable astonishment that havoc had been busy among these precious vessels. Few of the cups were without flaws or cracks ; the teapot-lids were mutilated in their nipples ; the noses of the pouries had suffered great damage ; and there was a china bowl ruined for ever by a piece broken out of the lip, which the cunning cutties placed with the broken side to the wall.

At first Miss Peerie, greatly grieved at such destruction, examined the last squad, one by one, concerning the calamity. But they all said that the disasters had taken place before their time, and that they had only made the nicest arrangement that was in their power to do, by placing the damaged articles in such a way as to hide their blemishes.

In the examination, Miss Marigold stood up uncalled for, and testified to the truth of this evidence, shewing that the broken bowl must have met with its detriment a long time ago ; for if Miss Peerie would examine the edge of the injury she would see the fact, for it was all dirty, as breaks are that have been of a long standing.

Miss Peerie gave heed to her words, and examined the broken bowl ; when she saw, sure enough, that the edge of the crack was very dirty, and had an old appearance, as the young lady so philosophically described it should be. But upon looking still closer, she discovered that all the broken edge was not of an equal age, particularly in one part, where an unblemished spot clearly proved to her understanding that the bowl had received its wound very recently : and so, by a cogent process of reasoning, she deduced from the premises that Miss Marigold was art and part in the guilt of the breakage ; which, after much questioning, that young lady was forced to confess, and then pay for the damage.

Well do I recollect how Miss Peerie told my mother of this stratagem when I was writing at the scrutoire ; and she foretold that this device of Miss Marigold argued no great things for her future conduct. But the most extraordinary accident in her recital was,

that she told the machination with a laugh that made my mother afterwards say, " Miss Peerie was not beyond the efficacy of mirth."

In the mean time Miss Peerie was waxing old, and growing well stricken in years, to which her frugal and sedentary way offered no obstacle ; so that she in time became an old woman bent into a hoop, and leaning upon a staff, with her head bound with a black silk handkerchief, and her apron shewing the folds for days after she had taken it out of them. In truth she was a wonderful woman, from ever after the time that she came to years of discretion and was left friendless on the wide world ; to those that considered her case she was something more than common. Indeed, Miss Peerie had in all her days, and especially towards her latter end, been very unlike the generality of the daughters of men, taking her own course quietly in the bypaths of life ; and was, to speak truly of her, a woman out of the world and yet in it.

At first her forlorn condition made her constant sadness not remarkable : it seemed, in the opinion of every body, natural and becoming ; and though many condoled at the way she lived aloof, none thought that she could be drawn from her retirement. Maybe they were right ; but they made no effort, and the poor woman was habituated to neglect long before those that were to blame suspected themselves of committing any wrong towards her. Thus she was far above the thirties before it was thought that the carelessness of her neighbours had been in any degree the cause of her loneliness. She was far advanced in life when it was by-hand noticed, and it had grown into a second nature with her, that would not be altered ; but in all the time there was never the slightest tint of imputation against the purity of her behaviour, only when she was grown old people spoke of her conduct as little like that of the common world, and made a marvel of her strangeness, which began in grief and was cherished with melancholy.

Miss Peerie was always a very interesting creature with me, for although she was born in a time that made her much my senior, yet there was a reclusive patience about her very unlike the garishness of the world. I never saw her but she made me sorrowful ; for her face was pale, and her eyes often

so bright, that she had a spirituality sometimes about her that no one could see and withstand, without feeling a melting compassion in his bosom.

In the Sabbath evenings, when all nature was sedate, and the sounds both of the blacksmith's hammer and the wheels of the waggon and market-cart were at rest, Miss Peerie might be seen walking by herself by the river side, or meditating among the whins on the green. As long as I recollect, this was the case. Every one that saw her spoke in passing by, and her words in answer were few and well chosen; but they gave no encouragement to any communion.

Sometimes she took a cup of tea with divers of her acquaintance; but gradually, as if it was a rule she had laid down for herself, she abstained from going to their houses, and they ceased to wonder at her absence.

At last the rheumatics in her legs put an end to her solitary walks, and her narrow course was in consequence confined to her room; where, when the winter raged without, she had a small fire—just a pinch of chips and coals that, to folks used to galravaging, would have made the cold sensible. But she was content with the spunk, and sat alone all night beside it, sometimes with spread hands cowering over the flames, reading a book by the light of her cruise, and heaping up knowledge that it was plain to all that saw her could never be put to use in this world;—in the next, all worldly wisdom is foolishness, as is well known.

One Sunday afternoon, when it was rather rainy, there came on a shower just as I passed her close mouth; and remembering her, I took the benefit of the wet to shelter there. Being constrained to wait longer than I expected, it came into my head to go up stairs and inquire for her. No doubt it was a fool thought of me so to do, for I was but slenderly acquainted with the ailing woman: we knew, however, each other well enough for need to give me the privilege. So I went up the wooden stair. I mind the place; it was very dark, and had a ravel of rope, useful to the lame and the aged in going up and down.

When I had reached her door, instead of rapping with my knuckle before entering, as maybe I should have done, in I went at once, and there was the clean, respectable-looking

old woman taking her tea, beside her spark of fire. She had for her table a big stool, with a finger hole in the middle of it; and for her teapot, notwithstanding the grand row on her dresser, she had a coarse, stumpy, brick-coloured commodity, that held enough, no doubt, for one. But when I told her what had driven me in, she invited me to take a cup with her, and the track pot was in consequence obliged that night to serve two; but her tea was very thin, and she had her small condiment of sugar in a tea cup, that shewed nothing was allowed for waste.

After I had solaced myself with her frugal beverage, the rain continuing to blatter on the windows, she made an endeavour to converse with me concerning many things, such as the Trojan war, and Numa Pompilius, a king of Rome, wherein she gave me a sample of the lore that she had learned from her father. But she was not like an earthly creature, for her mind ran on old things, such as the building of the pyramids of Egypt, and Queen Cleopatra, and Isaac and Abraham, the fathers and founders of the Israelitish people.

Saving that accidental visit, which was most interesting, I never had a specimen of the great learning that she inherited from her father. She was, however, a dungeon of wit, and made no brag of what she knew.

Soon after that visit she was constrained to give up her school, and to prepare herself for another and a better world, which made me very woful to hear; for though it could not be said that her life was barren of utility, as she taught the daughters of many mothers thrift and good conduct, it was sad to think that all her days were just a struggle to flee from the fangs of famine.

The only good fortune that befel this innocent creature was that death did not make her latter end a little case, but stopped her breath in a sudden cough, when she had no complaint but the pains in her knees and ancles; and fortunately this happened when the misses were coming in the morning to school, so that she did not die unseen, as many feared she would do.

Dreadful was the cry made by her scholars when they saw that she was dead. Some ran home, others to the doctor's shop; but it was all in vain—

the unblemished soul of Miss Peerie had taken the wings of the morning and flown away into Abraham's bosom. Great was the lamentation that ensued. Mothers wondered what they would do with their daughters, and really were in as great an affliction as if they all had been marriageable. However,

their grief was not of a durable nature, and was soon forgotten when Miss Peerie was laid in the churchyard. But still she has been a mystery to me. For what use was knowledge and instruction given to her? I ponder when I think of it, but have no answer to the question.

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

From the German of Schiller.

O! wilt thou faithless take thy flight,
And, with thy joys and sorrows, leave me—
Depart with Fancy's radiant light,
Deaf to my prayers, of all bereave me?
Bright Morn of Life, with flowers bestrewn!
Can nought arrest thy rapid motion?
In vain! thy waves are rushing down
Into Eternity's dark ocean.

Quenched are the cloudless suns that shone
With splendour on my youthful course,
Those rapturous thoughts for ever flown
That swelled my heart with maddening force;
Fled, too, the sweet enchanting faith
In beings formed by Fancy's spell;
To dull Reality's cold breath
A prey their heavenly beauty fell.

As erst Pygmalion prayed and glowed,
The marble clasped in his embrace,
Till warmth and feeling gushing flowed
Into the statue's icy face—
So round fair Nature, filled with love,
My youthful arms I fondly wreathed,
Till in my breast she 'gan to move,
And on my heart responsive breathed.

In passion's flame, that brightly burned,
She, kindling into speech, took part,
My fervent kiss of love returned,
And heard the music of my heart.
Then lived for me the rose, the tree—
To me the silver fountain sang;
And senseless things, in sympathy,
Even of my life an echo rang.

How did my teeming heart, too vast
For its small cell, impatient bound
To tread life's scenes with eager haste,
In word and deed, in form and sound!
How great this world had Fancy moulded,
While in the bud it lay unseen!
How little proved it when unfolded!—
This little, oh, how poor and mean!

The youth's eye lit with daring gleam,
How sped he on in life's career!
Beguiled by hope's illusive beam,
A stranger yet to care and fear.

High as the blue heaven's palest star
He soared in visionary schemes —
Nought was too high, and nought too far,
For his winged Fancy's golden dreams.

How boldly did he build on air!
What could resist his prospering hand?
How danced around life's chariot fair,
In proud array, the ethereal band!
Fortune, with diadem of gold —
Love, whose delights no sorrow mars —
Truth, with her sun-bright robe unrolled —
And Glory, with her crown of stars.

But, ere the middle of the way,
Alas! he lost the escort bright;
They turned their faithless steps away,
And in succession took to flight.
Away swift-footed Fortune flew,
The thirst for knowledge found no spring;
And Doubt o'er Truth's effulgence threw
A dark cloud from his sable wing.

I saw the sacred wreaths of Fame
Round worthless brows profanely twined:
Too soon young Love's expiring flame
In dreary darkness left the mind.
Lonelier and lonelier still it grew
Upon life's bleak and rugged waste;
On the dark path hope scarcely threw
A glimmering ray to cheer my breast.

Of all the gay attendant throng,
Who tarried fondly by my side?
Who still consoles with angel tongue,
And will till death with me abide?
Friendship, 'tis thou! whose hand prepares
A healing balm for every wound,
And kindly life's sad burden shares —
Thou, whom I early sought and found!

And thou! her mate in willing band,
When calms the soul her siren voice,
Stern Industry's unwearied hand,
Which slowly forms, yet ne'er destroys;
Which to creation's work sublime
Atom on atom only bears,
Yet from the mighty debt of time
Strikes away minutes, hours, and years.

MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—Pierce Pungent, in imitation of Juvenal's seventh satire, gives, in this his sixth, an account of the general discouragement under which literature now labours in England. How it flourished in the reign of George IV. ! Literature and the arts, in that of the fourth William, wither under the influence of democracy. In their place, commissions are suffered to grow into rank luxuriance. Poets find no patronage from men of rank ; we have poetesses, but not more than equal to those of a former age ;—in scientific women, however, we excel. The fancy sketch of a true bard here introduced by the satirist is not without merit. History, according to Pierce Pungent, is now at a discount, and the stage the subject of discouragement ; Whiggery and Utilitarianism being the order of the day. The comparison of John Bull to a retired boxer is good.

OLIVER YORKE.

SATIRE VI.

ON our own Cæsar were our hopes reclined ;
 Cheered by his smile, the student trained his mind :
 Cheerful he laboured at his studious plan,
 And youth's rich promise ripened into man.
 Then Genius only had to make his claim —
 The prince was gracious, and his praise was fame ;
 His mind was polished and his judgment chaste,
 A happier Charles, with all the martyr's taste :
 His heart was open, and his hand was free,
 And all the muses blessed his royalty.
 The poet starved not on his glorious dream,
 Nor vainly murmured Aganippe's stream ;
 Nor hungry Clio then was heard to groan,
 Nor when she pined for bread received a stone.
 George the Munificent ! the grateful muse,
 With free-born privilege, thy praise renews ;
 For thee her hand still trembles on the string,
 Or hangs thy tomb with all the flowers of spring.
 Her music dies not, nor her flowers can fade,
 Nor time nor change her nobles can degrade.
 High-hearted sovran ! not the proudest gem
 That glistened in thy gorgeous anademe
 Could to thy throne such genuine lustre lend
 As this — the muses owned thee for their friend !
 Not one, but all ! Therefore in thee we mourn
 Our light of hope, that never can return.
 The heaven-born muses cannot imp their plumes
 When cold Neglect their generous heat consumes,
 And Fortune's favours on the worthless wait,
 And lewd Democratie usurps the state.*

* Whatever may be the opinions of the men of this evil generation concerning the character of George IV. as a man, he was as a king pre-eminent. He was the only sovran we have had since Charles the Martyr who had any taste for the fine arts, or who felt any real interest in their success. He was, like Charles I., the patron as well as the friend of all the muses. Poetry, philosophy, painting, sculpture, and history, were the attendant spirits of his court. The Literary Fund, which he established, was exploded with the most indecent haste by our penny-wise and pound-foolish economists. But the name of George the Munificent will be held in grateful memory (as that of the excellent Charles still is by all who have any acquaintance with the Immortal Sisters) when the politic owls and bats, who, with

Now let the poet leave his bootless art,
 Learn to bake bread, or con the seaman's chart;
 Get made commissioner of weights and scales—
 To weigh street-dust, or regulate the gales.
 What cringing beggar cannot speed his plough,
 When air and earth are in commission now?
 The parish bastards and preventive checks;
 Swing's bonfires and the way of saving necks;
 Roads, rabble; boroughs, bridges, and balloons;
 High-reaching upstarts, or high-blood buffoons;
 The cat-o'-nine-tails, and the tickling birch;
 The tumble-down concern of state and church;
 Division of a monarch into parts;
 Taxes and treaties; broken heads and hearts;
 Bank, budget, colonies;—Heaven only knows
 What more besides—into commission goes.
 Immortal government, that thus expends
 Its penny savings on its wide-throat friends!
 The scheme works well—the pilot beats the storm,
 And shelters in the harbour of Reform.
 What though the weather-beaten galley fails,
 Unfit to bear the rage of future gales,
 Its seams laid open and its timber strained,
 No longer sea-proof, and its back-bone sprained,
 Nor Lloyd's nor Rothschild longer will ensure,—
 It will some few years yet in port endure.
 Meanwhile the pilot and his shipmates, made
 Rich by the venture, damn the rotten jade.*
 Let others lease the turnpikes, or proclaim
 "Hot cockles," or (ambitious of a name)
 Turn auctioneers, and with a knowing eye
 Detect each bidder in the standers-by—

obscene voice and touch have defiled the sanctity of the mother-land, are either forgotten, or else transmitted to posterity as a hissing and a shame. And even now, if the people recover their senses, their mirth and their gladness will be changed into sorrow, and lamentation, and dismay.

That democracy is deadly to literature and the arts, is certain. The glories of Athens form no exception. The Attic Bee was smothered in the democratic smoke. All their writers that are worth any thing have left evidence more or less striking of their abhorrence of mob-rule. Demosthenes only was a blackguard,—a sort of Utilitarian lord-chancellor; a worshipper of Demos in public and of Philip in private; a braggart and a coward. If Philip had lived long enough to consolidate his Greek kingdom, and had made Byzantium the metropolis of the Greeks; or his mad-cap son had had sense enough to make himself a king over men, in preference to being a conqueror of women, how different had been the lot of the nations! But it was decreed that the image of Nebuchadnezzar should not want his legs of iron.

* Commissions are the fashion; commissioners have done their work, and are paid by their patrons by the salaries attached to these concerns. Every commissioner is a servant out of livery to our hopefals. The nation has got reform, and been put quietly into port. The people and their government are the laughing-stocks of the world. Even the last glimmer of the amputated horn of the crescent frightens these poor creatures. The sovran has been discovered, by the singularly luminous intellect of that profound statesman Lord Grey, to be bipartite. The parts of which the royal person consists are execution and legislation. These parts cannot act together; when the one is awake the other is asleep: there is no junction, as in the case of the Siamese twins, so that there should be one life between them. This theory accounts well for the fact, that Frederick of Prussia was out of favour with his queen. At Potsdam he could only be a legislator; his executive powers were confined to the field of battle. Perhaps my Lord Grey has seen Voltaire's epigram. The state-ship may well be considered as rotten, when the keeper of the king's conscience has declared that those who man her are "a beast of a people." If the men at the mast were in condition to teach their officers manners, the drunken lieutenant would scarcely abuse them as he does.

Sell little Lambton, knock the Durham down,
 And give away the woolsack for a crown :
 "The Whigs' reception by the devil!"*—one,
 A-going — two, a-going — three, 'tis gone!"
 Far better this, than swear a lie to please
 The powers that be ; what say you, simpering Pease ?
 "Yea," said the Broadbrim, "yea, 'tis even so ;
 Why cannot men say nay as well as no ?
 Then would they lie not, since the self-same nay
 At once denies, and has the sense of yea."
 Gods, what a senator! A Quaker speaks!
 The blush of eloquence o'erspreads his cheeks ;
 With tears of joy old Cropper's eyes are dim,
 And many a prim Priscilla blesses him.

Nation thrice-blest ! whose milk-maids dress in silk,
 And clowns suck learning with their mothers' milk ;
 Where butchers bathe in wit's essential dew,
 And nobles stand up for the *juste milieu* ;
 Whence Poverty and Sin have shrieking fled,
 While Freedom looked each trembling Tory dead ;
 Where headsmen's blocks are used for dressing wigs,
 And not for chopping off the heads of Whigs !†

What bard in numerous music can excel
 Whose muses in a smoky garret dwell —
 Who peep out on him from an empty purse,
 And, when he craves a blessing, breathe a curse ?
 Hapless, who loud Olympian thunder deals,
 On Latmos sleeps, and pawns his watch and seals !
 Go, foolish youth ! and sow the barren sand,
 Or hunt by night for virgins in the Strand :
 Chew not the laurel, with the hope to think
 Intenser visions — laurel-water drink ;
 For prussic acid is a sovereign cure
 For moody madness, or for poets poor.
 If death by starving or by poison seems
 Worse than the worst of thy Cimmerian dreams,
 Forsake at once pen, paper, ink, and strive
 Not how to write best, but how best to live.
 Extinguish every battle thou hast fought,
 Reduce thy fabled paradise to nought ;
 Thy tragic woes, thy lays of soft desire,
 Thy patriot songs — bestow them on the fire ;
 Unless some chandler, with a generous gleam,
 Will buy thy paper — sixpence for the ream.
 Expect not fondly patronage, nor fame ;
 The stomach finds no comfort in a name.
 There is no hope for thee from any muse ;
 The rich will smile, but other boon refuse ;—
 Find patronage in rank, and chastity in stews !
 No good Southampton shines on Sherry Knowles —
 Our lordly Cavendishes have no souls ;
 Another Cowley now would feel disdain
 From cold neglect, and Butler starve again ;

* The reception of the Whigs in Pandemonium would be a good subject for some Martin.

A Quaker in parliament is just as ridiculous as a sailor in boots, or a frog in a drawing-room.

† Whigs, when they happened to be traitors, used to have a hamper collar beatowed on them, or the edge of the axe advanced them to their proper dignities in their master's kingdom. Times are altered. The golden age is come again ; our rivers run milk, and our hedges drop honey.

Again his odes would dearest Collins burn,
 And Gray for flowers find scorpions in his urn.*
 The last new poem will with some prevail,
 As new-breeched boys admire the peacock's tail;
 But unawares the time has floated by—
 The heart is chill, the labouring brain is dry;
 The strength is wasted which, if well applied,
 Had in some honest calling fructified.
 The bard is weary of his very life,
 And hates the muse, so long his married wife:
 Their children are upon the shop-shelf laid,
 Or to the sausage-seller's clutch betrayed.†

Those whom uncertain Fortune smiles upon,
 Choose not to play the common-shining sun:
 Why should their beams upon the poet fall,
 Since they themselves are poets, sages all?
 What cannot Brougham do?—in him unite
 Newton and Milton and the Stagirite:
 What has he done?—he went upon his knees,
 "My lords, be all Reformers, if you please."
 The hideous-looking wart upon his face,
 He calls a nose, acquired a fresher grace;
 Inspired with brandy, his demoniac grin
 Burst into eloquence; the spirit within
 (Whether of brandy or the Stygian lake),
 Made him as valiant as a treading drake.
 The bench episcopal his fury broke,
 The temporalities put on the yoke.
 Who now but Brougham? Yet a little breath,
 And this man-god is in the house of death.
 For a few years his opiate-draught he drinks,
 Swells like a frog, pants, purples, dies, and stinks!‡

* Dowagers, some sixty years ago, were in the habit of taking their final departure from London very suddenly. It has been since discovered that the strong drink called laurel-water, which was their favourite night-cap, contained a great deal of prussic acid. I am informed that this poison exists in London-made Noyeau. All literature is now at a discount; poetry is a drag. Lord Southampton was the friend of Essex, and the munificent patron of Shakespeare. The Duke of Newcastle, whose duchess wrote his history, the friend and patron of Ben Jonson, and most of the contemporary poets, was—a Cavendish. "It is sufficient," said Dryden, "for one age, to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and to have starved Mr. Butler." The odes of Collins received such a scurvy reception from an enlightened public, that some years after, on receiving a legacy, he bought up the copies and burned them. Gray's life was a pleasant one enough. For him Fancy scattered flowers from her pictured urn. He met with but one annoyance at Cambridge. He had an extreme horror of being roasted: some wags knowing of this, and of his keeping a rope-ladder, placed under his window a cask of water. They then cried "fire!" Up went the chamber-window, and down came Gray in his shirt-tail. He plunged into the water, and found it rather unpleasant: it was winter. The next day he went across the street, and took up his residence at the opposite college. He was a most elegant scholar, but ever after disagreed from his favourite Pindar on the subject of water.

† Boys admire the peacock's tail, but their admiration does lady Juno's bird no good. "Fructified" is one of the elegant words of our reformed commons. I think a person of the name of Thompson first applied it in the house, in the spirit of trade. The seventh satire of Juvenal has supplied me with many of the illustrations I have introduced in this.

‡ Lord Brougham is said to be generous. I know he is a Liberal. The Millennium is not yet come; for then "the vile person shall be no more called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful." Isaiah, ch. xxxii.—A witty and learned editor of *Æschylus* said that a certain college was a wen upon the back of his university. I am sure the chancellor's nose is much more like a truffle, or a wart. It is the fashion to call him a great man (I have heard him compared to Bacon); he might be one in

Shall we write poems, when each school-girl knows
 How in soft verse to sing her amorous woes;
 When every lordling takes the plume in hand,
 And violates the queen of fairy land?
 What though we strange new histories relate,
 Of those blest isles that men call fortunate;
 Or get from Phœbus his immortal quill?
 We may be famous, but are beggars still.
 That evil habit got in youth of writing,
 Dreaming of moonshine castles, and inditing
 Whatever our Aonian mistress bids,
 While Hunger keeps guard on our wakeful lids,
 Will never leave us: so we write, and write,
 Till with the snow of age our heads are white.*
 I know not such a poet, but I deem
 There may be such, who saw, in childhood's dream,
 Immortal beauties in their bower of bliss,
 And felt upon his lip their dewy kiss;
 And heard soft music melting through the grove
 (Where many a wood-nymph greenest baskets wove),
 While through a cloud of rose-dew broke the dawn of Love. }
 Who, next a boy, put back his clustering hair,
 And talked with flowers and stars: Adonis fair,
 He hunted in the woods the savage boar,
 And Venus wooed him for her paramour;
 Or, Ganymede, upon the gods did wait,
 And gave sweet Hebe still the sweetest cate;
 Or heard Apollo strike his golden lyre,
 While on his brow hung drops of young desire,
 And in his sunny tresses, sparkling bright,
 Waved, as he moved, a wreath of dropping light.
 Then, a glad youth, he drank Castalian dew,
 And Musidora fled not from his view;
 His heart and eyes with wildest passion danced,
 As o'er her cheek Love from her eye-lid glanced,
 And sliding down upon a crystal tear,
 Nestled amid the roses dimpling there;
 Then, then he found a snake was in the grass,
 And other bright things are as frail as glass.
 But he found comfort in the mountain-wild,
 Where sweetest Fancy on her darling smiled,
 Or trod the scenes where heroes trod of yore,
 And slept in vales where poets slept before;
 Wandered at large, and gathered, fancy-free,
 Spring-flowers at will, warbling Parthenope.
 And then he sung! — the listening loves might well
 Throng round the bard to hear his magic shell;

St. Domingo. What has he done? Bacon, though no match for Coke, did know something of law; he shewed in his writings a mind of the first order; he introduced experimental philosophy to the arts, and recommended wisdom to the people: he was a man of a mighty mind, but of a small soul. What has my Lord Brougham done to deserve to be compared with any fourth-rate man of established reputation? Even Jamie Mackintosh left something behind him besides his Whig notoriety.

* This is called the age of poetesses. Do our Sapphoes of the day excel Mrs. Tighe and Joanna Baillie? Who ever reads them? In the other departments of literature and science, some of our modern female writers have attained first-rate excellence; of these Mrs. Somerville and Miss Edgeworth are the most illustrious.

I hope the late governor of Jamaica has brought us back a few novels. Cuba and Jamaica are rich in materials; nor is Hayti to be despised.

The *cacòthes scribendi* is worse than the Scotch fiddle; even poverty won't cure it. It is indeed an evil habit.

Cold-blooded Fashion well might learn to praise
The glowing rapture and the burning lays;
And the charmed public gaze upon the star
That lent them light, but kept himself afar.*

Let such indulge his genius, build his verse,
And fairy knights and all their deeds rehearse;
Or sing what themes to minstrelsy belong,
And spread a whole Arabia o'er his song:
But Hippocrene rills not for the poor,
While Want, a lean familiar, haunts his door.
Of his starved body let him careful be—
Horace was rich when he sung "*Evie!*"
Who has to struggle for his daily bread,
And who, in winter, has to keep a-bed
Because he has no fire, expects in vain
To see the rush of Thor's gigantic train,
The Briton chariots, and the warlike queen,
Or rival fairy-troops adorn the green;
No swart Erynnis, with her serpent-hair,
Cheers on her bloodhounds with a hellish glare:
In vain, in vain he strains his drooping eyes—
The imperfect phantom rises, breaks, and flies.
Virgil had patrons—therefore flowers will bloom
While flowers are borne around the Mantuan's tomb.
The noble now upon his fan-fan spends
Revenues large; her puppies are his friends.
The brute creation asks his generous care,
And his affections with his mistress share.
Who thinks of giving money which shall be,
Like fairy-gifts, a welcome mystery?
This generous people, and this generous age!
True! true! their madmen in a palace rage.
Over the new Troy cast your wondering eyes,
And view their various public charities †
Ay! but the brave hearts which are chilled with want—
Which, anguished from neglect, from fasting pant—
Who feeds them, struggling in the fatal strife,
With the consoling helpful oil of life?

* This description of a poet is of course a fancy sketch. I believe that freedom from care, and especially from anxiety for daily bread—or, as Juvenal expresses it, "about a blanket"—is necessary to the felicitous exercise of the imagination. Our literature cannot fail to be deteriorated in consequence of the circumstances under which it is produced. If a man wants a good coat, he pays a gentleman's price for it; but books—he must get them at a scavenger's. No modern authors will spend the necessary time and toil on great works. No cheap articles, of any kind whatever, are good for any thing; because the artists spend on their works a time proportionate to the pay. Every body in these times would have knowledge, but nobody is willing to pay for it. Steam and rail-roads never can be applied to mental processes. The problem for managing a balloon, so as to make it available for business, pleasure, or war, may be solved; but the literature of no country can flourish, when the public grudge the proper remuneration of authors, and their only true patrons—the booksellers.

† The nobleman and the retired tradesman delight each in his fan-fan. The reader is referred to "the Young Duke" for a lively sketch of this pro-matrimony. The new Bedlam, on the wrong side of the Thames, is a splendid building. I suppose the English exceed in their public charities any people that ever lived. I fear there is more of ostentation in works of this sort than of true benevolence: the loveliest charity is that which worketh in secret. London was formerly called "the New Troy." The English were fond of having their origin traced to the Trojans. This vanity continued till the accession of the Stuarts. In Shakespeare's play of *Troilus and Cressida*, Achilles is made to assassinate Hector by his myrmidons, because Hector was the favourite of the people. Traces of this predilection for the Trojans may be found in almost every author of that and the antecedent times.

Their genius cramped, their powers too early forced,
 Quiet and Thought by carking cares divorced,
 Pining and faint they see the spectral hearse,
 And cannot marry music to their verse.
 Yet the smart censor will insult their clay,
 And sneering ask, "The poets — where are they?"
 Wherever Beauty smiles or drops a tear,
 Or wild flowers grow, sweet Poetry is there;
 And poets still their colours will supply,
 And give the mimic life that cannot die,
 Whene'er the public taste admits their claim,
 And pays due homage to the poet's name.*

Historic Muse! what honour flows to thee?
 Yours greater toil, more painful industry;
 The thousandth page must drag its length along,
 Books, charts, and weary manuscripts among.
 Headach, red eyes, swollen feet, and dirty hands —
 This is the sacrifice your art demands.
 'Tis done — what is your harvest? what the fruit
 Of tracing John Bull up to Trojan Brute?
 Laborious writers! what rewards your pains?
 What are your honours? what your happiest gains?
 England has three historians for her store.
 Why only three? — we have no need for more.
 Who then will write? who cannot dig or spin?
 Historic writing will no dinner win.

"Well, well, historians are a lazy crew —
 Let them some useful handicraft pursue:
 All history is but a pompous lie;
 We want it not, since we have Whiggery."†
 What praise rewards the business of the stage?
 The play-scenes misbecome this pious age:
 Panders and pimps and harlotries depend
 On Shylock's villany, and Hamlet's end.
 All good men theatres abominate —
 Lust sits inviting upon every gate —
 Within their walls ten thousand devils dwell —
 Whoever goes there needs must go to hell.

Convincing argument! since Ruin came
 On either house of immemorial fame;
 And few attend the boards where Young and Kean
 Enacted to the life the jealous scene,
 The tempter and the tempted; where the black
 Is made to think his wife a sorry hack; —

* It has been asked in journals and reviews, "Where are the poets?" Ask the booksellers. They will readily explain to you why no good poetry is published now-a-days. The poetry and philosophy of the time are beaten out, gold-fashion, and made to cover a goodly space in novels. Virgil used to write two or three hundred verses every morning when he was poetical, and spend his evening in reducing them to thirty or forty. Dryden said he ought to have had seven years to translate the *Æneid*. The present system of cheapening the products of the mind will not admit of Virgil's practice. In our times the Mantuan must have been satisfied to be third or fourth rate. He got his place by hard and incessant work. Horace and himself were well paid, and worked well in consequence.

† There are of course more than three historians; but surely not more than three first-rate. So little is this branch of literature now encouraged, that even Robertson's *History of Charles V.* was for some years out of print: a book which ought to be put into the hands of every youth of either sex. As for a woman's writing history, it is altogether fudge. Few ladies love dust; and still fewer are capable of the laborious research required for any history worth reading. Twelve or fifteen years must be given to the preparation of the materials, and ten or twelve more for digesting them. This is a lifetime; and English liberality does not encourage such devotion.

There are no longer daughters of the game,
 To wake in foolish youth the wanton flame;
 No men hot-livered, with unhappy necks,
 Die, in the lewd embrace, of apoplex;
 There are no naughty houses of repair,
 Where one may find or take the willing fair;
 Vice has been banished, choked each vicious passion,
 From what time theatres were out of fashion.
 Doubtless! beards die from use of shaving-paste—
 Our Whigs are honest, and our whores are chaste.
 Down with the stage! for it is reprobation,
 And every kind of all abomination!
 Street-preaching is more mirthful than a play—
 We see the mountebank and nothing pay.*

"Of what use is it?" This the constant cry,
 Whether the theme be grave or mummery:
 Whate'er the finished art, whate'er the skill,
 This question meets the hapless artist still.
 "There are no poets!" How, sir, do you know?
 "Reviews and magazines declare it so."
 "The stage is devil-house!" Your reason, pray;
 "I know it from myself: I saw a play,
 Went to the Pig and Whistle, had a fall,
 And ever since am methodistical."
 Had Burton lived in these ecstatic times,
 Which put down theatres and cherish crimes,
 Which preach religion and the church abuse,
 Which banish Shakespeare and which gape for news,—
 He had found matter worthier of his page
 Than maniac wisdom, philosophic rage.
 "Reform! Reform!"—what is there in a name?
 "The glorious three days" mean, in French, the same:
 "Rebellion" was our English word before,
 But we must use that naughty word no more.
 We now are old, 'tis time to give away
 To younger nations our long ocean-sway;
 Let Jonathan and Nick divide the prize,
 But give the Frog some island colonies.
 So some redoubted champion of the ring
 Resigns his gloves, and gives his genius swing;
 Pleased with the fancy that he once was strong,
 Divides his beer-shops his dear friends among,
 A villa buys, takes port-wine after cheese,
 Reforms his household, and enjoys his ease.†

* The outcry against the stage is one of the most flagrant follies of the Evangelicals. Some of the over-righteous ladies, who train the young idea how to shoot, will not permit dancing to be taught in their schools. They substitute a drill by a life-guardsmen. This is the religion of the day. God help the poor fools! The first miracle the Saviour of mankind wrought was at a wedding-feast, where there was in all probability dancing, and every species of mirth-making. These religionists forget that they are themselves only players, and very clumsy ones. The paint they put on is a daub; their masks are too transparent. The visage expressive of sour discontent, of acid dyspepsia, of envy, hatred, and malice, too often peeps from behind the visor.

† The *cui bono?* meets you at every step. The Utilitarians have it their own way. The political economists will next, I suppose, establish a company to regulate the passions of mankind, putting a tax upon all vicious excesses. It is well for most of us that our Task-master is more merciful than the gods of earth. I cannot think what is called reform any thing else than revolution; those who brought it about are in my mind traitors. And I believe that John Bull is very much in the situation of a retired boxer, whose nerves are unstrung, and who is only fit to put flannel round his legs, or sit—in the House of Commons.

No. LI.

THOMAS HILL, ESQ., F.A.S.

SAM ROGERS, we rather think, was quizzing George Robins, when he told him that the phenomenon opposite was one of the *little Hills* celebrated for their skipping propensities in the Psalms; but there can be no doubt that he is the *facile atavus* of our existing literature. Most surely, therefore, we ought long ago to have given this venerable and vivacious patriarch and punster, as seated at his snug breakfast-table, over his usual Appennine of shrimps and Euxine of chocolate—refreshing his optics, meanwhile, with the third perusal of the *Mirror of Fashion*. Here, however, you at length behold him. “*Ecce*” (to apply what Augustus Cæsar said on a remarkable occasion of Horatius Flaccus) “*Ecce homuncionem facetissimum — en tibi lepidissimum senem!*”

The *Biographia Britannica* proves that Aaron Hill returned from the East with Lord Paget, his kinsman and patron, in 1703; so that, as our hero has never denied that he was born at Constantinople, he must now be at least one hundred and thirty-one. This would be pretty well, were he as toothless as Lord Grey, as bald as the Duke of Sussex, as lame as Lord Holland, and as impotent, in every sense of that word, as all the three of them. But the wonder of us Lilliputians of a day is considerably increased when we reflect that this Man-Mountain has, at this hour, a complete set of grinders, which hardly call once a-year for a slight manipulation of his friend Cartwright—that he trots daily at least twenty miles, upon pins as sturdy and compact almost as those of our dear Taglioni—that his curls are still any thing but rare, and owe nothing of the richness of their gloss to either the lead-comb or *Collins's Milk*, or any other item of the Palmerstonian *suppeller*—that the lad is still the very life and soul of the most bethumbed column in the *Chronicle*; the chief *helluo* of whitebait within the bills of Lovegrove; closes the scene twice a-week with a grilled chicken, &c., at no great distance from Norton Street; and from July to Eternity takes no medicine but his Lady De Crespigny's prandial pill. Wonderful creature! And he has buried five wives, too! We are not at all surprised to hear that the effigy of our Adelpbic Oracle is to supplant that old water-gruel Cornaro in the next edition of Sir John Sinclair.

Well, Hill, how did things look at Billingsgate this morning? Covent Garden lively, Tom? What do you think of John Black permitting Bear Ellice to put his paw into the leader? Pooh, pooh, Hill! All Heber's concern gone yet? How does Cochrane get on with your worthy young friend, Lord Shammus of Should-be?—stirring, eh? When did you dine with Murray, Tom? What is Wright about now? I think I could trace a certain fine *Roman* hand in the last *Fraser*. Ah, you wag! how could you do Hogg so? Pot and kettle, Tom, eh? Any more Ramsbottoms coming? Theodore hearty this summer? What's Lockhart thinking of for next Number, old cock? Ah, those pea and thimble rogues! Now do tell me, what's Brougham's regular dose, Hill? Does Fricour still keep up his fame for the roast turbot? What has Southey got for this edition of Cowper? My eye! how the laureate puffed you in his preface to *Kirke White*! Why was Lady T—— so *werry* dolorous when Grizzle made his blubbering exit? What the deuce is that new print you've stuck up alongside of Parr? Ah, Tom! those were merry days when you, and I, and Perry, and John Kemble, ran our rigs together — *sic transit*. Have you had a tumbler with Sir Morgan lately? How's James? Come, now, what *did* you turn by your tickets for the Abbey, Tom? What's all this about Mulgrave, Hillock? You'll take the thing up at the Garrick, won't you? Fie! do you think we've forgotten all about you and the Bellamy? Ah, Tom! that White Hermitage! How you floored Dubois, Andrews, Smith, Twiss—every mother's son of them, and then went to sup with the Duchess, you dog! Lord, Lord! if you ever do make a die of it, how your cellar will cut up! Why the mischief don't you write your memoirs, Hill? Do by all means!—Life and Works, in the same shape with Byron's, Crabbe's, and so forth. Plenty of facts—pooh, pooh! bushels, bushels. I daresay the emperor would not mind a thousand—eh, Chimborazo?

Come, Tommy, 'tis eleven o'clock; get on your boots again; don't forget the umbrella, my boy! Oh, Jupiter! how capitally Mathews hits off your grunt! Little Davy never did you better at Hampton.



Alfred Croquis

Yours very sincerely

The Mill

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AUTHOR OF THE "MIRROR OF FASHION".

LA GUGLIELMINA OF MILAN.

A TALE OF ITALY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE MONASTERY OF ST. VICTOR.

THANKS to the Blessed Virgin, and the prayers of our holy brotherhood, I can now look to the future with hope, and on the past with tranquillity. I have endured flagellation and fasting, I have prayed with bare knees on the cold marble, I have made my cell damp with my tears; but as a further penance for my sins, I have determined to write a narrative of the wickedness of my miserable existence, hoping it will be for the profit of future generations, and that those forming a part of this sublunary world—young, and surrounded with the temptations with which it is filled, as I have been—may take warning by my fate, and avoid the snares which the Evil One spreads for the destruction of their precious souls. Our Lady of Grace assist me in this holy undertaking!

Milana la Magnifica!—all know thy greatness, all acknowledge thy power. Much hast thou been favoured by our Lady and the holy St. Ambrose. Thou art beautiful in palaces—lovely in fields and streams. Thy places of worship and of sanctuary are numerous and wealthy. Thy people are religious—thy nobles brave and hospitable. Abode of my ancestors, my birth-place, my home, thou art dear to me still! I cannot obliterate from my remembrance those happy moments when in joyous innocence I sported near the Porta Nuova, and laved my youthful limbs in the bright waters of the Olano. I was then glad and guiltless—Oh that those times might again return, and that I could change this monkish cowl for the habit of my boyhood! Mother of God, I have sinned!—I thirst for worldly joys and a sinful life. Support me with the strength of thy gracious love, or I am lost and abandoned!—I am strengthened—I feel the Divine assurance strong within me, and will proceed.

La Guglielmina was a lady of the highest rank in Milan, and she was beautiful and wealthy; but her life did not pass without rumours being in circulation questioning the purity of her reputation. She possessed the means of procuring every enjoyment,

and it was said that she did not stint herself in their indulgence. Among other sins laid to her charge, a passion for intrigue was most conspicuous. When a youth, my uncle Bartolomeo was reported to have been high in her favour; but he is now a discreet man and a magistrate, and knows when to hold his tongue: I cannot say, therefore, how far this may be the truth. Certain it is that all at once she saw the folly of her life, and became disgusted with her wickedness. Her soul was moved with a contrite spirit—she repented of her deeds, and expended her large fortune in charitable purposes. She retired from the world.

There was a long subterranean vault in the outskirts of the city; for what purpose it was originally intended none knew; but I believe it was a natural cavern, which had been much enlarged by the excavations of the inhabitants. This she purchased. She had gates of great strength erected at the entrance, the interior rendered more habitable, and then she made it her solitary residence. The sanctity of her deeds was the wonder of the people; and the exemplary piety which had induced her to single out so dark and cheerless a spot wherein to pass the remainder of her existence, made her much honoured by the religiously disposed. Her fame increased; and thousands flocked to be edified by her example, and instructed by her precepts. She was solicited by many influential persons to allow them to join in her devotions; but she refused all except those who were young, and were possessed of the most irreproachable characters. Her reason was, that she wished the innocent alone to possess the inestimable advantage of her discourse, that she might have the opportunity of instilling into their youthful minds a knowledge of religion and a love of virtue, before they could become acquainted with the fascinations of vice, and the allurements of sin.

The veneration of the inhabitants rose with her increasing popularity, and they came in crowds to the gate that they might receive the benefit of

her prayers. It was an inviolable rule, that while at her devotions, whether she was accompanied by those whom she honoured with her friendship, or spent the hours in solitary penance, she was not to be disturbed; and it would have been accounted sacrilege had any one dared to have interrupted her. Her disciples were the young and beautiful of both sexes, but they were only known to one another. Inviolable secrecy was strictly ordained, or else it was thought the spiritual communications of the pious recluse would lose their efficacy; and the least breach of trust was threatened with instant dismissal from the society, and future seclusion from its heavenly advantages. This had the desired effect, for not one of the select few were ever known to divulge the confidence reposed in them.

A dislike of ostentation, it was supposed, made her choose midnight for the time of instructing her young proselytes; and they came to her muffled up in cloaks, with their faces concealed beneath veils of a peculiar shape and colour. Their prayers lasted several hours; at the end of which they went one by one to a secluded part of her subterranean habitation, received her benediction, and were dismissed. It was accounted by the people an act of the greatest impiety for any one to attend these favourites of the good lady to their homes, or to watch for the purpose of finding out who they were. The inhabitants feared that some calamity would follow such acts of sinful curiosity; and a young man of dissolute habits, having boasted to his companions his determination to enter the vault and see what was going forward within, was found next morning near the gates quite dead, but without any signs of violence upon his person. This was considered a judgment for his wickedness; and fear kept every one else from making a similar attempt.

Happy were the parents who imagined their children under the protection of the good La Guglielmina. She relieved the poor, reformed the wicked, and the sick were healed by the sanctity of her prayers. In the full splendour of her fame she died suddenly. It was said that the excellence of her deeds had procured her an earlier association with the angels. All Milan were overpowered with grief at her irreparable loss. The citizens were

melancholy and sad—the religious humbled themselves with fasting and penance—the rich gave alms—and the poor offered up their prayers. The holy fathers of the church numbered her among the saints; and none but Our Lady was supposed to possess so much influence as the holy and immaculate Santa Guglielmina.

Her sorrowing disciples requested permission for her body to be deposited in the place where she had breathed her divine admonitions. It was granted. All the monks and nuns went in procession: the people of the city, and even the inhabitants of Brescia, Padua, and strangers from distant places, thronged to do honour to her sacred remains. The most splendid ceremonies that had ever been witnessed were performed in the grand cathedral, wherein the archbishop preached an eloquent eulogy on her exceeding piety and exemplary virtue. The young were edified, and the old instructed. Thence she was carried with extraordinary pomp by the most eminent of the nobles, through innumerable crowds of devoted worshippers, to the place of her pious labours. Here those who were at enmity laid aside their feuds, and swore eternal friendship. Honoured was he above his fellows who could touch the sacred body; and the most wonderful miracles were performed on those who obtained only a sight of her sainted corpse.

Her disciples still continued to meet together in the usual manner, to commune with each other on the divine truths of her doctrines, and to strengthen one another in the performance of those blameless rites which their benefactress had instituted.

About this time I first beheld Julia Archinte, the only daughter of one of the most powerful families in Milan. She was young, her figure swelling into womanly loveliness—round, full, and exquisitely beautiful. Her eyes were black and piercing; and there was an expression of deep passion lurking under their long silken eyelashes, which even the blessed St. Anthony could scarcely have resisted. Her complexion was dark, rich, and clear; a delicious rosininess spread itself over each cheek, dying off in the distance like the blushing tinge of an evening sky. Her mouth was voluptuously formed—more like a luscious

fruit than any thing belonging to human shape; and when she smiled, the pearls within flashed from between the open lips like some hidden kernel, of which her eloquent mouth formed the tempting covering. Her hair was of a jetty lustre, and was rich in a profusion of untutored curls, that hung upon her neck and shoulders like clusters of the dark luxuriant grape of our vineyards. I saw her, and I loved her.

I was of a family as ancient and as noble as her own, and was rising into manhood. Our relations were on terms of intimacy, therefore I was allowed every opportunity of seeing and conversing with her. I drank the delicious poison of her bewitching looks, till my soul was intoxicated with the frequent draughts. My blood seemed to course along its crimson channels in boiling currents. I could not rest; my mind was engrossed with this pervading passion, and all its impulses were followed with maddening precipitation. I could not sleep; I lay tossing on my couch in a raging fever, burning with a flame which none but the divine Julia had power to quench. I was delirious, except in her presence, and then I could have laid down beneath the sunny radiance of her smiles, and died in peace with all the world. But I stood before her, my soul speaking in my eyes, watching the glorious beauty of her looks, like an adoring worshipper before the shrine of some powerful saint. She had many suitors; but if she smiled on another, I was tormented with jealous fears and irrepressible anxieties, which could only be quieted by some more marked expression of her favour towards myself. I knew not that I was pleasing to her, but I tried in every way which could offer itself to my excited imagination to make myself seem worthy in her eyes. I was ever by her side; and while my heart seemed trembling on my lips, I poured into her ear the sweet and flattering incense of devoted love. I anticipated her most trifling wants, and executed for her the most hazardous missions; and at night, instead of retiring to a restless pillow, I took my *citarra*, and beneath her balcony I sang the most tender and passionate strains, till the rosy morning dawned upon the sky. I lived but for her; life would have been miserable, and the world a chaos, had not her

looks filled them with light, beauty, and love.

I thought, and the thought brought with it dreams of unspeakable delight, that she appeared to shew more partiality to my society, and seemed more pleased with my attentions. Oh! how I hugged myself with the flattering fancy! My brain was in a continual ferment, for my passion increased with my favourable hopes. I stood by her side while my throbbing eye-balls drank in the image of her loveliness, and my soul hung fainting upon the magic music of her voice, as if each syllable contained a spell on which my very existence depended.

We walked out together. Sometimes we sat side by side under the fragrant orange-blossoms, or amid the clustering vineyards; at other times we walked along the flowery pathways by the side of murmuring waters—her tongue discoursing the most eloquent music, and filling the air with melody more ravishing than the inspired strains of an improvisatrice—her lips breathing odours and bathed with sweets, more fragrant than the perfume, and more delicious than the honey-dew upon the blossoms among which we moved—and her looks beaming with a radiance more divine, and a brilliance more warm, than the scorching rays of the bright sun shining above our heads. If she asked me to listen to the notes of the feathered songsters, I was treasuring within my memory the last echo of her departing words. If she bade me admire the wondrous fragrance of the dewy blossoms, I was lost in admiration of the sweets that hung around her tempting mouth; and if she directed my rapture to the sunbeams dwelling like a mantle of light upon the gentle river, I found myself peering beneath her silken eyelashes for the source of that light which had poured its beams of love upon the restless waters of my soul.

We read together. Dante, and Tasso, and Boccacio, were those in whose immortal pages we found most delight. Often have I trembled with a sudden faintness, while she, leaning on my shoulder, sat listening eagerly, when I came to a passage that interpreted the deep-felt history of my love, stronger than words of mine could ever have expressed. One soft and melting summer's day we retired to a delightful harbour, where a cascade of

foaming water cooled the air to an agreeable freshness; I had procured a volume of the divine Petrarch, then in the full glory of his fame, and had marked a passage, where, in the most glowing and passionate language, he declares the ardour of his love for the fair Laura, and asks imploringly if she can look unmoved upon his sufferings while his heart and soul are being consumed by the flame of an unrequited passion. I produced the book, and I asked her with a trembling tongue to read the passage, and give me her opinion of its merits. I thought she blushed as she took the volume into her hands. I watched her with a feverish anxiety; she began to read aloud: she had not proceeded far before her arm sunk upon my shoulder—I trembled violently. Her voice faltered; I gazed upon her with feelings of the most intense interest,—the words were scarcely audible. I drew nearer to catch the murmurs more distinctly; our faces were almost touching, and my burning cheek was close to hers; she raised her fond and melting eyes from off the book, and met mine quivering with unutterable rapture! Holy Virgin! our lips mingled in mutual enjoyment—her arms encircled me—my head was on her breast,—and I could feel it like the undulations of a mighty tide ebbing to and fro.

The broad vine-leaves of the arbour effectually screened us from observation. I read in the winning tenderness of her gaze, and the fond ardour of her caresses, the realisation of all my hopes. Our raptures were long, but the minutes flew by with silent wings too swift for our observance; yet we were happy, and feared no interruption to our felicity. At last she raised herself from my embrace, and seemed to discover that it was growing late. I looked and beheld the sun setting behind the mountains, and throwing a robe of golden light upon the vineyards. We read no more.

Santa Maria! what a sinner have I been. Losing thus the precious moments of life in idle dalliance. *Mea culpa! mea culpa!* I am a wretch—I am a sinner! But I will go on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto, and barefooted humble myself before that miraculous shrine which the holy angels brought from the blessed Nazareth. Mother of God, comfort me! My

offences are without number; but I trust in thy gracious mediation for absolution and forgiveness.

We were married, to the great joy of both our families. All my friends congratulated me on my good fortune. Our union was public—the ceremony was magnificent, and the festivity universal; for I invited all the city to witness my felicity, and spared no expense on the occasion. I retired from the good wishes of my joyful friends to the blissful sanctuary of the bridal chamber. There I beheld my adored Julia, in the full blaze of her beauty, waiting my approach. She dismissed her attendants, and we were alone.

“Caro mio marito!” she said, throwing her rosy arms around my neck, and gazing in my face with a look full of earnest fondness, “I have a secret to tell you.”

I was alarmed! A secret to be told at such a moment! “What could it be?” I thought.

“My love!” I at last exclaimed, “what secret have you? I hope this mystery contains no evil meaning.”

“*Iddio non voglia!*” she replied with religious fervour,—a sudden blush overspreading her face and neck. “What mean you? ’Tis a mere secret; but before I can make it known, you must first swear by the Holy Virgin never to divulge it.”

I hesitated some time, wondering what the secret could be, and imagining all manner of fearful things.

“Will you swear?” she asked, and accompanied her question by the most persuasive smiles.

“*Mia bella amatrice,*” I answered fondly, “our Lady be your surety.”

“Then listen to me. I am a member of the society of the excellent and pious Santa Guglielmina, whom the holy saints have in their company. We meet secretly at midnight for the purposes of devotion, and it is against our laws that we should be known except among ourselves. Were they aware of your knowledge of the secret, I should be deprived of the advantages of their society; for it was the strict injunction of our divine mistress that we should remain concealed, for the purpose of depriving our good deeds of ostentatious motives. That such concealment should be kept sacred, La Santa Guglielmina has threatened with her displeasure those who attempt to pry into her secrets; and some have

already fallen victims to their unholy curiosity. To-night being one of our times of meeting, I must leave you for a few hours."

As soon as she had acknowledged herself a member of the sacred community, I listened with breathless attention. I was awed, and surprised. It was a great honour, and must have been conferred on her excellence and virtue. I felt flattered in having obtained possession of so great a treasure; yet there was an indefinable feeling of fear mingling with my satisfaction. The mysterious character of the order, the obscure nature of their worship, and the strange times which they chose for assembling, conspired to fill me with a dread which I found great difficulty in dismissing; but I made no objection to her going—I could make none. After promising to remember me in her prayers, she enveloped herself in her veil and cloak, and left me to await her return.

Time passed on. Often had she left her pillow to join the association; in the midst of mutual endearments—in the full enjoyment of the fondest love, she has frequently left me, if the convent bell tolled the hour of meeting. I loved her, and my passion seemed to grow the stronger the more I indulged in its enjoyment. There was a fascination in the liquid clearness of her eyes that drew me towards her, as if by some secret influence; and there was a spell in the magic beauty of her smiles that bound my soul as with a chain of adamant. I enjoyed no pleasure save in promoting hers, and knew no joy that had not its existence in her felicity. I was a slave, but I gloried in my bondage—I was a captive, but I hugged my chains. There was but one drawback to my complete happiness, and that was her occasional absence; and yet, although I wished it, I could not make up my mind to ask her to give up the benefit she might derive from those sacred meetings. A thought struck me; if I could become a member of the society I should be perfectly happy. There could be no objection to me; I was of a noble family, and my name was unstained by any dishonour. That I was a true Catholic could not be questioned, for I went regularly to mass, and never missed a confession.

I named to her my desire—at first with hesitation and faltering; but as

I proceeded, I expressed to her more freely the reasons by which I was impelled. I declared my willingness to conform to the laws of the society, and my resolution to forward its objects; I painted in glowing colours the happiness we should enjoy in being always together, and implored her to use her influence for that wished-for result. She seemed as if taken by surprise; her words were unconnected, her look confused. She spoke of the impossibility of granting my request, and bade me think no more of it. The appearance of more than usual fondness which she evinced prevented my reply, and her caresses soon dismissed the subject from my mind. When I again spoke of it, her blandishments invariably made me forget my purpose for the time, and deliver myself entirely to her will and pleasure. Yet my desire only increased with its opposition. When not under the immediate influence of her charms, I still thought of this long-cherished object, and still considered it attainable with her assistance. I never missed an opportunity of urging my wishes; I began every conversation with the topic that was uppermost in my thoughts. My importunity at last prevailed; for she promised to use her influence with her associates to procure me the honour of assisting at their pious offices, but informed me that I must wait patiently, for it required much consideration. I kissed her—I thanked her—I was in raptures.

Time still passed on, and she still left me as usual. As the delay increased I began to feel uneasy, but I knew not why; I repeatedly questioned her as to the result of her endeavours, but she always bade me be patient. An indescribable feeling of apprehension took possession of my mind, and I felt a dread which I could not account for. On her return from one of her meetings, after my eager inquiries, she informed me that my hopes were at an end; for as the good Santa Guglielmina had not left permission with her disciples to add to their number, although they would most willingly have admitted me, they unfortunately had not the power to do so. The winning eloquence of her seductive tongue soon obliterated my disappointment. I listened to her persuasions—I submitted to her caresses—and in a few moments I forgot all things but the delight of loving and of being loved.

I strayed out the next day to a grove of olives, which had a private communication with the palace; the path was almost unknown, and was never made use of except by myself, and the members of my own family. I sat down beneath a verdant bank, where a cluster of trees overhung a rapid stream, and formed an agreeable shade from the heat of the sun. I was musing on the mysterious character of the followers of Santa Guglielmina; I began to doubt their motives for choosing a time of darkness for their devotions, and to mistrust their characters, from the secrecy in which they were enveloped: but it was a momentary suspicion, and I condemned myself for having given it consideration. All spoke of them as a holy and immaculate body, whose prayers increased the prosperity of the city; how dared I, then, to think aught derogatory to that purity and excellence which none questioned but myself! I felt humbled in my own mind, but I could not repress an earnest desire to learn something of the hidden nature of their worship. The dread with which I had formerly thought of them was now giving way to an intense feeling of curiosity. I thought of the rumours in circulation about the mysterious deaths of those who had fallen victims to a similar desire—I thought of the threats of the saint to punish all who attempted to pry into her secrets; but the fear was repressed by a feeling of stronger and deeper influence.

I was resolving in my mind some method to arrive at the object of my wishes, when I thought I heard whispers and footsteps approaching. Wondering what could have occasioned the intrusion of any person there, I was going to discover myself, when I heard my name mentioned by a voice I thought I recognised. A feeling of curiosity to learn the conversation of which I was the subject induced me to listen: I heard them approaching nearer, and remained quiet.

"Ricciardo," said a female voice, "I am afraid his importunity will not easily be quieted."

"Psha!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of derision, "then he must be silenced. There are the means of doing it effectually, which, if he is troublesome, we must practise without delay."

"How mean you?" eagerly asked the first speaker.

"Death!" he replied.

The rest of the conversation was inaudible, as they had passed the place where I was concealed. I started up cautiously to discover who they were, and observed two figures enveloped in cloaks gliding down the path leading to the palace. In a few minutes they were hid from my view by the trees. I proceeded after them, but when I arrived at the spot where I had seen them last, they were no where visible. I hastened home, and inquired for the Donna Julia. She was in the chapel, where, the domestics affirmed, she had been for the last hour. I knew not what to think, or how to act; and I was fearful my agitation would be observed by the servants. The horrid import of those words had alarmed me, and the dreadful suspicions which they made me entertain shook me with apprehension. I proceeded to the chapel in search of her, and met her leaving its holy precincts. In a moment my fears were disarmed; she advanced towards me with her voice eloquent with greetings, and her face beaming with smiles, like a good angel delivering a repentant sinner from punishment.

"Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed in alarm, as she gazed upon my pallid features; "you are ill!"

I denied being unwell; but at last, to quiet her importunities, I acknowledged a sudden attack of illness. She then became earnest in her entreaties for me to adopt such remedies as she affectionately considered would most speedily restore me to health; and I was obliged to make use of them to conceal the real cause of my malady. Nothing could exceed the fondness of her attentions during my illness, and her solicitude to effect my recovery. She watched over me with the anxiety of a mother for her offspring, and would not leave me for a moment if she could possibly avoid it. How bitterly I condemned myself for having given birth to such suspicions against so excellent a creature! But those sounds still rung in my ears: perhaps I might be mistaken—the name might not be mine, and the fearful meaning might apply to another. But who were the speakers? Probably strangers who had trespassed on my grounds, and had made their escape as soon as they had discovered their error. By this sort of question and answer I succeeded

in calming my fears; but there still lurked an apprehension of impending evil, which, whenever I recurred to the subject, left an unpleasant feeling upon my mind, and associated those words with the mysterious followers of the departed saint.

After much consideration, I resolved not again to speak to Donna Julia of my wish to enter into the secret society, and to seem as if I had forgotten such a desire; but at the same time to take advantage of every opportunity which was likely to bring me a more accurate knowledge of their proceedings. I refrained from questioning her, and appeared not to take the least interest in her midnight visits. For this imaginary acquiescence with her wishes I profited considerably. I revelled in her witcheries, forgetful of all else but her, till, when left alone to my own reflections, I began to recover from the intoxication of her charms; and then every thing appeared to me as a dream, from which I was awaking to a more dreadful reality. The distrust I felt of the intentions of the hidden followers of Santa Guglielmina grew upon me like a passion, and encouraged within me an irresistible desire to learn the secret which bound them together; although I was assured that my own existence would be sealed immediately I became master of my wish. I knew that danger threatened in every step of my perilous progress, but I was impelled onwards with a maddening impulse I found it impossible to withstand.

My caution was admirable; it produced the very effect I desired. I observed Donna Julia relax in some of her habits of vigilance, which she had previously observed with invariable strictness. Her apparent security made her negligent. Once she left her cloak and veil unsecured: of this I was not slow of availing myself. I took them to a person in whom I could place the fullest confidence, and ordered one of each to be made, exactly similar in all respects. This was done, and the originals returned before she discovered their absence. I put off till the next time of meeting the completion of my schemes, when I determined at all risks to attempt the developement of that mystery which had thrown its baneful shadow over my domestic hearth. My mind was made up to the expectation of a fearful

struggle, yet the nearer the time approached the more cautious I became that I might not betray myself. The evening came; I was more than usually fond in my demeanour, and she returned my caresses with all her accustomed affection. In the joy of the moment I had nearly forgotten my intentions; there was such a charm in the music of her voice that it banished all remembrances of the past, and dispersed all anticipations of the future. I lived but for the present moment, convinced that the next could not bring me greater enjoyment than that which was already mine; but I was awakened from the blissful mockery by her telling me that she was going to join a few of her associates, and to proceed with them to their place of meeting. I expressed my regret at her departure, and entreated her prayers in my behalf. My dissimulation succeeded; more than once my agitation might have discovered me, had she possessed the least suspicion of my motives; but she was blind in her own conscious security.

As soon as she was gone I enveloped myself in the cloak and veil, and proceeded in the nearest direction to the vaults. In an unguarded moment she had made me aware of the pass-word of the sect; consequently, when I reached the portal I found no difficulty in gaining admission. I rang a small bell, and the gates were immediately opened: a figure clad like myself appeared before me.

"Amore a tutti!" I murmured, as distinctly as my agitation would permit.

"Amore per tutti!" was replied in a female voice, and I was allowed entrance.

I passed along the dreary vaults, which were lighted at intervals by a solitary taper, that threw an uncertain glimmer upon the space near which they were placed. All was in utter darkness between them, but they served me as guides through the labyrinth. I still went forward without meeting with any impediment, till I came to a broad and open chamber, that seemed to terminate the cavern. This was, no doubt, their chapel. It contained a rudely-shaped altar, on which two tapers were burning, whose light was just sufficient to enable me to distinguish the marble figure of La Guglielmina, which was placed beside them. Some matting for the devotees to kneel

on went round the room. While I was engaged in making observations on the things near me, I heard voices approaching, and concealed myself in the darkest corner of the chamber. There was sufficient light for me to see objects imperfectly; but the darkness in which I stood was so great, that I considered myself perfectly safe from discovery.

I observed two figures approaching in the usual dress, who were conversing with each other; but I was at too great a distance from them to learn their conversation. Occasionally I was enabled to hear a few words spoken in a louder tone, but as they were unconnected, I was left to imagine what preceded and what followed. I heard Donna Julia's name mentioned, and listened attentively; but was unable to catch the import of the subject. Then I fancied my name was mentioned, coupled with phrases of a suspicious or ambiguous nature. I listened in an agony of doubt and apprehension, but the more intense became my attention, the less could I distinguish; and the arrival of the rest of the associates, though it put an end to the conversation, left me tormented with a multitude of fears, which were only quieted when my mind became engrossed with subjects that appeared more important.

The disciples of the saint knelt down around the altar, and sang a hymn expressive of contrition for their offences, and implored pardon for having committed them; then followed a thanksgiving to their patron for her gracious favour, which was concluded with a prayer that they might be found worthy of its continuance. After this they arose, and, as I imagined, left the vault. I kept within my privacy for some minutes, for fear that any loiterer might discover me if I left it too quickly. I dismissed all doubts from my mind. These blameless devotions increased my confidence in Julia's affection, and I determined, as soon as I had escaped from my present situation, never again to place myself in a similar predicament, by any of those idle fears and jealous doubts which had lately caused me such uneasiness.

I was on the point of leaving my retreat, when the sounds of distant revelry burst upon my ears. Thinking that strangers had entered the cavern, I kept in my concealment; presently

I heard a strain of the most delicious music—I listened enraptured. It seemed to proceed but from a short distance from the spot where I was placed. Harps and flutes flung out their melody in melting cadences; then followed a combination of soft voices in harmonious modulation, which was relieved by sounds of a tender expression, accompanied by words of a similar character, proceeding from one voice only. It had a most magical effect;—now swelling along the subterranean cavern in full chorus, then echoing from vault to vault the gentle symphonies, till the sweet and soothing murmurs died away in the distance, like the voices of ærial spirits. I felt as if I was in a land of enchantment, yet I experienced a strong desire to find out whence those beautiful sounds originated. After some time lost in admiration I proceeded from my retreat, guided by the music, touching the wall with my hands till I felt it yield before me. I had pushed against a door, which was concealed by a covering of cloth of the same colour as the wall. Noiselessly I pursued my way through a narrow passage, and saw a light at a distance, to which I directed my steps. As I approached it, I discovered that the light came from a crevice in the wall; or, as I afterwards imagined, from a door, similar to the one I had just passed. The sounds became more audible, and I could distinguish voices high in revelry, whose words expressed pleasure, love, and all the enjoyments of the senses. I bent down to take a view of the interior—Holy Mother of God! what did I see? Sufficient to blast my eyes to all eternity!

Before me was a capacious room, elegantly decorated and splendidly illuminated. The walls were hung round with magnificent mirrors, which reflected in all directions the beautiful forms that thronged the room; vases filled with flowers shed their odorous perfumes around, and tables covered with fruits and wine offered enjoyment to those willing to partake of them. In short, nothing was wanting that the most luxuriant fancy could have imagined. On couches covered with the richest embroidery, I discovered the younger members of both sexes of some of the noblest families in Milan, clothed (if it could be called clothing) in a light gauze-like drapery, whose

transparent folds heightened the charm of those beauties they were intended to conceal; some were waking the sweetest sounds from the harp and lute, others sung the most passionate strains, and the rest danced in mazy circles, accompanied with the voluptuous cadences of the mellow flute: forming altogether a scene of the most incredible profligacy that the annals of human vice have ever recorded.

Santa Maria! what a scene of depravity! And these infernal orgies are the midnight devotions of the secret disciples of La Guglielmina! Well might they desire their deeds to be done in darkness, and their rites to be clothed with mystery. But though I abhorred the licentious crew, yet there was a fascination in the scene which, like the gaze of the serpent, riveted me to the spot. In vain I tried to tear my eyes from these abominations—I had seen enough to realise my worst fears, but a secret impulse compelled me to stay and see more.

I looked around for her who had drawn me to this assemblage of demons in the form of angels:—there, in all the blaze of beauty, she sat, the high-priestess of these hellish rites! O Immaculate Madonna! would that my eyes had been for ever darkened before I had seen what I then beheld!

Diavolessa! Fool that I was to be deceived by her arts!—I felt for my dagger, and cursed myself when I found I had forgotten it. I thought of rushing in amongst them, and confounding them in the midst of their damnable offences. But I felt as if rooted to the spot—a cold sweat broke over my limbs—I trembled from head to foot, and my legs almost refused to support me. I put my hands over my eyes to shut out the hateful sight, and leaned against the wall. Reflection came to my assistance. I saw that if I was discovered I should be butchered on the spot, as others had been; therefore I determined to defer my revenge till it would be more certain. Cautiously I retraced my steps, the sounds of unholy festivity ringing in my ears as I proceeded. As soon as I found myself outside the gates of the vaults, I gave wings to my feet, and fled as if the legions of the damned were upon my footsteps. My disguise was a sufficient concealment had I encountered any one; but I was so fortunate as to

reach home without attracting the least notice. When I found myself in my own chamber, I threw off the hateful cloak and veil, and concealed them from view. Then I sat down to reflect on my future proceedings; but such a tumult of opposing passions raged in my breast, that I found it impossible to give them any consideration.

I took up a flagon of wine, and drank long and rapidly; but it was like adding oil to the flames. First I thought of going immediately with my domestics well armed, to exterminate the whole nest of miscreants—then I started up with the intention of denouncing them to the *commissario del quartiere*. A thousand schemes of vengeance flitted across my brain in rapid succession; but I finally resolved to conceal my discoveries till the morning, when the night's rest might perhaps impart to my mind a greater capability of thinking and acting as became the importance of the occasion. I proceeded to bed, but had scarcely done so when I heard her approaching. I pretended to be wrapt in profound slumber. She entered the room, came towards the bed, and thinking me asleep, threw off her disguise. I watched her with the eye of a lynx. Her face seemed flushed with exertion, her hair in disorder; and as I gazed upon these damning proofs of her guilt, a feeling of deep and burning hatred filled my soul, my blood boiled like a lava-stream, my throat became as dry as the sands of the desert, and my tongue felt like a flaming coal. With a superhuman effort I appeared quiet, though an earthquake was raging within my heart. She undressed—the more her beauty was exposed to me, the more intense grew my abhorrence. Every charm she disclosed gave greater fury to my desire for revenge; and when she stood in the full glory of her loveliness, like an angel of light bursting on the view of some enraptured saint, I loathed her as if she had been the most disgusting object that wretchedness and vice had ever witnessed. She approached the bed. I trembled as she drew near. I felt that the struggle was becoming too violent for human nature to endure. When she came close to me, I shook so violently that she observed it.

"Idol mio," she said, stooping down to kiss me with her usual fondness; "what ails you?"

I started up from the offered pro-fanation as if it had been the venom of a reptile, my eyes flashing living fire, my features convulsed with rage, and every limb shaking with uncontrollable passion.

"Puttana!" I furiously exclaimed, grasping her by the throat with one hand, and clenching an uplifted dagger in the other; "your crimes shall now meet their punishment." In a moment the weapon was buried in her heart.

Oh! holy Mother of God forgive me for having sent a soul to perdition, steeped to the lips in crime, and hurried to everlasting damnation, without confession and without prayer. I have sinned grievously, my transgressions are heavy—but my penance has been long, and my prayers frequent; and I hope that the masses I have ordered for her soul may in due course of time free her from the fires of purgatory, and allow her, when purified from the dross of her earthly nature, a dwelling among the mansions of the blessed.

To this monastery I fled for sanctuary, and to our pious and reverend Father Abbot confessed my crime. That excellent man would not grant me absolution till I had agreed to become one of the brotherhood, and would devote the best part of my property to the benefit of the holy church. This having done, and having put aside the feelings of earthly vanity, I trust that in the resurrection of the spirit St. Ambrose will be my intercessor at the throne of mercy, and the gates of heaven will not be closed against me.

All who were guilty of those secret atrocities were punished with confiscation, exile, or imprisonment; and the body of La Guglielmina was taken from the vault where she had been consigned with so many honours, and burned by the hands of the common hangman in the open street. Her ashes were then dispersed to the winds of heaven amidst the scorn and execration of the pious inhabitants of Milan.

W*.

SARTOR RESARTUS. IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. IX.

Circumspective.

HERE then arises the so momentous question: Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them? Long and adventurous has the journey been: from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen-Hulls of Man; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappings, begin in any measure to reveal itself? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*:

"'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time
I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou
see'st him by;"

or that other thousand-times-repeated speech of the Magician, Shakespeare:

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloudcapped Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind;"

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phoenix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude, if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously

thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a dis-carniveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few, little band of Friends, be welcome, be of courage! By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built: nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feellest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and

based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth, and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle, wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay, farther art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to Sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment *Magna Charta*, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worshipships (Worth-ships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution; nay, rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which it has to fashion, and consecrate, and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental Portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science: nothing even of those “architectural ideas” which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance, for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habitory Class of

our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, whereso much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move, and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

CHAP. X.

The Dandiacal Body.

First, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a "Divine Idea of Cloth" is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shows himself, in peculiar guise, to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal Worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotho Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verse, which he that runs

may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, that refuses even this poor boon; that will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care: when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy, in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undecerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep: for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted however that, here as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philo-

sophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlsh purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency, our readers shall judge which :

"In these distracted times," writes he, "when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working there towards some new Revelation; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent; yet must it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep: thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis.

"Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that country, one of the most notable, and closely connected with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies*; concerning which, what little information I have been able to procure may fitly stand here.

"It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a Religious one: nevertheless, to the psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the present state of our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain touch of Manichæism, not indeed in the Gnostic shape, is discernible enough: also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not inconsiderable resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely for a length of time into their own navels,

came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacal Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-Worship*; which Zerdusht, Quang-foutchee, Mohamed, and others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradicate; and which only in the purer forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

"For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what force there is in man's nature though never so enslaved. They affect great purity and separatism; distinguish themselves by a particular costume (whereof some notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume); likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French); and, on the whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

"They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis; and is named *Almacks*, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night; and have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect; these they call *Fashionable Novels*: however, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical and others not.

"Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured myself some samples; and in hope of true insight, and with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose: that tough faculty of reading, for which the world will not refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my whole energies (*nich weidlich anstrenge*), and did my very utmost: at the end of some short space, I was uniformly seized with not so much what I can call a drumming in

my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable Jew's-harping and scrannel-piping there; to which the frightfullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. And if I strove to shake this away, and absolutely would not yield, came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tremens*, and a melting into total deliquium:—till at last, by order of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution, I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some miracle at work here; like those Fire-balls, and supernal and infernal prodigies, that, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have also more than once scared back the Alien? Be this as it may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch; altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could give of a Sect too singular to be omitted.

"Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall induce me, as a private individual, to open another *Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a hand from the clouds; whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out to me. Round one of those Book-packages, which the *Stillschweigen'sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit of importing from England, come, as is usual, various waste printed-sheets (*macalatur-blätter*), by way of interior wrappage: into these the Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mohamedan reverence even for waste paper, where curious knowledge will sometimes hover, disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his astonishment when on such a defaced stray sheet, probably the outcast fraction of some English Periodical, such as they name *Magazine*, appears something like a Dissertation on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels*! It sets out, indeed, chiefly from the Secular point of view; directing itself, not without asperity, against some to me unknown individual, named *Pelham*, who seems to be a mystagogue, and leading Teacher and Preacher of the Sect; so that, what indeed otherwise was not to be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious physiognomy and physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to

profit. Nay, in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic Theogonies, or whatever they are (for the style seems very mixed), of this Mystagogue, I find what appears to be a Confession of Faith, or Whole Duty of Man, according to the tenets of that Sect. Which Confession, or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very abridged shape, lay before the German world; therewith taking leave of this matter. Observe, also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as may be, quote literally from the Original:

"ARTICLES OF FAITH.

'1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

'2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

'3. No licence of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

'4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

'5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

'6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

'7. The trowsers must be exceedingly tight across the hips."

All which Propositions, I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

"In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but known also in the main Island, and indeed every where rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unassisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The members appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of names, according to their various places of establishment: in England they are generally called the *Drudge* Sect; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White-Negroes*; and, chiefly in scorn by those of other communions,

the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them entitled *Hal-lenshakers*, or the *Stook-of-Duds* Sect; any individual communicant is named *Stook-of-Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional Costume. While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of designations, such as *Bogtrotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbonmen*, *Cottiers*, *Peep-of-day Boys*, *Babes of the Wood*, *Rockites*, *Poor-Slaves*; which last, however, seems to be the primary and generic name; whereto, probably enough, the others are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties; or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference, it were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to understand, what seems indubitable, that the original Sect is that of the *Poor-Slaves*; whose doctrines, practices, and fundamental characteristics, pervade and animate the whole Body, howsoever denominated or outwardly diversified.

"The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood: how the Universe, and Man, and Man's Life, picture themselves to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave; with what feelings and opinions he looks forward on the Future, round on the Present, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult to specify. Something Monastic there appears to be in their Constitution: we find them bound by the two Monastic Vows, of Poverty and Obedience; which Vows, especially the former, it is said, they observe with great strictness; nay, as I have understood it, they are pledged, and be it by any solemn Nazarene ordination or not, irrevocably enough consecrated thereto, even before birth. That the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly enforced among them, I find no ground to conjecture.

"Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal Sect in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. Of which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will indeed be found in the present Volume; for this reason, that by the imperfect organ of Language it seemed indescribable. Their raiment consists of innumerable skirts, lappets, and irregular wings, of all cloths and of all colours; through the labyrinthic intricacies of which their

bodies are introduced by some unknown process. It is fastened together by a multiplex combination of buttons, thrums, and skewers; to which frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed, they seem partial, and often wear it by way of sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain freedom: hats with partial brim, without crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valve crown; in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, and wear it brim uppermost, like a University-cap, with what view is unknown.

"The name, *Poor-Slaves*, seems to indicate a Slavonic, Polish, or Russian origin: not so, however, the interior essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth: for they dig and affectionately work continually in her bosom; or else, shut up in private Oratories, meditate and manipulate the substances derived from her; seldom looking up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings; often even breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to out-breakings of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity; and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

"In respect of diet, they have also their observances. All *Poor-Slaves* are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters); a few are Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings: other animal food they abstain from; except indeed, with perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling, such animals as die a natural death. Their universal sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by fire alone; and generally without condiment or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly inquired; the vic-tual *Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, at least not with specific accuracy of description, in any European Cookery-Book whatever. For drink they use, with an almost epigrammatic counter-poise of taste, Milk, which is the mild-

est of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is the fiercest. This latter I have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Rain*, and the Scotch *Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries: it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest state of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils; and is, on the whole, the most pungent substance known to me—indeed, a perfect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, *Potheen* is said to be an indispensable requisite, and largely consumed.

An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who presents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The late John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic establishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not stated expressly, appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby shall my German readers now behold an Irish Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes; and even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious waste-paper sheet, above mentioned, I have found some corresponding picture of a Dandiactal Household, painted by that same Dandiactal Mystagogue, or Theogonist: this also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world shall look into.

First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears likewise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from the original: "*The furniture of this Caravanera consisted of a large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and a Potheen Noggin. There was a Loft above (attainable by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments; the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests. On entering the house we discovered the family, eleven in number, at dinner: the father sitting at the top, the mother at bottom, the children on each side of a large oaken Board which was scooped out in the middle, like a Trough, to receive the contents of their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal distances to contain Salt; and a bowl of Milk stood on the table: all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives, and dishes were dispensed with.*" The Poor-Slave himself our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed, of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. His Wife was a sun-

browned but well-featured woman; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical, or Religious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

But now, secondly, of the Dandiactal Household; in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and inspired Penman himself has his abode: "*A Dressing-room splendidly furnished: violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left; the doors of which being partly open discover a profusion of Clothes; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolize the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors in the back-ground.—Enter the Author (our Theogonist in person), obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron.*"

"Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide the more unsettled portion of the British People; and agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. These two principles of Dandiactal Self-worship or Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise considerable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the secret depths of English national Existence; striving to separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

"In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiactal, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union: whereas the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-

point; or at best, only co-operate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is already a Communion of Saints, what strangest effects would follow therefrom! Dandyism as yet affects to look down on Drudgism: but perhaps the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which up, is not so distant.

"To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one day part England between them; each recruiting itself from the intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist on either side. Those Dandiical Manicheans, with the host of Dandysing Christians, will form one body: the Drudges, gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be he Christian or Infidel Pagan; sweeping up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwallopers, and so forth, into their general mass, will form another. I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken out on opposite quarters of the firm land: as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might cover in; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening; they are hollow Cones that boil up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bailers extending; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them; this too is washed away; and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah's Deluge is outlugged!

"Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the "*Machinery of Society*"), with batteries of opposite quality; Drudgism the Negative, Dandyism the Positive: one attracts hourly towards it and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the nation (namely, the Money thereof); the other is equally busy with the Negative (that is to say the Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you see only partial transient sparkles and sputters: but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an electric state; till your whole vital Electricity, no longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and Ne-

gative (of Money and of Hunger); and stands there bottled up in two World-Batteries! The stirring of a child's finger brings the two together; and then—What then? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that Doom's-thunder-peal; the Sun misses one of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of the Moon.—Or better still, I might liken"—

Oh! enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in every thing he was still scenting out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiical Body*! Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the meanwhile, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

CHAP. XI.

Tailors.

Thus, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume; to whom therefore we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

"Upwards of a century," says he, "must elapse, and still the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whose is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity have his victims, and the Michael of

Justice his Martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

"If aught in the history of the world's blindness could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted Error, that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual fellest enemy? The epithet *Schneidermässig* (Tailorlike) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor's-Melancholy*, more opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier*? Why of Shakespeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a: Good morning, gentlemen both! Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured: her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.

"Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physiologist, Whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor has bones, and viscera, and other muscles than the sartorius? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for Debt? is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

"To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which conviction is mine. Nay, if the fruit of these long vigils, and almost preternatural Inquiries is not to perish utterly, the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light: that the Tailor

is not only a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, that 'he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and the Sceptre from Kings:' but which is greater, I would ask, he that lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away from individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with Wool but with Dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organised into Politics, into Nations, and a whole co-operating Mankind, the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone?—What too are all Poets, and moral Teachers, but a species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching which high Guild the greatest living Guild-Brother has triumphantly asked us: 'Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet first made Gods for men; brought them down to us; and raised us up to them?'

"And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis of his Shop-board, the world treats with contumely, as the ninth part of a man! Look up, thou much injured one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble better time. Too long hast thou sat there, on crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn; like some sacred Anchorite, or Catholic Fakir, doing penance, drawing down Heaven's richest blessings, for a world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope! Already streaks of blue peer through our clouds; the thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will be Day. Mankind will repay with interest their long-accumulated debt: the Anchorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped; the Fraction will become not an Integer only, but a Square and Cube. With astonishment the world will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant, and Hierarch, or even its God.

"As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and embroidering that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba of Mecca, I thought within myself: How many other Unholies has your covering Art made holy, besides this Arabian Whinstone!

"Still more touching was it when,

turning the corner of a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a one was 'Breeches-Maker to his Majesty;' and stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees these memorable words, *SIC ITUR AD ASTRA*. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards deliverance; and prophetically appealing to a better day? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become for ever venerable.

"Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes; the greatest I can ever hope to do; which has already, after long retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so large a section of my Life; and of which the Primary and simpler Portion may here find its conclusion."

CHAP. XII.

Farewell.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plumpudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him; which being now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philo-

sophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms; nay, too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests? Regret is unavoidable; yet Censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! as it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so must the lesser mind, in this instance, become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time, and assiduous effort, will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the "Time-Prince," or Devil, to his face; nay, perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never

rightly prosper : that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his brush, full of all colours, against the canvass, to try whether it will paint Foam ? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these ! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his : " How were Friendship possible ? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True : otherwise impossible ; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself ; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man." And now in conjunction therewith consider this other : " It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day : we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as blotted out for a season ; and two immeasurable Fantoms, *HYPOCRISY* and *ATHEISM*, with the Gowler, *SENSUALITY*, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs : well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream."

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality ? Should not these unite ; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two ?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom !—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour ?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture ; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beaconfire

blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it ; that no pilgrim could now ask him : Watchman, what of the Night ? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in Space ! Some time ago the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle ; wherein much is said about the " Population-Institute ;" much repeated in praise of the Paperbag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised ; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph :

" *Ew. Wohlgebohren* will have seen, from the public Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. Might but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to return ; nay, could we but so much as elucidate for ourselves by what mystery he went away ! But, alas, old Leischen experiences or affects the profoundest deafness, the profoundest ignorance : in the Wahngasse all lies swept, silent, sealed up ; the Privy Council itself can hitherto elicit no answer.

" It had been remarked that while the agitating news of those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, and dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was not known, at the *Gasse* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once these three : *Es geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. Wohlgebohren* knows, was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of the Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In this appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was indescribable : nay, perhaps, through one humble individual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so contribute to the country's deliverance. The Tailors are now entirely pacified.—To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our loss : yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither,

and the whole *Ganse* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation, and astonishment, our Sage sat mute; and at the end of the third evening, said merely: 'Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still Man; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you already see them make a false application.' Since then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post Director, there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our Professor himself; of what tenor can now only be conjectured. On the fifth night following, he was seen for the last time!

"Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain of their emissaries: or did he go forth voluntarily to their head-quarters to confer with them, and confront them? Reason we have, at least of a negative sort, to believe the *Lost* still living: our widowed heart also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. Otherwise, indeed, must his archives, one day, be opened by Authority; where much, perhaps the *Palingenesis* itself, is thought to be repositied."

Thus far the Hofrath; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an *Ignis Fatuus*, leaving the dark still darker.—So that *Teufelsdröckh's* public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor; nay, perhaps, the better part thereof were only beginning? We stand in a region of conjectures,

where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also. Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, *Teufelsdröckh* is actually in London!

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, it is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, that namest thyself *YORKE* and *OLIVER*, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-well! Have we not, in the course of eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not lived together, though in a state of quarrel?

THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.

(From the Prout Papers.)

"Grata carpendo thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus,* uvidique
Tyberis ripas; operosa PARVUS
Carmina fingo."

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

"By taking time and some advice from Prout,
A polished book of songs I hammered out;
But still my muse, for she the fact confesses,
Haunts that sweet hill renowned for water-cresses."

THOMAS L. MOORE.

WHEN the star of Father Prout (who was an undoubted genuine son of St. Patrick's witty dean and the accomplished Stella, as proved in our last Number, and in himself the most eccentric luminary that has of late adorned our planetary system) first rose in the firmament of literature, it deservedly attracted the gaze of the learned, and riveted the eye of the sage. I know not what may have been the sensation its appearance created in foreign countries, at the Observatoire Royal of Paris, in the Val d'Arno, or at Fesolè, where, in Milton's time, the sons of Galileo plied the untiring telescope to descry new heavenly phenomena, "rivers or mountains in the shadowy moon," but I can vouch for the impression made on the London University, for all Stinkomalee hath been perplexed at the apparition. The learned Chaldeans of Gower Street opine that it forebodes nothing good to the cause of "useful knowledge," and they watch the "transit" of Prout, devoutly wishing for his "exit." With throbbing anxiety, night after night, has Dr. Lardner gazed on the sinister planet, seeking, with the aid of Dr. Babbage's calculating machine, to ascertain the probable period of its final eclipse, and often muttering its name, "to tell how he hates its beams." He has seen it last April shining conspicuously in the constellation of *Pisces*, when he duly conned over the "Apology for Lent;" and the doctor has reported to the University board, that, "advancing with retrograde movement in the zodiac," this disastrous orb was last perceived in the *milky way* entering the sign of "Amphora," or "the churn." But what do the public care, while the general eye is delighted by its irradiance, that a few owls and dunces are scared by its effulgency? The *Georgium Sidus*, the *Astrum Julium*, the *Soleil d'Austerlitz*, the *Star at Vauxhall*, the *nose of Lord Chancellor Vaux*,† and the grand Roman *Girandola* shot off from the mole of Adrian, to the annual delight of modern "quirites," are all fine things and rubicund in their generation, but nothing to the star of Watergrasshill. Nor is astronomical science or pyrotechnics the only department of philosophy that has been influenced by this extraordinary meteor. The kindred study of gastronomy has derived the hint of a new combination from its inspiring ray, and, after a rapid perusal of "Prout's Apology for Fish," the celebrated *Monsieur Ude*, whom Croquis has so exquisitely delineated in the Gallery of REGINA, has invented on the spot an original sauce, a novel *obsonium*, more especially adapted to cod and turbot, to which he has given the reverend father's name; so that Sir William Curtis will be found eating his *turbot à la Prout* as constantly as his *tourte à la frangipane*. The fascinating Miss Landon has affixed her fair name to a frozen lake in the map of Captain Ross's discoveries; and if Prout be not so fortunate in winning terraqueous renown with his pen,

"Nititur pennâ vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto"—

he will at least figure on the "*carte*" at Verey's, our neighbour, opposite.

* Blarneau nemus.

† The following song was a favourite with the celebrated Chancelier D'Aguesseau. It is occasionally sung in our own times by a modern performer on the woolsock, in the intervals of business:

"Sitôt que la lumière
Redore nos côteaux,
Je commence ma carrière
Par visiter mes tonneaux.

Ravi de revoir l'aurore,
Le verre en main je lui dis,
Vois-tu donc plus chez le *Maure*
Que sur mon nes de rubis?"

Who can yet tell what posthumous destinies await the late incumbent of Watergrasshill? In truth, his celebrity (to use an expression of Edmund Burke) is as yet but "a speck in the horizon—a small seminal principle rather than a formed body;" and when, in the disembodying of the chest, in the evolving of his MSS., he will be unfolded to the view in all his dimensions, developing his proportions in a gorgeous shape of matchless originality and grandeur, then will be the hour for the admirers of the beautiful and the votaries of the sublime to hail him with becoming veneration, and welcome him with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music. (*Don. cap. viii. v. 15*).

Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth;
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing!!!
Then, too, your prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the veil that hides its splendour now,
And gladdened earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of his countenance!

The title of this second paper taken from the Prout collection is enough to indicate that we are only firing off the small-arms—the pop-guns—of this stupendous arsenal, and that we reserve the heavy mettle for a grander occasion, when the Whig ministry and the dog-days shall be over, and a merry autumn and a Wellington administration shall mellow our October cups. To talk of Tom Moore is but small talk—in *tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria*; for Prout's great art is to magnify what is little and to fling a dash of the sublime into a twopenny-post communication. To use Tommy's own phraseology, Prout could, with great comfort and ease to himself,

"Teach an old cow pater noster,
And whistle Moll Roe to a pig."

But we have another reason for selecting this *Essay on Moore* from the papers of the deceased divine. We have seen with regret an effort made to crush and annihilate the young author of a book on the *Round Towers of Ireland*, with whom we are not personally acquainted, but whose production gave earnest of an ardent mind bent on abstruse and recondite studies; and who, leaving the frivolous boudoir and the drawing-room coterie to lisp their ballads and retail their Epicurean gossip unmolested, trod alone the craggy steeps of venturous discovery in the regions of oriental learning; whence, returning to the isle of the west, the "raan of the fireworshipper," he trimmed his lamp, well fed with the fragrant oil of these sunny lands, and penned a work which will one day rank among the most extraordinary of modern times. The *Edinburgh Review* attempted, long ago, to stifle the unfledged muse of Byron; these truculent northerners would gladly have bruised in the very shell that young eagle that afterwards tore Brougham, Jeffrey, and Moore with his lordly talons, and made them wax subservient slaves, after being impotent bullies. The same review undertook to cry down Wordsworth and Coleridge; they shouted their vulgar "crucifigatur" against Robert Southey; and seemed to have adopted the motto of the French club of witslugs,

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

But O'Brien may defy them. He may defy his own *alma mater*, the silent and unproductive Trin. Coll. Dub.; he may defy the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly, which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned, secure of the applause which sterling merit challenges from every freeborn inhabitant of these islands,—

"Save, where from yonder ivy mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of those who, venturing near her silent bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Moore (we beg his pardon), the reviewer, asserts that O'Brien is a plagiarist, and copied his discovery from *Nimrod*. Now we venture to offer a copy of the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide (which we find in Prout's chest) to Tommy,

if he will show us a single passage in *Nimrod* (which we are confident he never read) warranting his assertion. But apropos of plagiarisms; let us hear the prophet of Watergrasshill, who enters largely on the subject.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1834.

That notorious tinker William Woods, who, as I have recorded among the papers in my coffer somewhere, to spite my illustrious father, kidnapped me in my childhood, little dreamt that the infant Prout would one day emerge from the *Royal Cork Foundling Hospital* as safe and unscathed as the children from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to hold up his villany to the execration of mankind.

"Non sine dis animosus infans!"

Among the Romans, whoever stole a child was liable by law to get a sound flogging; and, as *plaga* in Latin means a *stripe*, or *lash*, kidnappers in Cicero's time were called *plagiarii*, or *cat-o'-nine-tail villains*. I approve highly of this law of the twelve tables; but perhaps my judgment is biased, and I should be an unfair juror to give a verdict in a case which comes home to my own feelings so poignantly. The term *plagiarism* has since been applied metaphorically to literary shoplifters and book-robbers, who stuff their pages with other men's goods, and thrive on indiscriminate pillage. This is justly considered a high misdemeanour in the republic of letters, and the lash of criticism is unsparingly dealt on pick-pockets of this description. Among the Latins, Martial is the only classic author by whom the term *plagiarius* is used in the metaphorical sense, as applied to literature; and surely it was not because the practice only began in his time that the word had not been used even in the Augustan age of Rome. Be that as it may, we first find the term in Martial's Epigrams (lib. i. epigr. 53), talking of his verses,

"Dicas easse meos, manque missos:
Hoc si terque quaterque clamitaris,
Impones plagario pudorem."

Cicero himself was accused by the Greeks of pilfering whole passages for his philosophical works from the scrolls of Athens, and cooking up the fragments and broken meat of Greek orations to feed the hungry barbarians of the Roman forum. My authority is that excellent critic St. Jerome, who, in the *proœmium in qu. Heb. lib. Gene-*

sis, distinctly says, "*Cicero repetundarum accusatur à Grecis*," &c. &c.; and in the same passage he adds, that Virgil, being accused of taking whole similies from Homer, gloried in the theft, and exclaimed, "Think ye it nothing to wrest his club from Hercules?" (*it. ibidem.*) Vide *S^{ct} Hieronymi*, opera, tom. iv. fol. 90. But what shall we say when we find Jerome accusing another *holy father* of plagiarism? verily the temptation must have been very great to have shaken the probity of St. Ambrose, when he pillaged his learned brother in the faith, Origen of Alexandria, by wholesale. "*Nuper Sanctus Ambrosius Hexameron illius compilavit* (*S^{ct} Hieronymi*, opera, tom. iii. fol. 87, in *epistolâ ad Pam-mach*). It is well known that Menander and Aristophanes were mercilessly pillaged by Terence and Plautus; and the Latin freebooters thought nothing of stopping the *Thespian waggon* on the highways of Parnassus. The French dramatists are similarly waylaid by our scouts from the green-room, and the plunder is awful! What is Talleyrand about, that he cannot protect the property of the French? Perhaps he is better employed.

I am an old man, and have read a great deal in my time—being of a quiet disposition, and having always had a taste for books, which I consider a great blessing; but latterly I find that I may dispense with further perusal of printed volumes, as, unfortunately, memory serves me but too well; and all I read now strikes me as but a new version of what I had read somewhere before. Plagiarism is so barefaced, and so universal, that I can't stand it no longer; I have shut up shop, and won't be taken in no more. *Quere peregrinum! clamo.* I'm sick of hashed-up works, and loathe the *baked meats* of antiquity served in a fricassée. Give me a solid joint, in which no knife has been ever fleshed, and I will share your intellectual banquet most willingly, were it but a mountain kid or a limb of Welsh mutton. Alas! where shall I turn? Let me open the reviews, and lo! the critics are but repeating old criticisms; let me fly to the poets, 'tis but the old-

lyre with new catgut strings; let me hear the orators,—“that’s my thunder!” says the ghost of Sheridan or the spectre of Burke; let me listen to the sayers of good things, and alas for the injured shade of Joe Miller! I could go through the whole range of modern authors (save Scott and a few of that kidney), and exclaim, with more truth than the chieftain of the crusaders in Tasso,

“De qui de voi non so la patria e’l seme?
Quale spada m’è ignota e qual saetta?
Ben che per l’aria ancor sospesa treme
Non saprei dir s’è Franca, o se d’Irlanda,
E quale appunto il braccio e che la manda?”
Garusol. Liber., canto vigesimo, st. 18.

To state the simple truth, such as I feel it in my own conviction, I declare that the whole mass of contemporary scribblement might be bound up in one tremendous volume, and entitled “*Elegant Extracts*,” for, if you except the form and style, the varnish and colour, all the rest is what I have known in a different shape forty years ago; and there is more philosophy than meets the eye in that excellent song on the transmutation of things here below, perpetually offering the same intrinsic substance under a different name:

“Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now
foams with mild ale,
Was once Toby Philpot, a merry old soul.”

This transmigration of intellect, this metempsychosis of literature, goes on silently reproducing what had been, and reconstructing what had gone to pieces; but those whose memory, like mine, is unfortunately over-tenacious of its young impressions, cannot enjoy the zest of a twice-told tale, and consequently are greatly to be pitied.

It has lately come out that *Childe Harold* (like other naughty children sent to the Euryalus hulk) was given to picking pockets; and that Mr. Beckford, the author of *Vathek* and the builder of *Fonthill Abbey*, has been a serious sufferer by the *Childe’s* depredations, and is now determined to publish his case in the shape of *Travels, in 1787, through Portugal, up the Rhine, and through Italy, by W. Beckford, Esq.*; and, also, it appears that Saml. Rogers, in his *Italy*, has learned a thing or two from the *Bandits of Terracina*, and has dévalisé Mr. Beckford aforesaid on more than one occasion in the Appennines. I am not surprised at all this: murder will out;

and a stolen dog will naturally nose out his original and primitive master among a thousand on a race-course.

These matters may be sometimes exaggerated, and (honour bright!) far be it from me to pull the stool from under every poor devil that sits down to write a book, and sweep away with unsparring besom all the cobwebs so industriously woven across Paternoster Row. I don’t wish to imitate Father Hardouin, the celebrated jesuit, who gained great renown among the wits of Louis XIVth’s time by his paradoxical and startling opinions. A favourite maggot hatched in his prolific brain was, that the odes of Horace never were written by the friend of Mæcenas, but were the crude imposture of some old Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who, to amuse his cloistered leisure, personated Flaccus, and under his name strung together those lyrical effusions. This is maintained in a large folio, printed at Amsterdam in 1733, viz. *Harduini opera varia, pseudo-Horatius*, which any one can consult in the library of the British Museum. One of his arguments is drawn from the *Christian allusions*, which he asserts occur so frequently in these odes; *ex. gratia*, the *Praise of Chastity*:

“Platanusque cælebs
Evincit ultimos” (Lib. ii. ode 15);

for the elm tree used to be married to the vine; not so the sycamore, as any one who has been in Italy must know. The rebuilding of the temple by Julian the apostate, is denounced by the monk thus, quoth the Jesuit:

“Sed bellicosus fata quiritibus
Hæc lege dico, ne nimium pii
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.”
(Lib. iii. ode 3.)

Again, the sacred mysteries of our Lord’s supper, and the concealed nature of the bread that was broken among the primitive Christians.

“Vetabo qui *Cereris sacrum*
Vulgârit arcanum, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum” (the bark of Peter)
(Lib. iii. ode 2.)

And the patriarch Joseph, according to Hardouin, is clearly pointed out under the strange and un-Roman name of Proculeius, of whom history says naught.

“Vivit extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni!”
(Lib. ii. ode 2.)

For the rest of old Hardouin’s disco-

veries I must refer to the work itself, as quoted above; and I must in fairness add, that his other literary efforts and deep erudition reflect the highest credit on the celebrated order to which he belonged,—the Jesuits and Benedictines being as distinct and as superior bodies of monastic men to the rest of the tribes of cowed cœnobites as the brahmins in India are to the beggarly parias.*

There is among the lyric poems of the lower Irish a very remarkable ode, the authorship of which has been ascribed to the very Rev. Robert Burrowes, the mild, tolerant, and exemplary dean of St. Finbarrs Cathedral, Cork, whom I am proud to call my friend: it refers to the last tragic scene in the comical or melodramatic life of a Dublin gentleman, whom the above-mentioned excellent divine accompanied in his ministerial capacity to the gallows; and nothing half so characteristic of the genuine Irish recklessness of death was ever penned by any national La-bruyère as that incomparable elegy beginning—

“The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit,” &c.

Now, were not this fact of the clerical authorship of a most sublime Pindaric composition chronicled in the imperishable pages of REGINA, some future Hardouin would arise to unsettle the belief of posterity, and the claim of my friend Dean Burrowes would be overlooked; while the songster of Turpin the highwayman, the illustrious author of *Rookwood*,† would infallibly be set down as the writer of “Larry’s” last hornpipe. But let me remark, *en passant*, that in that interesting department of literature “slang songs,” Ireland enjoys a proud and

lofty pre-eminence over every European country: her “*musæ pedestris*,” or “*footpad poetry*,” is unrivalled; and, as it has been observed by an eminent historian, over whose pages I have pored with untiring eye in my schoolboy-days, Tacitus, (in his admirable work *De Moribus Germanorum*,) the Irish resemble the barbarians on the Rhine, and find an impulse for valorous deeds, and a comfort for all their tribulations, in a song.

Many folks like to write anonymously, others posthumously, others under an assumed name, and for each of these methods of conveying thought to our fellow-men there may be assigned sundry solid reasons. But a man should never be ashamed to avow his writings, if called on by an injured party, and I for one will never shrink from that avowal. If, as my friend O’Brien of the Round Towers tells me, Tom Moore tried to run him down in the *Edinburgh Review*, after holding an unsuccessful negotiation with him for his services in compiling a joint-stock history of Ireland, why did not the man of the *paper bullet* fire a fair shot in his own name, and court the publicity of a dirty job, which done in the dark can lose nothing of its infamy. Dr. Johnson tells us, that Bolingbroke wrote in his old age a work against Christianity, which he hadn’t the courage to avow or publish in his lifetime; but left a sum of money in his will to a hungry Scotchman, Mallet, on condition of printing in his own name this precious production. “He loaded the pistol,” says the pious and learned lexicographer, “but made Sawney pull the trigger.” But the weapon, like Moore’s, was quite harmless—*telum imbellè, sine ictu*.

The two most original writers of the

* Father Hardouin, who died at Paris 3d Sept. 1729, was one of the many high ornaments of the society and the century to which he belonged. His edition of the councils ranks among the most elaborate efforts of theological toil, *Concil. collect. Regia*, 15 vols. folio, Paris, 1715. The best edition of the naturalist Pliny extant is his, and displays a wondrous range of reading. He was one of the witty and honest crew of Jesuits who conducted that model of periodical criticism the *Journal de Trévoux*. Bishop Atterbury of Rochester has written his epitaph:

“Hic jacet Petrus Harduinus

Hominum paradoxotatos, vir summæ memoriæ,

Judicium expectans.”—PROUT.

† Prout must have enjoyed the gift of prophecy, for *Rookwood* was not published till four months after his death at Watergrasshill. Perhaps Mr. Ainsworth submitted his embryo romance to the priest’s inspection when he went to kiss the stone. We are glad this note affords us an opportunity of announcing, as shortly to be published, six magnificent plates, illustrative of scenes in that truly striking romaunt, by an artist of the name of Wull.—O. Y.

day, and also the two most ill-treated by the press, are decidedly Miss Harriet Martineau and Henry O'Brien. Of Miss Martineau I shall say little, as she can defend herself against all her foes, and give them an effectual check when hard-pressed in literary encounters. Her fame can be comprised in one brief pentameter, which I would recommend as a motto for the title-page of all her treatises :

"Fœmina tractavit 'propria quæ maribus.'"

But over Henry O'Brien, as he is young and artless, I must throw the shield of my fostering protection. It is now some time since he called at Watergrasshill; it was in the summer after I had a visit from Sir Walter Scott. The young man was then well versed in the oriental languages and the Celtic; he had read the *Coran* and the *Psalter of Cashil*, the *Zendevesta* and the *Ogygia*, *Lalla Rookh* and *Rock's Memoirs*, besides other books that treat of Phœnician antiquities. From these authentic sources of Irish and Hindoo mythology he had derived much internal comfort and spiritual consolation; at the same time that he had picked up a rude (and perhaps a crude) notion that the Persians and the boys of Tipperary were first cousins after all. 'Twas a bold thought, to be sure, that same; but then the story of the fireworshippers in Arabia so corresponded with the exploits of General Decimus Rock in Mononia, and the camel-driver of Mecca was so forcibly associated in his mind with the bog-trotter of Derrynane, both having deduced an untutored tribe of savages, and the *flight* of the one being as celebrated as the *vicarious imprisonment* of the other, he was sure he should find some grand feature of this striking consanguinity, some landmark indicative of former relationship.

Journeying with that intent, he eyed these
TOWERS;

And, heaven-directed, came this way to find
The noble truth that gilds his humble
name.

Being a tolerable Greek scholar (for he is a Kerryman), with Lucian, of course, at his fingers' ends, he bethought himself of the great phallic tower which that author describes as having been long ago erected in the countries of the east (and which might probably have been the identical tower of Ba-

bel); a ray of light darted through the diaphanous casement of O'Brien's brain,—'twas a merry thought, with a touch of the sublime intermingled,—'twas a *coup de soleil*, a manifestation of the spirit,—'twas a *divine particula aurea*,—'twas a most *eurêkisk* moment,—'twas what a Frenchman would call *l'heure du berger*; and on the spot the whole theory of "Round Towers" was developed in his mind. The dormant chrysalis burst into a butterfly. And this is the bright thing of surpassing brilliancy that Tom Moore would extinguish with his flimsy foolscap pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Forbid it, Heaven! Though all the mercenary or time-serving scribes of the periodical press should combine to slander and burke thee, O'B. I though all the world betray thee, one pen at least thy rights shall guard, and vindicate thy renown: here, on the summit of a bleak Irish hill—here, to the child of genius and enthusiasm my door is still open; and though the support which I can give thee is but a scanty portion of patronage indeed, I give it with good will, and assuredly with good humour. O, Brien! historian of round towers, has sorrow thy young days faded?

Does Moore with his cold wing wither

Each feeling that once was dear?

Then, child of misfortune, come hither—
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

When O'Brien consulted me as to his future plans and prospects, and the development of his theory, in the first instance confidentially to Tom Moore, I remember distinctly that, in the course of our conversation (over a red herring), I cautioned the young and fervent enthusiast against the tricks and rogueries of Tommy. No man was better able to give advice on this subject—Moore and I having had many mutual transactions, the reciprocity of which was all on one side. We know each other *intus et in cute*, as the reader of this posthumous paper will not fail to learn before he has laid down the document; and if the ballad-monger comes off second best, I can't help him. I warned O'B. against confiding his secret to the man of melody, or else he would surely repent of his simplicity, and to his cost find himself some day the dupe of his credulous reliance; while he would have the untoward prospect of seeing his discovery swamped, and of beholding, through the medium

of a deep and overwhelming flood of treachery,—

"His round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining."

For, to illustrate by a practical example the man's way of doing business, I gave, as a striking instance, his *Travels in Search of Religion*. Now, since my witty father's celebrated book of *Gulliver's Travels*, I ask, was there ever a more clever, or in every way so well got up a performance as this Irish gentleman's *Steeple Chase*? But would you believe it, unless Prout told you, this very same identical Tommy, who in that work quotes the "fathers" so accurately, and, I may add, without going into polemics, so felicitously and triumphantly, has written the most abusive, scurrilous, and profane article that ever sullied the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*,—the whole scope of which is to cry down the fathers, and to turn the highest and most cherished ornaments of the primitive church into ridicule. See the 24th volume of the *Edinburgh Review*,* p. 65, Nov. 1814, where you will learn with amazement that the most accomplished Christian writer of the second century, that most eloquent churchman, Africa's glorious son, was nothing more in Tommy's eye than the "Harsh, muddy, and unintelligible Tertullian!" Further on, you will hear this Anacreontic little chap talk of "the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom;" and soon after you are equally edified by hearing him descant on the "anti-theetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzene"—of Gregory, whose elegant mind was the result and the index of pure unsullied virtue, ever most attractive when adorned with the graces of scholarship—Gregory, the friend of St. Basil, and his schoolfellow at Athens, where those two vigorous champions of Christianity were associated in their youthful studies with that Julian who was afterwards an emperor, a sophist, and an apostate—a disturber of oriental provinces, and a fellow who perished deservedly by the javelin of some young patriot admirer of round towers in Persia. In the article alluded to, our incredulous Thomas goes on to say, that these same fathers, to whom he afterwards refers his Irish gentleman in the catch-penny travels, are totally "unfit to be

guides either in faith or morals" (it. ib.) The prurient rogue dares to talk of their "*Pagan imaginations*!" and, having turned up his ascetic nose at these saintly men, because, forsooth, they appear to him to be but "*indifferent Christians*," he pronounces them to be also "*elephants in battle*," and, chuckling over this old simile, concludes with a complacent smirk quite self-satisfactory. O for the proboscis of the royal animal in the Surrey menagerie, to give this poet's carcass a sound drubbing! O most theological, and zoological, and super-eminently logical Tommy! 'tis you that are fit to travel in search of religion!

If there is one plain truth that oozes forth from the feculent heap of trash which the reviewer accumulates on the merits of the fathers, it is the conviction in every observant mind, drawn from the simple perusal of his article, that he never read three consecutive pages of their works in his life. No one that ever did, no one who had banqueted with the gorgeous and magnificent Chrysostom, or drained the true Athenian cup of Gregory Nazianzene, or dwelt with the eloquent and feelingly devout Bernard in the cloistered shades of Clairvaux, or mused with the powerful, rich, and scrutinising mind of Jerome in his hermitage of Palestine, could write an article so contemptible, so low, so little. He states, truly with characteristic audacity, that he has mounted to the most inaccessible shelves of the library in Trin. Coll. Dublin, and scaled the "heights of Abraham" to get at the original editions; but believe him not; for the old in-folios would have become instinct with life at the approach of the dwarf, would awaken at his touch, and, tumbling their goodly volumes on their diminutive assailant, would have overwhelmed him, like Tarpeia, on the very threshold of his sacrilegious invasion.

Towards my young friend O'Brien of the towers he acts the same part, appearing in his old character, that of an anonymous reviewer, a veiled prophet of Khorassan. Having first negotiated with him to extract his brains, and make use of him for his meditated "*History of Ireland*" (the corres-

* The book reviewed by Moore is entitled *Select Passages from the Fathers*, by the Rev. Stuart Boyd: whose enthusiastic and chivalrous brother, shot at Malaga by Moreno, is now the object of much sympathy in the newspapers.—O. Y.

pudence lies before me), he winds up the confidential intercourse by an Edinburgh volley of canister shot quite in a friendly way. He has the ineffable impudence to accuse O'B. of plagiarism, and to state that this grand and unparalleled discovery had been previously made by the author of *Nimrod*,* a book which Tommy read not, neither did he care, so he plucked the laurel from the brow of merit. But to accuse a writer of plagiarism, Tommy should be himself immaculate; and while he dwells in a glass-house he should not throw stones at a man in a tower.

The Blarney-stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the *Irish Melodies*. Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down by a figure in rhetoric called *inverted sentences*; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; for "d'ye see, old Prout," the rogue would say,

The best of all ways
To lengthen our *lays*

Is to steal a few thoughts from the French,
"my dear."

*Chanson de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand
à François I.*

Va où la gloire t'invite;
Et quand ton cœur palpite
D'orgueil, qu'il pense à moi!
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
Pense encore à moi!

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these *Melodies* have obtained for him; but his last treachery to my round-tower friend has roused my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies.

"Abstractaque boves abjuratque rapinam
Cælo ostenduntur."

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion, that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his *Bard's Legacy*. On his dying bed this "bard" cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his "heart" to his "mistress dear," and recommending her to "borrow" balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old *Clement Marot*, who thus disposes of his remains—

"Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on
m'entère

Dans la cave où est le vin;
Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,
Et la bouche sous le robin."

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel laden with pilfered spoil; for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

"Go where glory waits thee,"

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting "lady" Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1495, and the favourite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her: indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

*Tom Moore's translation of this song in the
"Irish Melodies."*

Go where glory waits thee—
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me!

* *Nimrod*, by the Hon. Reginald Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1826. Priestley. A work of uncommon erudition, but the leading idea of which is, that these towers were fire-altars. O'B.'s theory is not to be found in any page of it having the remotest reference to Ireland; and we are astonished at the unfairness of giving (as Moore has done) a pretended quotation from *Nimrod*, without indicating where it is to be met with in the volume.—O. Y.

Autres charmes peut-être
 Tu voudras connaître,
 Autre amour en maître
 Règnera sur toi ;
 Mais quand ta lèvre presse
 Celle qui te caresse,
 Méchant, pense à moi !

Quand au soir tu erres
 Sous l'astre des bergères,
 Pense aux doux instans
 Lorsque cette étoile,
 Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
 Guida deux amans !
 Quand la fleur, symbole
 D'été qui s'envole,
 Penche sa tête molle,
 S'exhalant à l'air,
 Pense à la guirlande,
 D'une amie l'offrande—
 Don qui fut si cher !

Quand la feuille d'automne
 Sous tes pas resonance,
 Pense alors à moi ;
 Quand de la famille
 L'antique foyer brille,
 Pense encore à moi !
 Et si de la chanteuse
 La voix mélodieuse
 Berce ton âme heureuse
 Et ravit tes sens,
 Pense aux airs que chante
 Pour toi ton amante—
 Bien aimés accens !

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee—
 All the joys that bless thee
 Dearer far may be :
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh, then remember me !

When at eve thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh, then remember me !
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning—
 Oh, then remember me !
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them—
 Her who made thee love them :
 Oh, then remember me !

When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh, then remember me !
 And at night when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh, still remember me !
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh, then remember me !

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognise the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love song in the above, the language being that of the century in which *Clement Marôt* and *Maitre Adam* wrote their incomparable ballads, and evincing an evident admixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a lovely heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful ; but I recommend

it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Chateaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I.

The following pathetic strain is the only literary relic which has been preserved of the unfortunate Marquis de Cinquars, who was disappointed in a love affair, and who, to fling forgetfulness around him, mixed in politics, conspired against Cardinal Richelieu, was betrayed by an accomplice, and perished on the scaffold. Moore has transplanted it entire into his *National Melodies*, but is very careful not to give the nation or writer from whence he translated it.

Le Marquis de Cinquars.

Tu n'as fait, o mon cœur ! qu'un beau songe,
 Qui te fut, hélas ! ravi trop tôt ;
 Ce doux rêve, ah dieux ! qu'il se prolonge,
 Je consens à n'aspirer plus haut.
 Faut-il que d'avance
 Jeune espérance
 Le destin détruise ton avenir ?
 Faut-il que la rose
 La première éclose
 Soit celle qu'il se plaise à flétrir !
 Tu n'as fait, &c.

Thomas Moore.

O ! 'twas all but a dream at the best—
 And still when happiest, soonest o'er ;
 But even in a dream to be blest
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more !
 The bosom that opens
 With earliest hopes,
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue ;
 Like flowers that first
 In spring time burst,
 The soonest wither too !
 O ! 'twas all but, &c.

Que de fois tu trompas notre attente,
 Amitié, sœur de l'amour trompeur !
 De l'amour la coupe encore enchante,
 A l'ami on livre encor' son cœur :
 L'insecte qui file
 Sa trame inutile
 Voit périr cent fois le frère tissu ;
 Et l'amour ensorcele
 L'homme qui renouvelle
 Des nœuds qui l'ont cent fois déçu !
 Tu n'as fait, &c.

By friendship we've oft been deceived,
 And love, even love, too soon is past ;
 But friendship will still be believed,
 And love trusted on to the last :
 Like the web in the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is the charm that hangs o'er men—
 As oft as he sees
 It broke by the breeze,
 He weaves the bright line again !
 O ! 'twas all but, &c.

Every thing was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy ; and provided I brought grist to his mill, he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill, all was good provender for his hobby horse. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the *hedge school* occasionally,

and used to distract my attention from *Corderius* and *Erasmii Colloquia*. I often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity ; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape in his *Irish Melodies*. Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

*In pulchram lactiferam, carmen,
 Auctore Prout.*

Lesbia semper hinc et inde
 Oculorum tela movit ;
 Captat omnes, sed deinde
 Quis ametur nemo novit.
 Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
 Lux tuarum non est foris,
 Flamma micat ibi rara,
 Sed sinceri lux amoris.
 Nora Creina sit Regina,
 Vultu, gressu tam modesto !
 Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
 Jure omnium dux esto !

Lesbia vestes auro graves
 Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam ;
 Gratise sed, eheu ! suaves
 Cinctam reliquere formam.
 Normæ tunicam preferres,
 Flante Zephyro volantem ;
 Oculis et raptis erres
 Contemplando ambulantem !
 Veste Nora tam decorâ
 Semper indui memento,
 Semper puræ sic naturæ
 Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen,
 Quod coruscet perlibenter ;
 Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
 Quando acumpuncta dentur ?
 Normæ sinu cum recliner
 Dormio luxuriôsè
 Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar
 Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.

*To a beautiful milkmaid, a melody,
 by Thomas Moore.*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Norah's lid, that seldom rises—
 Few her looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises.
 O, my Norah Creina dear !
 My gentle, bashful, Norah Creina !
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes—
 But Love's is thine, my Norah Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold ;
 But all so tight the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 O, my Norah's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Norah Creina dear !
 My simple, graceful, Norah Creina !
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my Norah Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined ;
 But when its points are gleaming round
 us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillowed on my Norah's breast,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Nora blanda, lux amanda,
 Expers usque tenebrarum,
 Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
 Dotes, fons illecebrarum !

Oh, my Norah Creina dear !
 My mild, my artless Norah Creina :
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Norah Creina !

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad : and indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own : and he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius : so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves. He has not been half so lucky in hitting off Anacreon ; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow ;" since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, viz. the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle ; and I am afraid that he will pursue it on to final impotence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries—*Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri*—the bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of *Lalla Rookh*—

" Oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this ! it is this !"

which verses, by the by, are enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery ; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the *Mogul* language over the audience chamber of the King of Delhi :* in fact, to examine and overhaul his *Lalla Rookh* would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe : *Spoliis orientis onustum*.

But the favourite field in which

Tommy has carried on his depredations, to an almost incredible extent, is that of the early French troubadours, whose property he has thought fair game, availing himself thereof without scruple. In his *soi-disant* "Irish" melodies, and indeed in all his effusions of more refined gallantry, he has poured in a large infusion of the spirit and the letter of southern France. To be sure, he has mixed up with the pure, simple, and genuine inspirations of these primitive hearts, who loved in the olden time after nature's fashion, much of his own overstrained fancy, strange conceits, and forced metaphors ; but the initiated can easily distinguish when it is he speaketh *in propria persona*, and when it is that he uses the pathetic and soul-stirring language of the *ménestrels* of Gaul, those legitimate laureates of love. There has been a squib fired off by some wag of the sixteenth century against an old astrologer, who practised many rogueries in his generation, and which I think not inapplicable to Moore—

" Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam
 fallere nostrum est :
 Et cum falsa damus, non nisi Nostra
 damus."

And, only it were a profanation to place two such personages in juxtaposition, I would say that Moore might use the affecting, the soul-rending appeal of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, addressed to that land of song and civilisation which she was quitting for ever, when she exclaimed, as the Gallic shore receded from her view, that *half of her heart would still be found on the loved plains of France, and even the other half pined to rejoin it in its primitive abodes of pleasantness and joy*. The song of the unfortunate queen is too exquisitely beautiful not to be given here by me, such as she sang it on the deck of the vessel that wafted her away from the scenes of her youth and the blessings of friendship, to seek the dismal regions of bleak barbarity and murderous fanaticism.

* See *Asiatic Journal*, No. for May 1834, p. 2.

I also give it because Tommy has modelled on it his melody, "As slow our ship its foamy track," and Byron his "Native land, good night!"

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
Oh, ma patrie la plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance —
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoit mes amours
N'a ici de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié —
Pour que de l'autre, il te souviennne!"

I now come to a more serious charge against the gentleman of "*Slopperton Cottage, Wiltshire*;" and it will require more mother-wit than he is known to possess to bamboozle the public into a satisfactory belief of his innocence. To plunder the French is all right, but to rob his own countrymen is what the late Lord Liverpool would call "*too bad*;" for though letters of marque are given to cruisers in the Mediterranean or on the Spanish main for privateering purposes, and I suppose very justifiably in the eyes of international law (as explained by Puffendorff), still, who ever heard of Greek plundering Greek, or Ebenezer Jacob robbing Cadwallader Waddy? We all know that the late triumph of the Catholic cause is mainly attributable to Tom Moore; ay, verily, big Dan might exert his leathern lungs during a whole century in haranguing the Irish *sans culottes*: but had not the *Melodies* made *emancipation* palatable to the thinking and generous portion of Britain's free-born sons—had not his poetry spoken to the hearts of the great and the good, and enlisted in Ireland's behalf the fair and fascinating daughters of England—had not the higher orders of the empire been won over by the witchery of Tommy's spells,—the mob oratory and the

spouters would have been but objects of scorn and contempt. The "*melodies*" won the cause silently, imperceptibly, but effectually; and if there be a national tribute due to any man, it is to the child of song. Poets, however, are always destined to be poor; and such used to be the case with patriots too, until the *rint* opened the eyes of the public, and taught them that even that sacred and exalted passion, love of country, could resolve itself, through an Irish alembic, into an ardent love for the copper currency of one's native land. The dagger of Harmodius, which used to be concealed under a wreath of myrtle, is now-a-days hidden within the cavity of a church-door begging-box: and Tom Moore can only claim the second part of the celebrated line of Virgil, as the first evidently refers to Mr. O'Connell:

"Ære ciere viros—martemque accendere cantu."

But I am digressing from the serious charge I mean to bring against the author of that beautiful melody "*The Shamrock*." Does not Tom Moore know that there was such a thing in France as the Irish brigade? and does he not fear and tremble lest the ghosts of that valiant crew whom he has robbed of their due honours should, "in the stilly night, when slumber's chains have bound him," drag his small carcass to the Styx, and give him a well-merited sousing? For why should he give out as his own production *their* favourite song? and what ineffable audacity to pawn off on the modern drawing-rooms as *his own* that glorious carol which made the tents of Fontenoy ring with its exhilarating music, and which old General Stack, who lately died at Calais, used to sing so gallantly?

LE TRÉFLE D'IRLANDE.

Chanson de la Brigade, 1748.

En terre d'Hybernée,
Un jour, le beau Genie
De l'Amour et la Valeur se rencontrent
Avec le "Bel Esprit,"
Ce drôle qui se rit
De tout ce qui lui vient à l'encontre;
Partout leur pas reveille
Une herbe à triple feuille,
Que la nuit humecta de ses pleurs,
Et que la douce aurore
Fraichement fait éclore,
De l'émeraude elle a les couleurs.

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THE SHAMROCK.

A "Melody" of Tom Moore's, 1813.

Through Erin's isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wandered,
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen,
Through purest crystal gleaming.

Vive le tréfle !
 Vive le vert gazon !
 De la patrie, terre chérie !
 L'emblème est bel et bon !

Valeur, d'un ton superbe,
 S'écrie, " Pour moi cette herbe
 Croit sitôt qu'elle me voit ici paraître ;"
 Amour lui dit, " Non, non,
 C'est moi que le gazon
 Honore en ces bijoux qu'il fait naître ;"
 Mais Bel Esprit dirige
 Sur l'herbe à triple tige
 Un œil observateur, à son tour,
 " Pourquoi," dit-il, " defaire
 Un nœud si beau, qui serre
 En ce type Esprit, Valeur, et Amour !"
 Vive le tréfle !
 Vive le vert gazon !
 De la patrie, terre chérie !
 L'emblème est bel et bon !

Prions le Ciel qu'il dure
 Ce nœud, où la nature
 Voudrait voir une éternelle alliance ;
 Que nul venin jamais
 N'empoisonne les traits
 Qu'à l'entour si gaiement l'Esprit lance !
 Que nul tyran ne rêve
 D'user le noble glaive
 De la Valeur contre la liberté ;
 Et que l'Amour suspende
 Sa plus belle guirlande
 Sur l'autel de la fidélité !
 Vive le tréfle ! &c.

O the shamrock !
 The green immortal shamrock !
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief—
 Old Erin's native shamrock !

Says Valour, See
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning ;
 Says Love, No, no,
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning.
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, O do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends—
 Wit, Valour, Love, for ever !
 O the shamrock !
 The green immortal shamrock !
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native shamrock !

So firm and foud
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together ;
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather !
 May Love, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,
 Of thorny falsehood weed them ;
 Let Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of freedom,
 Or of the shamrock, &c.

Molière has written a pleasant and instructive comedy entitled the *Fourberies de Scapin*, which I recommend to Tom's perusal ; and in the "spelling-book" which I used to con over when at the hedge-school, with my foster-brother George Knapp (who has since risen to eminence as mayor of Cork, but with whom I used then to share the reading of the *Universal Spelling Book*—having but one between us), there is an awful story about "Tommy and Harry," very capable of deterring youthful minds from evil practices, especially the large wood-cut representing a lion tearing the stomach of the luckless wight who led a career of wickedness. Had Tommy Moore been brought up properly (as Knapp and I were), he would not have committed so many depredations, which he ought to know would be discovered on him at last, and cause him bitterly to repent his "rogueries."

With all my sense of indignation,

unabated and unmitigated at the unfairness with which O'Brien "of the round towers" has been treated, and which has prompted me to make disclosures which would have otherwise slept with me in the grave, I must do Moore the justice to applaud his accurate, spirited, and sometimes exquisite translations from recondite MS. and other totally unexplored writings of antiquity. I felt it my duty, in the course of these strictures, to denounce the version of Anacreon as a total failure, only to be accounted for by the extreme youth and inexperience of the subsequently matured and polished melodist ; but there is an obscure Greek poet, called *Στράβων Μαρκίδης*,* whose ode on whisky, or negus, composed about the sixteenth olympiad, according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher, he has splendidly and most literally rendered into English Anacreontic verse, thus :

* We never heard of *Στράβων Μαρκίδης* ; but we know a young barrister of good promise, Stack Murphy of Furnival's Inn : he must have hoaxed old Prout.—ED.

Σταυρος Μαρφιδος ισχυς.

Στεφανίμιν ου κοτυλλαν
Της ανθρωποι ψυχης,
Της φρεναται φρενις γ' α
Ημιν δυναιτ' εφηνειν.
Ταυτη γαρ ουρανους
Τη νυκτι δι πτασθαι
Ταυτην ληποντες αιαν.
Ει γ' ου ιραει λαβωτε
Τας στικματιν' α Τερψις
Ημιν μαγος διδωσι,
Ουτω ροδος γινωτε,
Ος γαρ παριετι οινος
Βαψωμαι εις κεντυ.

Ος μοι λιγυσι νικταρ
Παλαι ιτανοι ΗΡΑΙ
Και ΖΗΝΕΣ ηδ' ΦΟΙΒΟΙ.
Εξιστι και βροταιν
Ημιν ποιει το νικταρ'
Παντασι γαρ ωδ'
Τουτοι λαζοντες οινον
Του χαρματος προσωποι
Αμφι ευφως στεφοντες
Τοτι φρενων φαινην
Ποτη χυοντες αυγην,
Ιδου παριετι νικταρ.

Τιτ' ου Χροτος γι ψαμμη
Τηι κλειψιδραν ισ' λησι
Την αγλαην αιει ;
Ευ μοι γαρ οιδε, οινος,
Ταχυτις διαφρει
Στιλπαντις εν λαμπρι
Ας ουδ' ημιν αυγην
Και μεδιοντες ουτως
Την κλειψιδραν οχ'ισαντες
Παντασι γι δι' αλη
Ρην ηδονη εινωρη.
Εμπλησθαι ε' ιταροι
Αμφω αυτη ις αιει.

On Whisky or Negus, by Moore.

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreath be hid,
That joy, th' enchanter, brings us ;
No danger fear
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too—
The rich receipt's as follows :
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended ;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream—
And there's your nectar splendid.
Then wreath the bowl.

Say why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly !
O lend it us,
And, smiling, thus
The glass in two we'd sever
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever

Such carefully-finished translations as this from Σταυρος, in which not an idea or beauty of the Greek is lost in the English version, must necessarily do Tommy infinite credit ; and the only drawback on the abundant praise which I should otherwise feel inclined to bestow on the Anacreontic versifier, is the fatal neglect, or perhaps wilful treachery, which has led him to deny or suppress the sources of his inspiration, and induced him to appear in the discreditable fashion of an Irish jackdaw in the borrowed plumage of a Grecian peacock. The splendour of poesy, like "Malachy's collar of gold," is round his neck, but he won it from a stranger: the green glories of the emerald adorn his glowing crest—or, as Phædrus says,

"Nitor smaragdi collo refulget tuo—"

but if you ruffle his feathers a little,

you will find that his literary toilette is composed of what the French *coiffeurs* call *des ornemens postiches* ; and that there was never a more called-for declaration than the avowal which he himself makes in one of his melodies, when, talking of the wild strains of the Irish harp, he tells us, he was but as the wind passing heedlessly over its chords, and that the music was by no means his own.

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his muse at work ; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in imitation of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatised, but it is a sort of quasi-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his

"national melody," or jingle, called, in the early edition of his poems, "These Evening Bells," a "*Petersburg Air*;" of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this:—In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its *mirabilia*; of which he seemed quite enamoured. The view from the tower of the central church, Nôtre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting; and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the *Hunchback Quasimodo*; and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description: "In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the day-time is the *talking* of the city; at night, it is the *breathing* of the city; in this case, it is the *singing* of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know any thing in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from *flutes of stone three hundred feet high*—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing after all like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and

long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple: and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning, after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the "Groves:"

THE SHANDON BELLS.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame;

* The church and spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon castle (for which see the plates in *Pacata Hybernia*), are prominent objects from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. There exists a pathetic ballad, composed by some exile when "eastward darkly going," in which he begins his adieux to the sweet spot thus: "Farewell to thee, Cork, and thy sugar-loaf steeple," &c. &c. But as nothing is done in Ireland in the ordinary routine of sublunary things, this belfry is built on a novel and rather droll principle of architecture, viz. one side is all grey limestone and the other all red granite, like the Prussian soldiers' uniform trousers, one leg blue, the other green.—See "Crofton Croker's book on Cork," ch. 15.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk o'
In St. Sophia

The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his "Evening Bells, a *Petersburg air*." But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a burdle to Siberia.

I do not feel so much hurt at this nefarious "belle's stratagem" regarding me, as at his wickedness towards the man of the round towers (which never were steeples, although Dr. Milner, the great controversialist, says so); and to this matter I turn in conclusion.

"Oh blame not the Bard," some folks will no doubt exclaim, and perhaps think that I have been over severe on Tommy, in my vindication of O'Brien: I can only say, that if the *poet of all circles and the idol of his own*, as soon as this posthumous rebuke shall meet his eye, begins to repent him of his wicked attack on my young friend, and, turning him from his evil ways, betakes him to his proper trade of ballad-making, then shall he experience the comfort of living at peace with all mankind, and old Prout's blessing shall fall as a precious ointment on his head. Oh! then, if he happen to publish a *fresh* number of his *Melodies*, may it be eminently successful; and may Power of the Strand, by some more sterling sounds than the echoes of fame, be convinced of the power of song—
For it is not the magic of streamlet or hill:
O no! it is something that sounds in the
"till."

As for my humble patronage, it cannot do much for him in fashionable circles; for I never mixed much in the *beau monde* (at least in Ireland) during my lifetime, and can do nothing of course when I'm dead; nor will his *Melodies*, I fear, however adapted to mortal pianofortes, answer the purposes of that celestial choir in which I shall then be an obscure but cheerful vocalist. But let Moore recollect that his course here below, however harmonious in the abstract, must have a finale; and at his last hour let him not treasure up for himself the unpleasant retrospect of young genius nipped in the bud by the frost of his criticism, or glad enthusiasm's early promise damped by inconsiderate sneers. O'Brien's book can, and will, no doubt, afford much matter for witticism and merriment to the superficial, the unthinking, and the profane; but to the eye of Moore it ought to have presented a page richly fraught with wondrous research—redolent with all the perfumes of Hindostan; its leaves, if they failed to convince, should, like those of the mysterious *lotus*, have inculcated silence; and if the finger of meditation did not pause on every period, the volume, at least, should not be indicated to the vulgar by the finger of scorn. Even though there were some errors of fancy, of judgment, or of style, which of us is without reproach in our juvenile productions; and though I myself am old, I am the more inclined to forgive the inaccuracies of youth. Again, when all is dark, who would object to a ray of light, merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? and if the *Round Towers* have been hitherto a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern? No; forbid it, Diogenes; and though Tommy would put his huge extinguisher on the *Towers* and their *historian*, there is enough of good sense in the British public to make common cause with O'Brien the enlightener. Moore should recollect, that knowledge conveyed in any shape will ever find a welcome among us; and that, as he himself beautifully observes somewhere,

"Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

For my own part, I protest to heaven that were I, while wandering in a

gloomy forest, to meet on my dreary path the small, faint, glimmering light even of a glow-worm, I would shudder at the thought of crushing with my foot that dim speck of brilliancy; and were it only for its being akin to brighter rays, honouring it for its relationship to the stars, I would not harm the little lamplighter as I passed along in the woodland shade.

If Tommy is rabidly bent on satire, why does he not fall foul of Doctor Lardner, who has got the clumsy machinery of a whole Cyclopædia at work, grinding that nonsense which he calls "Useful Knowledge:" let the poet mount his Pegasus, or his Rosinante, and go tilt a lance against the doctor's windmill. It was unworthy of him to turn on O'Brien, after the intimacy of private correspondence; and if he was inclined for battle, he might have found a seemlier foe. Surely my young friend was not the quarry which the vulture

should delight to pounce on, when there are so many literary reptiles to tempt his beak and glut his maw! Heaven knows, there is fair game and plentiful carrion on the plains of Bœotia.

"In reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae."

Let Moore vent his indignation and satiate his voracity on the proper objects of a volatile of prey; but poetry is a kindlier element and a purer atmosphere for his winged excursions. Long, long may we behold the gorgeous bird soaring through the regions of inspiration, distinguished in his loftier as in his gentler flights, and combining, by a singular miracle of ornithology, the voice of the turtle-dove, the eagle's eye and untiring wing, with the plumage of the "bird of Paradise."

UNIVERSAL HISTORY. THE EARLIEST AGES.*

UNIVERSAL histories are liable to various objections; they are far better in idea than they can possibly be in execution. It would be indeed a great thing to find a man capable of grasping the relations which all men at all times bore to one another. This would be to develop the Scheme of Providence in the disposition of events, and no doubt to justify the ways of God. But is this possible? All attempts of the kind have notoriously failed.

Besides the impossibility of dealing with the subject on the large scale, the attempt to do so is encumbered with inconveniences. The parts are apt to be injured for the sake, as it is thought, of the whole. Much must be sacrificed in detail for the well rounding and well proportioning of the different divisions. The account of separate nations, it is probable, will be presented under a meagre epitome; so that a book ostensibly designed for a history of all nations will be a satisfactory history of none in particular. Like knowledge in general, it will be found to be no knowledge.

These seem to us to be some of the

difficulties which Lord Woodhouselee had to surmount, whether effectually we pretend not to decide at this stage of the inquiry. His work on universal history comprehends the whole course of lectures on that subject delivered by him, while professor of civil history, and Greek and Roman antiquities, in the university of Edinburgh. The work entitled *Elements of History*, by the same author, was originally, we are told, merely the heads or outlines of this course of lectures. It was afterwards enlarged, so as to form a syllabus to the general reader of history; and has been so favourably received by the public as to go through numerous editions in this country, and also in America, and to have been adopted as a manual in not a few universities.

"The complete work (continues the prefatory advertisement) is now, for the first time, given to the public. The preparation of it for the press was the last of the literary labours of its distinguished author. Nor did he live to complete it; but the constant attention of thirty years, and its annual revision during the greater

* The Family Library, No. XLI. Universal History from the Creation of the World, by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. Six vols. Vols. I.—IV. Murray. 1834.

Origines Biblicæ; or, Researches in Primeval History, by Chas. T. Beke. Two vols. Vol. I. Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1834.

part of that period, had left little to its editor."

Lord Woodhouselee had a keen perception of the defects and faults of his predecessors in the line of universal history. He rejects, in particular, the common method of arranging general history according to certain epochs, or eras, notwithstanding the arguments in its favour; namely, that, first, it affords great help to the memory for fixing the chronological dates of remarkable events in the history of any particular nation; and, second, that these epochs assist the mind towards forming distinct ideas of all that is passing at the same period of time through all the different states or kingdoms. The first of these arguments, observes the historian, supposes the epochs to be taken chiefly from the history of a single nation; as those of the bishop of Meaux (M. Bossuet), in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, an admirable work of its peculiar kind, and which justly maintains a great reputation. In this luminous epitome, the history of all the different states and kingdoms is arranged according to some remarkable events, taken, for the most part, from the *History of the Jews*. The second argument supposes the epochs taken from the history of different nations, and to be such remarkable events as had a general influence on mankind, or an effect upon the state of society, over a considerable portion of the globe. Such are the epochs assumed by M. Mehegan, in his *Tableau de l'Histoire Universelle*; or those of the Abbé Millot, in his *Elémens de l'Histoire Générale*.

"With regard," says his lordship, "to the former of these methods, namely, that of M. Bossuet, there can be no doubt that, by calling the attention particularly to a few great and striking events in the history of any nation, the precise date of these great events may be very easily impressed upon the memory. They serve as great landmarks, and the mind easily recollects their place and the time of their erection; but this is nearly all the benefit we derive from them. They afford no help towards fixing the dates, or even the order and succession, of the intermediate events, many of which may be highly important, and equally deserving of remembrance as the epoch itself. Nay, there is even a probability that the recollection of those epochs may tend to confound the chronological order of the intermediate events, by referring them

all to one common era, which alone is fixed upon the memory; but to remember the order and regular succession of events is all that is of use or importance in chronological history. It is a matter of small importance to record in the mind the precise date of any remarkable fact, as it stands in a table of chronology. If actions and events preserve in the mind their due series and relation to each other, a critical accuracy with respect to the years of the Julian period in which they happened, or the precise Olympiad, is mere useless pedantry."

To these arguments he adds the smallness in number and sequestered nature of the Jewish people during the chief periods of their history; and that their annals record only their connexions or their hostile differences with the petty tribes which surrounded them, or the nations in their immediate neighbourhood. It was, therefore, injudicious, he concludes, in M. Bossuet, whose object was to exhibit a view of universal history, to make this nation the great and prominent group in his painting of the world, to which all the other parts of this extensive picture were subordinate. In the selection of many of his epochs—as, for instance, the calling of Abraham, the promulgation of the law by Moses, and the building of Solomon's Temple—he affords us no assistance in the arrangement of events in the great empires of antiquity, with which the Jews in those remote periods had no connexion.

Such is Lord Woodhouselee's opinion on Bossuet. As to the epochs of Mehegan and of Millot, if considered only as sections or divisions of the subject, he is of opinion that they are chosen with sufficient propriety. Millot divided the Roman history into several epochs, as the kings, the consuls, the tribunes of the people, the decemvirs, Rome taken by the Gauls, the war with Pyrrhus, &c.

"Such an arrangement," observes his lordship, "is well adapted to the history of a single nation, and it may afford some little aid to the recollection of intermediate events in the annals of that nation; but where the object is a delineation of general history, or of all that is passing in the world at the same period of time, this method has not the same advantage. Thus, for example, in the *Tableau de l'Histoire Moderne* of Mehegan, the seventh epoch is Christopher Columbus, 1492, being the date of his discovery of America. The next epoch

is the peace of Westphalia, between France, Sweden, and the empire, in 1648. Supposing these epochs to be easily remembered, it may be asked, what help they afford towards the recollection of the dates of any of the intermediate events in this interval of one hundred and fifty-six years, or of the order in which they succeeded each other? Yet some of these were among the most remarkable that have occurred in the annals of the world; for instance, the reformation in Germany and England, the revolt of the Netherlands, and the establishment of the republic of the United Provinces, the edict of Nantes, giving toleration to the Protestants in France, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. The recollection that the discovery of America happened in 1492 affords no help to the remembrance of the time of the Reformation, nor tends to fix in the memory whether the expulsion of the Moors preceded or followed the revolution of the Netherlands. The classing of these unconnected events under one general epoch tends only to a confused reference of them all to one date, although between them there was almost a century of difference of time."

There can be no doubt that the merely chronological arrangement is deficient of scientific relation. Many of the most important public events are thereby subject to interruption in their progress, and sometimes at their commencement. M. Bossuet accordingly transports his reader in a single sentence from Jerusalem to Lacedæmon, — from the atrocities of Jehu in exterminating the royal house of Judah, and the criminal usurpation of Athaliah, to the foundation of the Spartan republic, and the politic plans of Lycurgus; and, with equal impropriety, he hurries back the reader in the next sentence to the conclusion of the history of Athaliah, the punishment of her crimes, and the restoration of Joas, king of Judah, to the throne of his ancestors.

Instead of an arrangement obviously so objectionable, Lord Woodhouselee has adopted the plan of making a predominant nation the principal object of a particular time. In forsaking the errors of his predecessors, he seems, however, to have fallen into a contrary scheme. We find no room in the plan of his work for a history of the Jews. All is made to turn on that of the Greeks. Nevertheless, he acknowledges the Jews' possession of the earliest and most authentic records. Yet we see not what use has been made of

these; since, at the very outset of the book, we find the vulgar opinion taken up, that the history of man commences with a State of Barbarism. This erroneous notion is in the very teeth of the Scriptures, whether we begin before or after the flood.

Even profane history recognises a golden age; which, however fabulous, testifies to a tradition of a better state preceding a worse, and opposes the mere notion that in the first ages the human race existed in the lowest state of civilisation, or that of the mere consumers of the spontaneous productions of nature. Mr. Keightley, however, in his *Outlines of History*, has suggested the impossibility of this being the case, from the fact that "no tribe has ever yet been found to civilise itself; instruction and improvement always come to it from abroad; and experience would rather lead to the inference, that the savage is a degeneration from the civilised life."

This is the proper point of view, clearly, of considering the subject. What seek we? Commencement. What find we? Progress. In imagination, as Mr. Keightley observes, we may conceive a time when the human race was in the lowest degree of culture; but, on inquiry, we every where meet the arts, meet men collected into societies, meet property, legislation, and government.

The truth on this important point has been judiciously put and enforced in Mr. Beke's able and curious work, *Origines Biblicæ*, just published. He very properly reminds all speculators, that the present human race has sprung, not from a common ancestor in a primitive state of society, but from one who was himself a member of a previous social state, which had already existed for many ages; and of the conclusion which must inevitably be drawn from that fact, viz. that whatever may have been the natural state of the first man, Adam, the progenitor of the antediluvian world, the contemplation of that state cannot aid us in the consideration of the primary condition of the postdiluvian world, which takes its origin from Noah and the seven other persons saved in the ark, who were members of an artificial and most probably a highly-advanced state of society.

"Without presuming to decide," says this inquisitive writer, "what may have been the actual amount of the

civilisation of Noah and his family, it may be fairly concluded that they were possessed of at least an average share of the learning and acquirements of the antediluvian world: and it may even be not unphilosophical to imagine, that as they were the chosen instruments of the Almighty for the preservation of the human race, so may they have been *specially* endowed with the wisdom of their contemporaries, whom we know to have been not merely shepherds and agriculturists, but also artificers in brass and iron; and further, to have possessed such a knowledge of the fine arts as to have cultivated music,—Jubal being mentioned “as the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.”

Be this, however, as it may, it is certain, that so far from Noah's having commenced by being either a fruit-eater, a hunter, or a herdsman, or even a simple agriculturist, his first act (as recorded in Scripture) was to plant a vineyard; that is, to raise an article which, if not one of mere luxury, required, at all events, a higher degree of cultivation than the cerealia, and the produce of which demanded for its preparation a peculiar process: from which facts alone is established the existence in his family of a degree of civilisation considerably higher than that of the grower of common necessities of life. We further know that, at a very early period—as it were almost immediately after the flood, and certainly before any material change could have taken place in the state of civilisation of mankind—they combined together to erect a city and a tower; whilst Nimrod and As-shur, the grandsons of the patriarch, are recorded to have been the founders of mighty cities. It must not be lost sight of, moreover, that the mechanical knowledge which enabled Noah and his sons to build the ark, agreeably to the directions of the Divine architect, could not have been inconsiderable. We are led, therefore, to the conclusion, that the first state of society after the flood, being that of Noah and his sons, was one of a *comparatively high degree of civilisation*; and we shall, probably, not be wrong in asserting that it was, at the least, as high as that of the Egyptians, Phenicians, and Assyrians, who are the nations of antiquity known to us, as being their descendants in the nearest degree.

There can, we think, be no doubt of the correctness of this reasoning; and we wish that Lord Woodhouselee had deferred more to the authority of the Hebrew writings when he commenced his *Universal History*. The theory which he has adopted is evidently erroneous, and will be more and more objected to, as the authority of the Scriptures is more and more appreciated—as it is every day. Their accuracy, in all respects, is becoming apparent with every leaf we turn in Time's book to read it.

We wonder that the Book of Job itself had not led the historians of the early ages to a better understanding of their moral status. How pure is its morality! how sublime its philosophy! how simple its ritual! how majestic its creed! As a work of art, too, how perfect is it in construction! What, also, was the state of society which it describes? The vine and the olive were cultivated—the ground ploughed for the growth of corn—metals were extracted from the earth and used for domestic purposes, for the construction of instruments of warfare, and as a circulating medium—the horse was in subjection to man, and trained for war—musical instruments of several kinds were made use of—navigation was not unknown—written characters were in common use—the science of astronomy was cultivated, the stars had been identified and named, and were probably assembled into constellations. Upon the whole it is evident that mankind, at the period in which the Book of Job was written, were not living in the simple patriarchal state, but different ranks of society are in several instances familiarly mentioned: as is also war; not the mere disputes, says Mr. Beke, between neighbouring shepherds, but organised war (unfortunately too sure a sign of an advanced social state), with separate leaders, and with the accompaniments of weapons of offence and defence, and of musical instruments; whilst it is at the same time quite evident, that the degree of intellectual acquirement and of refinement which would allow of the composition of the work itself, could not have been low in the scale of human cultivation.

But it will be objected, that the time of Job is acknowledged to have been twelve hundred years subsequent to the flood. What! “always harping

on the baker's daughter?" Well, have at you there. Why, look at the civilisation described in Genesis to have been realised at about this period: caravans of merchants crossing the desert; the kingdom of the Pharaohs, with all the accompaniments of a highly artificial state of society,—captains of the guard, keepers of the prison, chief butlers, and chief bakers, magicians and wise men, who were interpreters of dreams, and priests!! Mr. Beke affirms, and we think with him, that the civilisation of Noah and his immediate descendants was, from the state that society must have attained to before the deluge fell, of equal degree with that of this subsequent period. From the extent of the ancestral knowledge, the earliest races of the postdiluvian world had a platform raised on the basis of experience, to serve them for a scaffolding in erecting kingdoms and states. Hence that high culture and civilisation, of which we have evidence in their histories and in their remains. In scientific knowledge, on the other hand, we certainly find them deficient.

The following remarks deserve quotation:

"Whilst the utmost ingenuity of philosophers of the highest rank of talent and knowledge has been required, in order to shew (though with little substantial success) how the social state might progressively advance from the lowest to the highest degree of civilisation, the labour of demonstrating how the contrary progression may have taken place is, on the other hand, quite unattended with difficulty. When mankind first began to disperse from the focus of all human wisdom, and whilst knowledge thus continued to be merely traditive, it is manifest that the practical knowledge of every department of pursuit must have diminished at every step that was taken from the centre, unless each tribe could have insured to itself (which would have been scarcely possible) the possession of individuals imbued with the *aggregate* of the acquirements of the parent-stock."

On this statement we have only one question to ask. Was knowledge merely traditive? Who was the inventor of letters? He must have existed before Job. Was not the *ART* of *metrical composition* known by Noah? Is not his prophecy on his children metrically composed? The *ART* of metrical composition, whether oral or written, must be the acquisition of time. Its existence alone is sufficient to cast a doubt on

Lord Woodhouselee's sweeping assertion, that "so entire a change must have been operated by the deluge on the face of nature, as totally to extinguish all traces of antediluvian knowledge, and to renew the world to a state of infancy; and that we are well assured that the manners, customs, arts, sciences, and political arrangements, of the antediluvian ages, could have little or no influence on those which succeeded them."

It may, however, be granted, that knowledge *receded* at the commencement of the postdiluvian era, and continued to recede, until the numbers of mankind had sufficiently increased to allow them again to begin to improve and to accumulate—each nation in its own particular sphere of acquirements, the knowledge of which they had either retained by direct transmission from the common centre, or which had been subsequently derived from the circumstances in which they had respectively been placed.

On this part of the subject we cannot better express ourselves than in the language of the author of the *Origines Biblicæ*:

"Subsequently to the first miraculous dispersion of mankind, the pressure of population would probably have been the primary cause of the general distribution of the human race over the face of the earth, and of their consequent descent in the scale of civilisation. To this, however, are to be added disputes among neighbouring people, too often ending in warfare; the dislike of some races to the countries in which they had voluntarily settled, or into which they had been compelled to migrate; and the desire, or, probably, the necessity, of obtaining possessions more suited to their inclinations or their requirements. As the social tie became gradually weaker, the growth of erratic habits, and the consequent rapid declension in civilisation which universally attends the settling of new lands, would operate, leading at length to a confirmed nomadic state. In any of these intermediate stages of degradation, however, further deterioration may have been prevented, and an impulse may even have been given to a progressive state of improvement, by any causes, whether natural or artificial, which would prevent the further disintegration of society, and bring its members into more intimate connexion, so as to preserve the means for the mutual impartation of knowledge. Thus in maritime countries, where the further progress

and dispersion of mankind have been stopped by the ocean—in islands—in cities, where men have been congregated together for the purposes of commerce—and even in rich alluvial countries, of which, by means of agricultural knowledge, the products have afforded subsistence to a dense population—civilisation, so far from being stationary, has generally continued to advance; whilst in champaign, barren, and desert countries, on the contrary, where nomadic habits have been induced, the people have descended in the scale of civilisation in an equal ratio to the quality of the country and its means of affording subsistence, operating conjointly with its extent, and the consequent absence of the necessity for its inhabitants to adopt any means of support beyond those which have spontaneously presented themselves, and which have thence become congenial to them; such as the pasturing of their flocks in countries sufficiently fertile for that purpose, or the hunting of wild animals, where the physical condition of the country has not been adapted to the support of tame ones.

“From this last state—in which, owing to the loss of the knowledge of accumulating capital, whether in the form of money or of merchandise, and ultimately even in that of cattle, a large tract of country would become necessary for the support of a much smaller number of persons; and in which also, from the disintegration of society, the traditive knowledge of each successive generation would become less and less—the progress to the condition of the mere savage, or to that of man in the lowest stage of civilisation, is easily to be traced.

“In cold and inhospitable countries, however, where the uncivilised races inhabiting them would be compelled to use every exertion in order to procure a scanty and precarious subsistence, the lowest mechanical arts would still be retained, until the inclemencies and privations to which these races were subject had caused their extinction (a result which, there is good reason to believe, has in many instances ultimately taken place); whilst in more genial climates, where the spontaneous productions of nature were sufficient for the support of mankind, the absence of motives for exertion would lead to the total declension of their debased inhabitants, so that at length they would become almost assimilated with the brute creation.”

We have sometimes had thoughts, whether the system of Lord Monbodo could not be reversed with some shew of verity. Impossible to conceive as it is how the human race could proceed

from the monkey, the converse of the proposition, as the above reasoning proves, is not so difficult. So far from man, as the same writer indeed infers, having a natural tendency towards progressive improvement, he is, of his own nature, inclined to deterioration—so far from being able, by the unaided exercise of his natural reason, to make any advance in civilisation, the evidence of the history of all countries and all ages plainly demonstrates, that at no time has improvement taken place, whether in societies or in individuals, without either the assistance of other societies or individuals possessing a higher degree of culture, or the direct instruction of Divine revelation, the only original source of all wisdom and of all knowledge.

Having spoken our mind on this important point, we can now safely recur to Lord Woodhouselee, who correctly states, that of the times immediately following the deluge we have no other original history than that contained in the books of Moses. The sacred writings inform us, that the family of Noah established themselves in the plain of Shinaar, where they built the tower of Babel; and that the confusion of their language caused their dispersion into the different regions of the earth.

Something might be said in explanation of the concealed meaning underlying this statement, but we keep directly to the path of history, not travelling out of the very letter of the record. It is well and wisely observed by our universal historian, that a “view of the physical surface of this habitable globe, parted, as we see it is, by those great natural boundaries, the chains of mountains and the rivers, which intersect it, affords the most convincing evidence that the earth was intended by the great Architect of all things to be peopled by various tribes and nations, who should be perpetually separated from each other by those eternal barriers which will ever prevent empires and states from permanently exceeding a just bound of territory. Without those natural boundaries, the limits of kingdoms must have been continually fluctuating; and perpetual discord must have embroiled the universe. An ambitious potentate may, with the accidental concurrence of favourable circumstances, enlarge for a time the limits of an empire beyond this just

proportion; but the *force* of government and laws is weakened as its sphere is extended, and the encroachment being clearly marked and defined by those natural barriers, the lost territory will scarcely fail to be regained; and the revolution of a few years will again bring empires and kingdoms to their ancient limits."

Lord Woodhouselee is not very consistent in his theory of barbarism, for he speaks of "such of the original tribes as, without any distant migration, had fixed themselves in the vicinity of their primeval seats, that is, on the borders of the Mediterranean sea," as very naturally retaining and cultivating "those arts of which their progenitors had been in possession. Thus," he adds, "Nimrod, the grandson of Ham, the son of Noah, about a hundred and fifty years after the deluge, is said to have founded Babylon; and Assur, the grandson of Noah, to have built the city of Nineveh, which became the capital of the Assyrian empire: but the Mosaic writings make no more mention of Nimrod or of Assur, or any of their successors. Profane historians, on the other hand, make Belus the founder of Babylon; who is therefore supposed to have been the same with Nimrod. His son, Ninus, to whom those historians attribute the foundation of Nineveh, is said to have been the conqueror of India and Bactria; and under him and his queen Semiramis, who reigned alone after his death, the Assyrian empire is supposed to have attained a very high degree of splendour. The magnificence of Babylon and of Nineveh would indeed give immense ideas of the wealth and power of Ninus and Semiramis; but it is scarcely credible that Nineveh, in the time of its founder, and Babylon, under the son of its founder, should either have been splendid in themselves, or the empire very considerable to which they belonged. It is the conjecture of other historians, that Nineveh and Babylon, till the year 590 after the deluge, were separate monarchies; that Ninus, who reigned at Nineveh, made the conquest of Babylon; and that the date of the Assyrian empire, properly so called, is to be fixed only at the union of these kingdoms."

These conjectures, suppositions, and disputes, make this part of history put on a doubtful air, which one would think it would be well to remove; but

an epitome like Lord Woodhouselee's work will not admit of investigation. He therefore dismisses these "discussions as of more curiosity than importance." Notwithstanding this, however, we cannot help stating that such subjects are to us of peculiar interest; and that whenever they are taken up and ably handled we are well pleased. It will be seen that there are irreconcilable discrepancies between the sacred and profane historians. Mr. Beke, in his *Origines Biblicæ*, rejects the profane testimony altogether, on the ground that authentic profane history terminates at the point at which, in the ascent into past ages, the canon of the Hebrew Scriptures only begins:—that Herodotus, the so-styled "father of history," was the contemporary of no earlier writers of the Bible than Nehemiah, the last of the historians, and Malachi, the last of the prophets; whilst the earlier prophets and historians carry upwards an unbroken chain of evidence into the remotest ages of antiquity. He therefore denounces it as an error of the gravest importance to allow heathen authorities to stand upon an equality with the Bible as records of authentic history, and to bias the interpretation of the sacred volume; which error he particularly exemplifies in the geography of sacred history.

We are far from being able to decide on the accuracy of this gentleman's views in regard to this same geography. His opinions are so novel and startling, that it must give us pause; we must really take time to breathe. The foundation of Babylon by Nimrod is boldly stated to be the assumption of national vanity; so likewise the assertion that the tower of Babel was erected in the place where Babylon stood,—an erroneous notion adopted by the Jews during their captivity, and retained and perpetuated after their return from Babylon into their native country. The name of Syria, also, which in the first instance was applied to Aram or Cœlo-Syria alone, having under the Greeks received so extensive a signification as to include Mesopotamia, the Jews in like manner extended the application of the name of Aram; and hence Mesopotamia was conceived to represent the country of Padan Aram, in which was situate Haran, the dwelling-place of the family of Terah, the father of Abraham. In a similar way, the Scriptural

country of Mitzraim having, by the fulfilment of prophecy, become the basest of the kingdoms, and, being in fact merged in its powerful neighbour, the Egypt of profane history, the Jews of Alexandria, who knew of no other kingdom in that direction than the mighty monarchy of the Ptolemies, regarded those princes as the successors and representatives of the Pharaohs, and Egypt itself as the country which had been the land of their forefathers' bondage.

If, on the one hand, Lord Woodhouselee is too familiar, and reposes too supinely on such authorities as were in vogue fifty years ago, but since repudiated, Mr. Beke may be considered too startling and paradoxical. This point of view, nevertheless, grounded as it is exclusively upon Scriptural evidence, demands investigation. One concession, be it known, this writer does make to the current geography,—the mountain Ararat is correctly placed in Armenia. Lay that unction to your soul. If, however, the site of Babylon be identical with that of the tower of Babel, the journey of mankind from Ararat to the land of Shinar, where the tower of Babel was begun to be erected, must have been from the north, and not "from the east," as stated by the inspired historian. This apparent contradiction, hitherto irremovable, is entirely got rid of by differently locating Babylon and Babel. The lowlands of the Euphrates and Tigris, our author contends, could not, for a considerable distance from their mouths, have existed in early ages, but must have been gradually formed by the encroachments on the Persian Gulf of the alluvial soil brought down and deposited by those mighty rivers. Taking into consideration the present state of the country in the neighbourhood of Babylon, as described by Mr. Rich, and keeping in mind the changes which, from the statements of Nearchus and Pliny, must indubitably have taken place in it,—the legitimate inference is, that, in the first ages after the flood, the state of the country which subsequently became the site of Babylon was such as to have rendered it totally inapplicable to the use of man; so that at the period of the building of the tower of Babel and the commencement of Nimrod's kingdom, *there*, under any circumstances, could not have been that plain in the land of Shinar where "the whole

earth" dwelt, and where they wished to erect a city and a tower whose top might reach unto heaven. Indeed, if the calculation of Nearchus and the statement of Pliny are to be depended upon, we are justified in concluding that, in the period immediately subsequent to the flood, the Persian Gulf extended so far to the northward as actually to occupy the present supposed site of Babylon; so that it was physically impossible for the tower of Babel to have been erected at or near the spot where its remains have been imagined to exist. For the tradition, that at the time of the dispersion Nimrod with his family remained on the spot, and became the founder of the Babylonian or Chaldean dynasty, the usual authority is Gen. x. 10: "And the beginning of his (Nimrod's) kingdom was *Babel*, &c." But the inference that this place was identical with that of the tower is contrary to Gen. xi. 9: "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; *and they left off to build the city*." It would seem, therefore, that the name of the Land of Shinar was probably confined, in the first instance, to that portion of Mesopotamia in which Noah and his family first settled; although, at a subsequent period, it had a much wider signification, and became applied to the whole of the country to the eastward of the Euphrates, as far as the river Tigris. This application, however, would not have been immediate, nor would the name have at once acquired its widest signification. Accordingly, as the evidence of all history tends to evince that the countries which are situated to the southward of this spot, namely, Arabia, Egypt, and Palestine, were originally peopled by the descendants of Ham, we may understand that, at the dispersion, Nimrod and his family, or descendants, still keeping to the eastward of Euphrates, and probably in the first instance removing to no great distance from the central point of the dispersion, built the cities of "*Babel*," &c.; which we are told were the beginning of his kingdom, in that portion of Mesopotamia to which the name of the Land of Shinar would then have become applicable. When, at a much later period, the still more celebrated and better known city of Babylon was founded, the name of Shinar may have been further extended in its applica-

tion, so as to comprise that city also, by those who, living at a distance from the country, and having no intimate knowledge of it, were liable to fall into the error of applying to the whole region the name which in strictness was applicable only to a small portion of it.

Analogous instances have happened in the geography of almost all countries: for example; the small part of Asia which was known by that name to the Greeks, at present distinguished as *Asia Minor*, has given its name to the whole quarter of the globe in which it is situate. The name of Syria, also, which at first was applicable only to *Aram* or Syria proper, was by the Greeks used in a far wider signification, so as to include *Mesopotamia*.

Thus much for the founding of Babylon, which, as Nimrod seems to have had little to do with it, may have been probably enough the work of one Belus, a distinct personage.

The position which is attributed by our author to the land of Shinar is such as to place it in the centre of a tripartite division of the earth, marked by the strongest natural boundaries. The Persian Gulf (as extended to the northward) on the one side, and the Mediterranean on the other, are the limits of the first division; the second is formed by the Mediterranean Sea on the one side, and the Euxine and Caspian Sea on the other; whilst the third is comprised between the southern extremity of the Caspian Sea and the head of the Persian Gulf.

So totally distinct are these three divisions, and so strongly marked are their boundaries, that it was impossible for the different races of mankind, after having once entered within them, ever again to become united (unless they retraced their steps) without continuing their journeys until the extremities of these grand divisions of the earth again approached one another. The nearest point of approach is that of the Straits of Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, which, however, is not less than one thousand miles from the focus of division; and this point would of course only serve to bring together those races which resided immediately on the two sides of the Straits; the inhabitants of Arabia and India being in other respects (except by means of a communication by sea) kept perfectly separated, and totally distinct from each other. As to the

reunion of the two races, who had once been separated by the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea, the one going northward into Europe, and the other southward into Arabia and Africa, it is quite clear that (except by marine communication) such reunion could never take place until they had reached the Straits of Gibraltar. To overcome the impediments to reunion arising from the third line of separation, it must at least have been necessary, after once entering Europe, to pass round to the north of the Euxine, and to traverse the almost impracticable mountains of Caucasus; and if, as is not at all improbable, before the lowlands of the Don and the Volga were formed, those two rivers flowed into a sea which was continuous with the present Caspian and Sea of Asuf, and which extended probably still further eastward, so as to unite with the Sea of Aral, it is apparent that the line of demarcation and division in this direction was almost as strong as that between Europe and Africa.

We have now next in order to do with the building of Nineveh by Assur, or Asshur, the son of Shem, of whom it is said, according to our authorised translation,—“Out of that land [Shinar] went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city of Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city.” Following the course of the Tigris, Assur and his descendants would not have been long in arriving at the country in which Nineveh was situate, and which subsequently became the seat of the Assyrian empire.

The novelty of the notions to which we have here given extended circulation render them, in our opinion, of considerable interest. It is the fault of all epitomes like Lord Woodhouselee's, that they allow of no original disquisition, and but little research. We could not, therefore, expect to find much of the kind in this part of the book; but the period to which it alludes having so concurrently been considered in a new light, we thought it only doing justice to our readers to lay it before them.

“From the death of Ninias, the son of Ninus,” says his lordship, “down to the revolt of the Medes under Sardana-palus, there is an interval of eight hundred years, in which there is an absolute void in the history of Assyria and Babylon.

The names, indeed, of the supposed sovereigns during that period are preserved; but there are no traces of historical events. Even the catalogue of the names of those princes appears suspicious, from their being taken from the Greek and Persian languages; as, for example, Lamprides, Dercylus, Amyntas, Xerxes, Aramites. This, however, is no conclusive evidence of forgery; since we know how common has been the practice of authors of translating proper names (such, at least, as have characteristic significations) from their original, into the language used by historians.* By those who support the authenticity of this catalogue of the Assyrian and Babylonish monarchs, the obscurity of their reigns has been attributed to the indolence, effeminacy, and debauchery in which they were plunged. This, however, is a weak supposition. It is against all moral probability that a great empire should have subsisted without a revolution for eight hundred years, under a series of dissolute, weak, and effeminate monarchs. That character in the prince is the parent of seditions, conspiracies, and rebellions among the people, instead of a quiet and peaceable subjection; and, accordingly, we find that the kingdom of Babylon, till then united with Assyria, shook off its yoke under the weak and dissolute Sardanapalus. If we are at all to form a conjecture of the state of the Assyrian empire during this great chasm in its history, it must be a very different one; namely, that it was governed by a series of wise, virtuous, and pacific princes, the uniform tenor of whose reigns have furnished no striking events for the mouth of tradition, or for the pen of the historian."

This may be suffered to pass. But Lord Woodhouselee proceeds to treat of the Egyptians, without any reference to Heeren, Dr. Young, or Champollion; neither has his editor thought fit to supply his deficiencies. Defects and omissions like these have made us several times regret that Mr. Murray was so ill advised as to print a book so far behind the age in his *Family Library*. The foundation for a work of the kind it might have made—but a superstructure it is not. If it be

designed to shew in one work what is the course of historical recital generally accredited, without reference to the scepticisms and the researches of later commentators, it will still be necessary that a volume of annotations and corrections should be given, by way of appendix, for the instruction of the more advanced student. In such a work it will be necessary to dwell on the importance of the Egyptian antiquities, and to make some inquiry into the source of Egyptian learning and civilisation. Something also should be said on the resemblance between the religion, the symbols, and architecture of India and of Egypt. The institution of castes we are surprised that his lordship should have entirely himself omitted. We know not whether the singular assertions of Mr. Beke should also be added; but we think it well to bestow a column or two ourselves on their consideration.

According to this writer, then, Cush was the progenitor of the Arabians and Ethiopians, as also of the negro nations of Africa; and that, as proved by Herodotus, the Egyptians were derived from Ethiopia, which was inhabited by a civilised nation—yielding, however, to the aboriginal Arabians, who were still more cultivated. The resemblance which unquestionably exists between the remains of antiquity in Ethiopia and Egypt, and those found in the countries on the western side of the peninsula of India, together with the memorials of the idolatrous polytheism, which in old times was established in the former countries, as it still subsists in the latter, can only be accounted for by tracing them both to one common source; which again can only be done by regarding the south of Arabia as having been both the birth-place and the nursery of that religion which was subsequently carried into the countries on either side.

With respect to Egypt itself, the author decides unequivocally that that country is NOT the *Misraim* of the Old Testament! Hence the country

* "Among the modern writers, Buchanan and the President De Thou have signally impaired the utility of their excellent histories by this most injudicious practice. It is true that the French and English terminations of proper names accord extremely ill with the harmonious flow of classical Latin composition; but this defect might in most cases be remedied by simply giving those names a Latin termination. The disguise is impenetrable where the word itself is attempted to be translated, as *Plexippus* (Harry Hotspur), *Sophocardius* (Wishart), *Megaloccephalus* (Malcolm Canmore), &c."

of Egypt has little or no connexion with the history and geography of the sacred Scriptures. Although we may be unable to form an accurate conception of what, in the time of Moses, fourteen hundred years anterior to the era of Herodotus, was the actual condition of the Delta and the adjoining country to the east, we may yet come to a certain conclusion on one point—and it is one of the utmost importance in the consideration of the land of Mitzraim—namely, that at that early period, and not improbably during several centuries afterwards, the eastern branch of the Nile, or the gulf of the Mediterranean into which that river discharged itself, extended eastward far beyond the meridian of Suez.

Since the Israelites, then, as Major Rennell justly remarks, “when they began their march out of Egypt [Mitzraim], must have been on the east side of the Nile, for they certainly did not cross it on their way to the Red Sea,” it is impossible that the situation of the country of their bondage could have been any where within the limits of the Egypt of the present day. It is also probable that the sea itself extended to the marshes to the north of Suez. “The land of Mitzraim,” therefore, could not have been on the isthmus of Suez, or any where to the westward of it within the limits of the present country of Egypt. Neither can the Gulf of Suez be that sea which, by the direction and under the miraculous protection of the Almighty, was crossed by the Israelites, on the occasion of their departure from Egypt.

What, then, was “the Red Sea” crossed by the Israelites? Not the *Gulf of Suez*—but the *Gulf of Akaba*!

The Red Sea, we are told, lay in an easterly direction from Mitzraim; and the Israelites, having crossed it, “went out into the wilderness of Shur,” which, we are informed, was “before Mitzraim, as thou goest towards Assyria.” The sea, also, which is mentioned, under the name of the Red Sea, as washing the shores of Edom—the country of Edom being to the southward of the Dead, or Salt Sea—it is evident cannot be applicable under any circumstances to the Gulf of Suez, but to the Gulf of Akaba, and to that alone. The Gulfs of Suez and Akaba are distant from each other more than a hundred and fifty miles; they therefore must have been distinguishable one from the other,

and it is not probable they would both be called by the same name. Add to these arguments one derivable from the circumstance of “the strong east wind, which caused the sea to go back all night long, and made the sea dry land,” and the conclusion appears to Mr. Beke irresistible. This “strong east wind” probably extended its action over a considerable portion, or perhaps the whole, of the Arabian Gulf; the consequence of which would be, that the waters thereof would have been driven from the shores of Arabia westward towards the Egyptian coast. Hence the level of the waters on the eastern side of the Arabian Gulf would (in like manner as in the Sea of Azof) have been considerably lowered; whilst on the western side they would have been heaped up, and considerably augmented and deepened. The further consequence of this change in the level of the main sea would be, that the two head gulfs communicating with it on either side would naturally have partaken of the same variation; and they would accordingly have followed the course of those portions of the Arabian Gulf itself with which they respectively communicated. Whilst, therefore, the waters of the Gulf of Suez would have been acted upon similarly to those on the western side of the Arabian Gulf, and would have been raised far above their usual level, so as to be rendered more than ordinarily impassable; those of the Gulf of Akaba, on the contrary, would have partaken of the depression of the sea on the eastern side of the Arabian Gulf, and would thus have been placed under the very circumstances best suited for the purposes of the Almighty, and in strict accordance with the words of Scripture.

We confess that this view of the subject is so novel, that we turned with anxiety to that part of the work which gives the geography and history of the Mitzraim of Scripture. We have done our duty in bringing the matter forward; and we have been principally induced to do so, in connexion with the work of Lord Woodhouselee, from the conviction, well expressed by Mr. Beke, that “the Bible is, in reality, the first and principal volume of the Universal History of Mankind.” According to this volume of universal history, then, Mitzraim was altogether to the eastward of the isthmus of Suez—a fact corroborated by the circum-

stance of no river having been crossed by the Israelites at the period of their Exodus, and that the horse was a native, not of Egypt, but of Mitzraim. (Mr. Beke, however, should have recollected the chariots and horses in Luxor and Carnac; so much, at any rate, as to have said that they are not hieroglyphics nor symbols from the Egyptian pantheon.) The Nile and its inundations had nothing to do with the land of Mitzraim. Neither *Yeor* nor *Shichar* are names for the Nile. Sihor, however, is identical with the "Brook of Mitzraim," the boundary stream between the countries of the Canaanites and the Mitzrites—the representative of which stream at the present day is the *Wady Gaza*.

On the whole, it is concluded that the position of the kingdom of Mitzraim must necessarily have been, not only to the east of the north-eastern branch of the Nile, but also altogether beyond the range of the Nilotic inundations. Its western boundary would thus have been the Gulf of Suez, and thence across the isthmus of the same name, as far as the Mediterranean. On the other hand, its boundary eastward would have been the Gulf of Akaba, or the Red Sea; and whilst to the southward its extent must necessarily have been limited by that of the peninsula of Mount Tor, it would to the northward have been bounded by the Mediterranean on the one part, and by the territories of the Philistines on the other. Mitzraim proper may consequently be correctly defined to be that portion of Arabia Petræa which lies between the two head gulfs of the Arabian Gulf, and which extends northward from thence to the Mediterranean and the confines of Palestine.

From the limits thus assigned to Mitzraim, it might at first sight seem inferrible that Egypt is not named in the Scriptures of the Old Testament: but such an inference, Mr. Beke apprehends, would be incorrect; for it can be shewn, he thinks, that Egypt is that country which is not unfrequently referred to in the writings of the prophets and later historians by the name of *Cush*. On this subject his remarks are exceedingly ingenious, but want of room compels us to pass them over; as also we

must his remarks on the non-fulfilment of the prophecies relating to Mitzraim, if by Mitzraim be meant modern Egypt. It is to his next volume that he reserves his sketch of the history of the kingdom of Mitzraim, as distinguished from that of Egypt. A startling objection, however, arises to his views, in the fact that no records, no remains are traceable, in any shape, of its existence. We must guard ourselves from being thought in any way to decide on the questions raised by Mr. Beke's work. No doubt it will meet with opposition; and we ourselves intend, in a future Number, to state some serious difficulties in the way of the very sweeping conclusion to which he comes.

We must now return to Lord Woodhouselee's *Universal History*, of which the four volumes lie before us. Were we to attempt a thorough review of these, it would be necessary for us to treat the work in connexion with Heeren's researches, and Michaelis' commentaries on Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, in regard to the Phœnicians—with Schlegel's lectures, and Müller's elaborate work on the Dorians, in regard to the Greeks—and with Niebuhr's history in regard to the Romans. It is, however, not needful to direct the reader's attention to the contents of these works in the manner in which we have treated the discoveries made in the *Origines Biblicæ*—the merest tyro will detect at once the many defects of the history in reference to these well-known authors. In relation to the curious book with which we have brought this *Universal History* into connexion, both his lordship and his editor are of course guiltless. Should it, however, be likely that this ill-considered publication might take a permanent place in the *Family Library*, it would be necessary to go through it *seriatim*, and supply an antidote to its omissions by means of a searching criticism. From this task we shall not shrink when it becomes a duty. Our present purpose has mainly been to excite attention and controversy among archæologists, referrible to the very novel and startling positions concurrently made as to those early ages of the world which are anterior to the period of profane history.

HORÆ SINICÆ.

No. II.

ONE HUNDRED QUATRAINS IN HONOUR OF TEA,

BY THE CELEBRATED CHINESE JUGGLER AND POET, BROO-HUM-FOU.

(Translated by a Commissioner-expectant of the first new Commission in the market.)

I.

My Lords, with some pains I endeavour to rise,
 To repel the foul charge which has dropped from Duke B. ;
 And I beg of you all not to credit your eyes
 If they shew that I drink what is stronger than TEA.

II.

This mouth all so learned, so consistent, so sage,
 Is fed but with hyson, souchong, and bohea :
 And though patient as Job, I must get in a rage
 When they say that I substitute toddy for TEA.

III.

'Tis maintained by that hoary rogue Cobbett, you saw,
 That my head, like my nose, is quite twisted agree—
 That I'm blessed with a double allowance of jaw ;
 And that brandy and laudanum I drink, and not TEA.

IV.

But heed not that libeller—gibbet the *Post*—
 Put *Bull* into pound ; and as bad as the three
 Since YORKE has become, let us shew to his cost
 That I know how to give him genteelly his TEA.

V.

No! no one must dare, or in speech or in print,
 To send forth a word that's displeasing to me :
 I may vapour and bully ; but they must not hint
 That I talk rather queer after taking my TEA.

VI.

The times are now changed since at Liberty's shrine
 I bent, out of place, at old Brookes's my knee—
 When with hip, hip, hurras, three times three (that is nine)
 In bumpers we gave (though not bumpers of TEA)—

VII.

"The freedom of speech and of press—like the air,
 Where it is not we die!" (or, if Scotchmen, "we dee") :
 But now we are in, 'tis another affair—
 And no one must venture to libel my TEA.

VIII.

Ye cups that inspire me! how dear to my soul
 That leaf which has rendered America free :
 Where the grandsire of Lyndhurst had near lost his poll,
 When the Yankees rose boldly to battle for TEA.

IX.

And thus from my teapot the lessons I draw—
 The teapot well filled by my favourite she—
 Of freedom, of wisdom, of honour, of law,
 Which I pour on the house as sweet Marty pours TEA.

X.

As the leaf whence the fluid is drawn flows my speech :
 If bitter, I'm bitter—if mild, full of glee.
 And the maxims of wisdom which nightly I teach
 Are as vapoury and hot as the reek of my TEA.

XI.

If my tippie should happen, my lords, to be black,
 Then I'm black and blackguard, as you all will agree ;
 If green, full of bile I proceed to th' attack —
 Full of bile that is twenty times greener than TEA.

XII.

As my urn loudly hisses, I hiss very loud ;
 And, like it, I pour forth a stream which may be
 Thin, washy, and frothy, and covered with cloud —
 But so it can scald, I rejoice in my TEA.

The poet here diverges, in a manner very usual with him, into several subjects, the connexion of which with each other, or with the matter in hand, it is impossible to conjecture. In this the Chinese bard resembles a noble and learned orator in the British House of Peers, of whom the reporters report that he never finishes a sentence, or makes any two of the strings of words which he calls sentences hold together. We find in the poem before us, immediately after the twelfth verse, an essay on hydrostatics, to prove that a pound weight on the ground floor weighs only half a pound when taken up to the garret—a disquisition on arrears in Chancery—the Speculative Society—the Beefsteak Club—the *Edinburgh Review*—old Grizzle—the jockeying of a premier—Solarte and Palmer—bug and humbug—the *Penny Magazine*—the law of bastardy—the quadruple treaty—the art of browbeating in a senate and sneaking in a law court—a plan for eating words with grace and ease—and so forth. Thence he digresses to discuss Edward Ellice and the Colchester election—the bear trade and Captain Ross—the poor-law commissioners and Miss Martineau—the preventive check, with its best mode of application—how to govern without patronage, and give away places in shoals—an essay on things in general, including fluxions, defluxions, confluxions, mathematics, quadratics, stomachics, —kalydor, panttechnicon, eukeirogenion, diorama, cosmorama, panorama—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—Heliogobalus, Jack the Painter, Nebuchadnezzar, Rigdumfunnidos—and so on, down to cholera morbus. It is not to be denied that there is considerable entertainment in this part of the poem, and, no doubt, if accompanied on the hurdygurdy to a genteel tune, it might give much amusement at a house of public diversion in an evening ; but we do not think that it is a style calculated to please long. It has frequently been observed of the compositions of our author, that if he put a little about law in them, they would then have something about every thing in the world. But nobody suspects him of any knowledge of law, and he therefore prudently omits mentioning it. About four-and-twenty verses are wasted in this manner ; and he then comes to what is more closely connected with the subject with which he started.

XXXVII.

Lady Holland's good man is knocked up with the gout,
 Which tells tales of claret and *ail de perdrix* :
 Of his weak understanding the cause is, no doubt,
 That the juice of the grape he prefers to his TEA.

XXXVIII.

Charles Pearson, who shines as a Cicero-cit,
 Bids with Fearon's best Daffy his sorrows to flee :
 As a speaker, much sweeter he'd be, you'll admit,
 If his face felt the water I use for my TEA.

XXXIX.

Great Sligo, whose register may be a torr,
 Drinks rum every noon or a bowl of sangaree ;
 But if he the epicure landcrabs would shun,
 I advise him to change his Antigua for TEA.

XL.

Old Ruthven (ould Judy, he mostly is called)
 Quaffs what Burns in his songs has cyleped barley-bree ;
 But at morn, when his throttle feels overnight's scald,
 The veteran of Dublin will cool it with TEA.

XLI.

Henry Bulwer, the beautiful brother of Ned,
 Fell down in the house from too much *eau de vie* ;
 But Liston came forward, and put him to bed —
 And oh ! when he woke, how he bellowed for TEA.

XLII.

Hence let me remark, as a maxim for youth
 Who wish to their names to attach an M.P.,
 That though brandy is very nice drinking in truth,
 'Tis by no means so safe as a mild cup of TEA.

XLIII.

John Reeve, or Jack Reeve, choose whichever you please,
 Flares up upon ale with its X's marked three ;
 And in style, air, talk, gesture, one easily sees
 He's affected by ale just as I am by TEA.

XLIV.

Charley Grant, like a saint, loves the bottle to drain,
 And with sherry all day is inclined to make free ;
 But when evening brings round the prayer-meeting again,
 With Glenlivet he softens the spirit of TEA.

XLV.

Fyshe Palmer swills punch—my Lord Rokeby likes grog ;
 Watkin Wynn sucks metheglin, the juice of the bee ;
 Sam Coleridge gin twist—whusky toddy James Hogg ;
 Lord Eldon drinks port—and, my lords, I drink TEA.

XLVI.

The Duchess loves Nantz—the fair Vestris cognac ;
 Tom Campbell rumbooze—and Miss M. ratafée ;
 Ned Codrington flip—Cutlar Ferguson rack ;
 Lord Panmure blackstrap—and, my lords, I drink TEA.

Another very long and rambling digression follows, which is probably the effect of too constant tea-drinking. He complains at some length of being very ill treated and grossly libelled in the world, which he much wonders at, as he has always displayed himself to be of a most charitable and meek disposition. It is to be regretted that in some of these fits, which appear to be diurnal with him, the illustrious poet, Broo-hum-fou, takes many opportunities of abusing his old friends, or at least those whom he always had pretended to consider such. An old person, whom he calls Grizzle, seems to be a perpetual butt of his abuse, and so is a coal-man (no relation to George) whom he nicknames Yellow Mustard. Great contempt is expressed for one whom he styles the father of reform and son of the Duke of Bedford. He has, however, such a wandering habit in these raving fits, that it is scarcely possible to extract any sense from his discourse. We have translated one or two verses almost at random.

LIX.

And here they are met in the Downing Street fold !
 What shattered remains of a rotten old tree—
 Despised, shrunk, and worthless ! Alas, I behold
 But the castaway dregs of a spent pot of TEA !

LX.

And to such are the fortunes of England consigned ?
 Ay, just as the crone, for a sixpenny fee,
 Pretends she can spy out the fate of mankind
 In the figures she sees in the grounds of her TEA.

He is very angry against the practice of smoking, passing some sharp strictures upon the Duke of Sussex, Lord Camperdown, Sir William Ingilby, Sam Rogers, Col. Evans, Lord De Roos, Tom Cribb, the Archbishop of Dublin, Frosty-faced Fogo, and others. We do not think his remarks couched in a charitable spirit, and therefore decline translating them. He is also severe against the use of laudanum. This is not so much to be wondered at, because opium is strictly forbidden by the laws of China—and it can only be procured by smuggling at great risk, and in the face of the most dreadful penalties. It is smuggled, nevertheless; but that any person of rank or respectability should use it, is next to impossible. In fact, it would be considered quite as strange to see a mandarin of any considerable button under the influence of opium, as to see in this country a lord chancellor blind drunk upon the woolsack—a sight which we are sure none of our readers have ever witnessed. We make room for a couple of verses on this subject of opium-eating.

LXXII.

If De Quincy eats opium, I think he is wrong—
As wrong as my friend Francis Jeffrey the wee :
What made him break down England's Commons among ?
O Frank, 'twas the opium ! I wish you took TEA.

LXXIII.

Well, now you're a judge, and decide on the bench,
As well as when Constable tipped you the fee
To pour over Byron, Scott, Southey, a drench,
Which in odour was *not* like the fragrance of TEA.

He becomes very personal on "the bodie Jamphrey" afterwards; but we do not wish to follow him. As Stewart Rose says—

—"we let loose our author's skirt,
When it would lead us into filth and dirt."

The concluding stanzas are the following :—

XCII.

Let the soldier take *Tent* or rejoice in his *Sack* ;
Let the sailor to *Port* as a last refuge flee ;
Let the friar his *Lachryma Christi* attack ;
Give the anchorite *Hermitage*—give me my TEA.

XCIII.

The black undertaker will look after *Grave* ;
His mutes with the *beer* mighty busy will be :
The coffin itself some strong *porter* should have ;
And all feel our *ails*—so come fill out my TEA.

XCIV.

What the pedagogue teaches us first is of *Hock* ;
Bar-sac suits the lawyer—the cook his *Roti* ;
Shampain is the tragedy heroine's stock :
But the gout brings the *rack*—which I keep off with TEA.

XCV.

And now, my good lords, if I stumble about—
If I catch with my hands—if I sink on my knee ;
If my eyes are fast set in my head, as the lout
Says of Caliban's eyes,—why but blame you the TEA.

XCVI.

If I sputter and stutter, and stammer and stop—
If when papers I hold I can't tell B from C—
If my wig is awry on my sinciput top—
If its wings fly about—oh ! pray, blame but the TEA.

XCVII.

If I rave like a Billingsgate fishwife, or fling
 The lie among men of high blood and degree—
 If from corner to corner I jump and I swing,
 With a badly kept balance—oh! blame but the TEA.

XCVIII.

If I cannot hold straight my triangular hat—
 If stuck in my mouth you that castor may see;
 When the Commons I face as a rat does a cat,
 If the bills fall about—why, pray, blame you the TEA.

XCIX.

If I lie by the yard—if one night I forget
 What the last I laid down as a solemn decree—
 If I snuffle and shuffle, and swagger and sweat—
 If I act like a bully or brute—blame the TEA.

C.

If I do what Mann Burrowes would swear was stark mad—
 Or what Minshull, Roe, Halls, all at once would agree
 Was a case where a five-shilling fine should be had—
 Oh, my lords! 'tis not brandy—'tis only the TEA.

Here concludes this singular poem, which we think will rivet the attention of our readers. We shall not make a commentary upon it; but if any one should be curious to hear its most recondite mysteries fully explained, they will meet a lecturer every evening not far from St. Stephen's Chapel, by attending to whom they will be able fully to comprehend all about it. They may depend upon it, that they will feel no mistake as to the kind of tea which the poet prefers. It is not impossible that we may have an opportunity of recurring to the poetry of Broo-hum-fou.

ON MANNERS, FASHION, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A WORK IN TWO CHAPTERS,

BY BOMBARDINIO.

WITH A FEW NOTES BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

CHAPTER II.

To return, however, to French people. How does it happen that French women dress more simply than English women, and thus get the name of dressing better than our fair countrywomen? Is it because young unmarried women never come into society except on grand occasions, and that the married women, who give the *ton*, look upon themselves as having no object to gain by splendour and finery? The learned may settle the question if they can, for I find it difficult, though I know more of French female society than all the universities put together.

After trying various billets in Paris during the occupation, I found myself at last quartered at the house of a nobleman, where there were a young lady and a *jeune chevalier*, who were preparing for their *début dans le grand*

monde; and where we had, in consequence, some occasional *réunions de danse* for the benefit of young ladies. *Bonnes* and governesses were always present—(you know what a French *bonne* is—a sort of half-servant, half-governess)—sometimes a *maman* or two would join the party, but gentlemen were as carefully excluded as ever they were from the mysteries of the good goddess. The only exceptions were Monsieur Pirouettes, our instructor; the jeune Chevalier, the brother of our young hostess; and Monsieur l'Anglais, a sort of nondescript, half-savage, half-civilised person, thirsting for a knowledge of the polite arts that could only be acquired in *la belle France*. And never was fun equal to the fun we had on these occasions. At first the young girls looked a little shy at me, but I was soon declared to be a

bon enfant; and after we had, with all the seriousness in the world, gone through our lessons, and fairly dismissed Monsieur Pirouettes, we generally ended with a regular game at romps. *Les mamans* set the example, which was readily followed; the governesses and *bonnes* laughing all the time à gorge déployé, but always at a respectful distance. French women are aristocrats to the very bone: indeed, I begin to suspect that most women are so; and I once got well scolded for attempting to twirl a pretty governess round the room, though she always sat at table with the family of her *jeune élève*. The recollection of these fooleries *de mon enfance* have made me think well of French women ever since.

“ Et si je n’aime les Français,
J’aime bien les Françaises ” (1).

If they possess no great depth of feeling, they are at least generous, kind, cheerful, and good-natured; and have a general gracefulness of deportment that is pleasing in the ordinary intercourse of society. On close observation, this sort of manner will be found to result as much from their deficiencies as from their advantages. And there is, in truth, nothing so unpleasing and so grating to that feeling of kindness or affection which, in spite of all their follies or fantasies, one cannot help entertaining for the whole of the confounded sex, as a French woman the moment she passes the line from the agreeable to the disagreeable. She then takes nothing of the sex along with her but her petticoats. It is but right to say, however, that the conduct of the young and unmarried women of the upper classes in France is, in the highest degree, exemplary; in the middle classes it already falls off (2); and in the lower classes, female virtue is at a very low ebb indeed. During the restoration, there was more domestic virtue in France than had ever been known at any previous period of her history; yet was the marriage-vow still looked upon as giving latitudes that we should not altogether sanction. But of all these things your travelling dandies—(I use the silly term, for want of a better)—know, and can know, nothing. A man must have been quartered in Paris, and in the provinces, to understand all these matters, and must have come among the people

“ With the fame
That victory spreads o’er the soldier’s
name.”

We may like the company of French women for a time, but do not easily fall in love with them. Of the one thousand times that, by regular computation, I have been in love, I was only once in love with a French woman.

There are, after all, few men who bring with them into society a sufficient knowledge of the history and actual life of their fellow-men, and whose minds are at the same time sufficiently well cultivated, to admit of them forming a just estimate of manners, conduct, and character. Where, indeed, can the knowledge be acquired? Persons of high rank see men only as tradesmen, petitioners, or in the every-day intercourse of artificial society. Lawyers see but the dark side of human character, and try to lift the veil only with a view to the detection of crime; they would trace even the noblest actions back to the meanest causes. Medical men see us only in our weakness, when all mental buoyancy and elasticity is depressed by the sufferings and infirmities of the body: their view of human nature must be more repulsive even than that of lawyers. We *soldados* alone see human nature in its pride, strength, elasticity, and elevation; in its full extravagance of folly, as well as of greatness. Saw you ever men rushing to the onset, when shouts were raised, hats waved; when light was flashing from every eye, and when victory, as at Salamanca, was gained before a shot had been fired? If not, you neither know what enthusiasm is, nor the degree of enthusiasm to which men are capable of being excited. Saw you ever a quality ball in the West Indies, when the West Indies were splendid and wealthy colonies? or saw you ever a field of battle, where lingered the wounded, rested the slain? Yet both shew human character in a light in which it can by no other situation be exhibited. The first shews you persons not seeking, but absolutely taking delight in mere acting and imitation; it shews you the manners, deportment, and all the formalities of polished life, assumed, along with its dress and finery, by the ignorant, uneducated, and savage—for many an African beauty I have seen at a quality ball (3). The imitation of Almack’s is

too successful, both as to manner and exclusiveness, to be altogether flattering to the original. Yet was there no sort of satire in all this; the parties were perfectly serious, and would in their assumed character have resented the slightest liberty that, at any other time, would only have been laughed at. The second, the field of battle—and it is a difficult transition from foolery to a scene so sad—offers a melancholy and afflicting spectacle, but not without its redeeming points; for it shews men generously engaged in actively performing the duties of humanity towards the very enemies they were just before bent on destroying. Kindness of feeling has suddenly supplanted fierceness, for it is a mistake to say that fierceness does not come over the heart in the course of modern battles. It will glare from the youthful eye, that had never before been known to beam with any thing beyond cheerfulness and hilarity. Were you ever shipwrecked? Do you recollect, when holding on by the shrouds—when every sea was breaking in thunder above and around you—when murky darkness, instead of veiling, only heightened the terrors of the scene, and when hope was as much extinct as it can be in the human breast—how

“Thoughts from the lips that slowly
part
Rushed quick as lightning through the
heart?”

It was then you thought of all the events of your past life, even from earliest childhood; every word of harshness spoken, and every deed of sorrow done, sunk, with the recollection of faults and follies unretrieved, heavily and painfully upon the heart (4). More frivolous dreams also intervened; imagination pictured to you *Eliza, Julia, Maria, and Charlotte*, a thousand times more beautiful than ever they had appeared before; and you felt that, could you but live to reach the land, you would be the happiest, finest, and most constant fellow that ever stepped upon shoe-leather. Your powers of nerve and eye are as strong as your powers of perception and recollection; and little, feeble, and insignificant as you perceive yourself amidst the war of sea and sky, you think that, for life, you could almost grapple with the elements in their might. Your keenness of vision pierces even the darkness of night;

you perceive, by a break in the line of foam, that there is an opening between the rocks; you leap into the wave, which you think you can buffet with giant strength,—you find yourself an absolute nought on the boiling surge, and tossed by fortune on the beach along with the fragments of wreck and reed, whose very littleness had saved them from being crushed to mere atoms. Could you remain in mind, heart, soul, and nerve, the being that you were, when holding on by the shrouds of the ill-fated barque that was shivered by the fury of the gale a minute after you left her, how vastly superior you would be to all the *little* men of this *little* world! You were then, for a few fleeting moments,

“—that feeling, high, immortal thing;
Just less than Jove, and far above a
king.”

But there is something contaminating in the very touch of earth, or in the society of men; and the danger you escape, as well as your thoughts in danger, serve, at the best, but to “adorn a tale,” without pointing even a moral for your own guidance.

Now of all these things legislators, whether of Almack’s or of nations, know absolutely nothing. I cannot just now descend from coats, customs, and costumes, to politics; every simpleton can write politics: for the present I must content myself with admonishing the rulers of *ton*, who are doing far more mischief than the rulers of nations, because they are undermining the qualities that would easily enable us to remedy the fooleries even of modern politicians.

Of the lofty chivalrous feelings that so often lie dormant in the soul of man, that may be excited and communicated by the high-minded to the general mass, the leaders of fashion, taken as a body, know nothing; and they are, beside, totally ignorant of the enthusiasm which may be called forth in honour’s cause. Of the active humanity which prompts men, sometime even at peril of their lives, to aid their suffering comrades, they can form as little idea as of the sort of mental elevation, reach, grasp, and clearness of thought of which even the poorest of us are capable; though we often become conscious of these powers only at the moment when all earthly dross is torn, or about to be torn, away from us. The

very knowledge of such high qualities must, however, be concealed beneath the cloak of conventional manner the moment we resume our place in the ranks of well-drilled society. The idol of fashion is refinement; but what refinement is I pretend not to say; though the rules laid down by the high priests and priestesses for the guidance of its votaries may easily be stated in few words: "You shall neither laugh nor smile," say the rules and regulations of fashion (5); "because, as the chances are ten to one that you are a blockhead, that being the usual proportion of dunces to non-dunces in ordinary life, you might compromise yourself and your order, by laughing at a wrong time and place. You are to testify neither pleasure nor delight at the sight of what is beautiful, nor at the recital of what is great, noble, or generous: not only might you be mistaken as to the real merit of the objects and actions to be admired, but, if deserving even some admiration, they must still appear to fall far short of your ideal standard of greatness and beauty. You must, for the same reason, praise neither the wines, dinners, parties, pictures, lawns, nor equipages of your friends, as it might be supposed that you had never seen any thing of the same kind before. You must pay no compliments to pretty women—it is now considered *de mauvais ton*,—not because women dislike compliments, (they like them very much when gracefully paid,) but because it is difficult to say pretty things gracefully—ungracefully said they shew the fool; and women, who nine times out of ten are cleverer than men, have a natural contempt for blockheads." In this respect the oracle of fashion is right; it is only when the pretty dears are drilled into considering some unhappy spoon as a good catch, or when their natural kindness and gentleness of heart make them yield up their affections to mere perseverance, that folly finds favour in their sight. Overcome by importunity, they accept, at last, some regular sump; leaving friends and acquaintances to wonder "at the monstrous choice;" and occasionally, also, leaving clever fellows to wonder how the devil they happened to be cut out by a perfect simpleton. It is passing strange that I myself, who stand six feet without my shoes, and can vault into the saddle in full harness, have

been cut out at least twenty times in my life, and never once by a clever or good-looking fellow. How are women's hearts gained? How they should be gained I can tell, and shall tell at a future time; and I would have ladies and gentlemen look to it. How they are now gained I defy Old Nick himself to tell; how they are not gained I may perhaps shew from my own experience, having failed in all and every imaginable mode of attack. In France they manage all these affairs of the heart in a simple and business-like manner. There are regular establishments at Paris, where you have only to go and describe the sort of lady you want, and you are made a happy man in due course, without any further trouble. Now this is a foreign fashion that should be followed. Only think what business might be done by an office in London, having branch-offices at all the fashionable watering-places. To return, however, to the rules for regulating the manners of fashionable life.

"Elegant and polished manners being altogether incompatible with rude, inelegant, uncultivated, and unpolished minds—which yours may chance to be—you are to have no manners whatever; but as active insolence is not altogether tolerated, unless perhaps towards clergymen and unprotected women, you must keep within the bounds of passive insolence,—treating all persons not known to stand higher on the roll of fashion than yourself with the most cool and perfect absence of every thing like ordinary courtesy; treat all those who may be termed no-bodies as if you were totally unconscious of their presence or existence. On the other hand, bow to, and give yourself all the airs of, those who are your superiors in station and in wealth; for, let pretenders say what they will, wealth gives rank in fashion as well as in the army, and is bent to with as much submission at Almack's as at the Horse Guards. If you succeed in doing this, then will you be on a par with the best of the black ladies and gentlemen who figure at a quality ball in the West Indies; who, for display, put on the exterior manners of civilised life, claiming, like yourself, though only for the occasion, some high degree of refinement above the rest of the sable community, without knowing the import or even the existence of the word that

rules their conduct." Thus speaks the high-priest of fashion, and the *beau monde* perform the koo-too with all imaginable submission.

We are only amused at the acting of the black people before described as we are at the acting of children when performing a play, for it is equally harmless, and more entertaining; but the acting required by fashion is insulting to the rest of the community, and must therefore be held up to universal reprobation. It has already done ample mischief; it has helped to bring about the separation now existing between the higher and the lower classes, and is constantly widening the dangerous chasm; and very naturally, too, for men will sooner submit to oppression than to insult. All the odium of such conduct falls upon the aristocracy and the higher orders, who, except in setting the pernicious example, are, after all, the least guilty; for the low imitators far outdo the high originals (6).

What are deemed fine manners naturally rendered every other sort of finery necessary; so that we have by degrees become an actual tuft and tinsel-hunting generation. The striving after fashionable notoriety led to extravagance; the best were forced, in consequence, to crush all generous and charitable sentiments of the heart; because they left themselves no means to aid the deserving or to relieve the destitute. Those who to make a show constantly lived up to the very verge of their incomes, became oppressive landlords, harsh masters, and litigious customers. Instead of upholding national manners and feelings, many of our gentry and their imitators resided and spent vast sums in France and Italy; trained up their sons and daughters in the anti-British ideas so carefully instilled into all youthful minds in the virtuous convents and seminaries of those moral countries. Not only affable, but often cringing, abroad to the most despicable of foreigners, they were at home cold, haughty, and distant to their countrymen; seeking in exclusiveness the most wretched of all distinctions, because the easiest to be obtained, and never sought by those who have other means of attaining honest celebrity (7). The matrons of England, too, whose fame once stood so high that fifteen years of peace and slander have not been altogether able to shake

it, might every night be seen at Roman *conversazioni*, associating on the most friendly terms with the married women of Italy, whose conduct is not attempted to be disguised; whilst the young ladies of England studied gallantry in those French and Italian coteries in which the young and the unmarried native women are very properly never allowed to appear. As it is not given to all to grasp the full grandeur of British institutions, and to understand the manners naturally resulting from them, many of our travellers—for in all these matters the aristocracy of wealth were but the paltry imitators of the aristocracy of birth—captivated by the fripperies of foreign manners, as more congenial to little minds, tried to import and naturalise such exotics amongst us; and thus broke the last link that still connected them with the lower orders, who unwillingly granted even a share of constitutional power to those who no longer shared in the national feelings of the people for whom they attempted to legislate. Fashion thus aided, as truly enough said, the progress of the Reform-bill.

Let me illustrate this by the description of a trifling and unimportant scene that came under my own observation.

Some three or four years ago I joined one of the Rhine steam-boats at Coblenz, in order to ascend the river. There was an English gentleman of rank, with two daughters, on board. The ladies were neither very young, very beautiful, nor very much the reverse. As the party was small, and as my animal spirits are constantly getting the better of my fashionable training, when I am thus journeying, without aim or object, I ventured, *sans cérémonie*, to address my fair countrywomen, trusting to the protection of one of Burchard's best made coats, as well as to my name and rank, Captain Bombardinio, Royal Grenadiers, which the ladies had seen on the cover of an odd volume of Voight's *Rheinische Sagen* that I had, purposely perhaps, thrown in the way. My reception was, nevertheless, of the coolest; so that I was obliged to console myself with the conversation of some pretty young German girls from Elberfeld, who were going to spend a gay week at Wisbaden. My countrywomen retired to their carriage, by way of secluding themselves as much as possible from the company, and from the view of the

river. Dinner, however, brought us again together. The ladies were seated opposite to me, near two foreigners, who occupied the head of the table, and who, as far as well-filled mouths would allow, were *très prévenans*, talkative, and attentive. The old gentleman and myself had become intimate, by discussing the merits of our respective bottles of Rhenish, so that we took little notice, and no share, in the conversation of our neighbours; though I found it difficult at times to suppress a smile at what was going on; for the ladies were not very perfect in their French, and the gentlemen spoke a sort of *patois*, that evidently augmented the difficulty. No sooner were the solids demolished than our English party were left to themselves. One of my *vis-à-vis* neighbours, who had probably observed my ill-suppressed smiles, determined at once to punish me, and to crush me beneath the weight of the most humiliating comparison. Addressing me, almost for the first time, she asked me, with the prettiest air imaginable, if I did not think all foreign gentlemen remarkably agreeable in their conversation and engaging in their manners? "If you allude to the persons who sat near you," said I, "they seem good sort of men enough for cattle-drivers, but great bores, for they killed me before dinner with long stories about the bad state of the market; to say nothing of their vile Lorraine *patois*, which, for my part, I could hardly make out." "Pray, as you seemed to understand it, has it more of the Celtic or of the Franc dialect in its composition?" The old gentleman burst into a loud fit of laughter at the mention of the drovers, and the ladies seemed to feel a little discomposed, but they soon recovered themselves. "Well, if they are cattle-drivers," said my fair foe, "you must allow that their conduct was very different from what the conduct of English drovers would have been; and that, in point of politeness, they were much superior to many English gentlemen." I was still very far to windward. "Allow me to ask you," was my reply, "how you would have received the attention of English cattle-drivers, or even of English gentlemen, strangers to yourself, whom chance might have placed near you at a public table in England?" "Very true, indeed," said the old gentleman, as we

adjourned to take our *tasse de café* on deck (8).

Now a just answer to the above simple question would contain all the moral of the lesson I am here attempting to impress upon my "pensive public."

We talk about *les agréments* of foreign society, and the ease of foreign manners, forgetting that we have the ingredients of far superior *agréments de société* at our own disposal; and that ill-directed fashion alone makes it imperious upon us to treat each other with coldness and *hauteur*. We look upon an Englishman as an infected person; but with foreigners we assimilate immediately. Whether we think it comparatively easy to hold our ground in the company of such persons, or that we expect our advances to be more courteously received by them, I pretend not to know; but certain it is, that we are less unbending in foreign than in English society. There is indeed a frivolity about French and Italians which favours this sort of conduct, to say nothing of the profound ignorance for which all Italian, Greek, Spanish, Polish, Russian, and most French dandies, are distinguished. I mention Greeks, because a few adventurers from the "land of the forgotten brave" have lately found their way into good society. They are all counts, of course, the descendants of the Franc and Venetian adventurers who settled along the shores of the Adriatic, or of the Slavonic hordes who overran Greece between the third and sixth centuries, and completely destroyed, root and branch, the feeble remnants of the Hellenic race. The word Greek no longer designates, as formerly, those of the children of Deucalion settled between the vale of Tempe and the banks of the Eurotas, but all the different tribes that, in opposition to the doctrine of Mahomet, have adopted the laws and belief emanating from the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. Without one manly virtue blest, these bondsmen, freed by foreign arms, are presumptuous enough to term themselves the descendants of those who, in point of genius and of heroism, in the grandeur of conceptions, splendour of actions, in fire of fancy and in reach of thought, have as yet left all succeeding time to pant after them in vain (9).

Now, do not call this digressing — I

am running a-muck at affectation and pretension wherever I find them ; and where do they shine so brightly as in the sayings and doings of modern Hellenes ?

There is a species of *mauvaise honte*, peculiar to the natives of this foggy climate of ours, that occasions, in some measure, the shyness so much complained of, but which I, nevertheless, think reflects the highest credit on us as a people. I never knew a bashful man who was either very bad or stupid ; though many bashful persons get the reputation of being at least stupid. Bashfulness (10) is nothing more than the fear of exposing our own inferiority to the observation and ridicule of those whom we look upon as our superiors in talent, knowledge, or judgment—a diffidence of our own powers, in fact, compared with the powers for which we give others credit. We consequently fear to intrude upon those superiors ; we dread rebuff ; and often assume hauteur, in order to prevent its being first assumed towards ourselves. All this speaks of good feeling, rather than otherwise. There is little or nothing of the kind to be found in the society of foreigners ; so that with them one impediment to social ease and intercourse is at least removed : and it rests only with ourselves to remove it from British society also, by making unaffected courtesy, instead of affected hauteur, the criterion of good breeding. We must shun the rapid style of dandy manners, as much as the miserable mannerism of foreigners. There is far more of wit, humour, cheerfulness, hilarity, general information, tact, elegance, and gracefulness of deportment, to be met with in English society, than in the society of any other country in the world. But the magic wand of fashion, like Dr. Snatchaway's rod, prevents the valuable ingredients from being made available. We meet in society, not to please and be pleased, but simply to act up to certain rules prescribed by form and fashion. It is only in small coteries, where people have been long and well shaken together, or when chance sometimes assembles parties beyond the influence of fashion, that British talent for society can be truly appreciated. Almack's, and most of the splendid entertainments given about town, are nothing better than beauty bazaars, where young ladies, after having been well drilled in fashionable

mannerism, and been relieved of all the better affections of the heart, are just put up to market like other commodities, or reduced to become the mere baits of parental ambition.

Except in matters of dress, young and clever women are not in general great sticklers for fashion ; they would willingly leave to the old and the dull all submission to the dull deity. Yet, strange to say, they are mostly admirers of foreign manners—a circumstance to be accounted for only by their love of exaggeration. This blinds them to the ridicule of exaggerated mannerism, which they rather look upon as a sort of homage paid to their charms or merit. Such, at least, is the only way in which I can account for their folly ; because, say what we will, women have a hundred times more quickness and justness of observation than men : they are naturally also, and when not spoilt, a hundred times better. They have not, indeed, our power of continued and prosing application ; but in every thing else they beat us hollow. They are not fit to be either soldiers, doctors, lawyers, or parsons ; though it is true that

“ A thousand acts in every age will prove
Women are valiant in a cause they love.”

Still, they could not support the toils and hardships of war (11) ; they would, evidently, be too enthusiastic for the pulpit ; and their natural generosity and delicacy of feeling would make them shrink from the repulsive pursuits of law and physic. But only think what admirable ministers and legislators they would make. Call that a Reform-bill, indeed, that excluded the young, and sent all the old women of the land into parliament ! How much better a *chapeau d'Espagne* and a flounced petticoat would look on the woolsack than a frizzled wig over an old withered face ! and we all know in what capital order even lords are kept when under female rule. Who would dare to higgler for a few paltry pounds on a budget gracefully brought forward by a lady Chancellor of the Exchequer ? What would an old broken-down diplomatist, like Talleyrand, effect at the foreign office, if we had a handsome young flirt at the head of that department ? And as to young diplomatists, it is needless to speak : only make my fair friend, Julia F—, foreign secretary, and “ my basnet to a

prentice cap" that she drives diplomacy out of all the young heads of the corps in less than a week. And, assuredly, our only chance of now seeing men in the senate is to make women electors.

But as we may not expect such good times, there is one measure which, in justice to the sex, I feel myself called upon to bring before parliament. As soon as I get into the house, I shall introduce a bill to render it legal for women to murder their husbands; and I shall expect to be supported by all the bachelors in doors, and all the women out of doors. The law must not be altogether general, as that would give the pretty dears too much latitude; it must apply to particular cases only. Where a lady, for instance, has laid regular siege to a young peer, an elder brother, or an old nabob, and has, by the aid of aunts and mammas, caught, after all, nothing but a gilt Tartar, she is bound to take her chance. Where, on the other hand, gentlemen have played the agreeable, refined, and sentimental, before marriage, only to exhibit as coarse, callous louts after marriage, the rule must be absolute. And, in truth, nothing can be so reasonable; as it is surely far more criminal to steal a lady's sole chance of happiness through life, than to steal her purse or watch. I recollect a young lady at Brighton being very angry, a few years ago, because a foreign count, who was paying his *devoirs*, stole two or three sovereigns out of her reticule. I thought the knowledge acquired cheaply purchased; but I am certain that the girl herself would much rather have married the man, than have suffered the shock her vanity sustained when it became known that she had been addressed by a pick-pocket. This vanity, which helps to console women for the tyranny of men and the ill usage they experience from the world, is constantly getting the better of their many kind and generous qualities, as well as of their shrewdness, and is every day verifying the old story:

"A fop their passion, and their prize a
not;
 Active, ridiculous; and dead, forgot."

To return, however, to the relative

agrémens of foreign and British society. Absolute idleness, which for my sins has been entailed upon me, makes me a great frequenter of watering-places. Sometimes I am, along with kings and princes, at imperial Töplitz or Carlsbad, in Bohemia. Sometimes I am at Cheltenham, and then always at the Priory, by far the best, most elegant, and most comfortable establishment of the sort I ever met with; and no wonder, considering that it is kept by my worthy and excellent friends the Misses Cogan. At other times, I find myself in a knot of counts, dukes, and *edel-leute*, at Baden, in Germany; or with Aberdeenshire lairds and Edinburgh writers at Pitcaithly, in the north of Scotland. This last is a very beautiful place in point of situation—right pleasant, also, in regard to amusement; and Cameron's Inn really does honour to the land of cakes. I pass a few weeks at Brighton—a few days at Margate, more, I suspect, for the pleasure of seeing my friends the Misses Killick, and for the comfort of their excellent establishment, the Marine Boarding House, than for any thing else. Yet Margate has its pleasures; and I look upon no man's education as altogether complete unless he has spent some weeks there. I shun Aix-la-Chapelle as the head-quarters of dulness, and Boulogne as the resort of all that is low and despicable. At the Dragon, at Harrowgate, I linger with great delight; and were it not for the vile moor, Harrowgate would be the most agreeable place I know. What a capital *chef* old Prith must have—I forgot to ask the name of the artist last time I was at the house. Cops's, at Leamington, is another favourite resort of mine.

Now, of all the people to be met with at the *table-d'hôtes* and boarding-house tables of these various places, who do you suppose are the pleasantest and the easiest to associate with? Invariably the cold, stiff, and formal English. At all such places, foreigners drink their saline or chalybeate, eat their dinner, resort (ladies, and all) to the invariable faro-table,* and are just as dull and stupid as possible: with them gaiety and cheerfulness are totally out of the question. They drag their eternal ennui along, from the well to

* Except at Töplitz and Carlsbad. The Austrian government allow no public gambling-tables.

the walk, from the walk to the dinner, and from the dinner to the gambling-table. The English, on the contrary, the moment they are removed beyond the bounds of their own magic circle of fashion, seek for amusement, and try to be sociable; and generally, when the ice is once broken, get on much better than foreigners. I never, at the Scottish and English watering-places above-mentioned, saw any thing but politeness and the most perfect willingness to please and be pleased. Awkwardness and want of polish might at times be discovered—as they may be discovered at Almack's and St. James's—but rudeness and want of civility never. But the moment the eye of superior fashion was supposed to be upon the delinquents, they were as stiff and formal as ever;—just like well-drilled soldiers, who stand to attention the moment they perceive their commanding officer. This, it may be urged, is in direct contradiction with what has been before said of our stiffness and hauteur. It is, however, no such thing, for we put on fashionable or rational manners as we fancy that circumstance or situation call for the one or the other. The misfortune is, that we think our fashionable manners more frequently called for than our rational ones; as people often put on a tight, stiff, modish dress, under an impression of being vastly fine, instead of wearing the plain and easy elegant costume, which leaves them the full use of their limbs, breath, and faculties. With foreigners, on the other hand, there is no medium: they are either rude—and, by the French, rudeness towards an Englishman is looked upon as a prodigious proof of valour—or there is the eternal affected attention, vapid smile, and unmanly bow. I almost prefer genuine rudeness to the constant display of their *politesse maniéré*. When we were quartered at Cambray, some of the married staff-officers gave masked balls during the carnival. Many of the characters were well supported; and all our foreign lords, dukes, and princes—for we had them from all countries—declared that they had never before known what a masked ball really was. They had seen people walk about with masks, and that was all.

Mannerism in manners bears the same value to refined manners that the gilt whist-marker bears to the

guinea: it may easily be impressed with a more ornamental exterior, but it has no intrinsic value, for a single drop of acid will corrode its surface and render it worthless; while no ordeal can impair the lustre of the pure gold. Let us once be satisfied with the base imitation, and the supply will not be wanting. Men destitute of superior talent or intellect are apt to possess in a great degree the power of imitation; they must of course form a numerous class in all societies, and will consequently soon give the tone; and acting from instruction and imitation, they will, in their zeal to outdo each other, bring us to the downright caricature of what is termed French politeness. It is easier, also, to say many things, than to say good things; so that if we once take the quantity for the quality, we shall make a Babel of the land, that will in the end drive all moderate men into exile. Let the women, who are the principal upholders of these innovations, look more particularly to their consequences, for they are themselves likely to be the greatest sufferers by the change; because, as French manners and French conversation spring from the same source, and naturally go hand-in-hand, we cannot possibly adopt the one without the other—and, strange to say, there is nothing in which the French are so deficient as in real attention to women and in the language of gallantry. With them these things are little more than the unmanly *petit soins de société*, retail gossip, some sickly sentiment, and a rapid strain of set-speech compliment. Let any young lady try them at a little lively nonsense or pleasant extravaganza, and see how dumbfounded the poor things become: they look more foolish even than the English dandies, who can at least resort to their affected hauteur. It was the pride and boast of Englishmen, that their manners bore the impress of the sentiments in which they had been brought up; and the time, if passing, is not long past, when the “majestic world” had no character that could be placed above that of an English gentleman:

“But in these times, when sheathed is every sword,

And luxury and peace are both restored,
By foreign follies are our tastes improved;
And all by French example live and love.

Now peers are proud as dandies to excel ;
And Almack's glory rose as Britain's
fell."

But the qualities that gave such dignity to our manners, and made us what we once were, require, like the plants of noble growth, the full blaze of the meridian sun to bring them to perfection. Throw them once into the shade, by ridicule or disparagement, and they wither and decay. And this is exactly what fashion, backed by its whole train of shallow followers, is driving at as hard as possible. For nothing is so dear to the countless herd of mediocrity as the ridicule or disparagement of qualities they can neither reach nor appreciate.

As to the French, who are in some sort the leaders of continental manners, what can you expect from them, considering that, though moderate in drinking, they are to a man foul feeders? See how Monsieur, in taking his place at the dinner-table, draws his *serviette* through the button-hole nearest his chin—how well he spreads it out to protect his *jabot* during the fray—how he secures ample elbow-room—and absolutely wipes his plate clean with sops of bread, in order to secure every drop of gravy that may remain after the solids have been demolished. What, I say, can you expect from men who are capable of feasting on *pâtes de foie gras*?—that is, on pasties made of the diseased livers of tortured geese (12)—who, as young ladies hardly ever come into society, flirt and practise gallantry with the companions of their mothers and grandmothers—who pick their teeth with knives and forks—who spit on the floor—and, in *la meilleure société*, "gripe their breeches with a monarch's air!" On what grounds can the French, with whom religion is but a subject of jest, who have no poetry, no national music, no national literature, and who in the fine arts are behind all other nations, be thought capable of setting an example in politeness of manner, that more than any thing else requires good taste, tact, and refinement?

As to the Italians, I need say still less. In that country young gentlemen are brought up—educated they never are—under the auspices of the *cavaliere* of their mothers. How men can outlive the attainment of consciousness under such circumstances, we are as yet happily unable to comprehend in this barbarous clime of the north;

and yet from such men the young ladies of England receive attention, and with such women the matrons of England associate. As to Italian literature, about which you will hear so much in Italy, take away Tasso and Ariosto, and what have you left? A few passages of Dante, a single historian, not of the highest order, and a collection of licentious tales; for, talk as much as you will, Petrarch and his sonnets is just as stupid as Alfieri and his tragedies (13). On French literature I must lecture another time; but say, you who are familiar with the French, and who do not take all your knowledge and ideas from our liberal journals, whether a single writer besides Beranger, the songster (14), has sprung up since the time of Voltaire who will be recollected twenty years hence.

It is but of late that our wanderers have found their way to Germany, though by far the finest and most enlightened country within the range of the grand tour. The Germans, indeed, are only copyists in manners, and often very bad copyists; but they are at least a moral people; and their national literature, which is rich, because it contains quantities of pure gold, though mixed up with masses of dross, has generally a moral and religious tendency; and of this their manners must always, to a certain extent, bear the impress. German women, too, are, in general, highly educated and accomplished; and young unmarried women mix in society, which thus acquires that tone of elegance their presence can alone confer. I shall give you a lecture on German literature before you enter upon your travels; at present I can only warn you against believing any thing that the Germans themselves, or English liberals and reviewers, tell you on the subject. Credit not one word of what they say about *Der Meister*, as they call Goethe (15), and never open one of his books, unless you want a good nap. *Faust*, distinguished for nothing but very bad taste, is but a dressing up of some fifty old tales, stories, and dramas, on the same subject; it is constantly appealed to as something very fine; but you never hear passages quoted from memory, nor does it contain a single one worth recollecting. We have a *Faust* in English, either by Marlow, Haywood, or one of the other old masters, that is worth all the German *Fausts* a hundred

times over. Schiller (16) is the only national poet of Germany, and high as he deservedly ranks, he is still very much overrated. Herder, indeed, is the only writer of eminence that is not overrated.

Voltaire told an English gentleman, who called at Ferney on his way to Italy, that Englishmen, when they went to Italy, left men in order to see pictures. And yet to look at the works of art contained in lands once known to fame, and to study the language, literature, and manners of foreign countries, is not only allowable but praiseworthy. There is a magic charm in the mere sight of places where the wise once spoke, where the great acted, and the brave fought and died, that tends to elevate the mind above this little withering world of ours. We almost think, when gazing on the scenes of greatness passed away, that with the same air once breathed by the "men of might, the high of soul," we can also inhale some of the spirit which led them on to deeds sublime. Short and transient as such feelings are, they may nevertheless be rendered profitable, by shewing us what, by just training, we may become, or might have been. Formed for earth, we are no doubt formed of earth; but there is yet some spark of fire divine mixed up with the clay that admits of being raised to a far brighter and purer flame than is at all compatible with modern fashion and practices. Too rarely, however, do we travel with such thoughts, or in search of such feelings. We travel to kill time, to say we have been abroad, to descend from the higher and better standard of English morality and manners to the lower standard adopted by foreign nations. We travel out of vanity and ostentation, in order to astonish foreigners by our wealth and extravagance, after having deceived creditors, and oppressed tenants and dependants by our meanness and avarice at home.

Englishmen of talents and education who have travelled much have invariably returned to their native land confirmed in patriotism, and, I may add, in the prejudice that clings, or should cling, to the heart of an Englishman, and grateful also for the many advantages possessed by this country over all the other nations of the world. *Les mediocres*, on the contrary—and they are of course the most numerous

class—think it necessary, in order to be looked upon as persons of taste, to discover something vastly fine in every thing that is foreign; and always return in perfect raptures with continental cooking, dancing, fiddling, and singing; extolling the languages, literature, and manners of foreign countries far above those of their native land. Some of these have carried this kind of liberality so far as to place the achievements of the British army and navy far below those of the enemies whom we vanquished in the field or on the ocean. No young Englishman's education is looked upon as completed in France till he is firmly impressed with the conviction that the French gained every battle fought against us during the last war; and that we only put down Napoleon by gold and treachery (17). And yet this is the school in which so large a portion of the rising generation of Englishmen are educated; and well qualified they will be, with the sentiments thus imbibed, to act as British statesmen and legislators. No individual should be called to the senate or appointed to a public situation who could not give proof of having received a really British education at a British seminary, in following British pursuits, in the ranks of the army, or in the cockpit of the navy. You laugh at the idea of a cockpit education; on rising exclusives it would be thrown away; but for men who wish to act a manly part through life, who are anxious to possess the full use of their limbs and faculties,—who wish to acquire, as far as such things can be acquired, clearness and promptness of decision, vigour and boldness of action, and the habit of relying in all trials on their own strength, firmness, and resources,—for all such a cockpit education is perhaps the very best that a man can receive.

Impelled by the noble ambition of extending the bounds of human knowledge, our countrymen have braved all the wintry terrors of the arctic seas; the love of fame has carried them across the burning deserts of central Africa; and has made them ascend the seats of eternal frost and snow on the highest pinnacles of the Himalaya. A foreign name affixed to a picture is now a proof only of its worthlessness; not a man from the Neva to Cadiz can compete with Martin, Wilkie, Allen, or he of the Upas-tree. In sculpture, there are twenty men living in Eng-

land who, with ordinary encouragement, would excel Canova, or even Thorswaldson, his greater far. Of literature it is needless to speak. Since the time of Shakespeare, we have left all other countries at an immeasurable distance behind; and Scott, Moore, Campbell, and Byron, would, individually, far more than out-balance the essence of all the continental poets put together. To compare the best of the foreign spouting rhetoricians—for orators they have none*—even with our second-rate orators of the present day, would be simply ridiculous. In all trials of strength and exercise, the English champions have beat the best men the continent could produce, with a degree of facility that put every thing like odds entirely out of the question. “We have surpassed all the nations of the earth in arts as well as in arms,” says the Briton. “So much the worse,” says the liberal; “’tis ungenerous to outstrip your neighbours; envy makes them your foes: fall back, therefore, into the ranks of your inferiors as fast as possible.” “See your rank and station, as well as the trophies and the recollections of your former greatness,” say the economists; “honour is an empty bubble;” “’tis cash makes the country as well as the man;” “and if your neighbours come and deprive you of the gold, let the shame of the action rest on their heads.” “And the ashes of humanity upon ours,” respond the saints. “Go to Paris, and learn to smoke and bow,” says Mrs. Ramsbottom and her numerous coterie; “if we all become French, the French will surely let us alone; monkeys never hurt each other, or if they do we shall be as good monkeys as they are.”

NOTES BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

(1) I excuse myself from entering at length into all this question, but I agree with Bombardinio that the French women are much to be loved, liked, admired. As for the French men, I will not go quite so far as the verse he quotes, for I have met many very good fellows, and much to be patronised, among the French. Nobody, however, can claim for them the praise which Bombardinio justly attributes to the French ladies; viz. that of dressing well. The French gentlemen are decidedly the most ill-dressed and vulgar-looking fellows in Europe. They have a horribly Cockney cut; and all notion of dressing equably, as I call it, appears to be unknown. A good coat is associated with a garment which indeed should be inexpressible; a clean face is accompanied by a dirty shirt; and if accident should give a Frenchman a good hat (I am sure, however, that it has never been my lot to see any thing of the kind), they take care not to afford a triumph to the other extremity by sporting, at the same time, a wearable pair of

Such is the good advice poured in upon us from all quarters; and, however different its objects may at first appear, its general tendency leads, nevertheless, to the same result,—to the extinction of old feelings, old manners, and old opinions. The long-cherished sentiments that helped to make us great are to be exchanged for doctrines and practices that suit the meanest qualities and capacity. Instead of striving to raise even the low to the highest pitch of excellence, by emulation, and by the honours and rewards, public as well as private, bestowed upon noble conduct and high attainments, the object now is to crush and depress all that is elevating in human nature, in order to bring down the great to the level of the little, and to make gold and mannerism the only criterions of merit and of worth.

Next to Lord Byron's wish,

“That the whole sex had but one pretty mouth,
That one might kiss them all, from north to south,

the most natural wish surely would be, that all the self-styled liberals, political economists, and rapid exclusives of the age of intellect, had but one neck. The low ambition, greediness of power, folly, ignorance, and avarice, now rooted in the cold clay of their un-British hearts, and matured by vanity in their pompous and inflated heads, might then be whisked off at one single blow. How fresh, young, green, and beautiful the world would look, and how freely it would breathe again, if relieved from the blighting influence and night-mare oppression of the mighty mass of dulness and of dunces!

* There are, however, some eloquent and impressive pulpit orators in Germany. I never heard one in France.

boots. I have said I excuse myself from going at full length into this matter of the French women, because I have just finished my own great work on my adventures in France, and do not wish to anticipate.

(2) Whether "falls off" is the word which a man would be inclined to use on such an occasion, is a matter of doubt, but it is a matter of fact, that every thing decent has fallen off since the plebeian thief who rejoices in the name of Louis Philippe has smuggled himself on the throne of France—since he

" From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Stole, I say; because never was there a more decided petty larceny committed by a gentleman in Field Lane, or the Seven Dials, or the Quadrant, than by Louis Philippe on the occasion of filching his crown. Paris is really void of gentlemen and ladies. I was over there in May, and it was woful to see the riffraff rascality which met you at every corner. Well, it may not last long, and that's one comfort. I should be somewhat sorry for poor little Thiers, because I knew him a very decent little penny-a-line man, who lived *au cinq-vingt-tième*, and dined on half-franc dinners, three or four years ago; and it would be a pity to see him going back to that again. I honour him greatly for his late stock-jobbing manœuvres. He has as pretty a notion of swindling as any minister in Europe, and that is saying a long word.

(3) So poor Kenneth Macaulay used to say. He was the honestest man of the family, and I am told he did much to extend the British population in Africa. I do not know how it is, but perhaps my early religious prejudices sway me, and I do not like either Jews or niggers, unless they be female, and young. Apropos: did Bombardinio ever see combined at once the fight and the quality-ball, as it is frequently when we go slave-snapping on the coast of Africa? I wish he would turn his attention to this exciting subject, for I can assure him that there is no sport more diverting.

(4) Finely written, by Jove! Coleridge has some grand thoughts on this subject. He maintains that in the hour of death we remember, and see, as if in a glass, all the acts of our past life; and contends that it is *that* which is the dire book of judgment. What a lot of nonsense will come before my mental optics in the last moments of my life, if this theory be true! *Quod fuit, fuit*—

And past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate!

Alas! and can it be true what I see in the newspapers as I write, that Coleridge is dead? Good old Platonist! *There* expires a great light! There must be a grand notice of Coleridge in *Fraser*.*

(5) Good rules these are, after all. Every body knows and quotes what Chancellor Oxenstiern has said about the quantity of wisdom requisite to rule the world; but it would be the most absurd of policy if any of the rulers were to suffer the secret of their scarcity of brains to divulge. The rules here summed up by Bombardinio are founded on the same principle. The great requisite to get on in any thing is either ability, or the shew of ability. Now as there is at least a pound of shew for an ounce of the real matter—for an ounce, did I say? for a grain!—it behoves those who wish to hold the oligarchy of fashion to act as warily as those who hold the oligarchy of power. Gravity, said the great professor of dandyism, Chesterfield himself, is a carriage of the body to conceal the defects of the mind. How admirably drawn is the picture of Pocourante in *Candide*! He is just what Bombardinio describes here as the *beau idéal* of a perfect "*man upon ta-own*;" only that Pocourante had money and wit, which makes a difference.

(6) Yet the aristocracy—the real aristocracy, I mean—will not be persuaded of this. If they get into a scrape, as a body or individually, it is to some shabby imitating scoundrel, some mean hound who has squeezed himself into a club, some dirty pimp or *attaché*, that they run for assistance. Believe the experienced. They do not know the mischief they have done themselves, and are this moment doing themselves, by the selection of their middle or lower-order friends. At the time of carrying the Reform-bill, this was visible in its most odious light.

(7) No, indeed—not they. Pope may be well parodied—

* Decidedly.—O. Y.

Some men to scribbling, some to swindling take ;
But every travelled woman is a rake—

and that not merely at heart. I *know* it, as Tom Hill observes.

(8) A very well-told story, and there is not a traveller on the continent who could not narrate something of the same kind. I must remark, however, that the *English* are much more cut by their fair compatriots than the *Irish*. My countrymen contrive to get on pretty well, and I venture to say, had one of us been on board, the Lorraine cow-drivers would not have had a chance. Why should Bombardinio in his London coat, with the addition of being six feet odd, and a captain in the Royal Grenadiers, have allowed the women to go into their carriage? It was decidedly wrong. The English-and-Scotch-*men* are as much to blame as the girls. They—the dear creatures, I mean—take it for granted that they are to be particularly attended to ; and if from shyness, or any other reason, they do not meet with the attention which, God bless them! they deserve, it is no wonder that they wrap themselves in any seclusion, whether of coach or coldness. The sister-islanders may make game of our *patois*, which they call *brogue*, if they like ; but I know that it often has sounded

As softest music to attending ears.

And talking of that, the pronunciation of Romeo's countrymen is directly a Munster brogue, and no mistake. Ask Tom Moore what he thought of the accent of Guiccioli.

(9) As for the Greeks, they are just as honest men as their heroic ancestors ; that is to say, the greatest scoundrels and liars in the world. The *Græcia mendax* of Juvenal is a true name. They never did any thing worth a farthing from the creation of the world until the present day, but their scribble and prate. Always, however, excepting Alexander, who was not one of the gossiping, prattling, swindling, lying rascals, who inhabited the country south of Thermopylæ. That bribed brawler, Demosthenes, was very right in declaring that neither Alexander, nor his father before him, Philip the man of Macedon, were Greeks: he said they were barbarians. All the world has pronounced them gentlemen, and therefore not having any thing in common with Athens, Sparta, Thebes, Argos, or the other beggarly places with which, for our sins, the pedagogical population crammed us in our early days. This should be considered in a separate paper. I never knew an admirer of the Greeks, ancient or modern, who was not either a knave or an ass. N.B.—This is no treason against old Homer, because he was a Smyrniote—a dweller in one of the honest principalities on the Asiatic coast, and a true Tory. But supposing the ancient Greeks worthy of all reverence, how is it to be extended to those whose sole merit it is to have corrupted the tongue of Homer, and to have sneaked like cowards in the land once trod upon by Alexander? They are fit only for the patronage of Joe Hume and Ned Ellice, who are the pattern samples of modern Greeks. By the way, poor Otho seems to be in a mess among them.

(10) *Bashfulness.*] As we have no word for it, either in Milesian-Irish or Anglo-Irish, I do not feel called upon to discuss the question. I may intimate, however, that I think Bombardinio wrong in his theory ; but not pretending to understand the feeling, shall not attempt any controversy.

(11) I do not know: I think they might. Who broke down first in the heavy marches in the Peninsula? Was it not the grenadiers? At all events, I should have no objection to have a squire of the female sex, if I ever go warring again. Will *you* come, jewel of my soul? No matter who it is I address—*she* will understand it. And yet I am afraid she is angry with me, for what is no fault of mine. Never mind, I must make it up as soon as I can—depend upon it, I will, love mine! But I fear I am intruding on the pensive public with my private *penchant*.

(12) Is not this rather unphilosophical in Bombardinio? How is the *foie gras* more diseased than the properly-kept venison or pheasant? Or is he sure that the goose is tortured? I agree with the *Almanach des Gourmands*, that the reflection of his being hereafter destined to play so distinguished a part in cookery, as that of contributing his liver to a Strasbourg *pâté*, must console the heart of the goose on the hot hearth, and prevent him from either breathing a sigh or shedding a tear. Again, what does Bombardinio think of Ude's manner of dressing eels, by flinging them alive into the fire? or of his own method of opening oysters, or stewing them (as he must often have done) between the bars

of a grate? A philosophical mind disregards all such things. It is a maxim among lawyers, that when the law intends an end, it intends the means. So when it was intended that we should eat animals, it was intended that we should cook them. As for the general bestiality of French society, there can be no doubt on the matter; and yet we imitate some of their dirtiest habits: that, for example, of mopping up the gravy off our plates with a piece of bread, which is a piece of dirt especially insisted upon by the great votaries of the silver-fork school.

(13) Petrarch and Laura I always considered to be bores; Alfieri was a fellow who wrote tragedy in blood, not in tears: but as to giving up Boccaccio, who is here disparaged, that cannot be. If you take away Tasso and Ariosto (I should have reversed the precedence), and the best parts of Dante, certainly you hew off a huge fragment of Italian talent. But what would you say if it were proposed that we should give up Milton and Shakespeare, the best parts of Dryden, and get rid of Swift and Fielding on the score of indelicacy? Why, it would be a fell swoop indeed! As for history, what had the Italians to write about but the trumphy wars of their venomous little republics, or pigmy monarchies? But who are the first names in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, song? Of what country were Galileo, Torricelli, Galvani, Machiavelli, De Rossi, Muratori, Scarpa, the Aldi, and five hundred others whom I do not wish to enumerate? I leave out all their painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, singers, opera-people, &c. &c. By the by, Buonaparte, though not exactly a literary man, was an Italian; and he should count for something. The average literature of Italy is rather above the average literature of other nations in poetry, and not much beneath France and England in prose.

(14) Béranger the songster! Béranger the poet, my dear fellow! There is not a style in which he has not succeeded, from grave to gay, from laughing to severe, from fun to pathos, from slang to sublimity. Call you producing such a man as Béranger nothing? As for the rest, I do not care much about them; but I do hope something from Victor Hugo.

(15) I am rejoiced to find any body having the courage to speak the truth of old Goethe. The *Sorrows of Werter* I forget, but I have an impression that it was horribly maudlin stuff. *Wilhelm Meister* is flat, dull, stupid nonsense, and nothing else. His plays are trash; and as for *Faust*, considered as a philosophical poem, it is a dead failure. What are the trials of life through which the Mephistopheles-led doctor goes? He gets drunk in a shabby imitation of the Cider-cellar, and debauches a girl of the rank of a servant-maid. These are all the incidents of the play. That Margaret's repentance is poetically managed is true, but it is false that it is managed in the spirit of the highest kind of poetry. Three lines of Euripides are worth all that is worth any thing in *Faust*; and as for the attempts at wit, they are enough to make a dog sick. The witch scene is nauseous to the last degree; but I shall not bother myself by going on with a laboured critique of *Faust* in this hurried way. All I can say is, that it shall never be tormented by my reading it.

(16) Schiller! No! by George! the author of the *Thirty Years' War*, of the *Ghost Seer*, of *Wallenstein*, of fifty glorious songs and ballads—no, *he* is not overrated. Neither is Burger. Of Herder, thank Heaven, I know nothing.

(17) Well, do not be angry about it. If the French beat us by sea and land in the last war, much good may it do them. I wish them joy of their luck, and may the same attend them every time they try the experiment. Quiet thy soul, Bombardinio, that question is settled sufficiently; and if vapouring will comfort the beaten, let them vapour to their heart's content. That any of our boys will believe them, I take leave to doubt. As for all that follows in my text about our liberals, I am sorry to read it—sorry, because it expresses my own opinions in language and earnestness so far surpassing what I could ever attempt, that as a professional scribbler I cannot afford to suppress the feeling of envy. But, nevertheless, I hope that Bombardinio will not lay down his pen. I glory in thinking that, in spite of the cant which we so continually hear of the adoption of anti-British feelings by all the talent of the country, there are still some among us who may perhaps be allowed to cope with the *soi-disant* monopolisers of that commodity, and who yet think it no shame to declare that their native land, and those long-tried institutions which have rendered her glorious abroad, and, if unchecked, would render her prosperous at home, are dear to their souls.

"THE LAST CHANCE" OF THE WHIGS.

July 26, 1834.

THE events of the last few weeks have been calculated to produce effects so various as to be apparently paradoxical;—to raise our hopes, and yet to cloud our countenances.

Whiggism and the Whigs have stumbled and reeled along, from one dilemma or disaster to another, till it has become universally apparent, both that they are now on their last trial, and also that that trial is certain to end in another and a final and disgraceful failure. So far our hopes for our country are naturally raised.

But then, on the other hand, every one who feels any real interest in the rank and character of his country, must feel sensibly wounded and grieved at the kind of exhibition which the men who, after all, constitute the *British Government*, have lately been making before the eyes of the astonished world. If Buonaparte, from the commercial bearing of our negotiations, applied to us the designation of "a nation of *shopkeepers*," the present public men of Europe, so far as they can penetrate the tangled web of the late ministerial intrigues, must, if they judge of us by those intrigues, take us to be "a nation of *swindlers*."

Look back a few years, and observe how, even under a man who was by no means a perfect pattern of a statesman, the straight and honest course of a public man was clearly marked out.

In the Duke of Wellington's administration, Mr. Huskisson—a man never wholly cleansed from Whiggish stains, or weaned from Whiggish practices—began a little coquetting and intriguing on his own account, in the East Retford affair. Soon getting involved, as these worthies ever do, in a web of his own weaving, he had nothing left for it but to send in his resignation to the Duke. But, like the respectable gentlemen who now serve his majesty, "resignation" meant nothing more, with him, than a sort of political manœuvre, to be played off on especial occasions, in order to carry some particular end. To "resign" was the easiest thing in the world;—in fact, as Mr. Tierney said, he "always carried his resignation on the half-cock in his pocket;"—but to be actually *minus* his place and his salary was the very last thing he intended.

The Duke, however, had no sooner received his resignation than, like any other plain man of business, he set about finding a successor. Nothing could exceed poor Huskisson's astonishment—who had expected a week's negotiation and half-a-ream of protocols—except, indeed, his horror at the predicament in which he found himself. However, there was nothing left for it but a desperate attempt to get back again. He therefore began something about "the whole affair being a mistake." "No," said the Duke, "there is no mistake, and *there shall be no mistake*." Whereat the people rejoiced with loud laughter, and great shouts of "Well done the Duke!"

Just in the same straightforward way did the people treat the Duke himself, and his coadjutors, when, seduced by the Whigs, they performed the "right-about" manœuvre on the Popish Bill. Mr. Peel resigned his Oxford seat, as of obvious necessity, and then was foolish enough to let himself be nominated afresh. "No," said the Oxonians, "there is no mistake, and there shall be no mistake: let him be Huskissoned;"—and Huskissoned he was.

In like manner acted the Tories in parliament, who had kept their consciences, and had opposed the Popish Bill. The Duke evidently thought that it was to be a mere lovers' quarrel, and that men whose whole souls had been agonised by what he himself called "the breaking-in upon the constitution," were to be whistled back again after a month or two's sulkiness, and were to support his administration as before. But he soon found out his error. He had to do with men who were in earnest; and the day of retribution came as surely as it had come deliberately.

But then we again saw the man of straightforward and masculine mind. No intrigue, no shuffling, no manœuvres; but the moment the force arrayed against him was clearly such as to embarrass the motions of the government, he went and resigned his office into the hands of his sovereign.

Looking back upon these circumstances, though, indeed, they have all occurred within the last five or six years, and then looking around us, we seem to have fallen among a totally different race of men. The "one mind" which ought to exist and be visible in all the movements of the government, is totally absent; and as to the several members, acting now in union, then in opposition—now aiding and now counteracting each other, the difficulty is to know which way they are driving the machine, or whether any thing but hap-hazard directs its movements.

At the beginning of the session, a passage was inserted in the royal speech, obviously levelled at O'Connell, and expressive of the highest abhorrence of his conduct. The good taste of such a personal allusion was doubted, but no one questioned the justice of the censure, or doubted the sincerity of those who had framed it. And again and again, in the course of the session, did several of the ministry repeat that censure; characterising O'Connell not merely as an injudicious or overheated partisan, but as an evil-minded, immoral, selfish, and ill-intentioned politician.

Well!—in the course of the session it becomes necessary to re-enact the Irish Coercion-bill—that one particular bill which was expressly framed, in the former session, for the sole purpose of putting a stop to O'Connell's own mischievous and dangerous agitation in Ireland. And who, in settling this re-enactment, does the Irish Secretary make his private confidant, but the *very criminal himself* against whose malpractices the bill was levelled! This very man, declared again and again, by divers members of the government, to be an unprincipled and immoral politician, is *sent for* by the Irish Secretary, and made the sole depository of the purposes and intents of government! Did the like of this ever take place before under any sane or sincere government?

The consequences were just what might have been anticipated. The crafty agitator leads his dupes into a trap, and there exposes them. An explanation follows, and then we learn that the folly of the Irish Secretary was not solely his own, but had absolutely been *suggested to him by Lord Althorp*, the leader and representative of the government in the House of Commons! After this, it can excite no one's surprise if Lord Grey should conclude that it was high time for him to give up the concern. To go on with such people as these was clearly impossible, and at seventy it was rather too late for him to attempt a new cabinet. He therefore very naturally and sensibly took the opportunity to beat his retreat, while there was yet time to do it voluntarily.

But if the ill-used premier is thus forced into retirement, what is the fate of those whose "misconduct" (it is Lord Grey's own word) compelled his resignation. If Lord Grey's continuance in office was of essential importance to the country, what punishment ought to fall upon those by whose blundering (or *treachery*) he has been driven from the helm. The first remark of every one was, that the centre of the thickest forest in Staffordshire could not furnish a shade sufficiently dark to hide the shame of the miserable Littleton!

And yet, behold! in one little week, Lord Grey is left, unpitied, unregretted, in his exile, and Mr. Littleton and Lord Althorp are borne back into office amidst the cheers of the House of Commons. What, in the name of common sense, does all this mean!

But here opens another portion of the story. As the ministry had abused O'Connell, we may be tolerably sure that O'Connell had abused the ministry. In fact, the language which he had constantly applied to them, up to the very day of their sham resignation, was such as no other member could have used without having long since had several chances of a pistol-bullet. There is no description of perfidy, falsehood, hypocrisy, tyranny, or fraud, which he has not repeatedly laid to their charge, and especially to the charge of him whom he sneeringly called "*Honest Lord Althorp*." And his coadjutor in all this abuse, and in perpetual imputations of fraud and falsehood, was the notorious Joseph Hume.

What, then, are we to say, when these very men, Hume and O'Connell, on the attempted resignation of Lord Althorp, are actually found busying themselves in the preparation of an address, expressing the most *perfect confidence* in this same Lord Althorp, and calling upon him to resume office! Are we to believe them sincere? Then all the vituperation of the last six months has been hypo-

crisy and falsehood. Or have they spoken their real belief in their former speeches? Then this new-born confidence is a mere trick and a lie.

And yet Lord Althorp accepts this address, and in compliance with it he resumes office! He had heard his friend Littleton denounce O'Connell, only a fortnight before, as a liar and traitor,—as a man with whom he would never again trust himself alone! and yet he now takes from that same O'Connell's hand an address of confidence and support, and returns to his seat upon the strength of that document!

The climax is then put to the story by O'Connell's immediately turning away, and sending down a Radical candidate to Nottingham to oppose Lord Althorp's own colleague Hobhouse; which Radical candidate, armed with O'Connell's own recommendation, proceeds to describe Lord Althorp and the Whigs, as his patron O'Connell had often done before him, as a parcel of hypocritical and tyrannical scoundrels!

Such is one part of the story. The rest is all of a piece. What are we to say of Lord Melbourne, who, after seeing Lord Grey shipwrecked by the folly or the treachery of Lord Althorp, tells the House of Lords, that "he would not have ventured to have undertaken the reconstruction of the cabinet, had he not been first assured of the aid of his friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer,"—that very invaluable personage Lord Althorp himself?

And what are we to say of all the other pretty little intrigues which have formed the by-play of the story? Was such a thing ever heard of before as the visit of Lord Brougham and Lord Holland to Lord Grey, to offer him, after his resignation of the premiership, the post of *Privy-Seal*? How these two worthies escaped being tumbled into the street is more than we can understand; or what sort of a prime minister Lord Melbourne intends to make, who allows such gambols to be enacted in the concern in which he is the nominal head, he must be a shrewd one who can conceive.

But what is all this that is going on? Who are these people, and what madness has possessed them, to suppose that the government of England can be turned into a bad farce after such a fashion as this? The very *dramatis persone* of *High Life below Stairs* seem to have got into Downing Street, and to be experimentalising in cabinet-making as an additional act.

However, as we said at first, it is apparent to all the world that this is the last trial of the Whigs; and not less so that their failure is inevitable. For their exit we are in no haste; but we confess we do begin to feel some impatience at the absurd ideas of England and English government which foreigners must be receiving from all the follies and falsehoods of the last few weeks.

As to what is to follow when the "Rogue's March" is played, we should offer a few observations, but that our meditations are broken in upon by the entrance of the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

At the end of the number we find a singular essay on "*the State of Parties*," and it is currently given out as the production of a great official personage. The ministerial newspapers plainly tell us, that "the *master's* hand is visible in every part of it;" meaning, we suppose, "the *schoolmaster's*." We regret to hear these assertions, for while they entirely coincide with, they certainly add great strength to, a rumour which has lately become very general; to wit, that the personage in question is rapidly falling into a condition, perhaps the most pitiable and humiliating that a human being can by possibility be brought into. However we may have been opposed to the individual in question, and however we may have regretted and censured the frequent misapplication of his brilliant talents, still the spectacle of the breaking-up of a once vigorous and powerful mind is one which at once allays all hostile feeling, and converts all animosity into commiseration.

We have said, that the appearance of this article in the *Edinburgh Review* coincides with, and therefore affords a strong corroboration to these melancholy rumours. It is an article of so inferior a cast as could hardly, without some extrinsic recommendation of an uncommon kind, have been admitted into such a work as the northern periodical. Incoherent and inconsecutive in the highest degree—(another circumstance which confirms the hypothesis)—it has no compensating quality to give it stamp and character. Whatever strength and sub-

stance it may at first appear to have, rest wholly upon the most downright falsification of facts, and on the free use of the language as well as the argumentation of Billingsgate. In fact, there are statements in it so utterly false, and couched in language so revolting, that while on the one hand the editor could never have inserted them if he had known how to refuse, so on the other we must in charity believe, that the learned writer could never have made use of them if he had been in the proper possession of his senses.

The title stuck at the head of the article is "*Bishop Maltby's Charge*," and twelve or fourteen lines are given to this ancient Whig; after which we hear no more either of himself or his production. But in what a tangent flies off the reviewer in the following paragraph!

"How wide the difference between this learned and pious divine, and the herd of Conservative lords who have lately made the peers' house ring with anathemas against all dissent, and joined in the chorus of execration which Oxford raised against every thing that is enlightened and liberal! These wise men, who are to save the Church and the State, hold it nothing less than detestable to give the Dissenters a university of their own, while they stoutly shut the door against admitting them into the old institutions. They claim, on the one hand, a monopoly of education; and, on the other, they exclude from its benefits all who will not conform to their religious belief. In plain words—but really not much plainer than the men of Oxford use—the doctrine is, that Dissenters shall not be educated in England at all, but must go to Paris, or Pavia, and study and graduate there, as a penalty for non-conformity to the Church of England, in its principles and its discipline."

Now what is to be said to such statements as these? The predicament of the editor is one for which all must feel—to be under a kind of necessity of admitting a series of broad, open, scandalous falsehoods into his work, without even the liberty of appending a note, disclaiming any personal participation in the crime. As to the writer, the person who actually penned these lines, we should involuntarily break out in Shakespeare's exclamation of "*Measureless liar!*" did not a recollection of the melancholy truth return upon us, changing our ire into the deepest pity, and making our voice drop into a sigh as we exclaim, *Poor man!*

The truth of this matter is now, we believe, perfectly well known to every one who has felt the least interest, or given himself the trouble to make the least inquiry into the facts. It is *false*, as deeply and atrociously *false* as any assertion can possibly be, that the "Conservative lords," or the "men of Oxford," "hold it detestable to give the Dissenters a university of their own;" or that "they claim a monopoly of education;" or that they demand "that Dissenters shall not be educated in England at all." All these assertions, heaped and piled up within six or seven lines, are gross and wilful calumnies. The man who penned them knew them to be such; if, indeed, mental and moral consciousness can fairly be imputed to him. And none could better know their entire and utter falsity than the Lord Chancellor Brougham, for to him, and before him, has the truth been again and again publicly stated.

And that truth is simply this, that the "men of Oxford," wishing for no "monopoly," being perfectly willing and desirous that Dissenters, as well as other men, shall be "educated in England," are quite acceding, and in fact rather wishing that "Dissenters should have a university of their own;" but they do not concede—and this is the only objection they offer—that this new Dissenters' university shall be at liberty to *forge their degrees*. They say, take your university—carry on your education as you will—only select from among the four-and-twenty letters some new combination of initials peculiar to your new institution, and do not copy our B.A. and M.A. Rival us, eclipse us, if you will; but still let each stand upon its own merits, and let the world have the means of distinguishing between us.

By the difficulty which the Dissenters make in acceding to this very simple and just proposal, they seem to say, Ay, but to copy your degrees and designations is the only thing that we desire. It is not the *education* that we want—it is your letters of B.A. and M.A. that we are really reaching after; and if we may not have them, we care not for the university at all!

Such is the position of the question; and now what shall we say to the language of the passage we have quoted above? If it is the language of a man in his senses, what can be more wicked, or, since immediate detection was

inevitable, more foolish. But if it be the writing of a man not morally answerable for his actions, who and what can he be who, even in this pitiable and degraded condition, can command the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*?

From the London University the learned reviewer diverges, not unnaturally we admit, to the question of subscription to articles. But in place of any serious or rational discussion, we find nothing but a tissue of abuse of two of the spiritual lords, for something assumed to have been said by them on this topic in the upper house. The following passage from this diatribe will make some of our readers stare :

"But another doctor arises at the eleventh hour, and holds he has dispelled all doubt. According to Bishop Coplestone, a renowned logician, and a learned, able, and pious man, it appears that subscribing means professing that the boy belongs to the Established Church, and nothing more. Indeed! Why, truly, nothing more is wanting; for what does any body mean by belonging to a church, except that he agrees with its doctrines? The worthy bishop either means that you subscribe without asserting that you agree with the Church, or he means that you subscribe because you believe. If you subscribe because you believe, then subscription is an assertion of your belief in all that the Church believes, and particularly in every one of the articles you sign. If so, then is each boy who signs them avowing his conscientious belief in them, and in whatever else the Church teaches; so that by this argument subscription is made to pledge the novice a great deal deeper than the plain common-sense argument does, which represents subscription to be only an adoption of the articles subscribed. But if this be not the meaning of the bishop, and if he allows a boy to profess himself a member of the Church of England, without intending to say he believes, or indeed understands, a word of its doctrines, then we humbly ask his lordship, what church on earth he is not prepared to declare himself a member of? Nay, we humbly ask, what possible reason there ever can be against his lordship taking a see in Spain—a cardinal's hat in Italy—the charge of a mosque in Turkey—and the office of driver of the Juggernaut in Hindoostan? For he has only solemnly to profess that he belongs to the Catholic and other churches; and as it seems this implies not the least acquiescence in their tenets, or even the slightest knowledge of one word of their doctrines, he may with a perfectly safe conscience avow that he belongs to them, and may thus share in their 'good and perfect gifts.' Out of this dilemma the bishop never can find his way. Either he has made subscription a much more complete avowal of religious belief, and of deliberate recognition of religious dogmas, than it ever yet has been considered by any one who took part on any side of the controversy; or he has made it a profligate, unprincipled, audacious mockery of the most sacred subjects, for the lucre of gain, such as the worst of its enemies never before asserted that it was. He is in this agreeable predicament—that finding subscription very little esteemed, he has advanced an argument in its behalf, which makes it out to be either much more absurd and extravagant, or much more wicked and hypocritical, than any of its enemies had before thought it was. He found subscription very low in the world, and being minded to help it up, he officiously interfered, and gave it over to a power which must needs either plunge it into the sink or cast it into the fire. Here we leave the right reverend prelate, enclosed in a cage of his own construction, from which he never in this world can escape. There he stands erect, in satin of black and muslin of white; the cap fits his head; the bells jingle as he moves; the eye of scorn or of pity salutes him; the finger of the passer-by moves towards him. He calls for help to the universities and to the church. In vain—they regard him not. Why rushed he in, unprepared for the strife? All that these learned bodies have to thank him for is that, finding them ill off, he left them far worse off than he found them. Therefore he will be suffered to remain, for and during the term of his natural life, a sad example, to deter others from acts of injudicious zeal."

It would, doubtless, be held to be most intolerable harshness to put a man in Bedlam merely because he could not reason; and yet, if ever a plausible case were furnished, which might almost justify such a piece of tyranny, we have it in this monstrous abuse, or rather burlesque, of the noblest attribute of man.

Dr. Coplestone had merely expressed that which every one knows and feels, to wit, that subscription to the articles, as given by a youth entering college, implies merely a general assent and consent, as far as he has yet become acquainted with so extensive a study as theology. It amounts to this, as the bishop stated—that he is a Churchman, and not a Dissenter.

But the frantic reviewer invents what he calls "a dilemma," out of which, he

says, the bishop can never find his way. This dilemma is, either that the youth perfectly knows and implicitly believes all the doctors of the Church have ever propounded, or else that he has "*not the slightest knowledge of one word of their doctrines!*" Whether any thing more extravagant than this ever came from the lips or pen of a declared lunatic, we leave our readers to decide.

No man who ever signed those articles was ever in the latter of these predicaments,—that is, not having "the least acquiescence in their tenets, or even the slightest knowledge of one word of their doctrines." Every youth who is brought to Oxford for admission has already been instructed, for years past, in the main and fundamental points contained therein. True, there are other points deduced as inferences, which most novitiates accept on the faith of the wise and learned men who framed them. They are declared by Cranmer and Ridley to have been carefully drawn from God's word; and in the belief of this the youth admits them, being at perfect liberty, after four years' study of these subjects, to recall his assent, when it is again demanded of him at the end of his university career. Such is the common sense and plain matter-of-fact of the case; and the reviewer may take away his "dilemma," and reserve it for some fitter occasion.

But why, it may be asked, do you not make your formula or standard for subscription more simple? Why not confine it to those points which a youth may be expected to understand and to believe? The reviewer himself answers this question for us. He himself fully warns us, that a mere simple declaration of attachment to the Established Church would be open to all the objections now made against the whole thirty-nine articles. This is the very gist of his argument, and therefore we may be spared any explanation on this point. Nay, even the simplest of all declarations—a declaration of belief in the Holy Scriptures, as the inspired word of God, which some propose—would be assailed by as many cavils as any other test. Which do you call "the Holy Scriptures?" Have you, at the age of seventeen, examined into the question of the authenticity of the books of Esther and Solomon's Song; and do you accept them, or not? What say you of the disputed passages in St. John? and are you for plenary or only general inspiration?

No; it is not the mere form or the amount of tenets proposed; it is subscription itself that is attacked. But without subscription you could maintain no doctrines, nor give any religious instruction; you sink, in fact, from the rank of a university, and become, like Gower Street, a great day-school.

But the reviewer suddenly, and rather awkwardly, changes the subject in the following manner:

"While these things were doing in London, the Conservative troops—defeated in every contest, at Edinburgh, at Cambridge, in the city, in Somersetshire, in Wiltshire—when they found they had not the vestige of a chance remaining for them either in Parliament or the country, retreated within the walls of Oxford."

We feared before that we were dealing with one who had lost the power of reasoning, but it now appears as though he had suffered the privation of memory also. "Defeated in every contest—in Somersetshire, in Wiltshire!" Why, the last election for Somersetshire seated Mr. Miles, a Tory, in the room of Mr. Brigstock, an adherent of the ministry. And though for Wiltshire there has been no election, yet in Wiltshire there has been one change; namely, the resignation of Mr. Montagu Gore, the ministerial member for Devizes, and the election in his room of Admiral Durham, the rejected Conservative candidate of Dec. 1830!

But, "defeated in every contest!" How are we to deal with assertions like these? A brief and simple statement is the only answer we shall give.

Above twenty vacancies have occurred since the general election, and, except in close boroughs like Morpeth, the Conservatives have contested every seat. This of itself looks very little like a party beaten out of all hope or spirits—a party "defeated in every contest." But what has been their success?

Three of these vacancies have been caused, we believe, by the demise or resignation of Tory members; and each of these seats has been again filled, if we remember rightly, by Tories: so that the all-conquering Whigs have not a single actual conquest to boast. The remaining battles have been fought on ground heretofore in the possession of the Whigs; consequently, when successful, the victory wrought them no accession of strength, since they merely maintained their

ground. But when vanquished, the substantial results, as well as the honour of the victory, remained with the Tory party; since each triumph both added a name to their phalanx, and subtracted one from the ranks of the enemy.

We have said that the Whigs have not, as far as we can remember, gained one single seat from the Tories in all the late contests and changes. Now let us see whether the Tories have not gained a few from the Whigs. The following suggest themselves, without much research or inquiry :

LONDON	Lyall	..	vice	Waithman.
SUNDERLAND	Thompson	...		Barrington.
SOMERSET	Miles	...		Brigstock.
DOVER	Halcomb	...		Thomson.
GLOUCESTER.....	Hope	...		Berkeley.
DUDLEY	Hawkes	...		Campbell.
DEVIZES	Durham	...		Gore.
BERWICKSHIRE .	Campbell	...		Marjoribanks.
INVERNESS	Bruce	...		Baillie.
PERTHSHIRE.....	Murray	...		Ormelie.

And, at the moment we write, we are told of another victory at Sudbury, and of the certainty of both Dumfriesshire and Gloucestershire being carried by the Conservative candidates. Thirteen votes taken from the one side and added to the other, count as six-and-twenty in a division. Some progress this, to be made in the course of eighteen months! And yet we find this reviewer, as though in utter oblivion of all that had passed, dreaming, and attempting to palm on us his dream for a reality, that "the Conservative troops had been *defeated in every contest*!" It is certainly the easiest way in the world to triumph over an adversary (on paper), when you can not only construct your arguments without the slightest regard to the accustomed rules of reasoning, but also invent all your facts as you may happen to want them.

However, having carried his readers to Oxford, the learned reviewer next favours them with certain remarks on the late installation; in which all facts and all reasoning are pushed aside with the least possible ceremony. First comes a wonderful story touching the character of the assemblage :

"It is somewhat strange that a meeting, which was intended to express the feelings and honour the principles of Toryism, should have no one person in it to represent any of the classes of society below the highest. The court was represented by the Duke of Cumberland,—the lords by those we have already enumerated,—the ladies of Almack's by a countess or two. But any person to represent the merchants, tradesmen, farmers, labourers of the country,—any one to represent the whole people of England, except about a hundred and fifty great lords and their parasites, was not to be found in any one corner of Oxford upon this occasion."

A singular mental delusion this, certainly! The reviewer's attention is so fixed on the Duke of Wellington and the other distinguished visitors, whose appearance and whose reception naturally occupy the foremost place in the newspaper chronicles of the festival, that he has actually wrought himself into the belief that these were the only people in Oxford. That great city was crowded to suffocation; her splendid halls and courts thronged with masses of population; and yet the reviewer deliberately tells us, that "any one to represent the whole people of England, except about a hundred and fifty great lords and their parasites, was not to be found in any one corner of Oxford on this occasion." Should the man who can write or talk in this strain be allowed to go about without a keeper?

But in the next paragraph the reviewer actually foams at the mouth. *Videlicet* :

"All who were named for the purpose of being so saluted were hissed by this truly venerable convocation,—the Duke of Wellington presiding over it, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York assisting at it. The personages selected for this honour were those in whom the sovereign confided, and to whom the whole country looks up as representing its opinions. Their names were successively halloed out, for the purpose, and merely for the purpose, of allowing those present to hiss. This is a practice confined to two places—the venerable men in the theatre of Oxford, and the occupants of the shilling-gallery in the Irish theatres. Suppose, at a meeting of the London University, a similar breach of all the rules of common decency had been

committed,—suppose any one had, in the absence of the professors and the council, bawled out the names of the bishops, and the university, and the Tory lords, in order to have them biased,—what grave complaints should we not have heard from all bishops and peers! But suppose the same outrage had been committed in the presence of the professors and the council and his majesty's ministers, we verily believe Lord Londonderry and Lord Wicklow, or some other of the leaders of opposition, would have brought the matter before parliament. Now, however, we do hope and trust that no public meeting will be any where held without taking the sense of the people assembled upon the wisdom and propriety of the University of Oxford, and those dignitaries in church and state who lately crowded her halls. We consider this as by no means a trivial matter. It is an indication of such utterly unfair and unreasonable pretensions in the high church party, as are not to be endured by the rest of the community."

Those who remember a late extraordinary harangue delivered on this same identical topic in the House of Lords, will hardly be able to help exclaiming, What!

"Still harping on my daughter!"

Certainly there has been nothing seen in modern times at once so ludicrous, and yet so pitiable, as this exhibition of rage at a mere boyish folly. The undergraduates of the colleges at Oxford, while waiting in some of their great assemblies for the commencement of business, amused themselves by vociferating the names of various public men, and then hissing or applauding, as their humour might dictate. The practice may be foolish, but it is certainly harmless. As to its being, as the reviewer tells us, "confined to two places," that is like most of the other statements of this review—simply false. Scores of meetings, of all descriptions, and in all kinds of places, from the Guildhall of the City of London downwards, have been presided over by divers prominent friends and supporters of the present ministry, at which "three groans for the bishops" have been among the regular and almost official announcements of the day. Why the Oxford youths, most of them of the ages of seventeen or eighteen, are to be especially debarred the privilege of making these delectable noises, the reviewer does not condescend to explain. But could any one have conceived—were not the thing actually in print—that the human being could have been found so absurd as gravely to talk, as this writer does, of "bringing the matter before parliament;" and of hoping "that no public meeting will be any where held without taking the sense of the people on the wisdom and propriety of the University of Oxford?" &c. &c. Really, this last proposition so overtops all former conceived or conceivable absurdities, that we are at a loss to conjecture what the man means. A public meeting may perhaps be shortly held in London, to elect sheriffs or lord-mayor, or some such matter; does the reviewer seriously recommend that a resolution be passed to the effect "That this meeting have seen, with great concern and indignation, that on a late occasion certain undergraduates of the University of Oxford did audaciously and contumeliously salute with hisses the great and venerable name of the Lord Brougham and Vaux; and cannot but express its deep abhorrence of all such detestable and sacrilegious conduct?" &c. &c. We would give a trifle to see such a foolery as this attempted, even in a meeting of "ten-pounders;" and we should like the reviewer to be by to see how his idea was received.

But, seriously, is it not a matter for grave and calm astonishment, and calculated also to excite the most reasonable fears for the stability of the learned lord's mind, when we see the deep and rankling irritation evidently produced by so light and trifling a circumstance as this ebullition of feeling on the part of the Oxford youths. And the folly, too, the inconceivable folly, of thus exhibiting and proclaiming to all the world how the sting has entered into his very soul! Why, the shout of the moment was nothing—what mattered it? Did either Wellington or Newcastle estimate the powers or the character of Brougham the least shade higher or lower in consequence? Nay, did the vociferous youths themselves imagine that they had really lowered the character or standing of the Chancellor by their exclamations? Not they! Giddy as they were, they were not so foolish as this. The shouts and the excitement of the day would have been over, and Lord Brougham would have held precisely the same place in every sensible man's mind that he did before. It was only himself that could

make out of this trifling affair a real misfortune—it was only himself that could make it a matter of real importance. With what astonishment and with what shouts of mirth will these Oxford lads read these threats of "bringing the matter before parliament," and the "hope and trust that no public meeting will be held without taking the sense of the people on their conduct." And what egregious folly, then, was it, to make the passing clamours of a day a matter of endless derision, and of actual, because admitted, triumph.

However, to proceed. We next pass on to some long discussions on the late resignations, and the manner in which the vacant places have been filled up. Only one thing strikes the reader as at all remarkable in the manner in which this part of the subject is handled. The writer, whoever he may be, evidently wishes to stand well with both parties—with those who have gone out, and with those who remain in the cabinet. High compliments are paid to Mr. Stanley's talents; and yet in the next sentence Mr. Spring Rice is declared—and not a little will Mr. R. be astonished, as well as the public, by the declaration—to be "not inferior to Mr. Stanley in any one of these particulars." In the former part of the paper the salvation of the country is said to rest in the hands of Lord Grey; in the latter, he is given up with scarcely a syllable of regret: and the accession of Lord Melbourne has, we are told, "given universal satisfaction." But perhaps it is natural for the *Edinburgh Review* to believe any possible Whig ministry to be the best in the world; and it is unnecessary to refer this to the private feelings of the writer, or to remark his apparent eagerness to be on good terms alike with all the persons who are either members of the present ministry, or probable leaders in the next that may be formed.

The most remarkable thing, however, is the sudden change of hopes and prospects discernible in the closing passage of the review. At p. 516, nothing can exceed his confident boasting. The possible formation of a Tory ministry would bring on, he declares, "a resolution by *five-sixths* of the House of Commons, bringing that body into instant conflict with the crown and the peers." He forgets the division of the 4th of July, when 235 members voted with Lord Althorp, and 171 with Mr. Stanley and Sir R. Peel. These numbers do not look much like a majority of "*five-sixths*" in favour of the ministry. The cheer given to Lord Althorp in the House of Commons, when asking its confidence on Mr. Stanley's resignation, is said to have rung "the knell of Toryism"—as if the writer did not know that that cheer expressed only one thing, namely, the delight of more than half the members, who were in excruciating expectation of a dissolution, to learn that the leak was stopped, and that there was yet some chance for their (political) lives. Not less loudly would they have cheered either Peel or Stanley, if, from the same place, either had offered to give them a fair trial before sending them about their business. The only thing we gather from that loud cheering, is an assurance that, with the power of dissolution in his hands, almost any possible minister might manage the present House of Commons, the most despicably servile assembly that England has yet seen.

But after "the knell of Toryism," and after the "universal satisfaction" which the present ministry has given the country, what means the sad and doubtful tone of this the closing paragraph:

"If the reconstructed ministry were not to receive the support of the country, the state of our affairs would indeed be desperate. The LAST CHANCE of perpetuating a liberal government, and excluding the enemies of all reform and all improvement, would be lost; and a Tory ministry would be the inevitable fate of this kingdom. Some government there must be; and if all the liberal cabinets are rejected by the people, there is nothing for it but one formed upon the opposite principles. It may suit some to bring about a crisis, and convulse the whole country: honest and enlightened statesmen, and the proprietors of the country, never will consent to see anarchy reign in this island, in order to gratify a handful of individuals."

But why, if, as we had been previously told, "five-sixths of the House of Commons" would protest against any other ministry, and if it be perfectly "hopeless for any Tory administration to last a week," why this doubtful and desponding tone? It is because it is felt, and, in fact, actually confessed, that this is "THE LAST CHANCE" of the Whigs; and that on the failure of the present cabinet "a Tory ministry would be the inevitable fate of this kingdom." It

was with this sentiment that we penned the first line of the present paper, the *Edinburgh Review* not having then come into our hands. We now find that sentiment shared and re-echoed from the other side of the house. An impression thus general, thus owned by both parties, must be in the main correct. Whiggism, then, is on its last legs; and the only question that remains is, Can it possibly totter on through another session?

Most unquestionably not. The failure of the far stronger cabinet of Lord Grey at once decides that question. If, with all the weight and talent of the late premier, Mr. Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham, it proved unable to conduct the business of the country, or even to adhere together, what can be expected now? "They have" (that is, the late cabinet), says the reviewer, "in the session about to close, increased very greatly their claims to the gratitude and confidence of their country." But what says the country itself on this point? It replies, You have done no one thing, that we are aware of, during the whole of this long session, except the driving through parliament the new Poor-law, against which we uttered many fruitless remonstrances, and for which we owe you little thanks. If this be to "increase your claims on our gratitude and confidence," those claims must certainly have been small enough before.

But if this has been the result of the strongest Whig cabinet that this country has ever seen, what can be expected from such an one as the "patched-up" "lath-and-plaster" administration which now attempts to linger on in its room? Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Althorp, Lord Duncannon, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Abercromby, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Charles Grant, Lord John Russell! Is there a man among these,—though three or four of them, and *only* three or four, are respectable,—is there a man among them whom any class or portion of the people would look up to under difficult circumstances? Not one! Several of the set might be tolerated in the minor parts, but there is not among them, either in any one or in the whole together, the nerve and stamina requisite for an English ministry. They would scarcely suffice even in the fairest weather; and yet their warmest friends admit that their only chance consists in steering directly for the whirlpools, and in carrying us well through. The *Morning Chronicle* would have them at once declare war with the House of Lords, and coerce both the court and the peerage! Very fit work, truly, for such noblemen as Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, for such statesmen as Palmerston and Charles Grant.

But we have omitted, not forgotten, Lord Brougham. He has energy; he has power; he has, some people think, courage. But what folly would it be to reckon upon him in such a calculation as this. Does any member of the cabinet know what he is doing now? or what he was doing last week? or what new manœuvre or intrigue may occupy that restless mind to-morrow? Only one thing they know, and in that they are all agreed, that they would sacrifice any thing in the world (except place) that they were but once well rid of him. There is hope, however, yet remaining for them. It is not a gratifying or pleasing prospect—nay, it is a sad one; but appearances seem to prognosticate that he will not much longer continue to entangle or perplex their proceedings.

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SEPTEMBER, 1834.

VOL. X.

POLITICS.

I. THE PAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

WERE it possible for that numerous class of the community, who, after much careful and serious consideration, felt compelled to oppose themselves to the Reform-bill mania of 1831-2,—were it possible for these persons to derive any consolation, amidst the difficulties and dangers of the state, from the entire fulfilment of all their prognostications, that consolation is now offered to them in the greatest abundance, by the admitted experience—admitted on all hands—of the failure of that experiment, the blunders and the fate of which they never ceased to point out and to predict.

What were not the anticipations indulged in, even so recently as some six months since, as to the wonders about to be enacted by the *second session* of the Reformed Parliament! True, the first session had passed away, and neither had the *Ballot* nor yet *Triennial Parliaments* been secured; nor had either the corn-laws or the House of Peers been abolished: but at that early stage an abundant apology was found, in the mass of routine business which had occupied the time. The Bank Charter, and that of the East India Company, besides the settlement of the West India question, furnished good and sufficient ground for the postponement of every subject connected with internal politics until another session. The year 1834, however, was to redeem every pledge, and accomplish more than every prediction. No let or hindrance would now remain

to the “carrying out the Reform-bill into all its natural and necessary results.” The Church and the Lords were alike to be regenerated; the tithes and the corn-laws were to be simultaneously swept away; and the corporations and the universities were to be equally opened to all the kith and kin of every ten-pounder.

Such were the expectations formed, and not unnaturally, by all classes of Whigs, Radicals, and Dissenters, in February of this current year, 1834. But what say the same parties, when the weary session of nearly seven months has been terminated, and when the gains of the political year come to be reckoned up. Hear the *Globe* on this point:

“The second session of the Reformed Parliament has closed, and it cannot be denied that the result of its protracted sittings has disappointed the expectations of the country. In England, the great and influential body of Dissenters have not obtained relief from any one of their practical grievances. And if financial reform and legal reform have been partially pursued, church reform and corporate reform have been altogether postponed.”—*Globe*, Aug. 16.

Hear, too, the *Courier*:

“The failure of the last session makes it imperative on the ministers, and upon all who take an interest in legislation, to provide in time the means of preventing failure in future, otherwise nothing can save the once renowned parliament of Great Britain from universal derision. The congress of the United States has

not yet had time to acquire a stability of reputation; but the ridicule which has been heaped upon it by European writers will be as nothing to that which will fall on the reformed Parliament, if it go on, session after session, making endless speeches, bringing forward crowds of measures none of which are completed,—making men compare it to a bad workman, who spoils all the materials which he takes in hand, and *buries himself in his own rubbish.*”—*Courier*, Aug. 19.

Hear, also, the *Morning Chronicle* on the same point:

“If we wish that reform shall not be a mockery—if we wish to rescue the House of Commons itself from the contempt of the nation, we must have no more protracted sessions with one act.”—*Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 16.

Here, then, we have those very witnesses, who are above all others concerned to vindicate, if possible, “the Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament;” and their verdict is, that the session has been a deplorable disappointment, and that it is calculated to bring upon the House of Commons itself “the contempt of the nation!”

A “protracted session, with one act!” Such is the description given by the *Morning Chronicle*: but the Speaker himself, in his customary address to the sovereign, placed the failure in a still stronger light. It is difficult to help suspecting Sir Charles Sutton of a piece of dry and quiet sarcasm, when we find him, in recounting the worthy deeds of the session, first magnifying the new Poor-law, and then, as it were, after looking around in vain for any other topic, coming to a sudden conclusion with,—“and we have reduced the 4 per cents!” “The powers of bathos could no further go!”

Let us return again, however, for a few moments, to the commencement of the year, and recall to mind the various mighty deeds which were expected of this session of 1834. We were promised—

1. The abolition of the *Irish Tithes*.
2. The same of the *English*.
3. The reform and regulation of the existing *Corporations*.
4. The establishment of similar bodies in all the *new boroughs*.
5. The *Local Courts*-Bill.
6. *Abolition of imprisonment for debt*.
7. Abolition of *pluralities in the Church*.

8. Abolition of *non-residence of the Clergy*.

9. A general *Registry of Births*.

10. A *Dissenters' Marriage-Bill*.

11. The abolition of *Church Rates*.

12. The opening of the *Universities*.

13. The emancipation of the *Jews*.

These were the hopes held out to us by the organs of government. Other hopes were indulged by other parties, such as—

14. The establishment of *Vote by Ballot*.

15. The repeal or modification of the *Corn-laws*.

16. The repeal of what they grotesquely call “the *Taxes on Knowledge*.”

17. The shortening of the duration of *Parliaments*.

With divers other little matters, not necessary to be here particularised.

And now, reviewing this brief sketch of the things which were to have been done, let us ask, not *what has been done?* for that would be cruel, but, what progress has been made towards *any of them?* The answer will be, NONE WHATEVER!

The session is “the session of one act”—and that act is the undesired, but not undreaded, Poor-law. For various other objects, petitions have been presented, signed by hundreds of thousands of the people. These requests have received from this reformed House of Commons no answer whatever; but instead thereof the petitioners are treated with a law for which no human being, save the Martineaus and Chadwicks, had expressed the slightest wish. Yet, but for this one unhappy piece of legislation, the Speaker would have had to address his Majesty thus: “Sir, we have sat for rather more than six months, and have passed the bill for the reduction of the 4 per cents!”

But—some Radical may exclaim—why do you blame our reformed house for all this? Have not these promised measures been all proposed to the “House of Incurables,” and by that house been rejected?

No—the fact is not so. There is not even a plausible pretext for thus shifting the blame. Not a vestige of the English Tithe-bill, of the Corporations-bill, of the Local Courts-bill, of the Church Rate-bill, of the Imprisonment for Debt-bill, of the Dissenters' Marriage-bill, or of the Gene-

ral Registry-bill, has ever been seen in the House of Lords. As that assembly must bear sufficient odium without the aid of falsehood, let it at least be excused the blame of rejecting bills which were never brought before it.

But too much, it may be said, was expected of this single session. Perhaps so; but if so, whose was the fault? The Tories, surely, did not prognosticate all these mighty doings. And if too much was expected, was not too little done? The "one act" of the session, the Poor Law-bill, was not introduced to the House of Commons till the 17th of April. What had the House of Commons—what had the ministry been doing, during nearly three months' previous sitting?

In fact, the blame and disgrace, great as it is, cannot justly be even *divided* between the house and the ministry: each has a fair right to the *whole*! Can it be pretended that the ministry were not able, if they had really chosen, to pass through the House of Commons some, even if only two or three, of all these important measures. Again we ask, What were they doing in all February, March, and April? Not passing the Poor-law; for that was only introduced on the 17th of the latter month. What then? "Getting the Estimates through," says some one. Well; but every body knows that there are certain nights in the week always kept for these matters, and that the rest are open to general legislation. The passing of the estimates, then, is no answer to the question. But if they wasted all the earlier months of the session, why was not more alacrity shewn towards the end of it. The Dissenters' Marriage-bill was brought in, and soon transmuted into a general Registry-bill. But being introduced, and certain speeches made, there the whole matter seemed to stop. The session went on for months afterward, but not a second step was made in either of these measures. So of the Church-Rate-bill. That was introduced in April, and a vote taken on it, which at once committed the house to its leading principles. In May, and June, and July, Lord Althorp again and again repeated his determination to pass this bill; yet August came, and found it still at the threshold, and then the matter was said to be postponed for want of time! As to the Local Courts, Imprisonment for Debt, Eng-

lish Tithe Commutation, &c., they were again and again declared to be matters which the government would certainly bring forward; but yet, when all other persons had been thus induced to leave them in the hands of the ministry, the whole seven months' session passes without a single step being taken in any one of them! Is this the way in which the public business ought to be dealt with?

Nor can the excuse be pleaded, of a refractory House of Commons; for a more convenient assemblage for the operations of the government never existed. The ministry could always be sure of a majority. If their measures were of a conservative character, there sat Sir R. Peel, at the head of one hundred and fifty Tories, prepared, on public grounds, to support the proposition. If, on the other hand, they preferred to lean to Radicalism, they might always calculate on O'Connell and his tail, and Joseph Hume and his clan, to swell their majorities. It is, therefore, a bare and naked falsehood, by which some of their underlings endeavour to excuse their short-comings, by saying that the House of Commons would not have passed this or the other measure. There never was a minister more sure of his majorities on all these great questions than was Lord Althorp. If he let a question go to sleep, like the Church Rate-bill, after a division of *more than two to one in its favour*, it was simply because, for some inexplicable reason, he chose so to do. Want of *power* was in no case the real motive; want of *will* was always at the bottom.

But if the ministry may justly claim the whole demerit of this lost session, it is not less true that the House of Commons itself has shewn an equal inaptitude and indisposition to do its duty. Half these great questions, besides being promised by the government, had also been the subjects of direct pledges from the members of the lower house to their constituents. Granting that it was wise and right to leave the government to initiate these measures,—yet, what were these members about, in neither spurring on the ministry to fulfil their engagements, nor yet taking their neglected business out of their hands? In two or three cases, such as the Admission to Universities-bill, the Jews-bill, &c., this was done. But how came it, to what

strange mischance was it owing,—that only those bills were thus selected and pushed forward with zeal which there was the greatest possible certainty the Lords would reject? Several other topics might have been advantageously pushed to a practical conclusion; but it pleased these gentry, for some strange reason, only to busy themselves about those two or three things which they knew beforehand would never become law. Was this mere folly; or, was there some concealed object in this selection?

Most signal, however, and complete, has been the failure of this “second session of the Reformed Parliament.” The point most dreaded by some who feared reform, and most hoped for by some who advocated it, was the great *activity*, the *business-like habits* of the representatives of the new constituencies. But the fact turns out to be, that there never was, since the days of the Normans, a body of people calling themselves a House of Commons, at once so servile and yet so useless, for all great purposes, as this body of Lord Durham’s invention.

All this, however, and much more that yet remains behind, was both foreseen and foretold by those who escaped the delusion of the Reform-bill. How often was it impressed upon those who concocted and defended that measure, that all the great men who had adorned our House of Commons, and who had by the ascendancy of their genius ruled that assembly, and by ruling it had ruled the world,—how often was it historically proved, that these men had always been first introduced by nomination boroughs, and never by the selection of a popular constituency? But the fact, though it could not be denied, was wholly disregarded; and now we have Whalleys and Baineses, with 200,000 constituents each, prating where formerly stood Pitt and Fox, each of them returned by some dozen burgage tenure voters. Again and again was it reiterated, that if you chose to elect a House of Commons as the Common Council of London was elected, you would soon have an assembly in which a Waithman would be a demi-god, and a Charles Pearson a Cicero. But we might as well have talked to the winds. A ten-pound House of Commons they were determined to have, and truly they have got one most admirably represent-

ing the beer-shop constituency from whom they emanate. The very ministerial hacks are obliged to confess, that the patience of the country is well nigh exhausted; and that, after a few weeks’ more trial, the danger is great that the “contempt” and “derision” of the people will hurl them back into oblivion, and force us, as confesses the *Courier*, to have recourse to some new contrivance for the purpose of legislation! Failure we knew to have been inevitable; but a failure so complete, so speedy, so universally confessed as this, was more than any one could reasonably have anticipated.

One or two distinct points, however, of this failure may deserve a few remarks. The disappointment which has been most signal, and which has, we confess, given us some degree of satisfaction, has been that of the *Dissenters*.

In no quarter were the expectations of the coming session so lively or so bright as in this. It might, indeed, be permitted us to doubt whether the Church of England were to be wholly extinguished in a single session; but no one could be ranked with rational creatures who doubted that every thing which to Dissenters appeared a “practical grievance” would be rapidly and unsparingly swept away before the session of 1834 had waned. That session, however, has been gathered to “the years beyond the flood,” and not one single iota of the “Dissenters’ grievances” has been redressed. Nay, much farther are those grievances from redress than before; for they have come to be understood, or, in other words, seen through; and their “redress,” we opine, is not thereby rendered at all more probable.

The only one of these “grievances,” in fact, which either the ministry or any one else has had courage to carry up to the House of Lords, was that of the “exclusion from the universities.” To a cursory observer, it might appear as if the passing this bill through the Commons, and the submitting it to a grave discussion and division in the Lords, were doing something—were advancing the matter a step. But a more accurate observer would judge otherwise. He would remark, that it passed the Commons amidst uproar and confusion, and as if more in jest than in earnest; and that it was not wholly and unreservedly advocated by

a single member of the ministry in the upper house. The *Times* newspaper was, as usual, the best barometer of the state of ministerial feeling, when it observed, on the 26th of June, that—

“The hopes entertained by Dissenters of their admission to degrees at Oxford and Cambridge seem gradually fading away. The practical difficulty of administering to Dissenters any regular religious instruction, according to the forms, and through the means provided for the edification of Church of England pupils, certainly ought not to be despised.”

No one accustomed to political affairs, and to the waxing and waning of political questions, could read these lines in the *Times* newspaper, and fail to understand that the game was up, and that the admission of Dissenters was found to be impracticable.

This point, then, the only one brought to any kind of issue, has been decided against them. On no other have they ventured to ask a verdict. Every other question has been left by them to the ministry; and the ministry, knowing the temper of parliament, have successively abandoned every one.

Peculiar justice has been done the Dissenters in this general and complete disappointment. If ever men deserved a total defeat it was deserved by them on this occasion. We allude more especially to their conduct at the Finsbury election, now scarcely two months since.

The only character in which the Dissenters can appear with respectability is that of *religious* men. If they abandon this position, they are nothing. One of their last pamphleteers, quoting the words of one of their greatest advocates, says:—“I beseech you that this affair be treated *not* as a matter of *policy*, not as a matter of *levity*, not as a matter of *ensoriousness*, but as a *matter of religion*.”

In fact, the ground and basis of Dissent is, that its professors are men of cultivated and refined consciences,—that they are sensitive of the least impropriety or incongruity,—and that the Established Church is not sufficiently pure in its communion, or strict in its discipline, for the tender and sensitive minds of nonconformists. At the same time, even the strictest Dissenters have been accustomed to admit, that *Christianity* was a thing at least two or three degrees higher in importance than Dissent; and that it might some-

times be necessary or expedient for a moment their special refine for the sake of the cause of our mon faith.

Now the Finsbury election sented this point in a simple and manner to them. It was not a tion between two men of “fashionable morals”—the one a Whig, the c Tory; nor was it a contest be two candidates of some religious—the one a Churchman, the o Dissenter: but it was a comp between a man of spotless cha for religion and morality, and c infamous notoriety for every so degree of vice. In Mr. Pownall had a man who was personally k to them as actively engaged in effort of religion or benevolen which they themselves professed interested. In Mr. Duncombe saw one whose fame had re through all classes as a disting supporter of the gambling-house brothel, and every haunt of vice. then, on the other hand, in Mr. nall they saw a Churchman,—in Duncombe they saw one who v willingly be their instrument in p down the Church. Every prof therefore, was forgotten: all idea of religion being of more value than D was abandoned; and the Dissent Finsbury, with a few honourabl ceptions, came forth with zeal alacrity as the supporters of th vourite of Madame Vestris, and patron of (or partner in) Crock hell!

True,—by their own strength they would never have achieved th grace of this victory. Without th further shame of an alliance wit party of Thomas Wakley, the u guised, declared Destructives of th trict,—they would have failed at

But, borrowing 800 votes from Destructives, they reached the and boasted that Mr. T. Dunc was especially the choice of the senters of Finsbury.

What a most fitting retributio that which quickly followed! I than a fortnight after this triumph third reading of their favourite m the Admission into the Univ Bill, came before the House of mons. We copy the report of th ceedings of that evening from their own journals, the *Morning nicle*:—

"Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply (*The laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing, were such as we never before witnessed*). The hon. gentleman said, it had been declared that the bill in its present stage was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it to the house. (*At this moment two hon. members 'o'er all the ills of life victorious,' suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full-length on the seats, secure from the observation of the speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.*) This he denied. (*'I say, can't you crow?'—Laughter and uproar.*) The provisions had not been altered (*'Hear him, how he reads!'*); the enactments were in every respect unaltered. (*Loud cheering, followed by bursts of laughter.*) The question was (*'Read it—read it!' and great uproar.*)—the question (*'Just so—read it.'*)—the question was (*great cheering and laughter*) whether (*'That's the question'*)—whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopolists (*'Where's the man what crows?'—Laughter and cries of 'Order!' from the Speaker.*) Public opinion—(*'O, dear!' and great uproar, during which the speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for order. The scene here was indescribable.*)"

Now the "Mr. Wood" who was thus ruffianly handled was, be it observed, the Dissenters' own advocate, himself being one of their body. He was at this moment occupied in moving the third reading of their most desired measure. But who were these disorderly individuals who thus not only annoyed and insulted him, but at the same time threw an air of ridicule and absurdity over the whole proceeding? They were, Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, and Mr. POULETT THOMSON. But chiefly, and as the most drunken and obstreperous of the two, was remarked the special and particular *representative of the Dissenters of Finsbury!!* A fit return for the degradation to which they had bowed themselves, in lending their aid in the election of such a candidate. Doubtless, the one sole motive by which they strove to justify their conduct was this,—*"If the individual be not all that we could wish, yet as a member we are still sure of his vote."* The folly of this way of arguing was at once made apparent; they had his vote, but they had also his drunken vociferations, which cast an air of ridicule and con-

tempt over the whole proceedings in the Commons, and thus gave the Lords double courage in resolving on an instant rejection. Thus will it ever be, when high and holy principles are sacrificed to answer a low and temporary end: the object itself will be lost, and nothing but disgrace remain with the intriguers.

Well, the session is over, and nothing, nay, worse than nothing, has been done. The Poor-Law has passed, and either it will become a dead letter—in which case the session of 1834 will have been literally a *blank!*—or else it will be carried into full effect; and then the next session will have enough to do, either to amend or to repeal it, or to pass an *English Coercion Bill!*

However, there is hope left, as with Pandora, at the bottom. On the last day of the session, not fewer than 102 notices were placed on the books, of measures to be brought forward in the session of 1835. Some of these are rather amusing. Mr. Buckingham "gives notice," that in the next session he purposes to put an end to "drunkenness" and "duelling." Colonel Williams "gives notice" of his intention to move the "instant and entire stoppage of the distillation of ardent spirits!" Mr. Bish is to move the transportation of the whole parliament—king, lords, and commons—to *Ireland!* Mr. Pryme is to bring in a "bill to abolish grand juries;" while Sir Samuel Whalley, M.D., flies at higher game, and promises to bring in a "*bill for the abolition of the hereditary peerage!*"

This sort of nonsense, however, is getting rather stale. Above a hundred similar notices were entered at the close of the session of 1833, out of which we doubt if so many as two acts of parliament ever grew. The constituents of these gentry must be of prodigious length of ear indeed, if they are to be taken in more than one or two years running by such gross and palpable trickery as this. Dr. Whalley, for instance, knew right well, when he entered his absurd notice, that he had not even the shadow of an intention of ever bringing any such question forward. He knew that even the Reformed House of Commons would never tolerate such antics as these, and that when the session came his only course would be, as silently and unobservedly as possible, to with-

draw the whole proposition. Yet, with all this perfectly before his mind, he coolly writes down his notice; merely calculating that he shall gain more in the tap-rooms and beer-shops of Marylebone, in the course of the next six months, by the apparent boldness of his promised attack, than he shall lose, in the long run, by the contempt which must follow his ultimate withdrawal of the threatened motion. And upon such speculations as these is the House of Commons now set afloat!

But what is to be the end of these things? It is the cry even of the ministerial hacks themselves, that "something must be done." The *Courier* even goes the length of at once proposing to resort to the plan formerly known in Scotland, of a sort of legislative committee, called "*lords of articles*," with whom might be left the construction of laws, and the *whole power* of initiating them. It is obvious enough that such a committee as this would infallibly become a mere tool of the executive. And thus our grand *Reform*, which was to secure and enlarge the liberties of the people, and to gain which the country was convulsed to its very centre for months together, would end in making the British House of Commons a mere chamber for registering the decrees of the government! All this is nonsense; but it is worth looking at, as evincing the conviction even of the ministerialists themselves, of the utter failure of their beautiful "*Reformed House of Commons*." The very extravagance of the remedy they suggest shews the depth and extent of their view of the disorder. They admitted, in 1832, that the Reform-bill was a quiet revolution; but then it was to be final,—it was to secure peace, and happiness, and liberty, to the end of time. Now, however, it seems that we already need another revolution; for such would this cashiering of the House of Commons be, to all intents and purposes. And thus are we fairly set afloat, like France in 1789, upon the ocean of political theories, to run a course, if we were to follow the advice of these writers, which has only one thing certain about it, namely, that it ever ends in despotism.

But we must leave this part of the subject. The question, What is to be done? is not for us to answer, but for our opponents: it is they, not us, that

have entangled the vessel of the state among all these shoals and whirlpools and quicksands; and it now belongs to them to get her out of the difficulty and the danger. Truly they seem perplexed enough. We believe that the task is quite beyond their powers, and that they will be reduced, ere long, to abandon the helm to those whom they have been accustomed to scoff at as idiots and incapables. Meanwhile we pause, looking on, with interest, but without impatience, for the *dénouement* of the drama. We trust that there is still such a stamina of good sense among the people, that our present misrulers will be hindered from committing much more evil; and as we know them to be most inept at good, it follows that the end of their career must be at hand.

There is only one other circumstance which appears to call for remark, and that is, the degree in which the failure of the House of Commons involves in it the failure of the leader of that house. We advert to this, because it seems to be singularly overlooked by most people. All can see and confess the break-down of the House of Commons, but few observe how necessarily this implicates Lord Althorp in the joint disgrace. Yet the pliability, and even servility, of the House to its leader was sufficiently apparent. If, then, it has done nothing, must not a chief share of the blame be obviously due to its guide and oracle. The fact is, that so perfectly inefficient a leader was never before placed at the head of any public assembly.

And yet, taking advantage of a piece of hypocritical adulation lately played off by O'Connell, the ministerial journalists have been stunning us with their rejoicings at the unparalleled popularity of Lord Althorp. Even the *Edinburgh Review* can talk such nonsense as this: "When that man, *so deeply respected*, so justly beloved, asked for a short adjournment, and happened to drop the word '*confidence*,' the effect was electrical. There broke forth a shout," &c. &c.

There never was a grosser perversion of a very simple fact than this. The House of Commons was at that instant in the greatest dread of a break-up of the ministry, and a dissolution of parliament, which to at least one half of its members would have been political death. Lord Althorp announced to them

that there was hope for their lives, and they shouted as men under such circumstances might be expected to shout. But, "*deeply respected*!"—this is too much. Why, the very leaders of the requisitionists, who lately replaced Lord Althorp in the command of the House of Commons, were Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume. Both of these men had often told Lord Althorp to his face, that he was neither able, nor yet honest! Why, then, did they now offer him their support? The reason is not far to seek.

The *Westminster Review*, the organ of the Hume and O'Connell party, about nine months since, after abusing the Whigs in the most vehement terms, suddenly turned round and exclaimed, "And yet for all this, support the Whigs—stick to the Whigs! Many a great question is now *drifting down the*

stream, under their imbecile management, which would speedily be brought to its moorings if the Tories were once to regain power."

Here we have at once the key to Hume and O'Connell's sudden confidence in Lord Althorp. They heartily despised him; but still they saw the advantage that accrued to their party from his imbecility. O'Connell, for instance, would reflect, "If Althorp goes out, perhaps Stanley comes in his room. Ah! then I will support Althorp to the utmost!"

What folly, then, is it to quote this kind of support as any proof of genuine popularity or of "deep respect." Or rather what deceit; for those who use this cant know that they are wilfully misrepresenting the real facts of the case.

II. THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF TORYISM, SEPTEMBER 1834.

Meanwhile, supported by the bulk of the property, education, and intelligence of the country, Toryism quietly, but steadily, advances in actual power. Within the last month, two more seats have been transferred from Whigs to their opponents. Gloucestershire—even the manufacturing section of it—has exchanged Sir W. Guise for Mr. Codrington. The Whig had a majority over the Tory in Dec. 1832, of more than 600 votes. Such, however, is the altered state of feeling among the people, that on the death of the sitting member, Mr. Codrington is returned in his room,—defeating the most respectable Whig in the county, after a well-fought and equally contested struggle.

In the eastern part of the kingdom, Lord Euston, who was thrown out of Thetford in 1831, for voting against the Reform-bill, resumes his place, to which his ancient connexion with the borough and his private worth so justly entitle him.

These additional gains to the conservative party make the total of votes already taken from the ministerial phalanx and given to the opposition, *fifteen*, which of course count in a division as *thirty*! A continuance of about two or three more years of this sort of game would place the Whig administration in a minority, even in their own "reformed parliament."

But things are progressing much faster than this. The ministerial people are not content with letting the

house gradually crumble about their ears,—they must, forsooth, pull it down with their own hands.

The greatest losses that the ministry have sustained during the past session have been those inflicted by themselves. Lord Grey is gone; Mr. Stanley is gone; Sir James Graham is gone; the Duke of Richmond is gone; as are Lord Ripon, &c. &c. And all these, the main strength of the cabinet, have been detached, not by any efforts or manoeuvres of the opponents, but by the internal feuds and dissensions of the cabinet.

The people connected with the ministry, more especially those of the press, are fully aware of the desperate predicament in which their masters are now left; and the remedies they suggest may furnish us with some amusement.

The first grand scheme afloat is that of "*an union of the Liberal party*." The *Globe* of the 14th of August thus urges this expedient:—

"There are numerous and important questions now pending, on which all the different sections of the Liberal party cordially concur. The relief of the Dissenters from all practical grievances; the appropriation of the superfluities of the Irish church; the removal, both in Ireland and England, of the oppressive tax of tithe; law reform, financial reform, and corporate reform. On all these important questions, moderate Whigs, and ultra Whigs, and temperate Radicals, think

alike, and feel in unison. Every reformer, of whatever grade, believes that these questions ought to be carried, as the first fruits of the Reform-bill. But how is it possible to carry them against the Tory majority of the House of Lords? Only by union,—union among the friends of liberty.”—*Globe*, Aug. 14.

Now all this looks exceedingly well upon paper, and especially with folks who read nothing but the *Globe* newspaper. But with those who use their eyes and ears, and are aware of what is going on around them, the whole scheme is, in theory, moonshine; but if attempted to be put in practice, positive *madness*!

“The Liberal party.” This sounds well; but where is this party to be met with, and who are its leaders? Is it the party of the government, or is it the party of Hume and O’Connell, or is it a combination of both?

The *Globe* runs over six or eight points, on which it assumes that “the Liberal party” are fully agreed; financial reform and corporate reform, and sundry other pretty things of the same class. But the Treasury journalist quite forgets, as it is most convenient to do, that if there are six or eight points on which Whigs and Radicals can agree, there are at least sixteen or eighteen on which they are at the greatest possible distance.

“Union among the friends of liberty,”—what can be more simple and beautiful? But union for what end? Sir Samuel Whalley is one of the “friends of liberty.” He has given notice of a motion for the commencement of the next session, to bring in a bill for the *abolition of the hereditary peerage*!

What say Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, and the other “friends of liberty” in the cabinet, to this proposition? Nor is Sir Samuel alone in this fancy; for Daniel O’Connell himself has openly advocated the same proposition, in his speech at the Finsbury dinner of the 31st of July last.

Well, but,—say the ministerial people,—though we do not mean to go this length with you, still there are six or eight questions on which we are agreed. These we cannot carry without your help; help us, therefore, good Radicals, till we have carried these, and then we will turn you adrift, and side with the Conservatives for the rest of the voyage.

Doubtless the Radicals will feel greatly indebted to their ministerial friends for this flattering invitation!—doubtless they will cordially assist in framing a bill for the establishment of Whig corporations in all the new boroughs, and in authorising half-a-dozen new Whig commissions to prey upon the church in Ireland; and then quietly surrender all the weightier matters at the bidding of their Whig masters. All this is extremely probable!

This same scheme of an union of “the liberal party” was also put forward in the last *Edinburgh Review*. The phrases were a hundred times repeated, of “liberal party,” “liberal government,” “liberal ministry,” and so on; with a studious suppression of all differences of opinion in that said “liberal party.” Take one instance: “In Finsbury, the liberal party could afford to start three candidates, and yet to defeat the Tory by a majority of six hundred.” We cite this sentence in preference to many others, because from these three lines several important lessons may be drawn.

“The liberal party in Finsbury.” What a practical falsehood is conveyed in this phrase! The fact is, that instead of one united body of according opinions, as this writer would have us suppose to be the case, there is no spot in the kingdom in which the quarrel between the Whigs and the Radicals is more decided. Finsbury is the seat of the power of Thomas Wakley, the most energetic and most able of all the Radical party. In fact, such is the fear entertained by the ministerialists of this man, that they have been, more than once, on the point of issuing a warrant for sedition or treason against him.

“The Liberal party could afford to start three candidates.” What an ingenious fiction! The simple truth is as opposite as possible.

Mr. Babbage was the original Whig or ministerial candidate. He had the field to himself for a considerable time, until Mr. Wakley was brought forward by his friends, and soon made considerable progress.

About a week before the election, the ministerial people began to find that the game was not going on as they would have it. The energy of Wakley told with such force against the inertness of Babbage, that the Radical had evidently an excellent chance of succeeding. To prevent this—Wakley’s

success being the one thing, of all others, most dreaded by the ministry—Tom Duncombe was started. It was supposed, and rightly supposed, that his electioneering energy would furnish a better chance of defeating the Radical than was found in the apathetic proceedings of Mr. Babbage.

And this cutting and shuffling, this dread of the Radicals, and setting up two candidates to keep Wakley out, is described by the reviewer thus:—"The *Liberal party* could afford to start three candidates;" "and yet to defeat the Tory by a majority of six hundred." A word or two on this point.

Finsbury, be it remembered, was one of the special and particular ministerial preserves; one of the peculiarly favourite spots of my Lord Durlam. It comprehended St. Giles's, Spa-Fields, Saffron Hill, Field Lane, Grub Street, and St. Luke's; and was one of those precincts within which, according to Whig calculations, it was morally impossible for a Tory ever to shew his face.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, what was the result of the first day's poll in this borough of Finsbury?

The Tory candidate had polled 1074 votes; *both the Whig candidates together* had obtained very few more than 1000; and the Radical had only mustered about 500!

It appeared, then, that even in Finsbury itself, of all the three great parties, the Tories were decidedly the strongest! Defeat menaced the ministerialists: what was to be done? A coalition of the two Whig candidates would not suffice to save them, for both unitedly had polled fewer votes than the Tory.

We are not in the secret of the intrigues of that night; but the result of those intrigues soon appeared. The Whig candidate, Duncombe, raised his bidding to the price asked by the Radicals—pledged himself to the ballot, to short parliaments, to the pulling down the church, and, in short, to every thing they asked; and then, to this Whig turned Radical, the Radicals, seeing they could not bring in their own candidate, at once gave their votes. By a coalition of this kind was the victory snatched from the Tories; but it is a mere falsehood to describe it as a Whig victory.

The real state of the case is this. In most counties—Gloucestershire, to

wit—and in many towns, the Tories are able to beat both Whigs and Radicals combined. In some others, expressly manufactured for Whig purposes by Lord Durham and his clique—such as Finsbury—the Tories, though the strongest party of the three, may sometimes be outnumbered by the Whigs and Radicals when they coalesce.

But then, let it be observed—and an honest Whig would observe it with dismay—that when the Radicals find their aid to be essential to the Whigs, they fail not to exact such terms as to make the success, in effect, their own. So that either the Whigs must be beaten by the Tories, or they must triumph by and for the Radicals!

Thus they stand between the two parties, quite incompetent to maintain their station for a moment without leaning on either the one or the other, but free to choose with which party they will ally themselves. The one party openly aims at the establishment of a republic in essence; and, if the public declarations of O'Connell and Whalley are to be attended to, they even aim at a republic in form. The other party differs with the government on no such main and fundamental question, but merely, if the averments of divers members of the government are to be credited, on the point of greater or less reforms,—of a quicker or slower march in practical improvements.

Every step of the government at the commencement of the late session evinced a disposition to act with the Conservatives. Their full and unreserved declarations in favour of the church, and their opposition to the ballot, to shorter parliaments, and to the repeal of the corn-laws, all denoted the stand they had decided upon making against the encroachments of the Radical party.

But their courage has strangely failed them in the course of the session. The withdrawal of the Church Rate-bill, the alteration of the Irish Tithe-bill and of the Coercion-bill, all evinced a change which was rapidly operating on their minds, and leading them out of the course they had distinctly marked for themselves at the commencement of the session.

But this change has in no way tended to augment their strength. On the contrary, the weakness of the administration has evidently increased, and their perils augmented, up to the very close

of the session. And now that that session has closed, and a short interim is granted for consideration, we find it admitted, even by their most earnest supporters, that without some change, some reinforcement, it will be impossible for them to carry on the government.

But what is the change, the reinforcement which, in this difficulty, is proposed? It is, as we have already seen, an alliance with the Radical party—with that party whose ultimate, but openly avowed views, extend to the destruction of the church, the peerage, and the monarchy.

This alliance is now openly proposed to be carried into effect most fully and completely; not merely by seducing the Radicals into a confiding and expecting support, but by forming a compact with them, sealed and ratified by the actual admission of their party into the cabinet. Peruse and ponder over the following passages from the *Globe* of the 16th of August:

"When Lord Melbourne again meets parliament, his task will be sufficiently arduous. While opposed by a majority in the Lords, his strength in the Commons is scarcely adequate to the rapid carrying through of large and comprehensive measures of improvement. No member of the cabinet sitting in the Commons is competent to encounter in debate either Sir R. Peel, or Mr. Stanley, or Mr. O'Connell. The preponderating weight of parliamentary talent in the House of Commons is either opposed to the government, or not connected with it; and this, in a popular assembly, is no inconsiderable disadvantage.

"Lord Grey's government was not only formed of discordant materials, but was constructed on a basis too narrow and exclusive. No ministerial arrangement can be permanent, unless it embrace the representatives of the leading interests of the country, and be conducted on principles sufficiently liberal to enable the representatives of those interests to take office with the consent of their constituents."

The drift of this line of argument is sufficiently obvious; it points to the admission of O'Connell into the ministry,—nay, *into the cabinet!* for no one would expect to purchase, by the offer of a subaltern appointment, a man who is now making his 12,000*l.* a-year by agitation, and who nominates by a word forty members of the House of Commons. No! it is absurd to

think that "the Liberator" could be gained over by any office which did not make him, in effect, the ruler of Ireland. Not the church only, but the Protestant religion itself, must be sacrificed, before either O'Connell or his clients, the priests, could be appeased and won. And even for this the *Globe* already prepares us. "Lord Grey's government," it tells us, "was constructed on a basis *too narrow and exclusive.*" In what did its "exclusiveness" consist, except by this term you designate Lord Grey's professed determination to uphold the Established Church? Lord Melbourne's administration, it is said, must be "sufficiently liberal to enable the representatives of the great interests of the country to take office with the consent of their constituents." In other words, it must be an administration professing no particular attachment to the Church, and into which, consequently, a Papist or a Dissenter might enter without being thereby pledged to uphold either Protestantism or a Church Establishment. But further, it is remarked, that Lord Melbourne has no man in the House of Commons able to cope with Stanley, or Peel, or O'Connell; and it is said to be necessary to find one. Now, as the previous assumptions prohibit the calling in either Stanley or Peel (for then must we go back to the "narrow and exclusive" system which is condemned in Lord Grey), the inference is inevitable,—that O'Connell is the individual to be gained. And as we find all these notes of preparation in a journal which notoriously takes its instructions from Downing Street, we are compelled to the conclusion, that an alliance with O'Connell, and a semi-popish cabinet, are actually contemplated, and will probably be attempted.

This is the point, then, to which we have arrived: the Whig ministry, weakened by desertion after desertion, sees only one chance left to escape total and final extinction. That chance is, a coalition with O'Connell and the Irish Papists. This course it seems determined to take. But such a resolve betokens nothing else than desperation, and must lead to utter ruin. This is obvious for two reasons:

First, observe the frightful dereliction of principle involved in the idea of a coalition with the popish agitator. It was touching this very man, O'Con-

that the Grey ministry—of which the present administration constituted a principal portion—put into the king's mouth the following language, even so recently as in February last :

"To the practices which have been used to produce disaffection to the state, and mutual distrust and animosity between the people of the two countries, is chiefly to be attributed the spirit of insubordination which has been but too perceptible in many instances. To none more than to the deluded instruments thus perniciously excited is the continuance of such a spirit productive of the most ruinous consequences ; and the united and vigorous exertions of the loyal and well-affected are imperiously required to put an end to a system of excitement and violence, which, while it continues, is destructive of the peace of society, and if successful, must inevitably prove fatal to the power and safety of the English kingdom."

And it was of this same person that their organ, the *Globe*, thus spoke in the month of March :

"The special motive on the part of O'Connell was, not that Baron Smith had betrayed bad taste or indiscretion, but that he had betrayed zealous loyalty—that he had endeavoured to repress the trade in agitation which the member for Dublin professes. Beyond the immediate object of breaking down one loyal man, there appears also to have been the hope of discountenancing loyalty, by shewing his power of annoyance."

And further, it was this same O'Connell who, in the course of the late session, coolly proposed to sponge out a portion of the national debt, and talked of "the *cant* of national faith." While, within the last month, he asked, at the Finsbury dinner, "what we wanted with hereditary legislators, any more than hereditary tailors or shoemakers?"

If, then, this man is now seriously contemplated as a fit ally of the present administration, what, may we not ask, is the principle on which such an administration can be founded? Certainly, not on any attachment to monarchical or constitutional principles, or on any bias in favour of the Church or of Protestantism. On the contrary, it would seem to be an avowed characteristic of the cabinet, that neither loyalty, nor religion, nor even common honesty itself, constituted any recommendation with its members—nor were disloyalty, Popery, or a contempt for national faith, considered as amounting,

even when all combined, to any sufficient ground of disqualification. In short, not any one principle or set of principles, but rather a negation of all, would appear to be the basis on which the ministry rested ;—a fit consummation of the career of concession which we have so long been running. Well did the *Times*, in a sudden gleam of common sense, burst out on a late occasion, into the following exclamation :—"We want 'impracticable' and uncompromising politicians ; one such would be worth a waggon-load of your 'conceders,' which is but another name for men who have no principles at all!"—*Times*, June 5.

Any thing more true, or more strongly condemnatory of our whole course of legislation, from 1829 downwards, was never uttered.

Our consolation, however, is near at hand. This sort of thing does not at all suit the English mind or way of thinking. For several months, now, has the government been this way tending, and every step has added to its weakness. It has thought to strengthen itself by an alliance with Popery and Radicalism ; but for every vote it has gained in this direction, it has lost three among Englishmen and lovers of the constitution. Yet still it holds on, infatuated, in the same course, dreaming that it is cultivating new alliances, and not observing that all its former sources of strength are simultaneously, and most rapidly, drying up and disappearing.

The first decided step in fraud and dishonesty drove from its side Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Richmond. The next expelled Lord Grey. And even in the few remaining hours of the session, evil enough was manifested to drive into the opposite ranks their firmest and most powerful friend in Ireland, the Marquess of Downshire!

Thus works, and will continue to work, this fatal tendency. A perseverance in it seems almost to amount to fatuity ; yet still it is persevered in, and, we doubt not, will be persevered in to the very moment of dissolution.

That moment cannot be far removed. Confessedly, the ministry now stands in a predicament altogether deplorable. By the admission of its own retainers, there is nothing left for it but a Popish and Radical alliance. But can they

fail to see, that if the mere demonstrations which have yet been made, of a bias in that direction, have already so fearfully thinned their ranks; the consummation of that alliance must inevitably drive away at once thrice as many friends as the compact itself will gain. If the mere apprehension of such a course has brought doubt and defection into their camp, what will the fact itself produce but wholesale desertion?

No; "this way ruin waits them." Whether they will rush headlong or not, is more their business than ours. All our concern should be to stand prepared for the call, which cannot be much longer delayed, for the formation of a Tory government. And that government, to be safely grounded, and in such wise as to promise permanency, must take for its motto the words we

just now quoted. "We want *impracticable* and *uncompromising* politicians. A "*conceder*" is but another name for a man who has no principles at all!"

But in its practice it must be just the contrast to the *misérables* it succeeds. With less prate, there must be more work done; with less boast of *liberality*, there must be more of old English freedom; with less talk of "government without patronage," there must be fewer places manufactured; with less cant about "reforms," there must be ten times more practical improvement. In fine, increased strength and efficiency in all our institutions must be their aim, in place of allowing "various great questions to drift down the stream," in the way which now excites the contemptuous rejoicing of our natural enemies, the Radicals.

GOLD.

THE face of man is pale with care,
In youth his step is old;
In age his eyes suspicious glare,
And why? Alas! for gold.

For gold, beneath the mighty hills,
Across the raging sea,
Where famine wastes, or fever kills—
Where gold is, there is he.

It is not want, it is not wo,
That makes him delve the mine;
The fruits of wretched slavery go
To deck ambition's shrine.

The golden sceptre, sign of sway
Among our fleeting race,
Was brought from darkness into day,
By crime and deep disgrace.

The felon and the bonded slave,
In mute or wild despair,
Won the gay trophies of the brave —
The adornings of the fair.

And well it were if thus alone,
In days of peace and joy,
The hard-earned metal harmless shone,
A gay and glittering toy.

For these command the admiring eye,
The vulgar keep in awe,
And the grudged tribute of a sigh
From pallid envy draw.

But gold, dug forth from earth's dark womb,
In sorrow, guilt, and pain,
Roams, like some spectre from the tomb
Haunting the world again.

If the poor wretch, for life confined,
Far from the light of day,
In the fierce anguish of his mind
To Heaven for vengeance pray,

Up with the ore his cry ascends —
Wide spreads the venom round,
Corrodes the firmest tie of friends,
And taints the peaceful ground.

Survey the marshalled fields of strife;
The long-drawn lines behold,
Where death in every form is rife!
Why stand men there?—for gold.

Though sought by all, it hath no power
To satisfy the mind;
The richest, in their happiest hour,
Have wishes unconfined.

And wants, unknown before, it brings
To those without it blest;
With thousand cares, like scorpion-stings,
That rob the soul of rest.

Anxious for gold, the sire surveys
His child with evil eye;
For lust of gold, the spendthrift prays
His father soon may die.

Hast thou another's gold?—no more
He views thee as thou art;
He sees thy faults, unknown before—
Think not to share his heart.

And if thou lend the yellow bane
To him thou deemst thy friend,
Dream not of social joy again—
That friendship soon shall end.

Yet, if thou lend it not, all changed
His aspect is to thee;
He thinks you doubt him, and estranged
Thenceforth ye both must be.

Men call it power, yet it hath none
To cool the throbbing brain,
To quell the grisly skeleton,
Or call back youth again.

Yet still it hath a blessed power,
In Charity's fair hand;
Falling, like heaven's refreshing shower,
To cheer a thirsty land.

THE MAELSTROM.

A FRAGMENT.

It was mid-day, and the sun shone with the feeble power of a Norway autumn, when his rays serve only to remind you of warmth, and fail to invigorate and cherish. Mr. Braceyard, the mate of the *Island Lass*, stood with folded arms beside the gangway, gazing across the bay in the direction of a little fishing town which was situated at its farthest extremity. He was a man of middle age and stature, strongly built, and of a firm and placid demeanour, with a bronzed countenance that betokened him to have visited various climates, and to have weathered many storms. In dress he was neat, and clean in person; and his whole air bore testimony to his having known a better fortune. He was now watching with interest a little boat that came towards them from the town as rapidly as the stalwart arms of two Norwegian seamen could impel it. As it approached nearer, he could discern the forms of the expected passengers. And now it came alongside the schooner; the men boarded their oars, and those in the boat prepared to come on deck.

The first who was helped up the side of the vessel was a beautiful girl, apparently of some three-and-twenty summers, or perhaps one or two more—but the subject is delicate, and I am cautious. Her dark hair, clustering down her cheeks, was pushed forward by the little bonnet, or hat, which fitted close to her head. Her eye, deep, dark, and full, beamed with the soul which spoke through it; and when it settled for a moment upon yours, you would start as though your hand had suddenly encountered a torpedo—for the glance flashed through the veins of the beholder like electricity. Her elastic step as she trod the deck, her elegant figure, her commanding and dignified presence, won you to admiration, but checked you with reverence. I have heard of many beautiful women, but never of one more fitted for manly love than Ellenore Macfarlane. She was followed by her youngest sister, Grace, a beauty of a different cast. Her youthful countenance was lighted by laughing blue eyes, which continually sparkled with innocence and gaiety of soul. She was

shorter and of slighter make than her sister; and her timid and shrinking air formed a striking contrast with the dignified bearing of Ellenore. Man would approach her as a being that needed and sought his protection, whilst the independent and fearless boldness of her sister would keep him unwillingly from her side. Their father was a noble figure, who carried in his air and face the stamp of gentleman—whose venerable look, long white hair, and erect carriage, inspired the beholder with respect that was not removed by the quaintness and poverty of his attire. He was dressed in an antique coat, meant to be black, with threadbare breeches to match, and huge steel buckles; below these were a pair of gray woollen hose and unblacked shoes, also secured by immense buckles. The old family servant, Donald Brae, with his plaid oddly bundled upon his back, brought up the rear and the luggage.

After having inspected their berths, and with somewhat rueful countenances beheld the miserable accommodations afforded by the schooner for female passengers, the whole party returned to the deck and watched the preparations made by the sailors for their departure. The listless and nerveless behaviour of the crew soon caught the eye of the old man, who was himself something of a sailor, and was well acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of that eccentric race. He therefore moved forward with his daughters to the post of the mate, who was still stationed by one of the gangways, and asked the reason of this slackness and dulness at such a time.

"Sir," answered Mr. Braceyard, at the same time making a salute to the ladies that was far from ungraceful, and which won him much favour in the eyes of the younger sister, "the captain is determined to sail upon this day of all others, d'ye see, and the men don't like it—the same being a Friday: and in my mind (but that's nothing), I don't think it very wise in the captain myself."

"What!" said Ellenore, "do you yourself, then, really lay any weight upon this common superstition?"

"Why, madam," replied the sailor, with a somewhat perplexed countenance, "upon the land, d'y'e see, I care nothing for such yarn; but here, or rather upon the blue water, it is a very different thing. I'm not much of a shore-going lubber, but I have been there often enough in my day—though I never liked it. Who can feel for the senseless dirty clay, without the spirit even of the Dead Sea—though, as I have never seen that same (unless I sailed over it when a powder-monkey in the Invincible, when I knew nothing of longitude, and did not care a rope's end which way we steered), I can't pretend to say much about it. But, as I said, who can feel for the dull earth, which knows you not, as you feel for these generous waters, which bound beneath your feet and are conscious of the forms they bear? Ah! you may have seen a storm on shore, but you have not beheld a brisk gale at sea. Often have I stood leaning against the bulwarks, when the night, lighted only by a flash of lightning, was as dark as the cockpit with an unsnuffed candle, whilst the sea broke in waterfalls over our bows, and the foam flew as high as the gallant-yards, and the wind roared over the deep—ay! often have I stood there, and looked up aloft and seen *things* clustering round the mast as thick as a swarm of bees. Ah, ladies, you may laugh; but there are beings which live upon the waters, and are not known to shoremen."

There was something very interesting about Mr. Braceyard—he was evidently not a *common* sailor, although he generally spoke in the language of such; but when he came to handle more elevated subjects, his language acquired a superiority of tone that surprised his hearers as much as the sentiments themselves. Grace Macfarlane was about to ask him some question concerning the spirits of the deep, when the sailor suddenly roused himself from the fit of abstraction into which he had fallen, and looking towards the shore, exclaimed, with a tone of interest, "Hah! here he comes at last, poor fellow."

"Who?" demanded Grace.

"Another passenger, miss, who, I take it, has got some friends in the Highlands, and has no mind to travel southwards to get to them. The poor lad, they say, has been as hard pressed for a resting-place as a flying-fish,

which, in my opinion, is a cursed shame—I ask your pardon, miss, and yours also, miss (touching his hat to each); but I say it is a burning shame when a man is crushed down to the earth, and has nothing left him but a battered hull, every stick being blown away, and all his crew sent to hell, that he may not retire quietly to some distant harbour and die in peace. I know one that would not serve his bitterest enemy so—nor, for that matter, would our captain there, Duncan M'Leary; and so he has agreed to put the youngster across for a mere trifle."

"Who is he?" asked the Scottish pastor.

The mate looked keenly at him before he replied, and then made answer: "Why, they say on shore yonder that he is an exile; but from where, and for what cause, matters nothing to Nicholas Braceyard. He has been living in this part of Norway for the last six weeks, and does not seem to have a friend in the world, nor a follower either; and so, like me, he stands alone. This is too far north to suit southern blood, which, perhaps, is one reason for his leaving it."

The boat which conveyed the exile was alongside. He slowly ascended the deck, and one of the boatmen brought after him a small portmanteau containing his wardrobe. He was a young man, apparently five or six-and-twenty. His height was upwards of six feet, his figure stately and erect, and his countenance and deportment noble and dignified. His principal garment was a black cloak lined with sables.

"Please you, sir," said the old mariner, stroking down his hair, whilst the rest of the crew were all grouped round the foremast watching the effect of the embassage, "the men respectfully hope you will put off sailing till to-morrow. The Island Lass never did sail upon a Friday, and no good can come of it. Donald Beg, the Skye-man, has had a vision, and he says"—

"Curse you all," interrupted the rough captain, fiercely, "and doubly d—n Donald Beg; I will have the rascal put in irons if he sees any more visions. Curse you all, I say," he continued, loud enough for the whole crew to hear him, "for a set of cowardly lubbers; if you have a mind

to desert me and the vessel, go ashore with you and be hanged. Have we not been kept here by the wind for a week, and is there not a good land-breeze at last, and do you think I will wait here till it changes again? In the bracing of a yard, as it were, we shall reach the Orkneys, and then you may grumble as much as you like; but now hoist away and be damned."

The men looked at each other with lowering faces, and muttering inarticulately, like the sullen moan of a rising storm, they dispersed to seek their respective duties.

The waning sun was shining over the waters as the Island Lass stood away towards the west. The rugged mountains of Norland were fast softening in distance; and though the breeze was not of that steady character which sailors like, the good vessel continued to make rapid progress through the deep. The exile leant against the mainmast, with his eyes fixed upon the deck, and seemed wrapped in sorrowful contemplation. The mate paced to and fro with folded arms, and occasionally cast his look to windward, whilst a gleam of dissatisfaction and anxiety would pervade his countenance. As for Captain M'Leary, he had been for some time in his cabin, engaged with the steward discussing a bottle of brandy. But the most interesting group was the family of the pastor. They were seated upon a bench near the steersman; the old man between his daughters, like winter between autumn and spring. At a little distance stood Donald Brae, their aged attendant, who was chiefly occupied in admiring the easy air and gallant bearing of Mr. Braceyard, the mate, as he carelessly stepped the lee side of the deck. But Donald Brae did not forget the presence of his master and the young ladies, and was ever ready to assist in adjusting the cloak, or shifting the position of the seat, and offering other little services as occasion required. The countenances of all four were frequently lighted up with pleasure as the prospect of again reaching home occupied their thoughts and conversation; and occasionally, too, the features of the young ladies would sadden with sympathy as they looked upon the melancholy figure of the stranger, and reflected that he perhaps had no home

to welcome him, and no expecting friend or relative to cheer and comfort him; for they were of a sex and mould to think that comfort is afforded by sympathy, and that half of our own sorrows may be lightened by the knowledge that a friend is correspondingly afflicted.

"Donald Brae," said his master to that faithful servant, "take forth thy fife and play to us some of thy simple mountain airs; but let it not be light and lively." And he added, turning to his daughters, "The majesty of the ocean, the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, suit not gay and trifling strains. You, Ellenore, seem unusually saddened; I too feel, more than is my wont, oppressed with an indescribable awe."

"There is," said Ellenore, "an unusual heaviness in the air; and though the wind blows, it is by gusts and fits. I certainly do feel somewhat melancholy, and Donald's pipe will do us all good."

Donald Brae had now tuned his flageolet; and after a short time spent in reflecting upon the most appropriate strain, struck up with a long, melancholy funeral wail of a highland clan. As the last notes died upon the ear, Grace Macfarlane sighed deeply, and the whole group were equally dispirited.

"Come, Donald," said the old gentleman at last, "this will never do—give us something more cheering. But suppose, Grace, you entertain us with a song."

Grace hesitated for some time; she could think of none that harmonised with her present feelings; and upon her father renewing his request she began a hymn. The attendant soon caught the tune, and chimed in with his flageolet. The sweet voice of the singer caught the ear of the exile, and roused him for a moment from his stupor—but it was only for a moment. He sighed, and changed his position to the farther side of the mast against which he was leaning.

"Ellenore," said her father, when Grace had ceased, "do you try what you can do; but let your song be neither a funeral dirge, a hymn, nor a psalm."

The dark beauty obeyed. She chose a song that had been composed by a rough poet of her own native isle; and which appeared to be familiar also to

Donald Brae, since he immediately gave the wild accompaniment : but its chief charm was in the glowing animation of the singer, and in the richness and sweetness of her voice. Thus she sang :

THE SEA.

Welcome ! welcome ! ye mountains blue,
That rise above the main !
My stormy spirit leaps to view
Your cloud-capped heads again.

Welcome ! welcome ! thou thunder-cloud,
Careering in thy pride !
My spirit quits its clay-built shroud,
And flashes by thy side.

But welcome most thou foaming sea !
With spirit wild as mine ;
My soul, if drooping, melts in thee,
Or, soaring, blends in thine.

Thou hast a charm when sunset glowing
Has tinged thy breast with red—
And lingering Evening stays, bestowing
A smile upon thy bed.

Thou hast a charm when Darkness flings
Her shadow o'er thy might ;
And each glad wave, low murmuring, sings
Its welcome-hymn to-night ;—

When Earth lies hushed within her shroud,
And thou, with ceaseless moan,
Hold'st converse with the night-wind
loud,
Or keep'st thy watch alone.

Thou hast a charm when tempests roar,
And thunders rock the deep—
When mountain billows whelm the shore,
And whirlwinds o'er thee sweep—

When heaven is black, and hoarse blasts
rattle,
And lightnings mock thy gloom,
And white waves, leaping, crash in battle,
And reel into their tomb—

Then laughs the soul to twine with thee,
And revels in thy form ;
For oh ! thou art, majestic sea !
Magnificent in storm.

There was a pause. The excitement which had been kindled by the animation of the singer gradually subsided without a word being spoken ; and all were relapsing into thoughtfulness, when a deep sigh aroused their attention. It proceeded from the stranger, who during the song had emerged from his post, and stood with his eyes riveted upon the glowing features of Ellenore. He now turned away, and strode across the deck.

It is night—glorious night ! Her zone, studded with a million gems, is reflected in the calm waters. Not a breath of wind disturbs the tranquillity of the deep ; the idle sails hang loosely from the yards, and the long pennant droops beside the mast. Beautiful night !—beautiful on land, where a thousand objects give life to the scene and companionship to the beholder ; but most beautiful when, stationary on the broad bosom of the ocean, he looks over the glittering plain, lighted by the pale moon and ten thousand thousand rival stars, and far as the dark horizon, every way, he can find no tabernacle but his own, no wanderer but himself—when there is not a human form, and nothing made by human skill, beyond the narrow walls within which he stands. How the eye rejoices to dwell upon the thin tapering spars, to run along the indistinct yards, and to follow the almost invisible tracery of the cordage ! From these it mounts up to the clear unclouded heaven ; and though the eye pauses there, the mind, untired, strives to pierce into its depths. Reason struggles to keep pace with imagination. The soul is expanded with the greatness of that it contemplates, and pours forth all its riches, and searches into things that baffle but cannot repress its scrutiny, and dives through the vastness of creation, and bows before the footstool of the Creator—and returns to its clay, depressed, and humbled, and lone.

Hark ! that low moaning sound aloft—it is the breeze sighing through the cordage, sure forerunner of a gale. And now there comes from the south a small black cloud, whose edge is fringed with silver. And now the whole horizon is thick with heavy clouds that throng after their messenger. The wind comes cold and keen ; and far a-head, stretching away into the darkness, runs a line of foam, that approaches with the rapidity of a race-horse. Put the ship about—in with every shred of canvass—and prepare to scud before the gale !

It is an awful suspense to watch the storm approach, while every moment brings it nigher,—to wait for the shock which you can only abide ; and the bravest holds his breath “for a time,” when the furious tempest strikes the poor ship, and sends her reeling beneath the wave, to emerge again, covered with foam, and trembling through all her timbers. And now she yields

to the irresistible storm, and, without a sail set, ploughs her rapid passage through the seas, while the spray flashes above and around her in water-falls.

The hurricane raged furiously; the thunder roared and the lightning flashed without intermission; and the ocean boiled around the good ship like a hell! There were also all the other ingredients (if any) for a storm, which have been so often mixed together by all manner of writers, that to re-jumble them now would be superfluous. Let it, however, be known that *this* storm was as furious as any that ever raged over the Bay of Biscay or the foolscap of an author. The *Island Lass*, close-reefed, scudded before the wind in a direction exactly contrary to that it was intended she should pursue. Sea after sea continued to strike her heavily; and, though she paused and trembled for a moment after every shock, yet she always resumed her career without having received any material damage. Captain M'Leary had done his duty like a man and a sailor, and he now stood with his mate beside the wheel, anxiously watching how his vessel bore herself beneath her trials. The pastor and his daughters were gone below, and had been for some time engaged in earnest supplication to Him who alone could still the tempest and direct their course. Human weakness would occasionally burst forth in the tears of the younger girl; but, else, the fervour of their piety, the devoutness of their resignation, and the purity of their previous lives, lent calmness in this trying hour to the whole group. The exile remained upon deck: he stood partly sheltered by the mast from the waves which dashed over the vessel; his eye looked prouder as the storm waxed more boisterous; he even seemed to rejoice in the warring of the elements, and over his countenance passed a smile of scorn and triumph as a mountainous wave swept over the ship, and, carrying away with it the long-boat and a considerable portion of the bulwarks, threatened to annihilate the entire fabric upon which he stood. His whole air was a strange contrast to the resigned and heavenly-minded beings who knelt beneath him. They yielded to their fate without repining; but he neither yielded nor repined; he defied his fate. He seemed

to say to the billows, "Come on, and do your worst! I am already a wretch; what can you make me more? I court the death you threaten me with. I have said that I would die in battle when cannon roared, and men shouted, and bayonets clashed. This is as well. My soul is up, my nerves are braced, my foot is firm! I have scorned death a hundred times by land, and I scorn him now by sea! Gallant wave! you have cleared a passage there, but you have not reached me yet! I stand still—I await you—I defy you;—come on!" Thus he raved; and the louder the winds blew the wilder waxed his enthusiasm.

In the forecabin stood a group of seamen, holding on as they might, and dripping with spray like water-fowl, and heeding it as little. They managed to pitch their voices so as to be heard by one another, in spite of the loudness of the gale. Among them was Donald Beg, the Skye-man, who for the tenth time narrated his vision, and informed his wondering auditors that its accomplishment was being gradually fulfilled. Thus he went on,—“And when she struck I saw the tall fellow yonder—if so he be,—I say that I saw him stamp with his foot upon the deck, and she crumbled into pieces like a rotten biscuit. Ay, and when I thought myself in the water, and cast my eyes upwards in the last twinkle, I could see him flying away through the air like the old witch Noreen Maldroukit, as they say; and his laugh rang in my ears louder than a broadside.”

“Who was it that you saw,—was it the old or the young one?” asked the old sailor who had previously acted as ambassador, and who was usually distinguished by the title of boatswain,—he having once served in that capacity on board a man-of-war.

“The young one, to be sure,” replied the seer, “he in the furred cloak; he is standing somewhere aft. Hell! what a flash! There you may see him now, tossing his arms about like the jib-sail when it has shot the bolt-ropes, and grinning like Satan over a frying soul. God forgive us all, say I I'll tell you what, my mates,” he continued, after a pause, during which his hearers were sunk in consternation, “it's not good talking of these matters in a night like this; but one may as well speak out at once as

only remained to flit across his course and for a moment intercept his rays. All was serenity and peace; the waves obeyed the general charm, and lazily heaved over the broad plain, and sank again into the depths of the sea without being scattered into foam. The Island Lass still idly drifted in a northerly direction, and afforded the only trace of the late furious gale. One by one her crew appeared upon deck, and, with hope rebuoyed, stood prepared to execute any command that might be issued, for the purpose of putting the ship once more in sailing trim. Upon deck, too, having partaken of a hasty morning meal, again stood the Scottish pastor and his lovely daughters; hope and gratitude were beaming in their pale features and glistening eyes, and they looked up to heaven and poured forth their silent thanks to Him who had protected them through the great peril of the tempest. Beside them stood Donald Brae, who imitated their actions and shared in their devotion. At a little distance, and apart from all, was the exile; stern, gloomy, and wrapped in the contemplation of his own private sorrows. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but the heart is often too full to speak. No words can paint the harmony and satisfaction that reign within; the softness of the thoughts cannot be expressed by the most soothing sounds, any more than can the tranquil and regular features of a beautiful woman receive justice from the more skilful artist; and language appears doubly harsh and dissonant when we endeavour to communicate the emotions that are melting us into gratitude and love.

The minister and his daughters could only make known to each other, by the silent pressure of the hand, those feelings that elevated them above the condition of mere humanity, and carried their souls into the presence of their Creator. Not such were the thoughts of the exile. He had never been taught to lift up his heart on high; his whole soul had dwelt upon the cause of his country, and when she sank his every hope was crushed. He had had no time for love, his heart was devoted to one object only; his relatives, his followers, were all annihilated or consigned to hopeless captivity, and there was not one in the wide world who had a feeling for him, or for whom

he felt himself an interest. He was alone; and now in the reaction after excitement he experienced a depression and gloom that never, in his gloomiest moments before, had bent him down so heavily. He looked not up in thankfulness and gratitude; he only felt that, if he had perished, there was not one who would have mourned him: and now that he is saved, who will rejoice? He covered his face with his mantle, and groaned aloud. Then, ashamed of his weakness, he looked up haughtily, cast a stern glance around, and strode across the deck: he descended to the cabin, and called for his breakfast.

[To say a word of myself, and that modestly, I resemble Euripides rather than Sophocles—I paint men such as they are, not such as they ought to be; nor, perhaps, such as some would wish to have them represented.]

As the morning mist rolled back into the distance, several small islands were discovered a-head. And now the breeze, which had been long flagging, lulled into a calm; and soon a low continual hum, like that of an army of bees, which seemed to rise out of the stilled ocean, became audible to every ear. The mate, who was giving orders for the erection of a jury-mast, paused as he caught the sound, and bent forward his head in the attitude of strained attention. The boatswain stood still, with one hand half-upraised, whilst his countenance darkened with dismay that was not often to be seen upon his rugged features. Not a word was spoken; every one held his breath, whilst he listened with an intensity of eagerness that betokened the awe that was fast filling his heart. The sailors looked upon each other, and then upon the forlorn and helpless state of their ship; and a flash of wildness seemed to run from face to face.

"My God!" at length cried the boatswain, at the same time making two strides towards the spot where stood Mr. Braceyard,—“it is the Moskoestrom!”

The charm was broken. “The Moskoestrom! the Moskoestrom!” cried Ellenore and Grace. “The Moskoestrom!” echoed all the crew.

“Away, men!” shouted Braceyard, in a voice like a thunderclap, “down to the hold! Bring up the spare sails, clear the deck, set up a spar for a mast—away!”

Away jumped the men in every direction; some fetched the sail, some prepared to rig the spar, and the carpenter laboured more strenuously than he had ever laboured before, to prepare a hole in the deck to receive it. None were unemployed save the exile, the pastor and his daughters, and the captain, who stood helplessly looking on, with a surprised and vacant countenance, that shewed he had not recovered his faculties since his midnight stupefaction. One of the most willing to be useful, but the most useless of all, was Donald Brae: he ran about the deck, first to one spot and then to another, not knowing how to employ himself; and pushed the men about, and called to them to exert themselves, and sometimes strove to set them an example. He would snatch the hammer from a man whose arms were already working with the perseverance of a steam-engine, and begin hammering away himself with the fury of a madman; and when the instrument was wrenched from his grasp, and he was sent reeling about his business, he would steer across to another busy workman, and urge him to hasten his pace: and if he failed to comply, he was sure to have the heavy fist of Donald applied to his back with remorseless energy. In short, Donald Brae experienced all that agony of feeling which is sometimes piercing enough to drive a man to frenzy, when he is obliged to stand passively by without being able to make any exertion to save himself from the fate that momentarily draws towards him; when, though unable to display more activity himself, he is continually feeling that those about him fail to exert the fullness of energy that their desperate position requires. The venerable minister stood in the after-part of the vessel; his eldest daughter hung upon one of his arms, while the other was folded round the tottering form of Grace. All three were intently watching the movements of the sailors. As for the unsociable exile, he stood, as usual, a short space apart, whilst his eye wandered from group to group with a strange expression of apathy and scorn.

The din of preparation drowned the stern hum of the distant whirlpool, and an hour passed away before the apparent confusion on deck once more died into silence. There was, however, an

anxious pause when the new sail was stretched into the air; and the experienced sailors suffered themselves to be cheated with the hope that there was still breeze enough to make the good ship answer to her helm. But, alas! the heavy canvass refused to expand its folds; and not a breath of wind ruffled the dull surface of the sullen waters. They had not another hope; both the boats had been washed overboard during the storm. The sailors looked upon each other in blank dismay; and now they heard with awful distinctness the roar of the terrible Maelstrom, and the frowning rocks of Lofoden were but too plainly visible on the right. It became evident to all that the ship, borne along by the tide, was fast approaching the dreadful whirlpool. Whilst they stood thus looking upon one another in mute horror, a large Newfoundland dog of the captain suddenly set up a wild, dismal howl, that pierced through the hearts of the hearers; and the animal ran yelping about the deck, with his tail between his legs, in a manner that plainly evinced his desire to escape from the fated vessel. Grace Macfarlane sank upon the deck in speechless agony, and her sister knelt beside her with a bursting heart. The old man prayed aloud in the extremity of woe.

And now the roar of the Maelstrom waxed louder. There arose a wild cry from the fore-castle; it came from the Skyeman, Donald Beg. "I knew it! I knew it!" he shrieked. "There is the very mountain—there the very rock which I saw, which I told you of! Oh, the accursed Friday! oh, the damned, damned captain!"

Louder than the "alala" of the charging Greeks, wilder than the war-scream of the savage Mohawk, was the yell of the answering seamen. With one impulse they rushed in a body towards the poop of the vessel, and before the ill-fated captain was aware of their design, he was in the power of his infuriated crew. Only one man attempted his rescue: it was the exile. He sprang across the deck, and felled with a blow of his fist the most forward of the assailants; but in a moment he was surrounded, and held fast. It was now all over with Captain M'Leary; he was hurried to the ship's side, and, without a moment allowed for preparation, with all his many crimes unatoned for and unrepented of, he was

hurled, struggling, screaming, and blaspheming, into the sullen depths of the insatiable sea. He had but one friend in the world—(the most unamiable have the power of attaching to them the gratitude of a brute)—and this friend was his dog. He did not desert his master in his last moments, but, leaping from the deck, swam to him; and, seizing him by the collar of his jacket, endeavoured to pull him towards the vessel. For a long time they struggled together with the billows and death, but at last the arms of the sailor were thrown wildly for a moment in the air, and grasping his poor companion round the neck, they both together, with “bubbling groan,” sank down, down, into the fathomless abyss.

The attention of the sailors was next turned to the exile: he stood calm, scornful, collected, and unresisting. “Over with him! over with him!” was the general cry; but it produced no effect upon the demeanour of the young man. His cheek did not blush, nor his eyelid quiver, at the prospect of death, which seemed now but a step from him. He felt and looked superior to all around him, and defied the worst that enemies so despised could inflict. The seamen were somewhat checked by the passiveness of his bearing; they wished for resistance, that they might lash themselves into fury—for men love to beguile themselves with the hope that they shall be forgiven when acting under the influence of passion for deeds which, in other moments, they would shrink from. They were not therefore sorry, perhaps, when Ellenore Macfarlane, with clasped hands and glistening looks, rushed into the midst of them.

“What do you do?” she said; “wicked and desperate men, what do you do? Have you no thought for eternity? are you so free from crime that you have no fear for death? Think what you are about; a few moments, and we shall all be no more—a few moments, and we shall all have to give an account for what we have done and are to do. Oh, let not the blood of this stranger be upon your hands! You can but send him from existence a few minutes before he will be summoned without your instrumentality. Think what you do! Come with me; lament and weep for the wicked deed you have done, and for that you have intended: come with me, and pray.

My father shall pray with us—he will pray for us. Come with me.”

She took the stranger by the arm, and disengaged him from those who pressed round him, and led him unopposed to the side of her father. The sailors looked after her, and some wished to follow; but the murder they had so recently committed pressed upon their minds, and none dared to pray. They therefore walked away to the fore-part of the ship.

The vessel continued slowly to approach the vortex, and the certainty of unavoidable death became every moment more overpowering and intense. “Great God!” cried the pastor, “hast thou preserved us through the tempest to destroy us now? Have we survived the fury of the winds, to perish in the still calm? Is there no hope—are there no means of safety? Oh, look down in pity upon these innocents! but if their hour is come, thy heavenly will be done!”

The certainty of approaching death acted strangely upon the majority of the sailors. At first they had stood together in a group, gazing gloomily upon one another; but as the roar of the whirlpool became louder and louder, and the conviction of inevitable destruction became stronger, they all dispersed to various parts of the ship. Some went aside, and seemed engaged in earnest prayer; some hung down their heads, and, seated upon the deck, appeared sunk in dejection; and some went below and broke open the storeroom, and drank madly of the spirits which they found. Then, rushing again furiously on deck, they raged about like emancipated demons; they flung overboard the poor substitute for a mast and sail, and shouted, yelled, and laughed and danced in hideous glee. But they could not drive away the knowledge that their end was at hand, and in a moment the thought would sweep across their minds, blasting their maniacal revelry like the breath of the Simoom. Then they would stand still in the midst of their furious mirth, and weep, and wail, and beat their breasts in agony; and some would rush into the arms of their nearest comrade, and as instantly quit his embrace, as affording no consolation. And some would throw themselves upon the deck, and writhe and roll about in the ecstasy of despair.

It is a fearful thing to behold a man in the extremity of woe, when the searing-iron bath entered deeply into his soul, and all his agonising throes cannot thrust it out. Then there is no companionship in grief; the sight of another's distress cannot lessen the sense of his own overwhelming misery. Of all the ship's company, the mate and the boatswain alone behaved like men. The former seated himself with folded arms upon the stump of the mainmast, and with a resigned countenance watched the progress of the ship as she floated on to destruction. He probably saw that his authority was gone, and therefore made no attempt to bring the crew to order. He was imitated in all his actions by the bluff boatswain, who looked up to Mr. Braceyard as a finished model of a sailor, and was now seated upon the capstan, from whence he anxiously observed every movement of his prototype.

It was a beautiful day. The sun shone forth without a cloud to dim his lustre, the waves sparkled beneath his influence, and the white plumage of a thousand busy sea-birds became more dazzling with his rays. All nature seemed rejoicing. The isle of Moskoe was close at hand, and looked cheerful and inviting; but the Island Lass might not approach any nearer to its shores: the stream which bore her along never suffered any vessel to pause in its career.

"O God!" cried Ellenore Macfarlane, standing up by the side of her half-inanimate sister, "is this horrible thought a dream? Are we really doomed to die, without the possibility of assistance? How calm are the waters! how smiling, how tranquil the heavens! Surely death cannot reign over this beautiful scene! To have met him in the tempest would have been but a trifling shock; to have been borne down by the fury of his ministers, the winds and the thunder and the lightning, would have been no more than we expected, and we would not have repined at the blow; but now, in the glorious loveliness and beautiful serenity of day, when all nature is smiling and at peace, to meet him is unnatural, and seems almost impossible. In what can he dwell? In the sunbeam that cherishes and smiles upon us? In the breeze that

scarcely fans us with his breath? Ah, no! Peaceful and treacherous waters! you are hurrying us away to our doom. Gracious Heaven!" she continued, with rapidity, "are there no means of safety? Can no oars be constructed, no raft be made? Tame-spirited, cowardly race! can ye attempt nothing for your lives, for the life of this beautiful creature, who is going down to the grave unconscious of her peril?"

"Silence, Ellenore!" interrupted her parent, sternly; "is this becoming? is this worthy of you—of a daughter of our house? I mean, is it worthy of your piety and your vaunted resignation? To brave death in the moment of excitement, is but the drunken valour of an enthusiast; the duty of a Christian is to bow before him unrepiningly, in whatever shape he may come. Pray, my daughter; pray earnestly that you do not die in your present temper. Man cannot save us; in the hand of the Almighty alone is our fortune. Think not, then, any more of life; the world is no longer for us—it is fast passing away from our view. It is not so hard to die: a moment—and we shall live for ever! The heavens are opening, the glorious majesty of the Lord is shining upon us; his angels are ready to receive us. Therefore be ye not cast down, my spotless children, but lift up your hearts and rejoice."

The pastor drew his beloved daughter to his bosom, and they knelt down and mingled their tears and their prayers. The exile stood a spectator of this scene, and a suffocating sob struggled upwards from his breast.

It is an awful thing to see the soul torn from its tenement when the pulses are in full vigour, and not a symptom of decay has made its appearance in the frame—when the body is not even exhausted by a struggle. It is an awful thing to die when the life-blood is in full glow, and when all around seems to invite the soul to stay—when Nature has put on her most winning attire, and the loveliness of a whole season seems concentrated in a day. Perhaps it is that Nature appears unusually lovely when we take our last look of her. Every charm flashes upon the eye in a moment, and beauties scarce noted through a life are visible then. The mind, it is true, does not dwell upon any thing, although it catches a ray from all; it

hurries wildly from object to object, and knows not where to rest, until at last it settles upon the only rock of refuge, and fastens its whole energies upon its Saviour. Some have said that, in circumstances like that I relate, the hours dwindle into minutes; but I say that moments expand into hours, and every hour appears an age. Thoughts, which at other times we could not by any effort bring within the compass of the mind, now crowd spontaneously in volumes, and are compressed into instants. Records of the past, for years forgotten, are awakened in this moment, and are shewn to the reluctant memory by a flash of intellectual lightning. The forms we loved, the crimes we have committed, the friends we have forgotten—all that is dear to us upon earth, all that we regret to leave, and never more may behold,—at once rush upon the fancy, and assert the vast comprehension of thought, and prove the truth that memory shall never die. What a terrific brilliancy does the mind possess, when, with its expiring light, it flames over a past life, and brings objects to view that we fairly hoped were for ever lost in forgetfulness and gloom! These are moments that scorch the soul, and the most innocent trembles as he beholds: let none think that these moments pass with rapidity.

When a man is in the act of drowning, a mass of unconnected, half-formed thoughts gush across his expiring fancy; but here the faculties are enfeebled, the body is exhausted with the last efforts to prolong existence, and the mind, sinking into obscurity, has lost its highest vividness and brilliancy. It is otherwise when the faculties are in their full power. I can imagine no intensity of crowding thoughts so excessive as in the case of a wretch condemned to death under the ancient guillotine; when he lay upon his back, with his eyes fixed upon the overhanging blade, and watched it slowly approach with a zigzag, irregular descent, until it came within a few inches of his face, and then grazed his chin, and then, with another hitch, sawed off his head.

Have his last moments passed with rapidity? Alas, no! The blade seemed an age in descending; and, in the interval, ten thousand voiceless and agonising thoughts convulsed his soul. It might be, that some such thoughts

passed through the heart of the exile when he felt the certainty of approaching death: he paced the deck with hurried and irregular steps for some minutes, and then, recollecting himself, and his pride coming to his aid, he stopped short, and looked around scornfully. Poor fellow! his was the weakness of many a noble mind—to be regardless of the opinion of those whom it despises. This, too, has enabled many a wretch to strut along the scaffold to the gallows with firmness and composure.

It may, perhaps, seem surprising that the exile, who had looked upon death without a shudder in the fury of the storm and the madness of the sailors, should now be at all moved by the sight of him. But in those cases, though the danger was imminent, it was not *certain* that death would ensue. Hope still clings to a man (even when unrecognised by him), under the most desperate circumstances. He has been so long used to one existence, and knows nothing of another, that he can scarcely be impressed with the conviction that he is about to undergo a change.

It is but seldom that Hope is utterly excluded, yet there are times when every avenue is shut against her—when the victim is enclosed as in a net, and forced to feel that there is not left the possibility of escape. So felt all on board the *Island Lass*.

The vessel was now within the influence of the whirlpool, and glided along to her destiny. Some of the sailors lay rolling upon the deck, gasping in despair; some ran raging about in delirious fear, begging and entreating their comrades to assist them in destroying themselves; and one, wholly unable to bear this extended death, went raving mad. This unhappy wretch jumped overboard, and was immediately followed by two of his companions, eager to meet the death they had not courage to await. Their example would perhaps have been imitated by more of the survivors, had they not been deterred by witnessing the struggles of these devotees to preserve the life they had been so anxious to bring to a conclusion. They strove wildly to reach again the ship they had forsaken, and called to their comrades, in piercing accents of despair, to throw them out a rope or a plank; and prayed them by Him, into whose presence

they were summoned, to render assistance. They were listened to with horror, but no effort was made to aid them, and, one after another, they sank.

The ship glided along. The mate, who was seated upon the stump of the mast, looked to the neighbouring coast of Lofoden. Upon the shore, beneath the mountain of Helseggen, stood a group of people, watching the doom of the helpless vessel. "Ay, you may look!" cried Braceyard, aloud; "you will see us go down in a few minutes, but there will not be much of us left for your picking: the old shaver here takes care to crack his nuts pretty well—he does not leave much of the kernel."

The old boatswain, as he sat upon the capstan, caught the sound of his superior's voice, and felt encouraged to set up his own pipe in reply.

"I say, Mr. Braceyard!" he shouted, "I hope you take notice that I have had nothing to do with this wild work of the men. I have sat here for the last hour, though you have not brought your eye to bear upon my anchorage. I would have hailed you when they threw over the jury-mast, but I thought you did not want to see it, so I lay to with my clapper. I say, how long will it be before we go under?"

"Tom Whistle!" replied the other, "I know you to be a true sailor, and if ever I am called upon to report, I will give you a good word. But now, man, we must get ready to make a clean run into the next world; and so we must not encumber ourselves, d'ye see, with much lingo. A brave man, Tom, dies in silence; and so, good-by. We have, mayhap, five minutes more for the enjoyment of life—ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho! good-by, Master Braceyard! You shall see me go to pieces like a man. I say, Mr. Braceyard! arn't you sorry for them two poor creatures, there?"

"Silence, man, and be d—d! I God forgive me! I will speak no more."

And now there arose at some distance a-head of the vessel a horrible and dismal bellowing, or howling, as of some leviathan in his agony; and when those on deck who still had ears for exterior sounds looked forward to ascertain its cause, they beheld a huge black monster upon the surface of the sea, struggling against the irresistible

stream; and with his immense tail lashing the waters into foam, as he vainly strove to escape from destruction. They beheld him borne away by the might of his furious enemy, and they heard his last roar above the noise of the whirlpool as he was sucked down into the never-satisfied abyss, and disappeared from their eyes to be torn to atoms. For such is the fate of every thing that seeks the depths of the Maelstrom.

A large white bird came from the isle of Ambaarem; it flew on heavy pinions to the unlucky ship, and sailed leisurely over it within a few feet of the deck. It seemed to regard those on board with a compassionate and melancholy eye; but *they* fancied it was only selecting its victims, and shuddered.

"O Grace! O my beloved sister! look not up; open not your eyes. This is not a time to awaken; this is not a moment to cast aside forgetfulness. There, lay your head in my lap: sleep on, my sweetest! Indeed, sir—indeed, my father, I *can* support her: I *must*. Let us die in each other's arms; let us not be parted in such a moment as this. There! she sleeps again; how beautifully serene! she does not know our condition. Have we much longer to live, sir? I hope not; for I cannot bear this long. I am ashamed of my weakness. Indeed, indeed I will be calm, and very patient, if you will but let me hold her head. For God's sake do not separate us—do not take her from me! Yes, yes, I do! I am thinking upon God; my hope is in my Saviour; on Him alone I think. Just look how sweetly she smiles! O, smile on, and never more awaken! Terrible thought! Will she awaken, do you think, at the last?" And then the poor girl prayed earnestly for the acceptance of the souls of them all.

The ship glided on to her destiny. So calm, so peaceful, so beautiful was all around, that it was almost impossible to conceive that death was any where within reach. There was a lad on board, who had for some time remained sitting on the deck weeping. He now got up, and came to the boatswain.

"I cannot believe," he said, "that we are all going to die. Surely, surely it cannot be. A few hours ago—and how merry we were, dancing with those

light-hearted girls on shore! I felt that I had life in me enough for fifty years; and when the storm raged so furiously, and the water rushed into the hold like a torrent, I knew that we should weather the gale and stop the leak: for I felt that I was not about to die. Besides, how short a time is it since we all rejoiced at the rising sun, and felt as gay and lively as young lambs! and what has happened since to bring death upon us? Surely, the ship will sail over yonder rough water; I do not see a rock to split against. Surely, surely we are not all going to die!"

The boatswain twitched his harsh features into an expression of pity and contempt, as he replied, "Why, hark ye, my lad! you may believe it or not, just as you please. It's hard enough, to be sure, for a youngster, who is just beginning life, to be cut down in the bud before he knows what it is to be beaten about in the world; but, as sure as I sit here, in five minutes there will not be two planks of this vessel left together. But cheer up, my man! keep a calm sough: it is but drinking a quart of salt water at last. And if you want to see a man die as a man should, why, stick close to me; I shall set you a better example than yon snivelling parson and them faint-hearted swabs, who are bellacking there on their knees. Mind ye, I don't say a word again' the ladies; it is but natural in them. Wipe your eyes, man, and stand still. She begins to pitch! we are getting on the troubled water."

The exile stood at the poop; he did not join the group of sailors who had gathered round the pastor, and were engaged in earnest prayer. He scarcely observed them, but was entirely occupied with his own dark thoughts; and many were pressing on his mind. He thought of his past life and the high part he had acted on the stage of the world, and contrasted the brilliancy of his brief career with the obscurity of his end. That end was to baffle the curiosity of the world. Some kind admirers, no doubt, would strive to ascertain what had been his fate; and when that could never be learnt, the malignity of his enemies would not fail to darken his memory with every opprobrious reproach. They would say that, unable to bear up against his misfortunes, he had with his own hand terminated his existence.

He longed to live to assure them of his scorn, and to tell them in their teeth that they lied. He thought of his country. In his darkest hours he had cherished the hope, that the day of revenge and of triumph was still to come—that he was yet to be the liberator of an enslaved and heart-broken people: but now he knew that it would never be; and when he was gone, he felt that scarcely another disinterested patriot would be left.

He thought, too, of his approaching death, and of a future existence; but this he could not bear to dwell upon. He was resolved not to believe that man should live hereafter. He pushed the thought from him, and returned to the contemplation of the past.

His heart was dark as a sepulchre, unlighted by a single beam. The past afforded no consolation, the future no hope: each was black as the present. His soul was withered within him; yet he did not mourn, nor repine, nor repent. He stood hopeless, rayless, fearless—an oak in the wilderness, blasted and blackened by lightning, but still firmly rooted, unyielding, and unbent. Terrible temper of mind for pitiful man, that does not elevate him to a god, though it makes him despise the ills of humanity, but lowers him to a devil!

And there he stood, waiting with horrid calmness for the moment that was to summon him away he knew not whither—and cared not.

The ship glided along—faster and faster; she began to toss and roll uneasily in the angry rapids that now boiled around her: her race was nearly run. The prolonged suspense was intolerable. A pen of fire could not paint the agony that seared the souls of many of the wretched sailors; they had wound up endurance to a certain time, and when it came and brought no change to their circumstances they could hold out no longer. Their fortitude had been wrought up to its highest pitch, and now it entirely gave way. Some gave vent to their anguish in loud and dismal yells; some stood with open mouth and fixed eyes, gazing upon the hell of waters before them, whilst cold drops of sweat started from their face and brow. The bravest and coolest could only breathe by gasps; and the bitterness of death, though in different degrees, was in the heart of all. Terrible, terrible mo-

ment! The ship hurried on to her doom with mad impetuosity.

The exile stood at the poop, with his eyes fixed upon a small black cloud that hovered in the sky above them. The mate still sat upon the stump of the mast, his lips compressed and his look bent upon the deck. The stout old boatswain also retained his seat, and watched with fixed attention the bearing of Braceyard. As for the others, they were still occupied as when I last spoke of them. Grace Macfarlane lay in happy unconsciousness, and her sister still knelt beside her, supporting her in her arms. The old man continued to pray aloud, and was joined by many of the crew; the others, as I have said, were raving maniacs or senseless statues.

Strange weakness! that we should be compelled to create our own misery, —when Heaven and worldly misfortune do not press us to extremity, that we should be the authors of our own wretchedness! In itself, most probably, death is a trifling evil; perhaps not nearly so severe as many of the maladies that we endure without shrinking; it is the hell of thoughts within us that convulses us with anguish. No evil is so terrible to bear as the expectation of evil. In our moments of deepest misery we are most racked by the thought that there is a blacker moment yet to come. However severe may be our present suffering, we feel that it is not beyond our strength, because we *do* endure it; but the excess of our present pain heightens our terror of that which is to come, and the thought that we *are* to endure something more than what we now sustain is indeed terrible. The extent of our present misery, too, is determined by the nearness of the evil we dread; a week, a day, an hour, a minute hence, fast as it approaches, it becomes at every step more gigantic and overwhelming. But it is only in its approach that it is so horrible; it arrives, and we are not, as we expected to be, crushed and annihilated, but are capable still of enduring something more; that something we again dread, and in these unceasing shadows consists the chief bitterness of life. In death itself, though men so tremble at and shrink from the contemplation of him, we may continually hear the parting spirit con-

fess, that “ ’tis not so very difficult to die.”

“What has happened? Where am I? O sister! O Ellenore! I have had so horrible a dream! I dreamt—ah, it is, then, no dream! We are in the fated ship! we are in the jaws of death! O Father of Heaven, save us—save us! Mercy—mercy!” She had awakened from her lethargy; she stood up, and tossed her arms wildly in the air, and swooned away.

The ship is in the rapids! she hurries along swift as a flash of light. She is in the whirl of waters! round, round, round she goes; her inmates catch hold of her bulwarks and of each other to steady themselves. And now her bowsprit is under the waves, and a wild shriek of despair rises into the sky! The whirlpool with greedy jaws is sucking her under! Donald Beg, the seer, and several others leaped headlong into the flood. The boatswain, still seated upon the capstan, with his eyes fixed upon the mate, took off his hat and waved it for an instant in the air as the waters rushed over him. The mate went down at his post with his arms folded and his teeth firmly compressed. As the waves rushed up the deck Donald Brae sprang to the side of his young mistress Ellenore, and strove instinctively to protect her from their fury. She looked wildly up to Heaven, but did not shriek or utter any exclamation, though her lips moved fast. Her father’s arm was round her.

The last who disappeared was the exile. The stern of the schooner was heaved high into the air before she went down for ever, and the motion almost threw the exile forward into the roaring abyss; but he grasped hold of the taffrail, determined to die standing. The shock of this incident sent the retreating life-blood again into his face, and he sank into the gulf with an angry and frowning look. And thus he passed—leaving no trace behind him; but went down “unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Great was my gratitude when I came to myself—great as my escape was wonderful. I was anxious to ascertain the means, and proceeded to

No. LII.

THE REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG.

WE here present John Russell, and the rest of the literary public, with a lifelike sketch of the new chaplain of Chelsea. The ex-lieutenant is a Tory—but that Johnny did well in selecting him for this *otium cum dignitate* will be proved, when we have mentioned one undeniable fact, viz. that he is the only eminent man in the Church who has himself worn a sabre. The old heathens of the Hospital will perhaps listen to one who may be said to belong to their own order—to a mere black and all black, even of forty-horse power in prosing, they would undoubtedly turn the deafest of long ears.

Supposing Gleig to have begun at ten, he may now be enjoying his thirtieth season of the moors. His father is the venerable and learned Bishop of Stirling—such a bishop in point of emolument as our Blomfields, and so on, must ere long make up their minds to be—his lordship's see, we understand, averaging about 300*l.* per annum; though we can assure our right reverend diocesan that our friend's Father in the Flesh is, as regards essential points, a Father in God entitled to occupy a higher portion of public confidence than himself. Among other good things that he has done, we must take leave to mention with particular distinction the begetting of the hero on the opposite page. What is any edition of *Æschylus* to that?

The lad was educated under the wing of the “great mother of Churchmen and Tories;” but was not satisfied with those opportunities for the display of the pugnacious principle which the rows of Gown and Town afforded to the youthful strutters of the High Street. A regiment chanced to pass through Oxford on its way to Lisbon. Our spark *instantly* bolted from his college, kicked his trencher-cap into the first ditch, joined the corps as a volunteer, and, on landing, had no difficulty in procuring an epaulette for his broad and stalwart shoulder. The *Subaltern*, and the *Narrative of the War in North America*, may save us the trouble of writing his military life. He has himself recorded it in pages, by means of which, being dead, he will yet speak to the Chelsea pensioners of 1934; if such things then there be.

Gleig was severely wounded at our righteous capture of the Yankee capital; and finding himself, after Waterloo, in which he was again a good deal cut up, turned adrift on half pay, it occurred to his brilliant mind that he might do worse than fall in love. In short, the lieutenant married, took orders, and in due time got a couple of small livings, and some eight or ten small, but vigorously carnivorous, children in Kent. To help to cram them, he began to cram “my public;” and both parties have fed daintily ever since. His *History of India*, just published, is perhaps his best thing.

Gleig is a very good fellow—of course, a decided enemy of cant in every form—but a staunch churchman—orthodox as Lefroy, devout as Wetherell, kindhearted as Inglis, jolly as Boyton, and zealous as Billy Holmes. In these days of change, we consider every man as fortunate who has two strings to his bow; and happy, in particular, is the parson who can, in case of accidents, gird the sword upon his thigh, and go forth to batter other substances than the “drum ecclesiastic.” The reclaimed lobster, black as it looks, may be boiled red again. It may yet be with Gleig as it was with his countryman, old Dr. Adam Ferguson, at Fontenoy. The doctor was chaplain to the 42*d*; and when the first charge occurred, great was the horror of the colonel to see his reverence rushing, armed with a huge broadsword—*он держалши мечи свои*. “Doctor, doctor! remember your cloth!” “Colonel, colonel! damn my cloth!” responded the illustrious moralist; and, suiting the action to the word, clove monsieur even unto the chine—and he fell with heavy thump, and five sous rattled in his pocket.

Thus, if THE Row were opening now,
Would flame once more the soul of Gleig;
The surpliced crew he'd thus eschew,
To sport claymore and philibeg.
One rub-a-dub brings Parson Sub
Where beams the banner of “THE BRAU;”
Nor Hume nor Place find softer grace
Than savage Soult, or scamp Junot,
In fields Iberian long ago!



Jones was

E. R. G. H. J.

AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

Published by James Fraser, 215, Regent Street, London

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MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—Our friend Pierce Pungent has, in this satire, imitated the celebrated tenth of Juvenal. Our readers are, of course, familiar with the excellent version given by Dr. Johnson. Our satirist, however, in doing it into English, has generally supplied modern instances. The vanity of human wishes is the theme. The folly of inordinate ambition is illustrated by the golden rule of the Athenian law-giver, that a man's end must be considered before it can be pronounced that his life was a happy one. Money-getting is attended with constant fears and anxieties; the aspirant for military honours dies on the field; the renowned of orators perishes miserably. The hopes of the Reform-bill are likely to be crushed by the monster Democracy. The instability of fortune is shewn in the present unpopularity of the head of the Whigs. The miserable end of Canning and of Napoleon, and the blighted name of the fair Ellenborough, are given as instances that the most exquisite oratory, the profoundest intellect, and the most enchanting beauty, when misused or abused, are all "vanity and vexation of spirit." As persons of the lowest station and least desert sometimes reach a bad eminence, so sometimes persons of the highest rank and purest morals are cast down and become nobodies. The misapplication of talents, and the perversion of natural endowments, are indignantly denounced. The poet concludes by asserting the moral government of the universe by the Task-master, who will at last make all odds even.

OLIVER YORKE.

SATIRE VII.

FROM fair Cadiz to where the Ganges flows —
 Wherever man is found,—but few disclose
 The sacred roll of truth, and, thereby taught,
 Distinguish what is good from what is naught :
 The many, lured by Falsehood's flattering lay,
 Through Error's mist, are lost in Peril Bay.*
 For what are all our wishes and our fears,
 The fantasies that mock our fleeting years,
 Judged by right reason? What so well begun,
 That does not bring repentance, when 'tis done ?
 For some dear wish the thoughtless Fancy burns ;
 That wish obtain'd, our life's weak wall o'erturns.
 The fond conceit of man's imperfect sense,
 Indulged, is loss. O'erruling Providence,
 Though for a time we seem to work our will,
 Watches, and makes our wisdom folly still.
 This for the war-trump and the triumph sighs :
 There on the field Bellona's wanton lies !
 That seeks the peaceful honours of the gown ;
 All rivalry his torrent speech bears down :
 See from the trunk his head, dishonoured, rent,
 And pierced his tongue—no longer eloquent !
 The money-lover doats upon his store —
 The business of his life to make it more :
 But while Golconda gleams upon his bed,
 The thief comes in ; he struggles—and is dead.
 A civil war ensues—the rabble seek
 To breathe their valour, and their wrath to wreak :
 They pass the cottage, sack the wealthier hall,
 And, with discernment keen, on Woburn fall.†

* " Unhappy squire ! what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of peril ?"—SPENSER.

† It is a dangerous thing to attempt this (the tenth) satire of Juvenal, after Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*. I have not seen that poem for some time ; and if my illustrations should in any instance be the same as his, it will be from an unconscious rather than from a furtive memory. My ruder sketches are not designed after

While from the lordly dome shrill shrieks arise,
And, bursting forth, mad fires insult the skies ;
As in their lurid light wild forms are seen,
Rape spoils the chamber, murder stains the green.
The fiend *Democratie* makes fast her throne,
And leaves no task of doom and death undone.*

While fearful walks the master of a plum —
"I've silver in my purse, the thief may come!"
Starts at each shadow cast upon his way,
Curses the moonlight, and attempts to pray ;
The rustic trudges merrily along,
Expects no thief, nor intermits his song.
Wealth is the first wish ; hypocrites make prayer —
"Some talents be committed to our care :
Not for the lucre's sake this charge we sue,
But for the much of good we then might do."
"Riches ! more riches !" whispers to himself
The city Jew — the worshipper of pelf :
"One million more — for death I'll then prepare."
His wish is gained — the rest was lost in air.
In earthenware the gout is seldom found ;
Who plainly feeds, has slumbers light, yet sound ;
No grim blue devils dance upon his crown,
Nor apoplexy's mallet knocks him down.
Egregious alderman ! thy maw control —
Death's in the dish, and poison in the bowl.
Seeing the follies of the motley fool,
Who, ruling beasts, his bestial cannot rule ;
Runs after riches, idle pomp, and toys —
Prefers his mortal to immortal joys ;
Upon a shifting sand his tower erects,
Pampers his body and his soul neglects, —
Abdera's sage his laughter never kept,
While he of *Ephesus* for ever wept.
We wonder not the hard sardonic grin
Lived on the censor's lip, and cheek, and chin ;
But, since such crops the tree of folly bears,
Whence did the weeper get supplies of tears ?
Democritus of old would shake his side
At the then *mannikin's* inferior pride —
What had he seen proud London's proud lord mayor,
Amid the circle of the civic fair ;
Or bowing, smirking from his tawdry wain,
Belching punch odours to the gaping train ;
Or, mid his pious buffooneries elate,
Clearing his stomach in the barge of state ;
And lest he should, for mortal, soar too high,
Sent from St. Stephen's forth — to Coventry ?
How had he laughed ! since he discovered then,
In his own simple times, wherever men

that somewhat pompous model. My applications are to modern and not to long-past times. This performance of *Juvenal* is more of an ethical poem than a satire.

* The combination of intellect and physical hardihood is very rare. *Cicero* was an orator — a mighty one, but was very unequal to the part he chose to sustain. His conduct on the occasion of *Catiline's* conspiracy surprised himself. His want of firmness saved *Cæsar*, and ruined the republican faction. After his decapitation, his head and right hand were taken to Rome ; when *Fulvia*, the wife of *Antony*, disgraced herself by making holes in his tongue with a bodkin.

If an outbreak of the people should occur, there will be no respect of persons ; the wealthy, of course, will be the chief objects. Lord *Clarendon's* first volume is worth reading, as a picture of the present as well as of the past. The partisans of reform will be spared — if they are poor. "*Rarus venit in conacula miles.*"

Met, jostled, kept a wedding or a birth,
 Laughed, fiddled, wept, or fought—a source of mirth ;
 Bidding capricious fortune go and hang,
 And meeting all her slights without a pang.
 Therefore we well may deem the toys but vain
 Which our grown children ever strive to gain ;
 For which their souls' estate they oft betray—
 Cheat in the market, in the temple pray.*
 Some from their palmy station Envy hurls,
 And some the wheel of Fortune downward whirls ;
 Baronial honours sometimes get a pitch,
 And Derwentwater learns to dig a ditch.
 A noble rogues it ; law no mercy grants,
 And Westminster his dusty banner wants ;
 His spurs are hack'd. What then ? He scours the seas—
 The pirate's war-ship bears the destinies ;
 More deadly stains remove his former stain,
 And brave Dundonald is himself again.
 Bonfires are burning ; fatted beeves are killed ;
 Hogsheads of ale, and cider casks are swilled.
 See in the flames a mimic patriot burns !
 Injurious stones and broken chamber-urns,
 While the tar-barrel jets its pitchy light,
 Bruise the vext idol with ambitious flight :
 Time and the tide run through the longest day—
 His own pet rabble burns Sejanus Grey !
 Set all the bells a-ringing—every town
 Make mirth and holyday—for Grey is down !
 "What lips he had ! and what a crab-juice face !
 I aye misdoubted him and all his race."
 "By what charge fell he ? what the favourite's crime ?
 What witnesses, doubts, circumstances, time ?"
 "I know not." "Well, mob-vengeance or a feast—
 Mad love, dread hate—the people is a beast.
 It follows fortune, curses the distrest ;
 The liminary monarch makes a jest ;
 Worships a Thurtell, at an Eldon howls ;
 Sets up a calf, does worship, veers, and scowls ;
 Fawns on the day-god which its pleasure makes—
 Its yester idol into pieces breaks ;

* It needs not to discourse of the laughing philosopher, Democritus, nor of the weeping one, Heraclitus. It is better, perhaps, to be (as a censor) both in one, as Garrick is represented in the print—between Comedy and Tragedy. A mob-rule furnishes ample materials for both. But the tragedies enacted take away the disposition to enjoy the farcical interludes. I have seen many ridiculous sights ; but a London mayor in full plume beats all other follies.

Railing against the passion for getting money is about as profitable as to attempt to grow vines in the Orkneys, or to find honesty among Jews, or faith among politicians. It is the universal passion ; money is felt to be power ; and in pious England, as in heathen Rome, multitudes will be found in every province, who hold with the folk of the Suburra,—

"Querenda pecunia primum est,

Virtus post nummos."

"Commerce," it has been said, "has all the fascination of gambling, without its moral guilt." But commerce is, for the most part, as it is now practised, desperate gambling. The black-leg has an opportunity of shewing off his peculiar qualities on the Stock Exchange, as well as on the turf. I asked my tailor, "Why (when clothes were so cheap) coats were so dear." His answer was convincing: "Those who pay as pay also for those who do not." The evangelicals of Liverpool and Manchester shew a most ardent zeal in the service of Plutus, with a view to future usefulness. The money is got ; they turn it again and again ; their's is use, and usufruct ; but where the usefulness ? Oh ! they employ many hands and feed many mouths !

Impartial gives the good and bad release;
 Those killed, these liberated — this is peace!" *
 Many have perished, many more will fall,
 Who listen to Ambition's frantic call.
 Wouldst thou be like Sejanus — have his power,
 Wealth, pleasures, honours — and his closing hour?
 The dear delights of patronage to know —
 Titles, and governments, and gowns bestow?
 Thy kindred to promote — the state to mend
 Or mar — the drowsy Cæsar's guardian friend?
 Wilt thou have all appliances of place,
 Champion thy fears, and run his mortal race?
 The power of doing evil pleases those
 Who would not do it — even to their foes;
 As some have longed, in passion's impious pride,
 Who would not kill, to feel the homicide.
 But what the value of the loftiest state,
 On which a mournful troop of cares must wait?
 Wouldst thou like Grey be great, like him to grieve,
 Or be a well-to-do small borough-reeve?
 Pull laws and charters, thrones and altars down,
 Or break false measures in a market-town?
 His towering fortunes high Sejanus built,
 Neglected conscience, and made light of guilt;
 Chaffered with treason, undermined the throne;
 And brooked not any greatness — but his own.
 Till at the last, top-gallant high, he fell;
 The prison, hook, and mob's demoniac yell! †
 What did crook-backed Plantagenet to death?
 What stained with blood Queen Jane's new saffron-wreath?
 The highest place: by him most foully got;
 But forced on her — an all-unwelcome lot!
 Far rather had she with the muses been,
 Or with her Dudley in some bower of green.
 Then they, reclining on some village slope —
 Their treasure nature's benefits and hope —
 Glad to forget the world's remorseless strife,
 Had married wisdom to the Christian's life;

* The "turba Remi" is well exhibited by Juvenal. The complacent popularity-hunters, intoxicated with success, never calculate on reverses; but they must come. I cannot envy the moral constitution of that man who finds pleasure in inhaling the incense of mob-praise. The rabble is not the commonweal; a single Themistocles is of more worth than any populace: the majesty of the people! yes, forsooth, of law-breakers and rioters. England has yet a people — a true and faithful people; and I believe they exceed in number the swaggering levellers, who call themselves the people. Those who practice, or recommend, or enforce any thing contrary to the honour or prosperity of the nation, never can be called the sons of England. They are foes, and should be treated as such. It is dangerous at times to stumble among periwinkles; and strawberries do not always hide a red night-cap. "There is a time for all things," saith the wise man; "the time is near," said a wiser; for he said it not of himself, but he heard it when he was in vision. There is a day of exaction, and there is a day of visitation and of vengeance. Let the war-cry of the Percies be the recovery-shout of England,—"Esperance! to the rescue!"

†

"Qui nolunt occidere quemquam,

Posse volunt."

I think it is Mr. Galt who relates of Lord Byron, that he on some occasion confessed that he was trying to feel as one would do who had stabbed his man. A celebrated Italian painter is said to have mortally stabbed a man, to transfer the anguish of his features to the canvass,—his subject was the Crucifixion!

The story of Sejanus has been very well done by Ben Jonson, a much better scholar than Sam. Tiberius left to his aspiring favourite the toils of empire, and amused himself the while with astrologers. "Tutor principis" is the expression of Juvenal.

Blest in their innocence, and first fresh love,
Which nuns might pardon, angels might approve !
Her royalty of soul looked down on state ;
But well she loved her fond admiring mate !
Why were they forced upon the dangerous throne,
When sweet Content's Arcadia was their own ?
To love life lovely looked ; they wished to live :
But when could blood-fed papacy forgive ? *

Pre-eminence of place ! too dangerous height,
In which the generous and the brave delight.
" Ten of the years which I have yet to live
For one of office would I freely give."
He has it—blazes like a meteor light—
Gleams, glances, glimmers—and a long good night !
Peaceful his task the village curate plies ;
In vain the mitred Sharpe for mercy cries.
Aspiring Wentworth leaves his sylvan bower,
And wins court-favour, station, title, power ;
Statesman and martialist ! false Fortune's mock !
Thrice noble Strafford dies upon the block. †

The dear-bought spoils of detestable war ;
A pennon, sword, or an imperial car ;
A ragged flag that fluttered to the mast ;
The present captive sorrowing for the past ;
Bells, bonfires, waving hands and nodding plumes ;
Mob-favour, which the mob at will resumes :
This is the guerdon passes all delights,
The meed that well repays a hundred fights.
For this wode Hotspur lived, and fought, and died,
And for a field-bed left his royal bride ;
For this red, dark, and white skins rush on fate ;
For this are homes and hearts left desolate.
Fame more than Virtue sought ! for who is good,
Unless the price is clearly understood ?

* If Richard had been a faithful guardian to his nephews, he might have lived long and honoured. He was, putting aside his manner of obtaining the throne, an excellent king. History has traduced him sadly : his story was written by Lancastrians.

Who loves not the memory of the Lady Jane—the learned, the tender, and the pious ? Who loves her not the more from the contrast of her fortunate rival, the bloody Mary ? The fires of religious persecution will not, probably, be rekindled in Smithfield ; but what is to hinder them from blazing in St. Stephen's Green ? Certainly not a Whig government, nor their nice archbishop. If it be necessary to re-establish the domination of Rome in unhappy Ireland, many of its inhabitants will be unscrupulously made to pass through the fire to Moloch. " The devil in old tyme a disposer of kingdomes, and since the pope." His holiness naturally desires to recover this privilege.

† The late Mr. Canning expressed his eagerness for office nearly in the words I have used. He left the right cause to obtain his object. He was, doubtless, honest ; but, though he was a man of brilliant qualities, he was not solid. His morbid sensibility unfitted him for the statesman. He was excellently calculated to move in the wake of Burke and Pitt, but too rash and too passionate—too much swayed by impulses, and too little by right reason—too apt to run out of his course and to steer by uncertain lights, neglectful of the certain card, to be trusted with the helm. He saw men and states through deceiving glasses. He professed political science, but did not understand its first principles. He was a pleasant steersman for smooth seas and tranquil skies, along quiet shores and green-indented bays ; but was altogether unfit for the dangerous navigation he undertook amid the shifting sands of Liberalism, and the hidden rocks of Whiggery. But he loved his country, and was meant for better things.

The novel-reading public must be well acquainted with the story of the " mitred Sharpe." I fear that few of our *illuminati* are familiar with the pages of Clarendon. In these times Charles and his servants, Laud and Strafford, would again perish on the scaffold ; though our modern republicans deny any intention of king-murder.

To win vain glory for a few—for one,
 A silly nation battles,—is undone.
 “For Scotland, chivalries!” With maddened joy
 They rush to work the rebel Scot annoy:
 Of all proud Edward’s host, but few return
 To tell the tale of Bruce and Bannockburn.
 “For England, ho!” The Scottish lances speed;
 England’s disdainful soil their corpses feed;
 The hapless monarch loses life and shield,
 And Caledonia weeps for Flodden Field.*

To Fame’s cloud-aërie Fortune’s minion clomb,
 And Fate denies his bones their promised tomb.
 The prisoned Chieftain’s latest wish is vain;
 The mighty sleeps not on the banks of Seine.
 A recreant Usurer puts on his crown;
 His statue rises, and his line goes down.
 Weigh him! how heavy is the greatest Chief
 That ever worked the prostrate nations grief?
 Here, here is he! That willow hides his bones,
 Who fluttered kingdoms, and who cheapened thrones.
 The barrier Alps no barriers are for him;
 He comes, sees, conquers! like a bridegroom trim,
 Who shuts the door upon his blushing bride,
 He clasps the war—a glorious homicide!
 The brute barbarian cannot bide the shock,
 And dreams of freedom fair Ausonia mock.
 The pyramids! Pride darkens in his eye—
 Four thousand years behold his victory!
 The iron crown, the diadem of France,
 Suffice him not; his empire must advance.
 Devoted millions hail him lord of all;
 Their fortune spoil, and war their carnival!
 Europe is his, from Calpe’s hostile height
 To the far tempest-guarded Muscovite.
 He wants a son—affection yields to pride;
 The faithless Austrian slumbers by his side.
 A thousand glories flush the flattering morn;
 The son of empire to his hopes is born.
 Yet, yet he cannot rest in hall or bower,
 The waves defy the land-god’s blasting power.
 The British islands smile upon the deep;
 His legions cannot force their ocean-keep.
 Her lord from false Lutetia rushes forth;
 In mad despite his legions shock the North.

* Savages are as much under the influence of fame as the more civilized out-throats of the species. Our generation knows this from the American novelist. “The Roman, the Greek, and the Barbarian,” says the satirist. It is observable, that the Greeks called all the world besides themselves barbarians; the Romans, with a conscious sense of their surpassing genius, called all the world so excepting the Greeks. It was a boast, and a proud one once, to be an Englishman. But now—the cards are with you, sir.

Nothing marks the fallen condition of man more than war. From the time of the first murderer, Cain, even till now, the earth has been made fat with the blood of men. There is no longer necessity that every king should be a warrior; but still nations go to war on the most ridiculous pretences. The English government broke the peace of Amiens; the war was renewed, and it was convenient for them to call the first consul a treaty-breaker.

The English, of course, called Bruce a rebel. Baliol seems to have had, in reality, a juster claim to the throne; but he was a vassal to England, and Bruce was the champion of Scotland. He defended his country, and he deserved the purple. The greatest man that Scotland has produced has, in several ways, revived the memory of Flodden.

Frozen they perish, and the victor flies !
 Again, again his banners flout the skies !
 A wholesale treachery stabs his glory now,
 The hell of ruined greatness scores his brow :
 No kind Admetus owns the hero's claim,
 No hearth affords its hospitable shame.
 Stricken of Providence, heart-smitten, lone,
 A misused captive, and a man fordone,
 While the mad tempest swept the rocky side
 Of his base dungeon-hold, Napoleon died.
 Proud eagle ! over alps and rivers fly,
 And have thy dirge sung by — Montgomery.*
 One world sufficed not the Pellæan youth —
 It was to him a Newgate or Tolbooth :
 His dropsied glory had not room to swell
 In earth's so small extent — his narrow cell.

* "*Expende Hannibalem.*" The parallel between Hannibal and Napoleon is striking. Both rose to the highest command, though Hannibal had the advantage of hereditary claims on his government ; both were the souls of their respective countries while in power ; both crossed the Alps with armies into delicious Italy ; neither of them was ever at Rome ; both were pre-eminent in the faculty of war ; both were inventors ; both suffered at last disastrous defeat. Napoleon is only not the first, because Hannibal preceded him in time. We learn the greatness of Hannibal from the forced admissions of his inveterate foes. The majesty of Napoleon lives in the extraordinary monuments he has left of himself. He is the landmark of his age : his character is not even yet understood. But while the mothers of Germany even yet hush their children with his name, the women of France still pronounce it with tears ; not for husbands, fathers, and sons swept away by conscription, but for the hero of the nation's choice — the man of the people.

Napoleon II. died soon after the succession of the royal usurper, by the voices of rebels, to the throne of Henri.

The emperor had built for his mortal remains a magnificent tomb at St. Denis ; in a codicil to his will he expressed a wish to be buried on the banks of the Seine, amid that French people he so much loved.

"Soldiers ! the eyes of four thousand years are upon you," were Napoleon's words.

A cook-maid had been a better wife for him than Marie Louise : Austrian wives have never answered for French princes. Lutetia, Julii Civitas, were the Roman names for Paris.

In the decline of his fortunes, the treachery he experienced was almost universal. The Austrians broke their fealty in the midst of a campaign ; the Saxons, of a battle. It is affecting to find that Josephine was his to the last ; she could not survive his fall, and died of a broken heart. Sir Walter Scott's description of Napoleon's death is eminently beautiful. The treatment of "the last single captive to millions in arms" is, *me judice*, an indelible blot on the character of Great Britain.

The folly of vaulting ambition, that overleaps itself !

"I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
 Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias !"

This has been realised by Mr. Robert Montgomery : he loves the tragic, and excels in the pathetic. In the volume that "grasps the Omnipresence" are poems commemorating the Crucifixion — Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon — Napoleon on those of the Wilid — starlight on Marathon — Marius — and the death of Corinne. The description of the emperor is worthy of the poet ; and the language in which his agony is described on seeing his cavalry overwhelmed by the uncivil Wilid, from the profound emotion it excites, proves how far the sublime is from the ridiculous, and how superior artificial diction is to that foolish simplicity the moderns pretend to admire in the Greeks, but are too wise to practise themselves.

"He heard their death-cries rolling on the blast,—
 And, as a lake just rippled into life,
 His features flutter'd with terrific throes
 Of agony ; and then he gnashed his teeth,
 And dug his nails into his palms, and hear'd
 His breast, and glanced his eyes, and groaned for words."

Bah ! as the emperor would have said.

But when to brick-built Babylon he went,
 He was with one sarcophagus content.
 Death owns how small their dwarfish bodies are,
 Who, breathing clods! Ambition's antics dare.
 The Persian's fleets around Mount Athos steer;
 His chariots o'er the Hellespont career;
 His host exhausted rivers when they dined;
 He chains the ocean, flogs the saucy wind:
 What wretched man, with toil and care consumed,
 Meets sad Atossa at Darius' tomb?
 'Tis the great king! his jewelled train, his host,
 His own immortals, Persia's dread and boast —
 Where are they all? The hostile dust they kiss,
 Or float upon the waves of Salamis.
 Through carcass-heaps, and o'er the blood-red wave,
 One ship saved him — the rest he could not save.
 Such are the penalties that Glory claims,
 Such is the price men pay for getting names!*

“Life, life, kind Heaven! a lengthened term of years!”
 So pray the ruddy and the pale with fears;
 And yet what various ills must eld abide!
 For youth's soft skin, a withered, wrinkled hide;
 A ghastly visage, and loose-hanging cheeks,
 Such as some grandam ape conceited tweaks,
 Where naked Hottentots — to apes allied —
 Round Herschel throng, ours and Urania's pride.
 Youth differs in complexion, feature, mien:
 But uniform the face of eld is seen.
 Trembling in voice and limb the bald-pate goes,
 Infant in toothless gum and running nose;
 To his dull senses every joy denied,
 A burden to himself and all beside.
 Daughters of music sing for him in vain,
 Daughters of beauty in voluptuous train!
 In vain the hapless elder makes his brag —
 He hears not, sees not, tastes not sweet Sontag.
 His cold blood cannot glow, except for harm —
 It never warms, or is from fever warm.
 Round him in dread array diseases twine,
 More numerous than the loves of Caroline;
 As hard to count for one in numbers skilled,
 As those whom Farre has saved or Armstrong killed —
 The many who in Southcote's son believed —
 The more the Whigs have ruined and deceived.
 One cries “my leg!” another cries “my hip!”
 The hands of this can't reach his hungry lip;
 That for his eyes laments with many a groan,
 And envies him who still has sight in one.
 But, oh! much worse than loss of limbs to be
 Sunk in the swamp of sad Fatuity!
 The intellect, the flashing thoughts that brimmed
 The fervid speech, for ever, ever dimmed;

* There is no doubt that the Greek writers exaggerated greatly the amount of Xerxes' forces. It was, with whatever deductions, an immense armament. The terrible scene of Salamis is described in the *Perse* of Æschylus, who was himself engaged on that memorable occasion. But what was the return Themistocles, the saviour of Athens and of Greece, received from the Athenian rabble? Banishment. The tyrant Xerxes could and did pardon him his own signal defeat, when he fled for refuge to his states; the democracy of Athens could not pardon him the victory and the safety he had achieved for them. Thucydides has left a glowing character of this great man.

Alexander the Great died at Babylon.

Not to remember those he loved the most,
 To be a living dead — a breathing ghost !
 Now, now's your time, ye daughters of the game !
 Who for long years have kept your place and claim ;
 A marriage and a will ! 'Tis done ! 'tis done !
 Rich is the woman, and the man is gone.
 Moll is a lady, and her coachman drives
 One of the widows who would soon be wives.
 The fee'd attorney ? no, he will not do ;
 The spruce house-surgeon ? fie ! he dare to woo !
 The well-limbed vagabond with whom she sang ?
 No, no ! A barrister ? let law go hang !
 A duke her thoughts, her amorous aims pursue ;
 A duke ! she buys one, nearly good as new.
 So much the breathing of the mouth prevailed,
 Which, passion-purpled, many a lip assailed.*

Suppose his senses yet remain entire,
 Snow on his head, and in his bosom fire : †
 The reverend sage must see his children bearded,
 Kind nature's kindest law for him reversed ;
 The partner of his youth, his friend of age,
 Before him ends her weary pilgrimage ;
 Brothers and sisters in succession die,
 While he survives—a tomb-stone memory !
 This is the penalty of living long,
 To live griefs, sables, funerals among.
 When for his beautiful, brave, swift-foot boy,
 Old Nestor wept, and for his only joy
 The paramour of white-foot Thetis pined,
 What recompence from years could either find ?
 When the third Edward saw his hero-son
 Stark-stiff, his latest bed outlaid upon ;

* Sir John Herschel has lately gone to view the starry treasures of another hemisphere. His jealous wife, science, is not likely to be disturbed by the Hottentot beauties. This gentleman is universally acknowledged to be the first philosopher in Europe.

“ Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis.” These creatures should humble the conceit of man. An ourang-outang has been discovered at Java whose natural gait and habits are altogether those of a biped. The ghost of Lord Monboddo will be delighted to hear this humbling fact.

Caroline, our English Messalina, of whose adulteries no man doubts ; though of the justice of her trial many may doubt. Dr. Armstrong, renowned for his extraordinary success, who died at last himself, to the infinite regret of the undertakers, sextons, &c.

Some persons yet believe in Joanna Southcote ; I fancy very few do in the Whigs.

The most beautiful and affecting description of natural decay that has ever been drawn is to be found in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. “ In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few ; and those that look out of the windows be darkened ; and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low ; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird ; and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high ; and fears shall be in the way ; and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail ; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets : or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern ; then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.”

The body, it would seem, is pulled down with as much care and preparation (if I may say so) as it is built up.

† “ *Ætna*,” I have seen it somewhere remarked, “ is not the only object in creation that has snow on its head and fire in its veins.”

When, with the prophet-glance of dying eld,
 The troubles of his realm the king beheld,
 And earnest looked upon, but seldom smiled,
 His kingdom's heir — that hero's only child,
 And saw the sceptre in an infant's clasp
 Which he had found it sometimes hard to grasp,—
 What joy had he from length of honoured days?
 What found the king, the man, in age to praise?
 On Windsor's terraced round all sounds are hushed —
 The martial music, which in volumes gushed;
 The welcome spoken, and the welcome meant;
 The jocund laugh, the mirth of hearts unbent;
 The sounds of sweet home in a royal hall;
 The birth-day dance; the stated festival.
 Yet from the tower the banner floats in air;
 His people know their father still is there.
 But how? let modest reverence prevail;
 The memory of the good shall never fail.
 Happy in this, he had a nation's prayer;
 His consort nursed him with a mother's care;
 His people's grief the king and man approved,
 By all lamented and by all beloved.*

What profit then on lengthened life attends?
 Diseases, loss of mind, and fame, and friends!
 Wise Solon bade the Lydian monarch wait
 His end, before he praised a mortal's state.
 Wolfe found his happy death in victory's hour:
 To-day is fair, to-morrow storms may lower.
 Had Scottish Mary died in lovely France,
 The world had lost a story of romance;
 The Virgin Queen had saved one deed of shame,
 And she her honour, chastity, and fame.
 Had Raleigh gained the sod in manhood's prime,
 Dear to the muses and unstained by crime,
 He had not suffered, on the public stage,
 The headsman's stroke to glut a tyrant's rage.
 Hampden and Falkland, with a happier lot,
 Their bleeding country and themselves forgot:
 This, ere the worst arrived, in harness died;
 That added not to treason parricide.†

* The decline of Edward's life was in many respects a sad one. His family was divided; his people were dissatisfied; he had lost most of the advantages he had gained in the former part of his reign. The Black Prince was dead. He augured ill of the succeeding reign, and his augury was fully justified. Though the latter part of the life of George the Good was a blank, his people, so far as I can learn, never lost sight of him. Their interest was not outworn by his long and pitiable seclusion; their love was not lost in the flood of victories that distinguished the regency.

† The conversation between Solon and Croesus, as it is related by Herodotus, is very interesting. Croesus lived to justify, in his own case, the remark of the philosopher.

Had Elizabeth been endowed with some part of Mary's beauty, she would have been happier as a woman; had Mary possessed the sound sense and vigorous character of her red-haired sister, she might have lived and died a queen. Elizabeth would have been happier from being a mother; Queen Mary would probably have saved her throne had she not been one. King James bore too strong a likeness to Rizzio, whose son, perhaps, he was.

Sir Walter Raleigh is a favourite. He should not have been put to death after so long an impunity. But he was certainly nothing more than a common pirate in his doings on the Spanish main.

Hampden was, of course, a rebel; though the republicans will call him a patriot: and the execution of Charles was parricide; though a jury of Whigs might be disposed to bring it in "justifiable homicide," and one of Radicals "the righteous execution of a righteous sentence." Our Liberals make a mockery of the doctrines

An anxious mother for her children prays—
 Her lips pronounce peace, virtue, prosperous days ;
 Her woman's heart, with love maternal warm,
 Demands the lovely mien and faultless form ;
 She sees, in thought, her girl a palace-flower—
 Her cherished boy in high-born Beauty's bower.
 Hid in the labyrinth, fair Rosamond
 Suffered a king's embraces, foolish-fond ;
 The sweet contentments of a private lot,
 Virtue, pure thoughts, and innocence forgot ;
 She found no prison in that close retreat—
 A captive monarch lingered at her feet !
 Pleased with herself, she ran her beauties o'er,
 And would not think herself a paramour ;
 Fortune, she thought, was still in Beauty's debt—
 Her brow would well besem the coronet ;
 The fairest flower in her own garden seen,
 She looked a wood-nymph and she moved a queen.
 But when she saw the dagger and the bowl,
 The fluttering victim thought upon her soul ;
 And gladly had put on the rustic dress
 And face of some ill-favoured shepherdess.*
 A noble's wife—a prince's, then a king's
 Toy—lovely Ellenborough plumes her wings,
 And mounts aloft on Venus' dove-drawn car :
 One conquest yet remains, the Scythian tzar !
 Suppose her seated on the Neva's bank,
 Or at Byzantium throned with royal rank ;
 A love-compelling Cleopatra she,
 And he her softer, happier Antony—
 These hours ! these hours ! discourteous, envious time !
 That brings the bud to flower, then mars its prime.
 See ! how life's rose-leaves droop and fall away ;
 But what was rose-flesh does not sweeten clay !
 That lovely thing will yet her beauty curse,
 That made her vain, and foolish-proud—and worse ! †
 Beauty and chastity but seldom meet,
 Excepting in Contentment's still retreat.
 And yet how oft insatiate Lust invades
 Our simple hamlets and our quiet glades !

of "passive obedience" and "the divine right of kings." They are, notwithstanding, the doctrines of Scripture. The style of our monarch runs, "by the grace of God," &c. ; the Liberals say, "by the grace of the people." They are, of course, right, and the Bible wrong. Who is so besotted as to hesitate an instant in preferring the dictum of Archbishop Whately to that of St. Paul ; and the authority of Grey and Co. to that of prophets and evangelists ?

* Rosamond was tenderly treated by S. Daniel, but was most shamefully misused by Addison.

"Ah ! beautie siren, faire enchanting good,
 Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading eyes ;
 Dombé eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise ;
 Still harmony, whose diapason lyes
 Within a brow, the key which passions move,
 To ravish sense, and play a world in love !"

DANIEL'S Complaint of Rosamond.

Addison's *Rosamond* is even more absurd than Mr. Colman's *Inkle and Yarico*.

† The Tzar is conjugal, and, therefore, it is to be presumed, impracticable. If he chooses, however, it is in his power to advance any man or woman that pleases him to the throne of Asia Minor. Dead roses will sweeten the clay with which they are mixed,—an effect not to be produced by the sweetest rose-flesh that ever wooed the touch of love.

Hear the mean wanton boast of maids undone,
 Of zones unloosed and virgin trophies won.*
 Was it for this that generous nature gave
 The gifts, which all desire, but few can have :
 The manly form, the mind-illumined face,
 The poet's fancy and the courtier's grace ;
 Fortune and rank, and wit, and eloquence ?
 To spoil a silly maid of innocence !
 Pity that nature cannot virtue give
 To those in whom her sweetest graces live.
 But no—while men are born, grow, live, and love,
 Sin, wither, die—the Watchman sits above ;
 Flings back the veil our fond delusions draw,
 Asserts his power, and vindicates his law ;
 Unseen, behind his clouds, he orders all—
 The march of Cyrus and the sparrow's fall ;
 And all those odds, which puzzle groping sense,
 Makes even by his level providence.†

CONCERNING INTERNAL INTERCOURSE IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

THE advantages of free, safe, speedy, cheap, frequent, certain, and punctual internal intercourse and communication, in countries circumstanced and situated as are Great Britain and Ireland, will be admitted upon all hands. It is obvious that, by means of a system of internal communication such as we have described it, the greatest possible benefits would accrue to all classes of the people. Agriculture would be improved and enlarged, by finding an easy market for its produce, and by being enabled to bring into cultivation, through the facility of transporting to any given place the manure required—sea-sand, sea-rack, lime, marl, as it may happen—those innumerable acres of land which now deface the appearance of the United Kingdom, and disgrace the age in which we live. And, as a consequence upon this improvement and enlargement, ample employment would be afforded to all individuals engaged in agricultural pursuits; and the present enormous weight of

parochial burdens would be accordingly reduced to the comparative trifle necessary for the maintenance of the aged and infirm. The value of landed property would be thereby enhanced. No Lord Brougham of the Bird's Nest would then have the opportunity of recommending to those philosophic peers who happen to have "land and beeves," and wish to keep them, an inhuman measure, an unnatural measure, a Martineau measure, as it has been cumulatively styled in the honest indignation of the daily press, when every other term of reprobation had been exhausted—and a Martineau measure then let us call it,—under the threat of being deprived of their estates. Manufactures would be benefited, because, from the impulse given to agricultural labour, and the facilities and advantages accruing to it, which would in this instance and forthwith tend to relieve, and eventually—calculating for any period of years that might fairly in this world of ours be taken as an element in

* A very disgraceful anecdote of this sort is told of Lord Byron, who, though a man of surpassing genius, was a very bad fellow.

†

"Semita certe

Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica viam.

Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te,

Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam, cœloque locamus."

This is the noble conclusion to Juvenal's noble poem. Johnson, in his admirable version, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, contests the palm with his original. His lofty and unbending morality, and his wonderful power of illustration and analysis, peculiarly fitted him for such performances, where brilliant declamation is allowed to supply the place of poetry. He was born to be a dictator in morals, and though he did much to spoil our vernacular, he performed all the essential duties of his chair right worthily.

a calculation — relieve us altogether from the evils of a surplus population, food would be rendered much cheaper, the condition of the operative would be infinitely improved, and the concomitant improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes, or rather, we should say, in all classes of the community, by increasing the demand for manufactures, together with the more economical and speedy mode of transport, would bring a proportionate share of the advantage to the employer. Farewell, then, to all jobbing in emigration! The illustrious Torrens might rule over his Australian dominions without a single British subject, unless he could contrive to seduce some of the committee into those hospitable regions. Our own benign mother, our natal soil, would furnish sufficient nourishment for all her children.

Commerce, too, would necessarily be quickened and extended, by the greater cheapness of articles, both of food and manufacture, and the readiness, frequency, and certainty of conveyance. Society at large would be benefited in the most eminent degree; a facility of travelling being afforded to all classes of the people, that useful knowledge which is acquired by personal experience and observation would be spread abroad,—that knowledge which doth really prove advantageous to the handicraftsman, mechanic, and labourer, not that knowledge which is conveyed to the humbler classes in your Broughamite schools, and which, when not absolutely vain and idle, rarely fails to be pernicious. Next, civilisation would be fully extended to those parts of the United Kingdom in which it now exists but in a small and faint degree, and with universal civilisation would come internal peace. On an orderly, industrious, and, so far as things essential may be concerned, an enlightened population, the arts of the agitator trading in sedition would have no power. Indeed, if any proof of the truth of these positions were needed, it would be found in the present state of Ireland as compared with the past. Notwithstanding the magniloquent reclamations of O'Connell and his tail concerning the falling-off of Irish prosperity, notwithstanding the circumstantial accounts of physical distress and moral degradation which have been continually set forth by the Irish newspapers to the public gaze in co-

lours the most glaring, we do not hesitate to say, that the condition of Ireland has wonderfully improved, and continues to improve daily, in spite of the worst government with which a country ever yet was cursed,—in spite of unequal and bad laws, which are in every respect rendered worse by the way in which they are administered,—in spite of religious and political dissensions, the unfailing labours of cold-blooded agitators in their Satanic avocation, the unmitigatedly mischievous zeal of proselytising fanatics and the antagonist zeal of popish priests,—ay, in spite, too, of the man-withering fires of civil war which are now smouldering in the sullen ashes of oppression, defeat, or despair, and again bursting into light under the breath of the demagogue, but ever in existence,—yes, even when the country wears its calmest and its fairest aspect. And how is this? The condition of the peasant is improved; he is no longer the half-naked squalid wretch that he was some years ago—say ten years ago! he is comfortably clothed from head to foot: a bare-footed person, once so common a sight, is now a disagreeable rarity to the vision. The peasant-women no longer appear at fair or market bareheaded; no, they have acquired a taste for finery, and, of course, as a natural accompaniment to it, for cleanliness; lace caps are articles of common wear; and, while every woman now displays shoes and stockings, some of the younger are actually *bien chaussées*. The English language is now generally spoken by all classes, and in all districts of the country.

Be it observed that we are especially speaking of the south-west of Ireland, with which we happen to be particularly well acquainted, and which is the strongest ground from which we could draw an argument, as it has been commonly considered and represented as that part of “miserable Ireland” which was in the “most deplorable condition.” It is now a rare occurrence to meet a person who cannot converse with you in English. Formerly, and this at no distant period, the tongue was spoken only in towns and villages, and their vicinity, and the houses of the gentry. The agricultural population generally spoke no language but Irish. The agriculture of the country, too, has wonderfully improved, and especially within the last seven years;

and the rents are paid, and paid well, and paid to absentee landlords. But this is a bitter topic I set it aside. A large quantity of waste land has been brought into cultivation; thousands of acres along the shore of the Atlantic, that had remained unbroken since the Flood, have recently been made to yield abundant crops of potatoes and of corn. The peasant hesitates not now-a-days to draw lime to his land a distance of twenty miles. A mixture of sea-rack and sea-sand is found to make excellent land of that black loamy soil in the vicinity of the sea-shore, which of old produced nothing but rushes, and actually would afford but scanty nourishment to a goat. Land heretofore arable has been improved in like proportion; fields with which we are personally acquainted, and from which seven years ago three tons of hay could be with difficulty gleaned, now yield three hundred tons. These fields are in that county which has of late years suffered more than any other in Ireland from agitation and disturbances. We allude to the county of Clare, which, it will be remembered, has for years back been harassed, and was for a season all but devastated, by the admirers and adherents of Mr. O'Connell and the followers of Terry Alt. And how is it, we again ask, that this happy change in the state of things has come to pass? Are we indebted for it to the schoolmaster or the legislators? No; these belauded functionaries have wrought nothing but evil—pure, unmixed evil; no, we are indebted for it absolutely, entirely, and exclusively, to the civil engineer,—to him who established and facilitated inter-communication between all parts of the country,—who penetrated with good roads districts that theretofore were all but inaccessible,—who thereby introduced to the arts of civilised life people who were living in foul poverty and barbarous seclusion,—who enabled them to make their land productive, by enabling them to transport thither the fitting manure and necessary implements of agriculture; and to make their land profitable, by furnishing them with the ready means of attaining and arriving at a market.

We have adverted to the effect produced in Ireland as an example. Not one-thousandth part has been done there of what might and ought to be done to SUPPLY THE PEOPLE WITH

THE MEANS OF IMPROVING THEIR OWN CONDITION; but that which has been done has been productive of benefit to an almost miraculous extent. The fact is obvious; we quote it upon the principle, that one fact is worth a thousand arguments. Taking this, then, as an auspicious omen and an indisputable reason, we call upon government to proceed with the system, not only in Ireland, which certainly most needs it, but also in Great Britain. There are enormous taxes laid upon travelling; they are impolitic, they are unjust, they are iniquitous. This we undertake to prove. Will our candid, our liberal, our patriotic Chancellor of the Exchequer, honest, honest Lord Althorp—he who took the tax off shepherds' dogs and granted "the boon to the female population"—will he repeal them? That these taxes are impolitic, is evident from the fact, that the revenue must necessarily be increased by their repeal, through the improvement which we have already shewn would take place in interests that contribute largely to the public exchequer. To prove that they are unjust and iniquitous, that they press upon the poor and check national prosperity, we shall avail ourselves of some passages in an able work which has been just published. It is the first part of "*A Treatise on Internal Intercourse and Communication in Civilised States, and particularly in Great Britain, by Thomas Grahame*." He observes,—

"I doubt much if a direct tax on education would have so hurtful an effect as a tax on travelling. In fact, travelling is universally considered a branch, or, at all events, an almost indispensable finish to regular education; and to many men supplies entirely the want of what is called regular, viz. school or college education. A knowledge of men and manners, different countries, and different customs, is, in fact, education, and the best kind of education. Every tax or burden by which travelling is obstructed, is a tax on the spread of general intelligence and improvement, and a premium for the protection and continuance of error and prejudice, among the middle and lower orders.

"The world may be compared to a great library, every portion of which is as open and patent to the richer and higher orders as command of time and money can render it. Our own country and immediate neighbourhood are the books of primary and elementary educa-

tion, which the inequality of human condition renders the only portion accessible to the middle and labouring classes, who form ninety-nine hundredth parts of the whole bulk of society. The entire library may never be thrown open without restraint, as the keys of the various departments are in the hands of different parties, who are, unluckily, not all equally enlightened. Each particular government, however, has happily the power of opening that portion of the library which, useful to all, is the only portion attainable by ninety-nine hundredth parts of its subjects; and there can be no surer test of the excellence and enlightened views of a government, than the entire removal of restraints on all the accesses to these sources of information.

"Now, what are our taxes on travelling but taxes on this elementary or primary portion of education, and premiums for the continuance of ignorance and barbarism, by curtailing the enjoyment of the two greatest blessings our Creator has bestowed on man—sight and hearing?

"Nor are these taxes alone objectionable on general principle. From the way they are imposed and levied in England, they are equally, if not more, objectionable in detail. The burdens thereby created are thrown entirely on the shoulders of the poorer classes. The mileage duty is the same on the richest inside and the poorest outside passenger. It is the same to a traveller who, for pleasure or profit, chooses to pay for a speed of twelve miles an hour, and to a poor starving mechanic who, to save a few pence, would be contented to travel at the rate of three miles an hour. Nominally it is only four-sixteenths of a penny per mile, but by the iniquitous principle of exaction it is, as has been already shown, raised to ten-sixteenths of a penny per mile on each passenger.

"Reckoning the wages of a labouring man at two shillings per day, if he desire to travel in search of work, or to obtain information as to any new process or improvement in labour, or to visit a friend, at the short distance of forty miles, he must pay to government, in mileage duty alone, a tax equal to more than two days' wages, or the gross return of a third of a week's labour, on the coach journey, going and returning. He may, it is true, walk the distance; but this would consume four days on the road, in time alone, besides the expense of his maintenance, and the wear of his

articles of dress. To go by a cart or waggon is out of the question. Here he is met by the *humane provision* in the act imposing the tax, which declares every carriage moving at the rate of *three miles an hour*—the ordinary speed of a dung-cart—on any road, and carrying passengers for hire, to be 'a stage-coach.' Did the framers of this most iniquitous act ever consider the principle of this clause? Is a poor labouring man, or is, indeed, any man, to whom money is of so much importance that, in order to save a shilling or two, he will consent to spend eighteen hours in accomplishing a journey which could with ease be performed in less than four, a *proper* object for direct taxation? Or, if the affairs of the country are in such a desperate state as to make an affirmative answer necessary, is it not worse than robbery to tax him at the same rate with the richest nobleman of the land, travelling at four times this speed for *mere pleasure*? In the one case you have a poor man sacrificing his only possession—his time, to save money; in the other, you have a rich one *expending* his money to save what is of no value to himself, or, probably, to any one else—his time.*

"Surely a government which desires the spread of intelligence and information among its subjects, and is at the same time desirous to deal to them a fair and equal measure of taxation, can never continue, far less extend, a tax, iniquitous and robber-like in principle, and utterly prohibitive of the spread of intelligence and information, from the most universal and impressive, if not their best, sources.

"We pretend to an entire exemption from restraint on social intercourse in Great Britain, and proudly vaunt our power to move from one district or province to another, unfettered by the continental system of passports. We do not consider that our travelling duties and taxes are fully as effectual checks on social intercourse as any system of passports could be.† When we consider that a young Irish or Scotch clerk, or superior artisan, domiciled in London, four hundred miles from his birth-place, and in the receipt of a salary or wages equal to 100*l.* a-year, must, before he visits his parents and his native soil, be prepared to pay to government a duty nearly equal to the wages or salary he receives for eight days' hard labour, we must qualify our encomiums on the freedom of British intercourse. The whole spare time of

* The clause defining what a stage-coach is, clearly proves how little time enters into account with a large body of travellers, and how ridiculous are the statements as to its value by the advocates of locomotive power.

† The entire cost per mile of travelling in many parts of France does not amount to the government duties in Britain.

the traveller in question may not exceed eight leisure days; but in order to be able to pay the government-license to travel, for the purpose of renewing his acquaintance with his country and friends, he must sacrifice the entire wages or salary of other eight days. To numbers of the productive classes similarly situated the tax operates as a sentence of banishment, or a declaration that, once removed, they shall not be permitted to return and revisit their country and their friends. To them the mileage tax alone is equivalent to a month's wages. It may no doubt be said, that these last could not, at any rate, afford the expense of such a journey. Certainly they could not, when burdened with such taxes; but that it has been found they can afford a certain sacrifice of time or money to travel, is proved clearly by the clause, which defines a stage-coach to be a carriage 'carrying passengers for hire, and moving at a rate equal to three miles an hour.' It matters not whether the carriage be a cart or a waggon, drawn by one horse, covered with coarse canvass, and moving at a speed just beyond an ordinary walking-pace, and carrying the poorest of the poor,—say hand-loom weavers with the produce of their labour, or in search of materials for further labour, to a neighbouring town or village,—or the most splendid Brighton coach drawn by four as splendid horses, and travelling at a rate of twelve miles an hour, and filled with the richest capitalists of London, or the highest titled of the aristocracy, bent on nothing but the expenditure of time and money,—the tax is the same."

Now, honest Lord Althorp, these be our arguments and statements,—will you take off these taxes? Of course you will not. We did not expect it. It is a reduction which is not in your line. Well, stick to the shepherds' dogs; or, obeying the dictates of your congenial mind, take a step yet farther in your own peculiar walk of legislation, and do something in favour of jackasses. But some day or other, and that no distant day, there will be found

a Chancellor of the Exchequer who shall have the vigour and the wisdom to repeal these atrocious imposts. It will be no trifling labour—it will be no work for one of the common herd of men. The whole system of our internal intercourse and communication must be revised and reformed. The trustee system is bad; the joint-stock system is infamous. There should be a general system of management and superintendence of all communications, of whatsoever denominations, in this country. No individuals or corporate bodies should be allowed paramount power over any portion of a road, or railway, or canal, or so forth. All lines of communication should be *for* the public, and should *be* public. It would lead us too far, however, were we to attempt to pursue this matter farther.

Of the grand question of internal communication we have been heretofore speaking, whereunto in the abstract sufficient attention has not been yet paid by the public. Another subordinate question, and one which, as it is treated on all hands, is but a juggle, has much more, in the phraseology of the hour, agitated the public mind: that is, the question touching the best mode of carrying on this internal intercourse—whether by motive power animal or mechanical.

In the introduction* to the very temperate and able work from which we have already quoted, it is observed that—

"Between the partisans of these two species of motive power (mechanical and animal), differences and disputes prevail, still greater than those which exist between the advocates of the various modes of communication before particularised. With much the greater portion of this second class of disputants, the merits of each separate mode of communication are considered to be entirely dependant on their adaptation to the introduction and employment of some favourite spe-

* Mr. Grahame says, "I have sincerely endeavoured to divest my mind of all prejudice and partiality, and to regard the subject merely as one of great public interest, disclosing faults and errors, gross, indeed, and palpable; but, as often happens, whether in the consideration of general system, or of particular detail, far more easily indicated than corrected." And, strange to say, after so calm and reasonable an introduction, he does not, as is usual in such cases, fall into the error he condemns by implication, and professes himself so anxious to avoid. Molière was shadowing forth a common propensity of human nature, when his Vadius, immediately after his eloquent invective against poets who inflict their compositions on the unwilling ear, produces his little ballad to the astounded company—

"Voici une petite balade!"

cies of mechanical locomotive power. The bare statement, that a particular route is not adapted to the employment of mechanical power, appears to such persons equivalent to an avowal that it is unworthy of consideration, and fitted only for an uncivilised country.

"The proposals and attempts to improve the application of animal labour on such routes, or to continue, or introduce it as more economical, on routes adapted to the application of mechanical power, are held up to ridicule, or denounced as retrogressions in the grand forward march of civilisation, and as vain and foolish attempts to arrest a great and important step in the progress of human civilisation, by the universal adoption of mechanical in place of animal power. Railroads without mechanical power are considered by these reasoners to be as utterly useless as a gun without ammunition; and it is to the expected introduction of mechanical power, as a mean of locomotion on common roads, that the supporters of this mode of communication look as an improvement whereby these routes may be enabled to supersede rival railways.

"The correctness of every position maintained by the advocates of locomotive mechanical power, is met by a decided and unqualified contradiction on the part of the advocates of animal power. Here is again a prolific source of prejudice and passion; and I question much if there be one educated person in Britain who has not assumed a side or opinion in this latter controversy, while, at the same time, I doubt if there be one in a thousand of the persons by whom the conflicting opinions are severally espoused, who, on consideration, will not admit that the opinions so embraced are mere prejudices, based on no foundations more solid than untried theories and unproved assertions."

We entirely agree with Mr. Grahame. The contending parties, and especially the advocates of mechanical locomotive powers, confound the means with the end. The great object to be attained is an increased demand for human labour, the want of a sufficient demand being in truth the principal cause of the misery prevailing in the United Kingdom; and in whatever manner that demand is restored and kept up, the misery must be proportionably cured or alleviated. The partisans of mechanical locomotive power, however, would strenuously contend, that by its exclusive use alone it is possible to promote the interests of all classes of the community, and increase the general prosperity of the British empire. They

necessarily arise from a good system of internal intercourse, to the motive agent through which, under certain circumstances, this intercourse might be carried on; and they make the farther mistake of assuming, that this agent could be profitably and judiciously applied in all districts of country, and that the same state of things, the same weight and application of taxation that now exists, must always be continued. Now this is a gross error, and renders almost all their calculations utterly valueless. The true mode of judging between rival systems which are severally proposed for universal use, would be to compare them upon the supposition that all taxes on travelling had ceased to exist. But it is not fair to institute a comparison between a system in which animal power is used as a motive, and one in which mechanical power is used, the one power being taxed and the other power not being taxed—legislative protection being extended to the one, and overburdening duty being levied on the other. Corn, by which animal power is fed, pays heavy duty; coal, by which mechanical power is fed, pays none. The tax on travelling upon turnpike roads enormously exceeds the tax on travelling upon railroads. Take the Liverpool and Manchester railway, the best, the most important, and the most successful railway that has been yet constructed, and compare the duty levied upon travelling on it with the duty imposed on coaches travelling upon turnpike-roads. The mileage duty is levied on a number of seats or places in a turnpike-road coach. To shew the effects of these different principles of exaction, let us refer to a table in Mr. Grahame's book of the mileage duties leviable from two coaches, fitted to carry 18 passengers each, one passing along a turnpike-road, and the other along a railway, each 30 miles in length, when fully loaded with 18 passengers each, half loaded with 9 passengers each, loaded to the extent of a third with 6 passengers, and when empty or unloaded; and let us previously throw out the observation, that Mr. Grahame proves from data supplied by the Liverpool Railway Report, that if the *lower duty* on the railway coaches were levied on the same principle with the *higher duty* on the turnpike road coaches, the duty paid would, in 1833, have been nearly 160 per cent higher than the duty actually paid. But now for the

Number of Passengers.	Duty.	Number of passengers.	Duty.	Number of passengers.	Duty.	Number of passengers.	Duty.
	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
Turnpike-road coach } 18	11 3	9	11 3	6	11 3	0	11 3
Railway coaches } 18	5 7½	9	2 9½	6	1 10½	0	...
Less duty by railway coach } 5	7½	Less duty by railway coach. } 8	5½	Less duty by railway coach. } 9	4½	Less duty by railway coach. } 11	3

"It will be seen, that while the mileage duty, in the case of the turnpike-road coaches, is levied on the whole accommodation offered to the public, this duty, in the case of the railway coaches, is levied only on the accommodation actually accepted by the public. The tax, in the case of the railway-coaches, is a tax on revenue, and varies each year with the amount collected; the tax on the turnpike-coaches is a tax on capital, and is the same whatever be the amount of revenue."

Mr. Grahame farther observes:

"The mileage duty payable by the

turnpike-road coaches, though nominally only double the railway mileage duty, is raised to nearly six times the amount by this difference in the principle of exaction.

"The following table, shewing the comparative amount of duties exigible from two sets of eight coaches, similar in amount of accommodation with the Liverpool Railway coaches, and performing the same number of thirty-mile trips daily, one set working on a railway and the other on a turnpike-road, briefly exhibits what I am endeavouring to explain:

	Distance travelled.	Number of Coaches.	Number of seats or places in each.	Number of journeys each way.	Duties leviable.
					£. s. d.
Turnpike-road coaches . . . }	30	8	18	9	29,317 10 0
Railway coaches	30	8	18	9	5,711 3 3
Difference in favour of railway coaches in mileage duty £23,406 6 9					

The fact is, that the grand experiment of internal intercourse by means of railways, tried fairly in the instance of the Liverpool and Manchester railways, has been a failure. It is quite clear, as Mr. Grahame observes, "That the largest portion of profits on what is considered the only remunerating portion of the Liverpool Railway trade, viz. the carriage of passengers, is obtained by an exemption from the taxation to which the rival turnpike-road coaches are subjected. Remove or equalise this taxation, and the Railway Company must either witness the re-establishment of the turnpike-road coaches, or lower their fares, and, of course, extinguish their profits." The conclusion which he deduces from

a mass of facts, which he puts forward clearly and distinctly, is—

"That the popular idea of the superior excellency of railways, as a mode of inland conveyance, is entirely a delusion; that experience has shewn they cannot, in the most advantageous possible circumstances, compete with canals for the carriage of heavy goods; and that, on equal terms, they cannot compete with turnpike-roads for the conveyance of passengers; and that the success of the Liverpool Railway in this respect has arisen solely from the peculiar circumstances of its being from a sixth to a seventh shorter in distance than the competing turnpike-roads, while, at the same time, the railway is almost entirely exempted from taxation on travellers. In forming these conclusions. I assume the

necessity maintained by the advocates of railways of the employment of engine-power to carry on trade, and more especially to attain and maintain high speed."

Railways with locomotive engines, however improved, it is our firm opinion, never can compete, throughout the kingdom generally, with common roads and animal powers. The expenses of construction, of wear and tear of engines, and of repairs, are such, even with the present advantages afforded to the new mode of conveyance by the legislature, which may not, and which in truth cannot, be continued, that it is impossible railways could ever be worked at a remunerating return of money in countries such, for example, as Ireland, where horses are to be bought so cheap, and maintained at a cost so very trifling—a country in which oats are to be purchased at sixpence a stone.

In the first part of his treatise, Mr. Grahame, in referring to routes on which locomotive mechanical power is used, has omitted to make mention of coaches propelled by steam on common roads. It would appear, too, that in the second part of the treatise, which is yet unpublished, he does not propose to advert to them. Meanwhile, before the public enjoy the opportunity of seeing his second volume, from which we anticipate much valuable information, and which is to be concerning "the modes of inland intercourse by turnpike-roads and canals, with general remarks, and a comparison of the benefits to be derived from the improvement of these routes, and also from railways," we are anxious to remedy the defect; we are anxious to say a few words about steam-carriages, and to lay before the public the case which has been made out on their behalf. The practicability of propelling a carriage on a common road by steam has been fully established. We agree, accordingly, with a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, that the inquiry touching them becomes altogether one of economy and durability. The possibility has been proved beyond all doubt; and we further concur with the writer in thinking that, "instead of inventors claiming for themselves any merit when they had succeeded in making a carriage propelled with a moderate velocity, they should rather have kept the matter to themselves, until they had manufactured one really economical and useful,

uniting advantage to the public and remuneration to themselves."

Let us, however, state the case. We apprehend it will appear from it, that steam-coaches on common roads have, if we may be allowed the expression, in prospective many advantages over steam-coaches upon railways; they are not so expensive; they move upon a road infinitely less expensive than a railroad, and which, from its presenting a smooth and continuous surface, does not cause that ruinous wear and tear of engines, which is one of the heaviest items in the expenses of a railway. It has even been declared by a committee of the House of Commons, "that they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses."

Certainly, it will be seen, that the tolls at present levied on them are most impolitic and most unjust—a disgrace to the legislature that inflicted them—a disgrace to every administration that shall suffer them to continue. It is now upwards of three years since a public steam-carriage conveyance upon common roads was first commenced in this kingdom. Sir Charles Dance, in a letter to Mr. Gurney, dated Feb. 3, 1832, says, "My steam-carriages ran between Gloucester and Cheltenham regularly four times a-day, for four months, from the 21st of February to the 22d of June 1831, during which time they carried three thousand persons, and travelled nearly four thousand miles. They performed the distance, nine miles, in fifty-five minutes, on an average, and frequently did it in forty-five. There was sometimes delays, owing to defective pipes in the boiler; but no accident, hurt, or injury, ever happened to any person whatever: the engines were never out of order, and are as perfect as they were at first. Steam-carriages can be worked profitably, so as to carry passengers for one-half the prices at present charged by horse-coaches."

The practicability and economy, so far as the public were concerned, of using steam-carriages for the conveyance of passengers having been thus established, it may be asked, Why did they not continue to run? Was it occasioned by any want of confidence on the part of the public in the safety of those vehicles, or, was there any apprehension entertained of this system of steam-transport having a prejudicial effect upon the industry of the country?

On the contrary, Sir Charles Dance states, "that the public were daily growing more pleased with the conveyance; passengers from all parts of the kingdom declaring their satisfaction and cordial wishes for its success; and the lower order expressing their conviction that the substitution of steam for horses would tend to their comfort and relief." A multiplicity of those obstacles, however, which are invariably thrown in the way, and rarely fail to impede the progress of a new invention, and especially if it be likely to produce important results, did not fail to arise.

Objections were strongly urged against Sir Charles's steam-carriages by various classes of persons,—some affected by those prejudices proper to ignorance, others influenced altogether by regard to their own interests,—by country gentlemen, trustees of roads, farmers, coach-proprietors, coachmen, post-boys, together with the long list of the retainers, followers, and dependents of these persons. Some contended that these carriages would prove injurious to agriculture, others that they would destroy the roads, others that the removal of horses would ruin the farmers, others that it would ruin the coach-proprietors, and throw all the hands employed by them out of work. To these objections it was replied by Sir Charles, "that the land which is used to keep one horse would maintain eight people, and, consequently, that the removal of a thousand horses would save what would maintain eight thousand people; that the cheap and expeditious mode of conveying passengers and carrying all manner of produce to market would eminently tend to the welfare of all classes, agricultural and commercial; that the roads would suffer less injury from the broad wheels of steamers than from the horses' feet and narrow wheels of the present stage-coaches; that coach-proprietors would get more custom by carrying people at half the present prices, and would require less capital than at present, the outlay for horses being so exceedingly uncertain in its amount; and that coachmen, post-boys, and horsekeepers would also be benefited, because a greater number of men are employed about a steam-coach than about a coach drawn by horses; and, in addition to all this, there would be more employment for artificers, and the inn-

keeper and all his attendants would be of course benefited by the increase of travelling."

The trustees, however, of the Gloucester and Cheltenham road differed with him on all the points he urged, as they had good right to do on some; and, notwithstanding a remonstrance from Sir Charles, who wrote to them stating that he had come amongst them with the intention of establishing Mr. Gurney's invention, believing that it would prove of the greatest benefit to the country, and that "he could not believe that the enlightened body of gentlemen whom he had the honour to address would *seriously resolve to obstruct* such an undertaking, sanctioned as it is by the king, and encouraged by the first people in the country;" notwithstanding that remonstrance, they ordered, upon the 22d of June, a layer of broken stones, to the depth of eighteen inches, to be laid across the road, about four miles from Gloucester, for the purpose of impeding the progress of the steam-coach; and they, moreover, succeeded in getting turnpike-bills passed through both houses of parliament which imposed upon steam-carriages tolls which amounted to prohibition.

Sir Charles, finding it impossible to contend against these acts of the legislature, in conjunction with the other difficulties he had to encounter, relinquished his intention of continuing to run his carriages, and came up to London, for the purpose of consulting with Mr. Gurney, before that gentleman proceeded to petition parliament. His petition was presented, and the house granted a committee of inquiry, which, after a long and laborious investigation of the subject, during a period of three months, and after examining several of our most eminent practical engineers, reported "that sufficient evidence had been adduced to convince the committee,

"1st, That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads, at the average rate of ten miles per hour.

"2d, That at this rate they have carried upwards of fourteen passengers.

"3d, That their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, may be under three tons.

"4th, That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable elevation with facility and safety.

" 5th, That they are perfectly safe for passengers.

" 6th, That they are not, nor need not be, if properly constructed, nuisances to the public.

" 7th, That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.

" 8th, That as they admit of greater breadth of tire than other carriages, and as the roads are not acted upon so injuriously as by the feet of horses in common draught, such carriages will cause less tear and wear of roads than coaches drawn by horses.

" 9th, That rates of tolls have been imposed on steam-carriages which would prohibit their being used on several lines of road, were such charges permitted to remain unaltered."

The committee having been directed also to report "on the probable utility which might accrue to the public from the use of steam-carriages," state that they examined upon this point a member of the committee, well-known for his intelligence and research on subjects connected with the interests of society, and from his evidence, to which they refer, they were led to believe "that the substitution of inanimate for animate power, in draught on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced." In corroboration of this, we extract from the evidence of Col. Torrens, alluded to, the following observations: "If steam-carriages could ultimately be brought to such perfection as entirely to supersede draught-horses on the common roads, there could be food and demand for eight millions of people. But when we further take into consideration, that lowering the expense of carriage would enable us to extend cultivation over soils which cannot now be profitably tilled, and would have the further effect of enabling us to apply, with a profit, additional portions of labour and capital to the soils already under tillage, I think it not unfair to conclude, that were elementary power on the common roads completely to supersede draught-horses, the population, wealth, and power of Great Britain would at least be doubled."

The committee further reported, that they considered "the practicability of running steam-carriages upon common roads as having been *fully established*;" that "their general adoption will take place more or less rapidly, in propor-

tion as the attention of scientific men shall be drawn by public encouragement to further improvement." They add, that two causes might be assigned for the imposition of excessive tolls upon steam-carriages: the first, a determination on the part of the trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power; the second, and probably the more frequent, has been a misapprehension of their weight and effect on roads. Either cause appeared to the committee a sufficient justification for their recommending to the house that "legislative protection should be extended to steam-carriages with the least possible delay." Adding that, "when we consider that these trials have been made under the most unfavourable circumstances—at greater expense—a total uncertainty—without any of those guides which experience has given to other branches of engineering—and that those engaged in making them are persons looking solely to their own interest, and not theorists attempting the perfection of ingenious models—when we find them convinced, after long experience, that they are introducing such a mode of conveyance as shall tempt the public, by its superior advantages, from the use of the admirable lines of coaches which have been generally established,—it surely cannot be contended that the introduction of steam-carriages on common roads is as yet an uncertain experiment, unworthy of legislative attention."

It is farther said, that one of the principal advantages resulting from the use of steam would be, that it might be employed as cheaply at a quick as at a slow rate. "This is one of its great advantages over horse-labour, which becomes more and more expensive as the speed is increased. There is every reason to expect that in the end the rate of travelling by steam will be much quicker than the utmost speed of travelling by horses—in a word, the safety of travellers will be the only limit to speed." In horse-draught the opposite result takes place; for in all cases horses lose power of draught in a much greater proportion than they gain from speed; and hence the work they do becomes more and more expensive the greater the speed is with which it is performed. On this point we have the evidence of a distinguished scientific scholar, the late Davies Gilbert.

"Without increase of cost, then," again quoting from the Report, "we shall obtain a power which will insure a rapidity of internal communication far beyond the utmost speed of horses in draught; and although the performance of these carriages may not have hitherto attained this point, when once it is established that at equal speed we can use steam more cheaply in draught than horses, we may fairly anticipate that every day's increased experience in the management of the engines will induce greater skill, greater confidence, and greater speed."

Since the month of October 1831, when this report of the committee of the House of Commons was published, two years and a half have elapsed. During this time Colonel Sir Charles Dance, who (we are told), "from having considered the application of steam to locomotive purposes as important to the military operations of the country, had been led to embark capital on Mr. Gurney's experiments, has been continually directing his attention to the subject." His steam-carriage, after making various trips in the vicinity of London and Brighton, commenced plying for hire in October last between Wellington Street and Greenwich. During this time, in the presence of multitudes of spectators, it ran about 250 miles, at the average rate of ten miles an hour, conveying about 336 passengers, without a single accident having taken place. On the 1st of November following it made an experimental journey upon the mail-coach line of the Holyhead road, carrying Mr. Telford and nine other eminent civil engineers. In the report published by these gentlemen are found the following passages: "There can be no doubt, with a well-constructed engine of great power, a steam-carriage conveyance between London and Birmingham, at a velocity unattainable by horses, and limited only by safety, may be maintained; and it is our conviction that such a project may be

undertaken with great advantage to the public—more especially if, as might obviously be the case, without interfering with the general use of the road, a portion of it was to be prepared, and kept in a state most suitable for travelling in locomotive steam-carriages."

Colonel Torrens' evidence, notwithstanding the hypothetical style in which it was delivered, we look upon as downright nonsense: it does not, however, affect the question as we consider it. We shall again quote Mr. Grahame, for the purpose of demolishing the Colonel's ridiculous theory of the multitudinous benefits to be derived from doing away with brute labour:

"It is gravely asserted that, by the establishment of a general system of railways, and the consequent universal adoption of locomotive engines instead of horses as a motive power, the keep and maintenance of some hundred thousand horses would be saved to the country. In one of the most moderate, though latest, of the publications on this subject, entitled *The Advantages of Railways and Locomotive Engines, especially the London and Greenwich Railway*, it is stated that, by proper exertion in railway formation, upwards of 100,000 horses, now employed in dragging coaches, post-chaises, vans, and wagons, may be dispensed with in the next six years, at the most moderate computation. As each of these horses consumes, it is said, a quantity of food adequate to the support of eight human beings, the retrenchment, from brute consumption, will be equivalent to the aliment of 800,000 persons. But this is only a portion of the saving that will ensue. To keep up the supply of these 100,000 working-horses, from 150,000 to 160,000 more are required.† I shall not take the exaggerated statements of the parties in question as to the annual loss of horses by the present coaching system, but I shall suppose (what I believe to be the average state of the case) that the horses, one with another, work four years, and begin their regular work when five years old. It is obvious, then, that to keep up the supply

* In consequence of this very favourable report, a company, we are informed, is now forming under the auspices of Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Telford, to run steam-carriages to Birmingham; and Sir Charles's carriage is now in the hands of Messrs. Maudsley and Field, preparatory to its running as a public conveyance. These eminent engineers are at present engaged in building a vehicle, combining, it is said, all the accredited improvements, for the "London and Birmingham Steam-Coach and Road Company." It will make its appearance in the course of a few weeks, and it is confidently anticipated by its supporters, it is stated, that it will exhibit higher results than any that have yet appeared.

† The animal manure derivable from these horses would keep upwards of five hundred square miles in the highest state of cultivation and production."

there must always be in the hands of the farmers or breeders 125,000 young horses, besides brood-mares and stallions. If these are computed, in all, at 150,000 additional horses, the number of horses whose keep or maintenance might with proper exertion be saved, would, in six years, be 250,000, consuming at present the food of 2,000,000 human beings, or one-eighth of the population of Britain, reckoned at 16,000,000 persons.

"When it is considered, that the greatest importation into Britain of foreign corn, in any one year, never exceeded one-twentieth of the consumption, the effect of reducing the consumption or demand one-eighth in the course of the next six years, with the reasonable hope of an equal reduction in the six following years, may be easily anticipated. It would no doubt settle the question of the corn-laws, by reducing the prices of corn in Britain to continental prices. But the most determined enemy to the corn-laws would, I think, hesitate to remove even these obnoxious restrictions by such a remedy. The evils of the remedy are obvious and certain, and the benefits* more than problematical. To increase the prosperity of a country by lessening the consumption, is certainly a new process in political economy, and I confess I do not understand it; nor can I see any benefit in reducing the price of a staple product of any country, unless such reduction is effected by a similar reduction in the expenses or labour of its production, or an increase of the quantity brought to market by the opening up of new sources.

"The whole statement, however, is bottomed on folly or bad faith. For, granting all that is asserted to be true, it cannot be denied that, if the prices of bread and corn are reduced to continental prices, the keep or maintenance of horses will be reduced in the same ratio. Now, in most parts of the continent the keep of a horse does not cost a third, or a half, of the cost in England; and when it is considered that more than one half of the annual expense of running a coach or carriage on a turnpike-road is composed of the monies paid for the food and the keep of the horses employed, we see at once effected such a reduction of the expenditure for motive power on turnpike-roads as would at once put an end to railway competition. The very

result aimed at by the advocates of locomotive engines would, if attained, put an end to the employment of these machines, by rendering them utterly unprofitable. At present the engines are fed with *untaxed coal*, and the horses with *taxed corn*; but remove the taxes on corn, and reduce the keep of horses one-half, and the question of railways and turnpike-roads is settled beyond all doubt. The fact is, that in many parts of France the charges for travelling, in the diligences, does not amount to the mere cost of conveying a passenger along the Liverpool Railway. A traveller is conveyed at the rate of about seven miles per hour, stoppages included, for a charge of less than one penny per mile; and if the weight of these machines is taken into consideration, and the inferior state of the French roads, we may safely assert that the same thing could be done in Great Britain, at the rate of nine or ten miles per hour, but for fiscal exactions and anti-commercial laws."

To return to steam-carriages. The practicability of their being efficiently used on common roads, at a speed exceeding ten miles an hour, has been proved by their performances in various parts of England and Scotland. One of the most successful carriages has been run by a Mr. Russell. We extract the following description of it from the *Caledonian Mercury*; which, though evidently partial, and rather more panegyric than it perhaps should be, and this in vile taste, is yet not without some interest.

"This great work of art is at length completed, and the unremitting assiduity and persevering attention of Mr. Russell have been crowned with complete success. The difficulties in mechanism he had to overcome never were to him an impediment, but served only as a spur to more vigorous and increased endeavour. Proceeding upon a rigidly scientific system, he assigned and fixed to himself, *à priori*, the end he designed to aim at; and knowing beforehand, by an infallible and demonstrated certainty, that what he compassed could and must needs be attained, difficulties, which to ordinary men would have proved deterring, became to him signal and high advantages, and were rendered the precursors to discovery.

* "The alleged benefit consists in a saving of the corn consumed by the coach-horses: the evil consists in throwing a large body of the industrious classes out of employment. Now, to whom does the benefit, namely, the value of the corn saved, go? Chiefly to the monied capitalist, whose funds are employed to build the machine which supplants the animal power. The evil falls on the working-classes thrown out of employment."

"Wednesday at noon, a result of this long study of years started from the Grove House Engine Works on its way to Glasgow, in order to ply between Paisley and that city. On the first view of this wonderful fabric, the spectator is seized with surprise at the elegance and ornateness superinduced by Mr. Russell upon a mechanism naturally ponderous and clumsy. The carriage is, in fact, of the same form and size as those we are in the daily custom of seeing, only hung a little higher to afford room for the machinery below—which added height, however, gives it an added stateliness and imposingness of effect.

"The carriage is attended by a supplementary vehicle, a tender, containing the water and charcoal required for the boiler and furnace. In this way, the whole of the apparatus consists of two parts, the main carriage, and the attendant one fixed to it; and this secondary carriage affords, besides, an extra and additional accommodation for supernumerary passengers.

"The tender consists, above, of a cistern for water, and is in its underpart a basket for holding charcoal: it is attached to the carriage, and drawn behind it, by a flexible joint. The joint can be disengaged or refastened in a moment; so that at any stage on the road, when fresh water and fuel are required, the emptied vehicle can be dropped, and a fresh one put on, on the instant, in its place. The contents of the 'tender,' it is calculated, will, on an average, last about eight or ten miles, according as fine weather, or the contrary, may have rendered the road good or bad—thus making in all four, or perhaps five, stages betwixt the metropolis and Glasgow.

"The body of the carriage is hung upon springs apart—quite free and independent of the boiler and machinery. The boiler, which is extremely small and light, occupies that space immediately below which in other carriages is left empty; while the boot behind contains the engine. By this ingenious contrivance, the boiler not only takes up no unnecessary room, but serves as ballast, and makes the upsetting of the machine impracticable. This is a decided improvement upon the former steam vehicles, where the boilers stand erected to a considerable elevation, and must, we think, be apt to form a centre of unstable equilibrium.

"The carriage is superbly fitted up, and finished in the very best style: it holds six inside, and (the tender included) twenty out.

"The boiler is swathed round with non-conductors, in order that no heat may be lost by radiation; and this economy in caloric has the unexpected effect

of keeping the boiler so cool, that a hand can at any time be applied to it without inconvenience; and the traveller in the coach, did he not know it from other sources, could never become aware that he was seated above a reservoir at a temperature of 300° Fahrenheit. The construction in the interior is not communicated to the uninitiated; but whatever difficulties Mr. Russell may have encountered and overpassed in executing this part of his task, he received his reward by making the striking and totally unforeseen discovery of a boiler capable of generating steam in twenty minutes; whilst the old and customary style of boiler consumed from three to four hours in producing this elastic fluid.

"The two engines, fourteen-horse power each, situated above the hind axle, are connected with it by cranks working at right angles to one another, so as to produce a continuous rotatory motion. They are contained in a polished brass box of six cubic feet, and communicate with the boiler in a manner imperceptible to the eye, highly ingenious, and quite novel.

"The whole machinery is poised upon curviform springs of the fourth order, so marvellously adjusted as to prevent any concussion or shock from telling or taking effect upon the engine; while the potential detachment of the wheel from the axle enabled the engineer to stop either wheel at will, and so to turn and steer the carriage according to the most tortuous sinuosities of the road. The hind axle is alone propelled; and the fore axle is used as a helms whereby to guide the movements of the vehicle. Hence the wheels, both in the front and back, are at the entire command and control of the superintendent; and although the velocity can be extended up to fifteen miles per hour, it can be governed, retarded, regulated, and directed, with as much ease as our present mails, and adapted alike to an open country or a crowded street."

So much for the power of applying steam to locomotive purposes on common roads. We now approach the question of economy. Of course, upon this point little can be definitely said; the data hitherto afforded are neither sufficiently numerous nor decisive to justify a final judgment: time and trial can alone furnish a correct estimate. Whatever the outlay now amounts to, the probability is that it will bear a very high ratio as compared with that which will be eventually required; for reduction of expenditure and progress towards perfection will go hand in hand. We will state the

results from working the four principal steam-carriages. Mr. John Stone, who had the management of Sir Charles Dance's steam-carriages at Gloucester. states:—"We have made 396 regular journeys, making 3,644 miles in all. The number of passengers who paid fares was 2,666. Our receipts have been 202*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; our expenses in coke altogether 78*l.* One ton of this coke was burnt in exercise and experiments, when we were not running. I have taken the carriage to pieces, to mend the axle, and find the engine not worn or injured; and, with the exception of the brasses on the crank, there has been no perceptible wear of any part." Mr. Gurney remarks upon this statement in his pamphlet, p. 41: "The traffic between Cheltenham and Gloucester is very limited; and it should not be forgotten, in looking at the actual receipts, that if they had been every day equal to that on the day of the election for a coroner at Gloucester, the receipts might have been upwards of 1200*l.* instead of 202*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*,

without adding a single farthing to the expenses of the engine." The distance from Gloucester to Cheltenham is about nine miles, which, travelled four times, makes thirty-six in all. To work this distance with a four-horse coach, would require eighteen horses daily, which at three shillings per head for keep, &c., amounts to 2*l.* 14*s.* The coke required to do the same 9*s.* 3*d.*, i. e. nearly six to one in favour of steam. The outlay and return upon one of Mr. Hancock's steam omnibuses, which ran last summer for six weeks, between the city and Pentonville, shewed a clear gain of eighty-four per cent. Col. Macerone, from a calculation made from running his carriage nearly two thousand miles, considers that even a higher profit will accrue upon the capital embarked. We subjoin two statements, taken from the *Journal of Steam Transport and Husbandry*,* p. 59, professing to shew the comparative expense of running stage-coaches and steam-carriages between London and Birmingham:—

"Statement shewing the cost and profit of 61 stage-coaches from London to Birmingham, calculated to carry, according to the estimated scale of the Railway Company, on the average, nine passengers daily, exclusive of the intermediate stages, each coach travelling 108 miles per day.

Capital.

Horses, 3,050, averaging 30 <i>l.</i> each	£91,500
Coaches, 61, at 140 <i>l.</i> each	8,540
Contingencies, about 20 per cent, say	19,960

Income.

<i>£120,000</i>	
Passengers inside, 122 daily, or 44,530 per annum, at 40 <i>s.</i> each	£89,060
Ditto outside, 428 " 156,220 " " 20 <i>s.</i> each	156,220

Total ... 550

£245,280

Coach Expenses.

Duty on 2,404,620 miles, at 3 <i>d.</i> per mile	£30,057 15 <i>s.</i>
Tolls about one-twelfth less	27,552 19
Hire of 61 coaches, at 1½ <i>d.</i> per mile	12,524 1
Servants, at 130 <i>l.</i> each coach	7,930 0
Taxes, at 10 <i>l.</i> each coach	610 0
	78,674 15

£166,605 5

Add for parcels in 22,265 journeys, at 40 <i>s.</i> per cent	44,530 0
Ditto for bookings and portorage, 3 per cent	3,000 0

£214,135 5

Horse Expenses.

Keep, farriers, harness, and attendance of 3,050 horses, at 50 <i>l.</i> per annum each	£152,500
Loss by wear and tear, say ¼ of 91,500 <i>l.</i>	22,875
Rent of stables, offices, &c.	8,000
Management, 5 per cent	6,000
Contingencies, 10 per cent	12,000
	201,375 0

Total gross profit, 10½ per cent

£12,760 6

"That this profit may be received as the general averaged profit, is supported by the fact, resulting from our own investigation of the averaged earnings of one of the largest and best conducted stage-coach establishments in the kingdom for a long series of years, including several losing coaches, shewing nearly the same profit.

"Statement shewing the estimated cost and profit upon steam-coaches, upon the turnpike line as it now is, for the same scale of work as estimated in the preceding calculation, allowing only, for greater despatch and economy, a greater averaged number of passengers daily to each coach; shewing that 40 coaches, actually in use, will do the work of 61 with more than ten times greater profit, even after the fares are reduced 43 and 35 per cent.

Capital.

Steam-carriages, 60 at 700 <i>l.</i> each	£42,000
Contingencies	5,000
	£47,000

Income.

Passengers inside, 122 daily, or 44,530 per annum, at 2 <i>s.</i> each	£51,209	10
Ditto outside, 428 " 156,220 " " 1 <i>s.</i> each	101,543	0
Total ... 550		
Add for parcels in 18,250 journeys, at 40 <i>s.</i> each	36,500	0
	£189,252	10

Expenses.

Hire of 40 steam-carriages to run 108 miles each, or 1,576,800 miles, at 1 <i>d.</i> per mile	£6,570	0
Tolls payable to trustees, at 40 <i>s.</i> per engine duty.....	29,200	0
Forty engines kept in repair, at 6 <i>d.</i> per mile each	39,420	0
Coke for 40 engines, three-quarters of a bushel per mile each, at 7 <i>d.</i> per bushel.....	34,492	10
Engineer, assistant-engineer, and fireman, for 40 engines, at 18 <i>s.</i> each per day	13,140	0
Establishment at London, Birmingham, and depôts.....	5,000	0
Reserved fund for the purchase of new engines, equal to 10 per cent per annum	4,000	0
Contingencies, 20 per cent	8,000	0
	139,822	10
Total gross profit, about 105 per cent	£49,430	0

"But observe, no allowance is made for a greater trade in passengers, which of course will attend a cheaper, quicker, and more comfortable system of conveyance, though the same will add very considerably to the gross profit; on which account alone the railway companies have doubled the actual revenue in their coach department, whilst the total income in the other statement is reduced as above, in the ratio of 43 and 45 per cent."

From all these various statements of facts and probabilities, and from these calculations, loose though they be, yet shewing a certain result in favour of steam-carriages, we apprehend it has been fully established that fair play should be shewn to these vehicles, and consequently that those tolls which now amount to a prohibition should be repealed. For two years, it is stated, that ingenious and enterprising gentleman Mr. Gurney was driven, by feelings of disappointment and a sense of injustice, to abandon his attempts to improve the construction of steam-carriages. It was natural for him to feel annoyance; it was not so wise for him to display it in the mode which he

selected. There are few inventions which have not at first met with violent opposition, still fewer that have not proved fatal to the life or fortunes of the inventor. Without ascending to remote antiquity to remind Mr. Gurney that Perillus was roasted in his own brazen bull, let us make an extract relating to improvements in internal intercourse, which, being in his own line of pursuit, may affect him more nearly. Donaldson Cox observes:

"It is truly mortifying to observe the slow progress of improvements, and to hear the absurd objections made to them, and that not unfrequently, by people of the best sense and education. His late majesty (George II.) wished to have the

streets of London and Westminster paved in the present way; but on advising with some Scotch physicians, they said it would be very hurtful to the health of his majesty's good citizens of London, who had little time to spare for the taking of exercise; and that the jolting of a coach for one mile over the stones, did more service than the travelling of several miles on a better road. His majesty had too great a regard for his people to countenance any thing that would injure their health, and so it was dropped. However, several Londoners, who had been witness to the superiority of the streets in Edinburgh, were resolved, about thirty years back, to make the trial; and I am creditably informed, that York and St. James's were the first streets that were paved in the new way, and the mob were so displeased, that what was laid down in the day they pulled up in the night. Amongst other objections, they said the stones were so small they could not bear the weight of the carriages, and so smooth the horses could have no footing; and that trade would be ruined. It was in vain to tell them that the city of Edinburgh had been paved in that manner near a hundred years back. The night-watchmen, however, being increased, and this trial succeeding, it became universal, and many other cities and towns adopted it; and I believe nothing now would induce them to submit to have the streets paved in the old way. In Russia, prejudice is so strong that, though large premiums have been offered to the carpenters, the saw has not as yet been able to be introduced!"

It will be remembered, too, that although the advantages of Macadamised roads (as they are called) had been well known from experience in Ireland and Scotland for some fifty

years bygone, yet was there considerable objection to the proposition for substituting, in parts of the metropolis, those smooth and pleasant roads for the old paved ways.

In conclusion, then, we would urge Mr. Gurney to take good heart, and to proceed with his labours, which seem likely to lead to a happy result. In some districts, we feel convinced that his carriages may be used with great advantage to the public and a satisfactory remuneration to himself. There can be no doubt that his carriages will be relieved before long from that odious impost to which they are at present subjected; for surely nothing can be more glaringly unjust than to place it on steam-carriages on public turnpike-roads, which present themselves to the people in fair and honest competition with other and established vehicles, while protection is afforded, while a bounty is actually given, to steam-coaches travelling on railways, which are private roads, on which there can be no competition, and which confer a monopoly upon bodies of joint-stock proprietors. Indeed, the intentions of the legislature on this subject have been already intimated. It appears that in the Bathgate and Airdrie Road Act a clause was inserted exempting steam-carriages from any higher rate of toll than that which is levied upon four-horse stage-coaches. A bill, moreover, to make this the general rate all over Scotland will be proposed at an early period in the next session of parliament, and there is every reason to expect that it will be carried without opposition.

* * Since the preceding paper was put to press, one of Mr. Russell's carriages has been blown up, and several people have been killed by the explosion. It would appear that the accident arose from the breaking of one of the wheels; an accident which ought not to have taken place, and which would not have taken place if proper care had been used in the original construction and subsequent condition of the vehicle from day to day. It seems, from the evidence given before the legal authorities, that, in consequence of the breaking of the wheel, a weight was cast upon part of the boiler, by which it was pressed flat, and burst accordingly. The wheel, also, it was deposed, was a new one, and was made of *bad or decayed timber*. It is unnecessary to offer a single comment upon this. We shall only add, that such an accident proves nothing against the practicability of safe conveyance by steam-carriages on common roads; although it might perchance suggest the propriety of some legislative measure to prevent speculators from running vehicles in an unsound state, by appointing some competent person to inspect them periodically, or else by imposing the highest penalties in cases wherein a want of constant and extreme care upon the part of the proprietor had been proved.

LITERATURE AND THE JESUITS.

(From the *Prout Papers*.)

"Alii spem gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus : alii purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendant nectare cellas."—VIRG. *Georgic IV.*

"Through flowery paths,
Skilled to guide youth, in haunts where learning dwells,
They filled with honey'd lore their cloistered cells."—PROUT.

THE recent massacre by a brutal populace in Madrid of fourteen Jesuits, in the very hall of their college of St. Isidoro, has drawn somewhat of notice, if not of sympathy, to this singular order of literati, whom we never fail, for the last three hundred years, to find mixed up with every political disturbance. There is a certain species of bird well known to ornithologists, but better still to mariners, which is sure to make its appearance in stormy weather ; so constantly, indeed, as to induce among the sailors (*durum genus*) a belief, that it is *the fowl* that has raised the tempest. Leaving this knotty point to be settled by Dr. Lardner in his *Cyclopædia*, at the article of "Mother Carey's chickens," we cannot help observing, meantime, that since the days of the French League under Henri *Trois*, to the late final expulsion of the *branche aînée* (an event which has marked the commencement of REGINA's accession to the throne of literature), as well in the revolutions of Portugal as in the vicissitudes of Venice, in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in the expulsion of James II., in the severance of the Low Countries from Spain, in the invasion of Africa by Don Sebastian, in the Scotch rebellion of 45, in the conquest of China by the Tartars, in all the Irish rebellions, from Father Salmeron in 1561, and Father Archer (for whom see *Pacata Hibernia*), to that *anonymous* Jesuit who (according to Sir Harcourt Lees) threw *the bottle* at the Lord Lieutenant in the Dublin theatre some years ago,—there is always one of that ill-fated society found in the thick of the confusion—

"And whether for good or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say,
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day !
When an heir is born he is heard to mourn ;
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall."—BYRON.

However, notwithstanding the various and manifold commotions which these Jesuits have confessedly kicked up in the kingdoms of Europe and the commonwealth of Christendom, we, OLIVER YORKE, must admit that they have not deserved ill of the *Republic of Letters* ; and therefore do we decidedly set our face against the Madrid process of knocking out their brains ; for the *pineal gland* and the *cerebellum* are not kept in such a high state of cultivation in Spain, as to render superfluous a few colleges and professors of the *literæ humaniores*. George Knapp, the vigilant mayor of Cork, was no doubt greatly to be applauded for demolishing with his civic club the mad dogs which infested his native town, and he would have won immortal laurels if he had furthermore cleared that beautiful city of the idlers, gossips, and cynics, who therein abound : but to apply the club to the learned skulls of the only literary men they possessed, was a great mistake of the Madrid folks. We are inclined to think (though full of respect for Robert Southey's opinion) that, after all, Roderick was *not* the last of the Goths in Spain.

When the Cossacks got into Paris in 1814, their first exploit was to eat up all the tallow candles of the conquered metropolis, and to drink the train oil out of the lamps, so as to leave the "Boulevards" in Cimmerian darkness. By murdering the schoolmasters, it would seem that the partisans of Queen Christina would have no great objection to a similar municipal arrangement for Madrid. But all this is a matter of national taste ; and as *our* gracious REGINA is no party to the quadruple alliance, she has determined to adhere to her fixed system of non-intervention.

Meantime the public will peruse with some curiosity a paper from Father Prout, concerning his old masters in literature. We suspect that on this occasion sentimental gratitude has begotten a sort of "drop" in his eye, for he only winks at the rogueries of the Jesuits; nor does he redder for them the gridiron on which he gently roasts Dr. Lardner and Tom Moore. But the great merit of the essay is that the composer evidently had opportunities of a thorough knowledge of his subject; a matter of rare occurrence, and therefore quite refreshing. He appears indeed to be fully aware of his 'vantage ground': hence the tone of confidence, and the firm unhesitating tenour of his assertions. This is what we like to see. A chancellor of England, who rarely got drunk, Sir Thomas More (not the *melody man*, of course, but the friend of Erasmus), has left this bit of advice to folks in general:

Wise men almaspe
affirme and say
that tis best for a man
Diligently
for to apply
to the business he can,

and in no wise
to enterpryse
another facultie.
A simple matter
should not go smatter

in philosophie;
nor ought a peddular
become a meddular
in theologie.*

Acting on this principle, how gladly would we open our columns to a treatise by our particular friend, Marie Taglioni, on the philosophy of *hops*? how cheerfully would we welcome an essay on *heavy wet* from the pen of Dr. Wade, or of Jack Reeve, or any other similarly qualified Chevalier de Malte? We should not object to a "tract" on *gin* from Charley Pearson; nor would we exclude Lord Althorp's thick notions on "*flummery*," or Lord Brougham's XXX ideas on that mild alcohol, which, for the sake of peace and quietness, we shall call "*tea*." Who would not listen with attention to Irving on a matter of "unknown tongues," or to O'Brien on "Round Towers?" Verily, it belongeth to old Benjamin Franklin to write scientifically on the *paratonnerre*; and his contemporary, Talleyrand, has a paramount claim to lecture on the *weathercock*.

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus."

Turning finally to thee, O Prout! truly great was thy love of frolic, but still more remarkable thy wisdom. Thou wert a most rare combination of Socrates and Sancho Panza, of Scarron and the venerable Bede! What would we not have given to have cracked a bottle with thee in thy hut on Watergrasshill, partaking of thy hospitable "herring," and imbibing thy deep flood of knowledge with the plenitude of thy "Medoc!" Nothing gloomy, narrow, or pharisaical ever entered into thy composition—"In wit, a man; simplicity, a child." The wrinkled brow of antiquity softened into smiles for thee; and the muses must have marked thee in thy cradle for their own. Such is the perfume that breathes from thy chest of posthumous elucidations, conveying a sweet fragrance to the keen nostrils of criticism, and recalling the funeral oration of Phædrus over his emptied flagon—

"O suavis anima! quantum te dicam bonum
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquis."

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Dec. 1833.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, after the vigorous arm of an Augustinian monk had sounded on the banks of the Rhine that loud tocsin of reform that found such responsive echo among the Gothic steeples of Germany, there arose in southern Europe, as if to meet the exigency of the

times, a body of popish men, who have been called (assuredly by no friendly nomenclator) the Janissaries of the Vatican. Professor Robertson, in his admirable *History of Charles V.*, introduces a special episode concerning the said "janissaries;" and sinking for a time the affairs of the belligerent continent, turns his grave attention to

* See this excellent didactic poem, printed at length in the elaborate preface to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. It is entitled, *A merrie Jest, how a Serjeant would learne to playe y^e Frere*; by Maister Thomas More, in hys youthe.

the operations of the children of Loyola. The essay forms an agreeable interlude in the melodrama of contemporary warfare, and is exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the professor; whose object was, I presume, to furnish his readers with a light *disertimento*. For surely and soberly (*pæc tanti viri discrim*) he did not expect that his theories on the origin, development, and mysterious organisation of that celebrated society, would pass current with any save the uninitiated and the profane; nor did he ever contemplate the adoption of his speculations by any but the careless and unreflecting portion of mankind. It was a capital peg on which to hang the flimsy mantle of a superficial philosophy; it was a pleasant race-ground over which to canter on the gentle back of a metaphysical hobby-horse: but what could a presbyterian of Edinburgh, even though a pillar of the kirk, know about the inmost and most recondite workings of Catholic freemasonry? What could he tell of Jerusalem, he being a Samaritan? Verily, friend Robertson, father Prout would have taken the liberty, had he been in the historical workshop where thou didst indite that ilk, of acting the unceremonious part of "Cynthus," in the eclogue:

"Aurem
Vellit et admonuit, 'Pastorem, Tityre,
pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere
carmen.'"

What could he have possessed the professor? Did he ever go through the course of "*spiritual exercises*?" Did he ever eat a peck of salt with Loyola's intellectual and highly-disciplined sons? Had he ever "*manifested his conscience*?" Did his venturesome foot ever cross the threshold of the Jesuitical sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the "*ratio studiorum*?" Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta*? No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bonzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gipsies? or the "*Ancient Order of Druids*?" or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius à Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?

I am the more surprised at the

learned historian's thus indulging in the Homeric luxury of a transient nap, as he generally is broad awake, and scans with scrutinising eye the doings of his fellow-men through several centuries of interest. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, never occurs (except in this case) to his comprehensive habit of thought; and it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration. The more ignorance, the more audacity. "Prince Puckler Muskaw" and "Lady Morgan" furnish the *beau idéal* of this class of scribblers. Let them get but a peep at the "*toe of Hercules*," and they will produce forthwith an accurate mezzotinto drawing of his entire godship. Let them get a footing in any country in the habitable globe for twenty-four hours, and their volume of *France, England, or Italy, or Belgium*, is ready for the press.

"Oh give but a glance, let a vista but gleam,
Of any given country, and mark how they'll feel!"

It is not necessary that they should know the common idiom of the natives, or even their own language grammatically; for Lady Morgan (aforesaid) stands convicted, in her printed rhapsodies, of being very little acquainted with French, and not at all with Italian: while her *English*, of which every one can judge, is poor enough. The Austrian authorities shut the gates of Germany against her impostures, not relishing the idea of such audacious humbug: in truth, what could she have done at Vienna, not knowing German; though perhaps she might urge that her obstetric spouse, Sir Charles, can play on the *German* flute?

"Lasciami por' nella terra il piede
E vider' questi inconnosciuti lidi,
Vider' le gente, e il colto di lor fede,
E tutto quello onde uom saggio m' invidi,
Quando mi gioverà narrare altrui
Le novità vedute, e dire, 'io fui!'"

Tasso, *Gerus.*, lib. cant. 15, st. 38.

There is in the county of Kildare a veritable Jesuit's college (of whose existence Sir Harcourt Lees is well satisfied, having often denounced it):

it is called "Clongowes Wood;" and even the sacred "Groves of Blarney" do not so well deserve the honours of a pilgrimage as this haunt of classic leisure and studious retirement. Now Lady Morgan wanted to explore the learned cave of these literary cenobites, and no doubt would have written a book, entitled *Jesuitism in all its Branches*, on her return to Dublin; but the sons of Loyola smelt a rat, and acted on the principle inculcated in Moore's *Melodies*:

"Quid feminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittamus in insulam."

For which, Prout's blessing on 'em! Amen.

In glaring contrast and striking opposition to this system of forwardness and effrontery practised by the "lady" and the "prince," stands the exemplary conduct of Denny Mullins. Denny is a patriot and a breeches-maker in the town of Cork, the oracle of the "Chamber of Commerce," and looked up to with great reverence by the Radicals and *sans-culottes* who swarm in that beautiful city. The excellence of his *leather-hunting-unmentionables*, and the comfort of his *leather-traveling-gaiters*, are admitted by the Ma-croom fox-hunters and by "John Cotter." But this is a mere parenthesis. Now when the lads in the Morea were kicking against the Sublime Porte, to the great delight of Joe Hume and other Corinthians, a grand political dinner occurred in the beautiful capital of Munster; at which, after the usual flummery about Marathon and the Peloponnesus, the health of Prince Ypsilanti and "Success to the Greeks" was given from the chair. There was a general call for Mullins to speak on this toast; though why *he* should be selected none could tell, unless for the reason which caused the Athenians to banish Aristides, viz. his being "too honest." Denny rose and rebuked their waggery by protesting, that, "though he was a plain man, he could always give a reason for what he was about. As to the modern Greeks, he would think twice before he either trusted them or refused them credit. He knew little about their forefathers, except what he had read in an author called *Pope's Homer*, who says they were 'well-gaitered;' and he had

learned to respect *them*. But latterly, to call a man a 'Greek' was, in his experience of the world, as bad as to call one 'a Jesuit;' though, in both cases, few people had ever any personal knowledge of a *real* Jesuit or a *bonâ fide* Grecian." Such was the wisdom of the Aristides of Cork.

Nevertheless, it is not my intention to enter on the debatable ground of "the order's" moral or political character. Cerutti, the secretary of Mirabeau (whose funeral oration he was chosen to pronounce in the church of St. Eustache, April 4, 1791), has written most eloquently on that topic; and in the whole range of French literature I know nothing so full of manly logic and genuine energy of style as his celebrated *Apologie des Jésuites*. He afterwards conducted, with Rabaud St. Etienne, that firebrand newspaper, *La Feuille Villageoise*, in which there was red-hot enthusiasm enough to get all the *châteaux* round Paris burnt: but the work of his youth remains an imperishable performance. My object is simply to consider "the Jesuits" in connexion with *literature*. None would be more opposed than I to the introduction of polemics into the domain of the "*belles lettres*," or to let angry disputation find its way into the peaceful vale of Tempé,

"Pour changer en champs clos l'harmonieux vallon!"—MILLEVOYE.

The precincts of Parnassus form a "city of refuge," where political and religious differences can have no access, where the angry passions subside, and the wicked cease from troubling. Wherefore, to the devil, its inventor, I bequeath the Gunpowder Plot; and I shall not attempt to rake up the bones of Guy Faux, or disturb the ashes of Doctor Titus:—not that Titus, "the delight of the human race," who considered a day as lost when not signalled by some benefaction; but Titus Oates, who could not sleep quiet on his pillow at night unless he had hanged a Jesuit in the morning.

I have often in the course of these papers introduced quotations from the works of the jesuit Gresset, the kind and enlightened friend of my early years; and to that pure fountain of the most limpid poetry of France I shall again have occasion to return: but nothing more evinces the sterling excel-

lence of this illustrious poet's mind than his conduct towards the "order," of which he had been an ornament until matters connected with the press caused his withdrawal from that so-

ciety. His *Adieux aux Jésuites* are on record, and deserve the admiration which they excited at that period. A single passage will indicate the spirit of this celebrated composition :

" Je dois tous mes regrets aux sages que je quitte !
J'en perds avec douleur l'entretien vertueux ;
Et ai dans leurs foyers désormais je n'habite,
Mon cœur me survit auprès d'eux.
Car ne les crois point tels que la main de l'envie
Les peint à des yeux prévenus ;
Si tu ne les conuais que sur ce qu'en publie
La ténébreuse calomnie,
Ils te sont encore inconnus !"

To the sages I leave, here's a heartfelt farewell !
'Twas a blessing within their loved cloisters to dwell,
And my dearest affections shall cling round them still :
Full gladly I mixed their blest circles among.
And oh ! heed not the whisper of Envy's foul tongue ;
If you list but to her you must know them but ill.

But to come at once to the pith and substance of the present inquiry, viz. the influence of the Jesuits on the *belles lettres*. It is one of the striking facts we meet with in tracing the history of this "order," and which D'Israeli may do well to insert in the next edition of his *Curiosities of Literature*, that the founder of the most learned, and by far the most distinguished literary corporation that ever arose in the world, was an *old soldier*, who took up his *Latin grammar* when past the age of thirty ; at which time of life Don Ignácio di Loyola had his leg shattered by an 18-pounder, while defending the citadel of Pampeluna against the French. The knowledge of this interesting truth may encourage the great captain of the age, whom I do not yet despair of beholding in a new capacity, covering his laurelled brow with a doctor's cap, and filling the chancellor's chair to the great joy of the public and the special delight of Oxford. I have seen more improbable events than this take place in my experience of the world. Be that as it may, this lieutenant in the *Caçadores* of his imperial majesty Charles V., called into existence by the vigour of his mind a race of highly-educated followers. He was the parent-stock (or, if you will, the primitive block) from which so many illustrious chips were hewn during the seventeenth century. If he had not intellect for his own portion, he most undeniably created it around him : he gathered to his standard men of genius and ardent spirits ; he knew how to

turn their talents to the best advantage (no ordinary knowledge), and, like Archimedes at Syracuse, by the juxtaposition of reflectors and the skilful combination of mirrors, so as to converge into a focus and concentrate the borrowed rays of the sun, he contrived to damage the enemy's fleet and set fire to the galleys of Marcellus. Other founders of religious orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, and not unfrequently the fanaticism of mankind : their appeal was to that love for the marvellous inherent to the human breast, and that latent pride which lurked long ago under the torn blanket of Diogenes, and which would have tempted Alexander to set up a rival tub. But Loyola's quarry was the *cultivated mind* ; and he scorned to work his purpose by any meaner instrumentality. When in the romantic hermitage of our Lady of Montserrat he suspended for ever over the altar his helmet and his sword, and in the spirit of most exalted chivalry resolved to devote himself to holier pursuits, one eagle glance at the state of Europe, just fresh from the revival of letters under Leo X., taught him how and with what weapons to encounter the rebel Augustinian monk, and check the progress of "Apostacy." A short poem by an old schoolfellow of mine, who entered the order in 1754, and died a missionary in Cochin China, may illustrate these views. The Latin shews excellent scholarship, which my translation but feebly can emulate :

*Pervigilium Loyolæ,
in Mariæ Sacello, 1592.*

Cum bellicosus Cantaber è tholo
Suspendit ensem, "Non ego lugubri
Defuncta bello," dixit, "arma
Degener aut timidus perire

Miles resigno. Me nova buccina,
Me non profani tessera prælii
Deposcit, et sacras secutus
Auspicio meliore partes,

Non indecorus transfuga, gloriam
Signis relictis, nil cupientium
Succedo castris, jam futurus
Splendidior sine clade victor.

Domare MENTES, stringere fervidis
Sacro catenis INGENIUM throno,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Corda Deo dare gestit ardor :

Frangis magistros artibus æmulis
Depræliando sternere ; sed magis
Loyola Lutheri triumphos
Orbe novo reparabit ultor !"

Tellus gigantis sentit iter ; simul
Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
Christi triumphantis tropæum,
Cruxque novos numerat clientes.

Videre gentes Xaverii jubar
Igni corusco nubila dividens ;
Cœpitque mirans Christianos
Per medios fluitare Ganges.

Professor Robertson gravely opines that Ignatius was a mere fanatic, who never contemplated the subsequent glories of his order ; and that, were he to have revisited the earth a century after his decease, when his institute was making such a noise in the world, he would have started back,

"Scared at the sound himself had made."

Never did the historian adopt a more egregious blunder. Had he leisure or patience to con over the original code called INSTITUTVM SOC. JESV., he would have found, in every paragraph of that profound and crafty volume, the germs of wondrous future development ; he would have discovered the long-hidden but most precious "soul of the licentiate Garçias" under the inscription that adorns the title-page. Yes, the mind of Loyola lies embalmed in the leaves of that mystic tome ; and the ark of cedar-wood, borne by the children of Israel along the sands of the desert, was not more essential to their happy progress unto the land of promise, than that grand depository of

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*Don Ignácio Loyola's Vigil in the Chapel
of our Lady of Montserrat.*

When at thy shrine, most holy Maid !
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmed brow —
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt I trow ;

"Glory !" he cried, "with thee I've done !
Fame ! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now ;
To track thy footsteps, Saviour God !
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod :
Hear and record my vow.

Yes, thou shalt reign ! Chained to thy
throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect, its choicest gift,
Proudly on thee bestow."

Strait on the marble-floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow ;
Forth to his task the giant sped,
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss ;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky ;
And from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory !

the founder's wisdom was to the march of intellect among the Jesuits.

Before his death, this old veteran of Charles V., this illiterate lieutenant, this crippled Spaniard from the "imminent and deadly breach" of Pampe-luna (for he too was lame, like Tyrtæus, Talleyrand, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, and Appius Claudius), had the satisfaction of counting twelve "provinces" of his order established in Europe, Asia, Brasils, and Ethiopia. The members of the society amounted at that epoch (31st July, 1556), sixteen years after its foundation, to seven thousand educated men. Upwards of one hundred colleges had been opened. Xavier had blown the trumpet of the Gospel over India ; Bobadilla had made a noise in Germany ; Gaspar Nunes had gone to Egypt ; Alphonso Salméron to Ireland.

"Fervet opus redolentque thymo fragrantia mella !"

At the suppression of the order, it numbered within a fraction of twenty thousand well-trained, well-disciplined, and well-taught members.

There is an instinct in great minds that tells them of their sublime destinies, and gives them secret but certain warning of their ultimate grandeur: like Brutus, they have seen a spirit of prophetic import, whether for good or evil, who will meet them at Philippi: like Plato, they keep correspondence with a familiar genius: like Napoleon, they read their meridian glories of successful warfare in the morning sun; — sure as fate, Loyola saw the future laurels of his order, and placed full reliance on the anticipated energy of his followers yet unborn: the same instinctive reliance which Edward placed on his gallant offspring, the Black Prince, at the battle of Crecy; the same reliance which that giant fowl of Arabia, the ostrich, must entertain, when, depositing its monstrous egg on the sands, it departs for ever, leaving to the god of day the care of hatching into life its vigorous young.

Industry, untiring ardour, immortal energy, were the characteristics of these learned enthusiasts. Some cleared away the accumulated rubbish of the friars, their ignorant predecessors; and these were the *pioneers* of literature. Some gave printed editions of Greek and Roman classics, hitherto pent up in the womb of MS.; these were the *accoucheurs* of knowledge. Others, for the use of schools, carefully expurgated the received authors of antiquity, and suppressed every prurient passage, performing *in usum Delphini* a very meritorious task. I need not say to what class of operators in surgery *these* worthy fathers belonged. Some wrote "commentaries" on Scripture, which Junius undervalues; but, with all *his* acquirements, I would sooner take the guidance of Cornelius à Lapide in matters of theology. Finally, some wrote original works; and the shelves of every European library groan under the folios of the Jesuits.

There is not, perhaps, a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called *monastic institutions*. It is a matter on which I have bestowed not a little thought, and I may one day plunge into the depths thereof in a special dissertation. But I cannot help adverting here to some causes that raised the order of the Jesuits so far above all the numerous and fantastical fraternities to which the middle

ages had previously given birth. Loyola saw the vile abuses which had crept into these institutions, and had the sagacity to eschew the blunders of his predecessors. Idleness was the most glaring evil under which monks and friars laboured in those days, and hence incessant activity was the watchword of *his* sons. The rules of other "orders" begot a grovelling and vulgar debasement of mind, and were calculated to mar and cripple the energies of genius, if it ever happened perchance to lurk under "the weeds of Francis or of Dominick:" but all the regulations of the Jesuits had a tendency to develop the aspirations of intellect, and to expand the scope and widen the career of talent. The system of *mendicancy* adopted by each holy brotherhood as the ground-work of its operations, did not strike Loyola as much calculated to give dignity or manliness to the human character; hence he left his elder brethren in quiet possession of that interesting department. When cities, provinces, or kings, founded a Jesuit's college, they were sure of getting value in return: the most of their collegiate halls were truly magnificent, and they ought to have been so. When of old a prince wished to engage Zeno as tutor to his son, and sought to lower the terms of the philosopher by stating, that with such a sum he could purchase a slave, "Do so, by all means, and you will have a pair of them," was the pithy reply of the indignant stoic.

I do not undervalue the real services of some "orders," of earlier institution. I have visited with feelings of deep respect the gorgeous cradle of the Benedictine institute at Monte Cassino; and no traveller has explored Italy's proud monuments of Roman grandeur with more awe than I did that splendid creation of laborious and persevering men. I have seen with less pleasure the work of Bruno, *la grande chartreuse*, near Grenoble; he excluded learning from the solitude to which he drew his followers: but I have hailed with enthusiasm the sons of Bernard on the Alps ministering to the wants of the pilgrim; and I knew, that while *they* prowled with their mountain-dogs in quest of way-worn travellers, their brethren were occupied far off in the mines of Mexico and Peru, soothing the toils of the encaverned slave. But while I ac-

knowledge these benefactions, I could not forget the crowds of lazy drones whom the system has fostered in Eu-

rope: the humorous lines of Berchoux, in his clever poem *La Gastronomie*, involuntarily crossed my mind:

“Oui, j'avais un bon oncle en votre ordre, élevé
 Par son mérite éclatant, gastronome achevé;
 Souvent il m'apportait son brillant réfectoire,
 C'était là du ~~concombre~~ la véritable gloire!
 Garni des biens exquis qu'entente l'univers,
 Vins d'un bouquet céleste, et mets d'un goût divers!

Cloîtres majestueux! fortunés monastères!
 Retraite du repos des vertus solitaires,
 Je vous ai vu tomber le cœur gros des soupîres,
 Mais je vous ai gardé d'éternels souvenirs!
 Je sçais qu'on a prouvé que vous aviez grand tort,
 Mais que ne prouve-t-on pas quand on est le plus fort?”

This last verse is a capital hit.

But to return to the Jesuits. Their method of study, or *ratio studiorum*, compiled by a select quorum of the order, under the guidance of the profound and original father Maldonatus,* totally broke up the old machinery of the schools, and demolished for ever the monkish fooleries of contemporary pedagogues. Before the arrival of the Jesuits in the field of collegiate exercises, the only skill applauded or recognised in that department consisted in a minute and servile adherence to the deep-worn tracks left by the passage of Aristotle's cumbersome wagon over the plains of learning. The well-known fable of Gay, concerning

“A Grecian youth of talents rare,”

whom he describes as excelling in the hippodrome of Athens beyond all competition, by the fidelity with which he could drive his chariot-wheels within an inch of the exact circle left on the race-course by those who had preceded, was the type and model of scholastic excellence. The Jesuits, in every university to which they could get access, broke new ground, to the great scandal of the old sticklers for routine. Various and fierce were the struggles against those invaders of the territory and privileges of Bœotia; and dulness opposed his old bulwark, the *vis inertiae*, in vain. Indefatigable in their pursuit, the new professors made incessant inroads into the domains of ignorance and sloth; and most awfully ludicrous were the dying convulsions of the old universitarian system, that had squatted like an incubus for so many centuries on Paris, Prague, Alcalá, Valladolid, Padua, Cracow, and

Coimbra. But it was in the halls of their own private colleges that they unfolded all their excellence, and toiled unimpeded for the revival of classic studies. “*Consule scholas Jesuitarum*,” exclaims the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was neither a quack nor a swiper, but “spoke the words of sobriety and truth.” (Vide *Opus de Dignit. Scient.* lib. vii.) And Cardinal Richelieu, a master-mind, the founder of the French Academy, has left on record, in that celebrated document the “*Testament Politique*,” part i. chap. 2, sect. 10, his admiration of the rivalry in the race of science which the order created in France.

Forth from their new college of Laflèche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics, and start new and unexampled inquiries. Science until then had wandered a captive in the labyrinth of the schools; but the Cartesian Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and for her, and boldly soared among the clouds. Tutored in their college of Faenza (near Rimini), the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his intelligent instructors; and, by the invention of the *barometer*, shewed that his mind had profited by the lessons of the Jesuits, A.D. 1620. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did equal service to the cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of the commentators and grammarians. Soon after, Cassini rose from the benches of their tuition to preside over the newly established *Observatoire* in the metropolis of France; while the illustrious Tournefort issued from their halls to carry a searching scrutiny into the department of botanical science, then

* See Bayle's *Dict.*, art. Maldonat.

in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher* meantime astonished his contemporaries by his untiring energy and sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime as in its trifling efforts, whether he predicted with precision the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything the "Magic Lantern." Father Boscovitz† shone subsequently with equal lustre: and it was a novel scene in 1759 to find a London Royal Society preparing to send out a *Jesuit* to observe the transit of Venus in California. His panegyric, from the pen of the great Lalande, fills the *Journal des Sçavans*, Feb. 1792. To Fathers Riccioli and De Billy science is also deeply indebted.

Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries. Meantime the tragic muse of Corneille was cradled in their college of Rouen; and, under the classic guidance of the fathers who taught at the *Collège de Clermont*, in Paris, Molière grew up to be the most exquisite of comic writers. The lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their college of Louis le Grand. And in that college the wondrous talent of young "François d'Arrouet" was also cultivated by these holy men, who little dreamt to what purpose the subsequent "Voltaire" would convert his abilities—

"Non hos quæsitum manus in usus."
Æneid. iv.

D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession

for which they did not adapt their scholars, no rank to which they did not suit their *élèves*. For the bar, they tutored the illustrious Lamoignon (the Mæcenas of Racine and Boileau). It was they who taught the vigorous ideas of D'Argenson how to shoot; they who breathed into the young Montesquieu his "Esprit;" they who reared those ornaments of French jurisprudence, Nicolai, Molé, Seguier, and Amelot.

Their disciples could wield the sword. Was the great Condé deficient in warlike spirit for having studied among them? was Maréchal Villars a discreditable pupil? Need I give the list of their other belligerent scholars—De Grammont, De Boufflers, De Rohan, De Brissac, D'Etrées, De Soubise, De Crequi, De Luxembourg, le Connétable de Bourbon? These in France alone.

Great names these, no doubt; but *literature* is the title of this paper, and to that I would principally advert as the favourite and peculiar department of their excellence. True, the Society devoted itself most to church history and ecclesiastical learning, such being the proper pursuit of a sacerdotal body—

"Hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit;"

and success in this, as in every study, waited on their industry. The archæologist is familiar with the works of Father Petavius, whom Grotius calls his friend: with the labours of Fathers Sirmond, Bolland, Hardouin, Labbe, Pannin, and Tournemine. The admirer of polemics (if there be any such at this time of day) is acquainted with Bellarmine, Menochius, Suarez, Tolet, Becan, Scheffmaker, and (last, though not least) O! Cornelius à Lapide, with thee! But in classic lore, as well as in

* *Mundus Subterraneus*, Amst. 1664, 2 vols. fol. *China Illustrat.*, *ibid.* 1667, folio. *De Usu Obeliscor. Romæ*, 1666, folio. *Museum Kircher*, *ibid.* 1709, folio.

† Born at Ragusa, on the Adriatic; taught by the Jesuits, in their college in that town; entered the order at the age of sixteen; was sent to Rome, and forthwith was made professor of mathematics in the Archigymn. Rom.; was employed by the papal government in the measurement of the arc of meridian, which he traced from Rome to Rimini, assisted by an English Jesuit, Mayer; in 1750, employed by the republic of Lucca in a matter relating to their marshes; subsequently, by the Emperor of Austria; and was elected, in 1760, a fellow of the London Royal Society, to whom he dedicated his poem on the "Eclipses," a clever manual of astronomy.—His grand work on the properties of matter (*Lex Continuitatis*) was printed at Rome, 4to, 1754. Also from his pen we have *Dioptrica*, Vind. 1767; *Mathesis Universæ*, Venetiis, 1757; *Lens et Telescop.*, Rom. 1755; *Theoria Philos. Natur.*, Vienna, 1758. The French government invited him to Paris, where he died in 1792, in the sentiments of unfeigned piety which he ever displayed.

legendary, the Jesuits excelled. Who can pretend to the character of a literary man that has not read Tiraboschi on the *Storia della Letteratura d'Italia*, Bouhours on the *Manière de bien penser*, Brumoy on the *Théâtre des Grecs*, Vaniere's *Prædium Rusticum*, Tursellin, *De particulis Latini Sermonis*, and Casimir Sarbievi's Latin *Odes*, the nearest approach to Horace in modern times? What shall I say of Porée (Voltaire's master), of Sanadon, of Desbillons, Sidronius, Jouvency, and the "journalistes de Trevoux?"

They have won in France, Italy, and Spain, the palm of pulpit eloquence. Logic, reason, wisdom, and piety, dwelt in the soul of Bourdaloue, and flowed copiously from his lips. Lingendes, Cheminai, De la Rue, were at the head of their profession among the French; while the pathetic and unrivalled Segneri took the lead among the eloquent orators of Italy. In Spain, a Jesuit has done more to purify the *pulpit* of that fantastic country than Cervantes to clear the brains of its *chivalry*; for the comic romance of *Fra Gerundio* (Friar Gerund), exhibiting the ludicrous ranting of the cowed fraternity of that day, has had the effect, if not of giving eloquence to clods of the valley, at least of putting down absurdity and presumption.

They wooed and won the muse of history, sacred and profane. Strada* in Flanders, Maffei† at Genoa, Mariana‡ in Seville. In France, Maimbourg,§ Daniel,|| Boujeant,¶ Charlevoix,** Berruyer,†† D'Orleans,‡‡ Ducerceau,§§ and Du Halde,||| shed light on the paths of historical inquiry which they severally trod. I purposely omit Raynal.¶¶

They shone in the arts as well as in the sciences. Father Pozzi was one of Rome's best painters. A Jesuit was employed in the drainage of the Pontine marshes; another to devise plans

for sustaining the dome of St. Peter's, when it threatened to crush its massive supports. In their missions through Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago, they were the best antiquaries, botanists, and mineralogists. They became watchmakers, as well as mandarins, in China: they were astronomers on the "plateau" of Thibet: they taught husbandry and mechanics in Canada: while in their own celebrated and peculiar conquest (since fallen into the hands of Doctor França, who tries to imitate their policy) on the plains of PARAGUAY, they taught the theory and practice of civil architecture, civil economy, farming, tailoring, and all the trades of civilised life. They played on the fiddle and on the flute, to draw the South American Indians from the forests into their villages: and the story of Thebes rising at the sound of Amphion's lyre ceased to be a fable.

We find them in Europe and at the antipodes, in Siam and at St. Omer's, in 1540 and in 1830—always and every where, unchanged, unalterable, the same. Father Lainéz preached before the Council of Trent, and was admired in 1560: the Rev. Peter Kenney was equally admired by the North American Congress not many years ago. Tiraboschi was librarian of the Brera in 1750: Angelo Mai is librarian of the Vatican in 1833. By the by, they were also capital apothecaries. Who has not heard of Jesuits' bark, Jesuits' drops, Jesuits' powders, Jesuits' cephalic snuff?

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"—*Æneid.* i.

And, alas! must I add, who has not heard of the cuffs and buffetings, the kicks and halters, which they have met with in return

"Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?"

Hor. lib. ii. ode 1.

* De Bello Belgico.

† Rerum Indicar. Hist.

‡ Histor. di España. De Regis Institutione Toledo, 1599.

§ Histoire de l'Arianisme, des Iconoclastes, des Croisades, du Calvinism, de la Ligue.

|| Hist. de France. De la Milice Française.

¶ Hist. du Traité de Westphalie. Ame des Bêtes, etc.

** Hist. du Paraguay, du Japon, des Flibustiers de St. Domingue.

†† Du Peuple de Dieu.

‡‡ Révolutions d'Angleterre.

§§ Conjuración de Rienzi.

||| Description Geogr. Histor. Politic. et Physique de la Chine. *Lond.* 1742. 2 vols. folio.

¶¶ Hist. du Commerce dans les Européens dans les Indes.

For, of course, no set of men on the face of God's earth have been more abused. 'Tis the fate of every mortal who raises himself by mother-wit above the common level of fools and dunces, to be hated by the whole tribe most cordially.

"Urit enim fulgore suo," &c.

Hor. lib. ii. ep. 1.

The friars were the first to raise a hue and cry against the Jesuits, with one Melchior Cano, a Dominican, for their trumpeter. Poor Ignatius was taken up by "the Inquisition" three several times. Then came the pedants of the university of Paris, whom these new professors threw into the shade. The "order" was next at loggerheads with that suspicious gang of intriguers, the council and doge of Venice: the Jesuits were expelled the republic. Twice they were exiled from France, and twice were brought back on the shoulders of the people. They encountered, like Paul, "stripes, perils, and prisons," in Poland, in Germany, in Portugal, and Hungary. They were hanged by dozens in England. Their march for two centuries through Europe was only to be compared to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon.

A remarkable energy, a constant discipline, a steady perseverance, and a dignified self-respect, were their characteristics from the beginning. They did not stoop to notice the paltry pasquinades of that crazy jansenist, Pascal, whose *Provincial Letters*, made up of the raspings of antiquated theology and the scrapings of forgotten casuistry, none who knew them ever thought much of. The sermons of Bourdaloue were the only answer such calumnies required, and the order confined itself to giving a new edition of the *Lettres édifiantes et curieuses, écrites par nos Missionnaires du Levant, de la Chine, du Canada, et du Malabar*. When a flimsy accusation was preferred against him of Africa,

"Hunc qui

Duxit ab eversa meritum Carthagine
nomen."

he acted in a similar manner, and silenced his miserable adversaries.

If ever there was an occasion on which the comparative merits of the Jesuits and Jansenists could be brought to the test, it was at the outbreak of the pestilential visitation that smote the city of Marseilles; and which his-

tory, poetry, and piety will never allow to be forgotten.

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop
purer breath,
When nature sicken'd and each gale was
death?"

Pope's Essay on Man, ep. 4.

For while the Pharisees of Port Royal fled from their clerical functions, and sneaked off under some paltry pretext, the Jesuits came from the neighbouring town of Aix to attend the sick and the dying; and under the orders of that gallant and disinterested bishop worked, while life was spared them, in the cause of humanity. Seven of them perished in the exercise of this noblest duty, amid the blessings of their fellow-men. The bishop himself, De Belzunce, had not only studied under the Jesuits, but had been a *member of the order* during the early part of his ecclesiastical career at Aix, in 1691.

Long ago, that noblest emanation of Christian chivalry—an order in which valorous deeds were familiar as the "matin song" or the "vesper hymn"—the Templars, fell the victims of calumny, and were immolated amid the shouts of a vulgar triumph; but history, keen and scrutinising, has revealed the true character of the conspiracy by which the vices of a few were made to swamp and overwhelm in the public eye the great mass of virtue and heroism which constituted that refined and gentlemanly association; and a tardy justice has been rendered to Jacques Molay and his illustrious brethren. The day may yet come, when isolated instances and unauthenticated misdeeds will cease to create an unfounded antipathy to a society which will be found, taking it all in all, to have deserved well of mankind. This, at least, is Father Prout's honest opinion; and why should he hide it under a bushel?

The most convincing proof of their sterling virtue is to be found in the docility and forbearance they evinced in promptly submitting to the decree of their suppression, issued *ex cathedra* by one Ganganelli, a Franciscan friar, who had got enthroned, Heaven knows how! on the pontific chair. In every part of Europe they had powerful friends, and could have "shewn fight" and "died game," if their respect for the successor of "the fisherman" had not been all along a distinctive charac-

teristic, even to the death. In Paraguay they could have decidedly spurned the mandate of the Escorial, backed by an army of 60,000 Indians, devoted to their spiritual and temporal benefactors, taught the tactics of Europe, and possessing in 1750 a well-appointed train of artillery. That portion of South America has since relapsed into barbarism; and the results of their withdrawal from the interior of that vast peninsula have fully justified the opinion of Muratori, in his celebrated work on Paraguay: *Il Christianesimo felice*. It was a dismal day for literature in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, when their colleges were shut up; and in France they alone could have stayed the avalanche of irreligion: for, by presenting Christianity to its enemies clad in the panoply of Science, they would have awed the scoffer and confounded the *philosophe*. But the Vatican had spoken. They bowed; and quietly dispersing through the cities of the continent, were welcomed and admired by every friend of science and of piety. The body did not cease to do good even after its dissolution in 1763, and, like the bones of the prophet, worked miracles of usefulness even in the grave.*

Contrast their exemplary submissiveness with the frenzy and violence of their old enemies the Jansenists (of which sour and pharisaical sect Pascal was the mouth-piece), when the celebrated bull *Unigenitus* was issued against them. Never did those unfortunate wights whom the tyrant Phalaris used to enclose in his brazen cow, roar so lustily as the lads of Port Royal on the occasion alluded to. It was, in fact, a most melancholy exhibition of the wildest fanaticism, combined, as usual, with the most pertinacious obstinacy. The followers of Pascal were also the votaries of a certain vagabond

yclept *le Diacre Paris*, whose life was a tissue of rascality, and whose remains were said by the Jansenists to operate wondrous cures in the churchyard of St. Medard, in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital. The devotees of Port Royal flocked to the tomb of the *deacon*, and became forthwith *hysterical* and *inspired*. The wags of Louis the Fifteenth's time called them "*Les Convulsionnaires*." Things rose to such a height of dangerous absurdity; at last, that the cemetery was shut up by the police; and a wit had an opportunity of writing on the gates of the aforesaid churchyard this pointed epigram:

"De par le roy, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracles en ce lieu."

And I here conclude this very inadequate tribute of long-remembered gratitude towards the men who took such pains to drill my infant mind, and who formed with plastic power whatever good or valuable quality it may possess. "*Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quàm sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere.*" (CICERO *pro Archia poet.*) And as for the friend of my youth, the accomplished Gresset, whose sincerity and kindness will be ever embalmed in my memory, I cannot shew my sense of his varied excellencies in a more substantial way than by making an effort—a feeble one, but the best I can command—to bring him before the English public in his most agreeable production, the best specimen of graceful humour in the literature of France. I shall upset *Vert-Vert* into English verse, for the use of the melancholy inhabitants of these islands; though I much fear, that to transplant so delicate an exotic into this frigid climate may prove an unsuccessful experiment.

[Here followeth a MS. elegantly penned, and which connoisseurs will soon discover to be in old Prout's best vein of poetic humour.—O. Y.]

VERT-VERT, THE PARROT,

A POEM BY THE JESUIT GRESSET.

His original Innocence.

Alas! what evils I discern in
Too great an aptitude for learning!

And fain would all the ills unravel
That aye ensue from foreign travel;
Far happier is the man who tarries 5
Quiet within his household "Lares:"

* "And it came to pass as they were burying a man, behold they spied a band of robbers; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man touched the bones of Elisha he came to life, and stood upon his feet."—2 Kings, chap. xiii. v. 21.

Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
Proved in the underwritten *Odyssey*. 10

In old Nevers, so famous for its
Dark narrow streets and gothic turrets,
Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
Flourished a convent sisterhood
Of *Ursulines*. Now in this order 15
A parrot lived as parlour-boarder;
Brought in his childhood from the *Antilles*,
And sheltered under convent mantles:
Green were his feathers, green his pin-
ions,

And greener still were his opinions; 20
For vice had not yet sought to pervert
This bird who had been christened *Vert-Vert*;

Nor could this wicked world defile him,
Safe from its snares in this asylum.
Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gra-
cious, 25
And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious;
If we examine close, not one, or he,
Had a vocation for a nunnery.*

The convent's kindness need I men-
tion?

Need I detail each fond attention, 30
Or count the tit-bits which in *lent* he
Swallowed remorseless and in plenty?
Plump was his carcass; no, not higher
Fed was their confessor the friar;
And some even say that this young Hec-
tor 35

Was far more loved than the "Di-
rector."†

Dear to each novice and each nun —
He was the life and soul of fun;
Though, to be sure, some hags censorious
Would sometimes find him too uproar-
ious. 40

What did the parrot care for those old
Dames while he had for him the house-
hold?

He had not yet made his "profession,"
Nor come to years called "of discretion;"
Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted, 45
And romped like any unconverted;
Nay sometimes, too, by the Lord Harry!
He'd pull their caps and "scapulary."
But what in all his tricks seemed oddest
Was that at times he'd turn so modest,
That to all bystanders the wight
Appeared a finished hypocrite.
In accent he did not resemble
Kean, though he had the tones of Kemble;

But fain to do the sister's biddings 55
He left the stage to Mrs. Siddons.
Poet, historian, judge, financier,
Four problems at a time he'd answer;
Cæsar dictating to four secretaries,
Or Althorp baffling interrogatories, 60
Could not surpass *Vert-Vert* in puzzling:
"Goodrich" to him was but a goaling.

Placed when at table near some vestal,
His fare, be sure, was of the best all, —
For every sister would endeavour 65
To keep for him some sweet *hors d'œuvre*.
Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand!
And aye, if Heaven would only lend her,
I'd have a nun for a nurse tender!‡ 70

Then, when the shades of night would
come on,
And to their cells the sisters summon,
Happy the favoured one whose grotto
This sultan of a bird would trot to:
Mostly the young one's cells he toyed in,
(The aged sisterhood avoiding,)
Sure among all to find kind offices, —
Still he was partial to the novices,
And in their cells our anchorite 80
Mostly cast anchor for the night;
Perched on the box that held the relics, he
Slept without notion of indelicacy.
Rare was his luck; nor did he spoil it
By flying from the morning toilet;
Not that I can admit the fitness 85
Of (at the toilet) a male witness,
But that I scruple in this history
To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
That best accomplishment, called chit-
chat; 90
For, though brought up within the clois-
ter,
His beak was not closed like an oyster,
But, trippingly, without a stutter,
The longest sentences would utter;
Pious withal, and moralising, 95
His conversation was surprising;
None of your equivoques, no slander, —
To such vile tastes he scorned to pan-
der;

But his tongue ran most smooth and nice
on
"Deo sit Laus" and "Kyrie eleison;"
The maxims he gave with best emphasis
Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis',
In Christmas carols he was famous,
"Orate, fratres" and "Oremus;"
If in good humour, he was wont 105
To give a stave from "*Think well on't*,"§

* Par son caquet digne d'être en couvent.

† Souvent l'oiseau l'emporta sur la Père.

‡ Les petits soins, les attentions fines,
Sont nés, dit on, chez les Ursulines.

§ "Pensez-y-bien," or, as translated, "*Think well on't*," by the titular bishop, Richard Challoner, is the most generally adopted devotional tract among the Catholics of these islands. — PROUT.

Or by particular desire, he
 Would chant the hymn of "Dies Irae."
 Then in the choir he would amaze all
 By copying the tone so nasal 110
 In which the sainted sisters chanted,—
 At least that pious nun my aunt did.

This fatal Renouance.

The public soon began to ferret
 The hidden nest of so much merit,
 And, spite of all the nun's endeavours,
 The fame of Vert-Vert filled all Nivers;
 Nay, from Moulins folks came to stare at
 The wondrous talent of this parrot;
 And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*
 Sister Sophie had to exhibit him. 120
 Drest in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
 Forth from the convent cells emerging,
 Brings the bright bird, and for his plu-
 mage

First challenges unstinted homage;
 Then to his eloquence adverts,— 125
 "What preacher's can surpass Vert-
 Vert's?"

Truly in oratory few men
 Equal this learned catechumen;
 Fraught with the convent's choicest les-
 sons,

And stuffed with piety's quintessence;
 A bird most quick of apprehension,
 With gifts and graces hard to mention:
 Say in what pulpit can you meet
 A Chrysostom half so discreet,
 Who'd follow in his ghostly mission 135
 So close the 'fathers and tradition?'
 Silent meantime, the feathered hermit
 Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
 When, at a signal from his mentor,
 Quick on a course of speech he'll enter;
 Not that he cares for human glory,
 Bent but to save his auditory;
 Hence he pours forth with so much un-
 cion

That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Vert-Vert dwell
 Safe in this holy citadelle;
 Scholaried like any well-bred abbé,
 And loved by many a cloistered Hébé;
 You'd swear that he had crossed the
 same bridge

As any youth brought up in Cambridge.*
 Other monks starve themselves; but his
 skin

Was sleek like that of a Franciscan,
 And far more clean; for this grave Solon
 Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.
 Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
 Blest had he ne'er been doomed to ram-
 ble!

For in his life there came a crisis
 Such as for all great men arises,—
 Such as what NAF to Russia led,
 Such as the "FLIGHT" of Mahomed; 160
 O town of Nantz! yes to thy bosom
 We let him go, alas! to lose him!
 Edicts, O town famed for revoking,
 Still was Vert-Vert's loss more provok-
 ing!

Dark be the day when our bright Don
 went 165

From this to a far distant convent!
 Two words comprised that awful era—
 Words big with fate and woe—"IZ
 IRA!"

Yes, "he shall go;" but, sisters! mourn
 ye

The dismal fruits of that sad journey,—
 Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reck-
 oned
 When for the beauteous bird they beck-
 oned.

Fame, O Vert-Vert! in evil humour
 One day to Nantz had brought the ru-
 mour

Of thy accomplishments,—"*acumen*,"
 "*Nous*," and "*esprit*," quite superhuman;
 All these reports but served to enhance
 Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
 How did a matter so unsuited
 For convent ears get hither bruited? 180
 Some may inquire. But "nuns are
 knowing,"

And first to hear what gossip's going.
 Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
 From the famed bird a friendly visit.
 Girls' wishes run in a brisk current, † 185
 But a nun's fancy is a torrent; ‡
 To get this bird they'd pawn the missal:
 Quick they indite a long epistle,
 Careful with softest things to fill it,
 And then with musk perfume the billet;
 Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
 They send a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Off goes the post. When will the
 answer

Free them from doubt's corroding cancer?
 Nothing can equal their anxiety, 195
 Except, of course, their well-known
 piety.

Things at Nivers meantime went harder
 Than well would suit such pious ardour;
 It was no easy job to coax
 This parrot from the Nivers folks. 200
 What! take their toy from convent
 belles?

Make Russia yield the Dardanelles!
 Filch his good rifle from a "Suliot,"
 Or drag her "Romeo" from a "Juliet!"

* Quere — Pons Asinorum ?

† Les révérendes mères,
 A tout savoir ne sont pas les dernières.

‡ Désir de fille est un feu qui dévore,
 Désir de nonne est cent fois pis encore.

Make an attempt to take Gibraltar, 205
 Or try the old corn-laws to alter !
 This seemed to them, and eke to us,
 " Most wasteful and ridiculous."
 Long did the " chapter " sit in state,
 And on this point deliberate ; 210
 The junior members of the senate
 Set their fair faces quite again' it ;
 Refuse to yield a point so tender,
 And urge the motto — No surrender !
 The elder nuns feel no great scruple
 In parting with the charming pupil ;
 And as each grave affair of state runs
 Most on the verdict of the matrons,
 Small odds I ween and poor the chance
 Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz.
 Nor in my surmise am I far out,—
 Far by their vote off goes the parrot.

His still Voyage.

En ce tems là, a small canal boat,
 Called by most chroniclers the " Talbot,"
 (TALBOT, a name well known in France!)
 Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
 Vert-Vert took shipping in this craft,
 'Tis not said whether fore or aft ;
 But in a book as old as Massinger's
 We find a statement of the passengers ;
 These were — two Gascons and a piper,
 A sexton (a notorious swiper),
 A brace of children, and a nurse ;
 But what was infinitely worse,
 A dashing Cyprian ; while by her 235
 Sat a most jolly-looking friar.*

For a poor bird brought up in purity
 'Twas a sad augur for futurity
 To meet, just free from his indentures,
 And in the first of his adventures, 240
 Such company as formed his hansom,—
 Two rogues ! a friar !! and a damsel !!!
 Birds the above were of a feather ;
 But to Vert-Vert 'twas altogether
 Such a strange aggregate of scandals
 As to be met but among Vandals :
 Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
 And calculated to demolish
 All the fine notions and good-breeding
 Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.
 No Bilingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
 And all the rest indulged in curses ;
 Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
 The nautic cell of any cabin.
 Silent and sad the pensive bird, 255
 Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.†

Now he " of orders grey," accosting
 The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in

The contemplation of man's wickedness,
 And the bright river's gliding liquidness,
 " Tip us a stave (quoth Tuck), my dar-
 ling,
 Ay'n't you a parrot or a starling ?
 If you don't talk, by the holy poker,
 I'll give your ugly neck a choker !"
 Scared by this threat from his propriety,
 Our pilgrim thinking with sobriety,
 That if he did not speak they'd make
 him,
 Answered the friar, *PAX SIT TECUM* !
 Here our reporter marks down after
 Poll's maiden-speech — " loud roars of
 laughter ;" 270
 And sure enough the bird so affable
 Could hardly use a phrase more laugh-
 able.

Talking of such, there are some rum
 ones

That oft amuse the House of Commons ;
 And since we lost " *Sir Joseph Yorke*"
 We've got great " *Feargus*," fresh from
 Cork,—

A fellow honest, droll, and funny,
 Who would not sell for love or money
 His native land ; nor, like vile Daniel,
 Fawn on Lord Althorp like a spaniel ;
 Flatter the mob, and, like a fox,
 Keep an eye to the begging-box.
 Now 'tis a shame that such brave fellows,
 When they blow " agitation's " bellows,
 Should only meet with heartless scoffers,
 While cunning Daniel fills his coffers.
 But Kerry-men will e'er be apter
 At the conclusion of the chapter,
 While others bear the battle's brunt,
 To reap the spoil and *job the blunt*. 290
 This is an *episode* concerning
 The parrot's want of worldly learning,
 In squandering his tropes and figures
 On a vile crew of heartless niggers.
 The " house " heard once with more de-
 corum 295
 Phil. Howard on " the Roman forum."

Poll's brief address met lots of cavil-
 lers :

Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
 He tried to mend a speech so ominous
 By striking up with " *Dixit Domi-
 nus !*" 300
 But louder shouts of laughter follow,—
 This last roar beats the former hollow,
 And shows that it was bad economy
 To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
 Indulge a scene he was not used to ; 306

* Une nourrice, un moine, deux Gascons ;
 Pour un enfant qui sort du monastère
 C'était échoir en dignes compagnons.

† This canal-boat, it would seem, was not a very refined or fashionable conveyance : it rather remindeth us of Horace's voyage to Brundisium, and of that line so applicable to the parrot's company —

" Repletum nautis cauponibus atque malignis."—O. Y.

And, pondering on his strange reception,
 "There must, he thought, be some deception

In the nun's views of things rhetorical,
 And sister Rose is not an oracle. 310
 True wit perhaps lies not in 'mattins,'
 Nor is their school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
 The simple bird at once grew sceptical.
 Doubts lead to hell. The arch-deceiver
 Soon made of Poll an unbeliever;
 And mixing thus in bad society,
 He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
 And all his old opinions qualified; 320
 For he had learned to substitute
 For pious lore things more astute;
 Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
 For youth, alas! is but too teachable;
 And in the progress of his madness 325
 Soon he had reached the depths of badness.

Such were his *curses*, such his evil
 Practices, that no ancient Devil,*
 Plunged to the chin when burning hot
 Into a holy water-pot, 330
 Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
 Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and
 ruddy,
 And the fair fruits of early study,
 Thus in their summer season crossed, 335
 Meet a sad blight — a killing frost?
 Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
 Heaven from a young heart's holocaust?
 And the glad hope of life's young promise

Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us?
 Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
 Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
 For of what use are learning's laurels
 When a young man is without morals?
 Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
 What signifies a brilliant genius?
 'Tis but a case for wail and mourning, —
 'Tis but a brand fit for the burning! †

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
 Fringed with its miscellaneous charge,
 Smoothly upon its broad expanse, 350
 Up to the very quay of Nantz;
 Fondly within the convent bowers
 The sisters calculate the hours,

Chiding the breeches for their tardiness,
 And in the height of their fool-hardiness
 Picturing the bird as fancy painted —
 Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted —
 Fit "*Ursuline*." And this, I trow, meant
 Enriched with every endowment!
 Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
 Will find their fancy disappointed;
 When, to meet all those hopes they drew
 on,
 They'll find a regular DON JUAN!

The awful Discovery.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
 On its arrival telegraphed 365
 When, from the boat home to transfer
 him,
 Came the nun's portress, "sister Jerome."
 Well did the parrot recognise
 The walk demure and downcast eyes;
 Nor aught such saintly guidance re-
 lished 370

A bird by worldly arts embellished;
 Such was his taste for profane gaiety,
 He'd rather much go with the laity.
 Fast to the bark he clung; but plucked
 thence,

He shewed dire symptoms of reluctance,
 And, scandalising each beholder,
 Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her shoulder! ‡

Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,
 Bore off the struggling Ganymede. §
 Thus was Vert-Vert, heart-sick and
 weary, 380

Brought to the heavenly monastery.
 The bell and tidings both were tolled,
 And the nuns crowded, young and old,
 To feast their eyes with joy uncommon on
 This wondrous talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, so amazing
 And so renowned, the sisters gazing,
 Praised the green glow which a warm latitude

Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.
 Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
 Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
 And none e'er dreamt of dole or harm in
 A bird so brilliant and so charming.
 Shade of Spurzheim! and thou, Lavater,
 Or Gall, of "bumps" the great creator!
 Can ye explain how our young hero,
 With all the vices of a Nero,

* Bientôt il scut jurer et maugréer
 Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un bénitier.

† Faut il qu'ainsi l'exemple séducteur
 Du ciel au diable emporte un jeune cœur?

‡ Les uns disent au cou,
 D'autres au bras; on ne sait pas bien où.

§ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem
 Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
 Commisit, expertus fidelem
 Jupiter in Ganymede fawo.—HOM.

Seemed such a model of good-breeding,
Thus quite astray the convent leading?
Where on his head appeared, I ask from

ye
The "nob" indicative of blasphemy?
Methinks 'twould puzzle your ability
To find his organ of scurrility.

Meantime the abbess, to "draw out"
A bird so modest and devout,
With soothing air and tone caressing
The "pilgrim of the Loire" addressing,
Broached the most edifying topics
To "start" this native of the tropics;
When, O, surprise! the pert young Cupid

Breaks forth—"Morbleu! those nuns are
stupid!" 410

(Shewing how well he learnt his task on
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon!)
"Fie! brother poll!" with zeal out-
bursting,

Exclaimed the abbess, dame Augustin;
But all the lady's sage rebukes 415
Brief answer got from poll—"Gad-
zooks!"

Nay, 'tis suspected, he dropped, too,
A word folks write with W.

Scared at the sound,—“Sure as a gun,
The bird's a demon!” cried the nun.
“O, the vile wretch! the naughty dog!
He's surely Lucifer *incog*.

What! is the reprobate before us
That bird so pious and decorous—
So celebrated!” Here the pilgrim, 425
Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
Wound up the sermon of the beldame
By a conclusion heard but seldom—
“Ventre Saint Gris!” “Parbleu!” and
“Sacré!”

Three oaths! and every one a *whacker*!

Still did the nuns, whose conscience
tender

Was much shocked at the young offender,
Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,
Hang breathless round the sad defaulter;
When, wrathful at their importunity, 435
And grown audacious from impunity,
He fired a broadside (holy Mary!)
Drawn from hell's own vocabulary!
Forth like a “Congreve rocket” burst,
And stormed and swore, *flared up*, and
cursed! 440

Stunned at these sounds of import styg-
ian,

The pious daughters of religion
Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid,
But with a cross first signed their fore-
head.

The younger sisters, mild and meek, 445
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;

But the old matrons and “the bench”
Knew every word was genuine French;
And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
From a flood fit to overwhelm hell. 450
‘Twas by a fall that Mother Ruth*
Then lost her last remaining tooth.
“Fine conduct this, and pretty guid-
ance!”

Cried one of the most mortified ones;
“Pray, is such language and such ritual
Among the Nevers nuns habitual?
‘Twas in our sisters most improper
To teach such curses—such a whopper!
He shan't by me, for one, be hindered
From being sent back to his kindred!”
This prompt decree for Poll's proscription
Was signed by general subscription.
Straight in a cage the nuns insert
The guilty person of Vert-Vert;
Some young ones wanted to detain him,
But the grim portress took “the paynim”
Back to the boat, close in his litter;
‘Tis not said this time that he bit her.

Back to the convent of his youth,
Sojourn of innocence and truth, 470
Sails the green monster, scorned and
hated,

His heart with vice contaminated.
Must I tell how, on his return,
He scandalised his old sojourn?
And how the guardians of his infancy
Wept o'er their quondam child's delin-
quency!

What could be done? the elders often
Met to consult how best to soften
This obdurate and hardened sinner,
Finished in vice o'er a beginner!† 480
One mother counselled “to denounce,
And let the Inquisition pounce
On the vile heretic;” another
Thought “it was best the bird to smo-
ther!”

Or “send the convict for his felonies
Back to his native land—the colonies.”
But milder views prevailed. His sentence
Was, that, until he shewed repentance,
“A solemn fast and frugal diet,
Silence exact, and pensive quiet, 490
Should be his lot;” and, for a blister,
He got, as gaoler, a lay-sister,
Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
And in her scruples over-zealous.
A jug of water and a carrot 495
Was all the prog she'd give the parrot;
But every eve when vesper bell
Called sister Rosalie from her cell,
She to Vert-Vert would gain admittance,
And bring of “comfits” a sweet pittance.
Comfits! alas! can sweet confections
Alter sour slavery's imperfections?

* Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde,
Et sur son nez la mère Cunégonde,
Se laissant chevir, perd sa dernière dent!

† Il fut un scélérat
Profès d'abord, et sans noviciat.

What are "preserves" to you or me,
When locked up in the Marshalsea?
A place that certainly deserves 505
The name of "Best of all Preserves."
The sternest virtue in the hulks,
Though crammed with richest sweet-
meats, sulks.

Taught by his gaoler and adversity,
Poll saw the folly of perversity, 510
And by degrees his heart relented :
Duly, in fine, "the lad" repented.
His *lent* passed on, and sister Bridget
Coaxed the old abbess to abridge it.

The prodigal reclaimed and free, 515
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine canary birds,
Until his death. Which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures !) came faster

Than they imagined. The transition
From a starved to a stuffed condition,
From penitence to jollification,
Brought on a fit of constipation.
Some think he would be living still, 525
If given a "Vegetable Pill ;"
But from a short life, and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
Happy in death this parrot slept ; 530
For him Elysium oped its portals,
And there he talks among immortals.
But I have read that since that happy day
(So writes Cornelius à Lapide,
Proving, with commentary droll, 535
The transmigration of the soul),
That still Vert-Vert this earth doth haunt,
Of convent bowers a visitant ;
And that, gay novices among,
He dwells, transformed into a tongue !

WHIG FOREIGN POLICY.

THE stream of Whig foreign policy is, at least, undeviating and rapid. Lord Palmerston, with consistency quite astonishing in one of his zigzag public life, has darted along from error to error, without ever even by accident preferring right to wrong, or following established principle. Never did man exhibit such stupendous gifts as he has done for trampling on precedent, disregarding the lights of experience, evading the commands of prudence, and acting in defiance of all discoverable reason.

His lordship has been mightily assisted in his course by the happy exemption from explanation vouchsafed him by the reformed House of Commons. From some occult cause, this house has scrupulously avoided material interference with the foreign relations of the empire. Perhaps its heavy labours in theoretic legislation have allowed it no leisure for noticing them, or it has forgot that they have being, or it has been willing to shew it can leave some things untouched, or he has involved them in such confusion and darkness that it has been unable to discover any tangible point of inquiry. It has only occasionally exacted from him laconic answers on isolated matters of fact ; on the more novel and important of his proceedings it has never disturbed him with question or remark. Thrice happy minister, to have been accountable only to such a parliament ! What would have been his condition if, like his predecessors, he had been compelled to trace views,

detail principle, convince by reasoning, and justify by evidence ?

The foreign secretary has not merely left undone what other people think he ought to have done, or done what they have deemed unwise ; his errors have not been simply those of judgment—the pursuit of bad ends from mistaking their nature, or the attempt to compass good ones by improper means. With most singular and perverse originality, he has not contented himself with totally disregarding what he and his colleagues have described as his imperious duty ; he has laboriously performed the reverse. He has drawn a line of policy as the only true one, and then fled away in an exactly opposite direction ; he has torn to tatters his principles by his acts : the incontrovertible testimony has been incessantly given by himself, which establishes the destructive character of his proceedings.

Our readers have not forgot, if Lord Grey has, that when the Grey ministry was formed, it, with inordinate ostentation, proclaimed non-interference with the domestic concerns of other nations to be its grand principle of foreign policy. The Whigs founded this principle on law and right, as well as expediency ; they denounced interference for a government against its subjects as crime of the first magnitude. In their boundless abuse of the Holy Alliance, they would scarcely admit that any nation had a right, even in self-preservation, to intermeddle with the internal changes of its neighbour ; and they denied such right wholly to

any union of nations. In every quarter, the people, at any rate, were to be suffered to do what they pleased with their institutions, no matter what the consequences might be to themselves or Europe. The pith of the principle was this—the people shall every where make changes of any kind at will, and their rulers shall not be supported against them.

The practice of this grand tenet of Whiggism commenced with violent interference between the King of the Netherlands and a part of his subjects—between the divisions of a state, in order to split what had been solemnly made one kingdom into two. At the outset, the Whigs professed to act in concert with the allies of this country, and to intend nothing beyond fair and friendly mediation. Speedily they made the concert opposition, and the mediation war. Allies were cast off—the parties mediated for were disregarded—the dictation of France and England, but really of France alone, was set up to the suppression of Europe's right of judgment—the interests of the dictators were alone consulted, and the sword was used to enforce the profligate award. The interference openly sacrificed the interests and despised the wish of Europe; instead of acting to give due protection to the states likely to be injured by the creation of the new kingdom, it did the contrary: it treated the Belgians as slaves when they opposed the profit of its parents, and its efforts were employed to give unjust and pernicious power, in the teeth of right, to those likely to make the worst use of it. This interference from the beginning did nothing required for its justification, and every thing which could render it criminal.

Dictation was here found to be so agreeable in taste and easy in accomplishment, that a regular course of it was commenced before the Belgic business was disposed of. In respect of Spain and Portugal, no plea is put forth that France and England act in union with, or by consent of, the rest of Europe. Two states thus form an alliance (certainly not a holy one), to manage according to their will the domestic affairs of certain other nations, in the first place, in defiance of that body of states of which they are members.

But, perhaps, in this violation of the rights of Europe, they seek to gratify

the people whose affairs they take under their dictation. Surely they are practising the French doctrine of the Rights of Man, and the great principle of modern Whigs, that the sovereignty belongs alone to the people. Feeling that the French king is no better than an unprincipled usurper, and holding that the English one has no claim to his throne, if the right to bestow crowns be not the property of the people, they are doubtlessly labouring to save the title-deeds of both sovereigns, and enable the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal to exercise their sacred right of choosing their rulers. No. In both countries their war is against the people; they cannot pretend that they support any thing worthy of being called a minority; they assail the democracy as well as the aristocracy, the laity as well as the clergy—the mass; and it is only by the exception—the occasional town—the handful of mixed individuals—the timid neutral, that they are followed rather than led. The French democrats and English Whigs force the people by the sword under rulers whom they wish almost unanimously to expel by the sword, and dispose of them as slaves through conquest—as brutes, by means of foreign as well as domestic tyranny. Oh, shame!

At any rate, the governments which the alliance is maintaining, actually or practically, by the bayonet, must have a right of the most pure and unimpeachable legal character. That of Spain stands on an arbitrary violation of fundamental law, amounting to usurpation; if its claim be valid, such law is worthless and powerless in this and every other nation. That of Portugal can only plead a right forfeited and destroyed, coupled with incomplete conquest by means of foreign mercenaries and governments. These governments cannot even urge full possession, the support of a minority able to save them from destruction—ability to maintain themselves by the most comprehensive use of despotism. The atrocious treaty lately laid before the world, proclaims that they do not even stand on the tenour of their subjects, but only on the armies and fleets of France and England.

Well, doubtlessly the alliance is acting in this manner to save itself, according to the law of nations, from grievous injuries and dangers. Were

it to remain passive, perhaps the people in Spain and Portugal would establish governments irreconcilable with those of other states, and especially of France and England. They wish to preserve, but not to change dynasty and institution; to prevent hazardous example, and suppress revolutionary principle. Their civil war would encourage convulsion in no quarter, and their triumph would serve the cause of general order and tranquillity. But probably they would injure, in some way, France and England. The former is clearly the parent of the iniquity, and what imaginary dangers can she fabricate to veil it? Would the struggles of the people disturb her domestic peace, or their success lead to her invasion? She dare not assert the absurdity; it is not found in the execrable treaty. She is moved by, not evil or apprehension, but the wish to retain her sway over Spain, and extend it to Portugal; to increase her trade and power. As to her wretched minion England, what has she to fear from them? It is very probable that such a man as Lord Palmerston feels assured Don Miguel would have made a descent on this country to give success to revolution, and Don Carlos would have conquered Ireland or the East Indies; but even such a ministry as the present one can hardly agree with him in the majority. All other men know, that what they desire would be of the greatest benefit to her; that she is fighting against the nations which during the war contributed so largely to heap on her glory and greatness, to prohibit them from essentially serving her—to make them enemies instead of allies—to cast from her security, commerce, and power.

The state of things with regard to Spain and Portugal is exhibited in these questions: Shall Spain continue to be what she has commonly been, a kind of appendage to France, or become, from the change of government in the latter, the friend of England? Shall Portugal remain the valuable ally of England, or pass with Spain to France? Shall England or France enjoy the trade of Spain and Portugal? Shall the latter weigh in the scale of power with the democratic party, or the friends of order—with the French Orleanists and English Whigs, or their opponents—with England against France, or France against England?

Here is the source of the interference; and England tugs at the car of France like the beast in harness, not only to sustain the mighty loss, but to wear the withering ignominy.

But the alliance declares its great object is to give freedom to Spain and Portugal, although, from their perverse conduct, it has to force the gift on them by the sword. Either the essence of freedom consists in the sovereignty of the people—the right of the latter to choose their rulers and institutions, or Whiggism is false in its foundation, and the Whigs are the most abominable of hypocrites. According to Whiggism, the alliance is placing these nations in the worst slavery; and common sense demonstrates, that they can only be kept under rulers they wish to expel by the unsparing use of tyranny. The people are to be bound by foreign cannon to obey rulers and accept laws they hate; yet, forsooth, they are to be free—they are to govern themselves through representatives! This is the freedom of the English Whig, as well as of the French Orleanist; his name ought to be a by-word with every honourable man for profligate insincerity and tyranny.

Putting this aside, what is the freedom in reality thus bestowed in so strange a manner? The interference establishes a kind of government, new in all particulars. Institutions are to be neither monarchical, nor aristocratic, nor democratic; they are only to enable a party to tyrannise. Forming the model at home, the king is to be a puppet in the hands of the Whig party; which is to be equally despotic over the aristocracy and democracy. In England, France, and elsewhere, the ruling party is not to consist of any of the great divisions of society, or an effective compound of them; it is to be on the one hand inveterately hostile to the higher classes, and, on the other, independent and regardless of the lower ones. The paltry minority, fiercely opposed in interest, feeling, and pursuit to the majority, is to compose it. Institutions are carefully fashioned to attain this end.

The mass of the population in France is anxious, for one object or another, to overthrow the government; and yet we see the latter exercising boundless despotism. One branch of the legislature is directly under its command, and the other obeys it in all things.

In Spain and Portugal, a legislature is set up which is only to represent the will of the executive. A system of representation so narrow as to bring election within reach of the executive, necessarily produces the most corrupt and tyrannical of all governments. In these countries, the aristocracy and democracy, clergy and laity, are hostile to their rulers in both person and system; yet no one expects that their representatives will do other than support the rulers. A kind of government like this is only an absolute one with additions, armed with new instruments, endowed with new powers, and animated with new motives to injure and oppress.

While all classes are in the body stripped of freedom in its vital part, effective representation, the party which has them at its mercy is impelled, by creed and interest, to oppress them to the utmost. In France, they can only be restrained from rebellion by despotism; and the case must be similar in Spain and Portugal. Hence the pretended free institution is, in the main, from necessity, an instrument for contracting and suspending freedom—for converting the will of the ruler into arbitrary, severe law.

This ruling minority is, in its spirit and practice, of the most tyrannical character. Whenever the Whigs find in the constitution a barrier against their will, they set it aside: all their alterations of it tend to make it their instrument. The party abroad acts in the same manner. One part of a people ought to enslave the other, is the grand principle; and this part ought to annul or trample on law at pleasure, is the general practice. The new sovereigns set up by the interference are more faithless and despotic than the old absolute ones. The King of France has proved himself, by the language he used to the revolutionary schoolboys and republicans on his accession, and his subsequent acts, to be capable of any thing. In Portugal, Don Pedro commences his constitutional career with heinous confiscation and robbery: the Queen of Spain erects her throne on foul breach of law, and pretends to give freedom by using foreign force to establish the worst of slavery: the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia are more trustworthy and less tyrannical, and are more effectually limited, in one

way or another, than those of France, Spain, and Portugal.

In the nature of things, a people must enjoy much more practical freedom and good government under a despotism of their choice, than under one they abhor. The interference subjects Spain and Portugal to infinitely more actual tyranny than they endured from their old rulers; and it binds them to civil war, or the burden, insults, and injuries of foreign armies to prevent it. It not only gives them more tyrannical rulers, but makes them the slaves of other countries; their rulers dependent on, must be in essentials no better than the menials of, France and England.

The Grey ministry has thus regularly practised the contrary of its leading principle of foreign policy—non-interference; and of course, on its own declaration, has been guilty of gross abuse of trust. It has shewn that the abuse has not been committed to favour the people in any quarter, touching either wish or circumstance, but to restore the old system of disposing of them like brutes, and place them under more severe tyranny. Let us now inquire how far it has practised its other professed principles.

On its declaration, the balance of power ought to be preserved. What constitutes this balance? Europe is so divided in territory, that no nation, or union of nations, can preponderate for offensive purposes: a state of things is agreed on, and power is distributed in such manner as will protect it from change without general consent. The balance is attacked, if any part of Europe attempts to dictate in what concerns the whole; it is destroyed, if such part prevail. It exists as much in distribution of friendship and alliance as of territory; the transfer of a nation's partiality affects it, in respect of derangement, like the transfer of that nation's dominions. To be maintained in territory, it must be maintained in policy: every nation must adhere to its unions, leanings, jealousies, and antipathies. Changes of policy are the most to be feared, because, while they effectually set it aside, they destroy the defences of territory, and bring on it also grievous changes.

It is obviously impossible for this balance to be preserved, if Europe be merely divided into two hostile parts; for in such case the parts cannot be

poised and restrained from encroaching on each other. And it is very manifest that this division can only be prevented by the independent exertions of England. A glance at the history and present state of the continent proves, that without her it must be always split into two unequal masses, in turn the prey of each other.

By this the policy of England was governed before the triumph of Whiggism. Her interference with continental affairs was incessant and leading, but its nature was regulation and decision, rather than connexion. It was not intended to assist one nation against another, or to serve any on the score of separate gain: the great object of her jealousies, animosities, friendships, and alliances, was to maintain a certain system of territory and policy, resources physical and moral, which was held to be essential for common good. If she were the ally of Austria or enemy of France, it was only to preserve to the one and withhold from the other what was prescribed by the interests of Europe. Towards both her policy was defensive; it was to keep the one as well as the other at the due height of power: she reversed her relations with them if Austria attempted to gain beyond, or France were in danger of losing, what the general weal required. Acting as the impartial judge, she gave assistance and inflicted penalty only in obedience to national law and equity.

This policy the Whig ministry has wholly reversed. At present Russia and France appear as the great rival powers of Europe, and they divide the continent more or less between them. To maintain any equipoise, it is very obvious that England ought to be disengaged from both, and to stand between them; to use her weight impartially for either, according to their conduct, and restrain them equally. She should labour to keep them at the lowest point of power in regard to alliance and influence, and of course to keep other nations as far as possible independent of them. She ought to form the third and greatest head of Europe, holding the sceptre over the others in respect of law and limitation.

England is cut down into the ally and instrument of France. It necessarily follows that her weight is thrown into the French scale, and then used to force as many other nations as pos-

sible into it. From this, the states which are beyond the influence of France are driven into the Russian scale. We hear no more of Austria being equally jealous of Russia and France—of Prussia leaning to the latter from dislike of the former—of the independent conduct of divers smaller states—the influence of England as a leader over Austria, Portugal, and Holland. This country has fallen into a vassal, and, in consequence, the countries which found shelter under, or followed her, have lost all power of independence and neutrality. Europe is divided into two great hostile parts; between these every state is compelled to choose its side, and nothing exists to connect, restrain, and poise them. Of course the balance of power is annihilated. The union of France and England is avowedly not to defend and preserve; it is to encourage and aid all changes of government and territory calculated to strengthen it, and to prevent every other, in despite of the rest of Europe. We have seen it fully exercised for both purposes. Its friends proclaim that it dictates; and the dictation is employed to compass changes in the system of Europe which other states would resist with the sword, if means were not denied them. Here is both confession and proof that the balance of power is no more: one part of Europe acts the despot over the other.

It is proclaimed, that England has produced this state of things to maintain the balance, by putting certain states, and particularly Russia, under restriction. The cry against the potency and designs of Russia is still heard, and it is oddly enough raised by Conservative as well as Whig: when it cites no evidence, and is made a means for placing Europe in its present condition, it demands detailed scrutiny.

Before Russia became a leading state in the European system, France could not be restrained; other nations could not be confined to their places in the equipoise; war was almost unceasing; and the distribution of power sustained continual change. The evils of all this fell with tremendous effect on England. By multiplying relations, dividing jealousies, neutralising resources, and creating new checks, the growth of Russia has been of incalculable service in giving to the system of

Europe equipoise, stability, and peace. This country has gained far more from it than any other; it has given her the means for exalting herself from the rival of France into the judge of the world—from the side of the balance into its ruler. She has found in Russia another nation to relieve her from the gigantic cost and peril of keeping France in order, and form one of her best bulwarks and most valuable sources of greatness. What would have been the issue of the war to her, and what the present state of Europe, if the latter had not contained Russia?

Russia, like any other nation, may be too powerful; and it is asserted she is already so. Looking at her singly, what could she accomplish for her own profit if France and England were divided as formerly? She could not take a step in her designs against Turkey, or any she might entertain against her nearest neighbours, without having to encounter all Europe. Austria and Prussia would lead in opposing her, from both interest and feeling. For aggrandisement she stands, in position and resources, isolated and powerless; she can do nothing without allies, and she cannot gain them by either threat or bribe. Such a hostile confederacy as France and England form can alone force to her such allies, and extort their consent to her increase of territory.

Russia is pre-eminently destitute of influence supplied by her own means, taking into account all that can be extracted from intrigue. She can offer no direct profit to either neighbour or stranger, beyond assistance in the way of defence or redress of wrong. Her situation disables her for giving such assistance to various nations, and she can only bestow it on others as an auxiliary with them in the front of the battle. No weak nation is dependent on or controlled by her, through herself; while all such, as far as inclination is concerned, lean from her, the great ones deem her little better than a natural enemy. She can only acquire excessive or great influence from the misconduct of other leading states.

If the influence of Russia be really so great, what are the causes? It was the common complaint during the war that Austria and Prussia could not be made to act effectually with her, in consequence of jealousy and dislike. In regard to natural causes, Austria

ought to be no more friendly to her than to France; Prussia, and most of the smaller states, ought to be much less so. How, then, has she contrived to change hatred, inspired by interest, suspicion, and national antipathy, into attachment? Has she wrought the wonder by promises of spoil and potency—by bribing the ruler, or fanning the bad passions of the subject? The charge is not heard, even from her enemies. Common interest, common danger, make other nations cast away old animosities and seek her friendship; intrigue on her part is useless, she is courted as a protector.

Her influence with Turkey has been much dilated on and declaimed against. Turkey was threatened with overthrow by insurrection. France and England had military hold of Greece in a hostile character; their principles comprehended Egyptian as well as Greek independence, and were as favourable to Asiatic as to European rebellion. It is morally certain, that if Russia had stood aloof she must have vanished as an empire, with the sanction and even instrumentality of both. While they bound Russia from further despoiling her, they made themselves her dangerous enemies; they created her the means of trusting, and compelled her to depend for existence on, Russia; and then they gave the latter a deep interest in her preservation and friendship. Small proof does this afford of the success of Russian intrigue.

France stands an object of terror to almost every continental government; her predilection and struggles for republicanism threaten all with destruction; the great powers have to fear from her, in example, precept, and assistance, revolution and dismemberment; and the smaller ones at least revolution. In her eyes nothing is settled, and all is wrong in system and territory. England can no longer be appealed to for protection. She is at length conquered, and lost as an independent state: the vassal rather than ally of France, she can only be regarded as a common enemy. What is the inevitable consequence? All are driven to Russia for alliance and support. While France and England make her on the one hand the sole resource for escaping ruin, they bind her on the other from betraying the trust reposed in her for her own aggrandisement. Nevertheless, when any go-

vernment flies to her for succour against the worst evils, we are gravely assured, it is only moved to do so by her influence and intrigue.

So long as England remained the great guardian of Europe against France, the cry of Russian influence was unknown; she was the power to which all turned for council and assistance,—the repository of hope and confidence: Russia, feared in one quarter and hated in another, could only act like the rest—as her follower. Then complaint only spoke of her English influence and intrigue. She cast from her the high trust, to become the instrument of France, and thereby transferred it to Russia, both by resignation and imposing a compulsion on Europe.

The influence of Russia, whatever it may be in amount and act, is thus demonstrably drawn from France and England, but mainly from the latter. Through the character and circumstances of France a powerful confederacy must always exist against her for defensive purposes, having for its head either England or Russia. This confederacy must be more or less strong and united as France may be a source of danger: strike the latter out of the map and it will turn against Russia; give France England as an instrument for offensive intermeddling and domineering, and its might, cohesion, and subserviency to Russia will rise to the maximum. If, then, this influence be excessive, England, to dissipate it, has only to return to her position of independence and general protection.

A certain portion of power is necessary in Russia, and data exist for making it matter of estimate: it is essential on British as well as general interests for her, with her allies, to be able to keep France in check, and enforce the observance of national law. If France and England can dictate, if combined with other powers, she dare not act offensively against them to prevent injustice—she is certainly too feeble; it is just as necessary for them as for her to be effectually counterpoised.

France has been regarded as a protector of the lesser German states. She, within the memory of man, used the trust to convert them into dependencies, in order to make all Germany her menial; and this shews her protection is woefully insufficient. In respect of the government she would give them,

as well as the use she would turn them to, they need defence from her as much as from any other power. England, whatever her interest and wish may be, cannot protect them alone; she must be served by or make use of other nations. She must have Russia in her present power as a means for preventing France from enslaving and appropriating them.

If Russia were only a nation of the second or third class, it is pretty certain that general revolution would take place abroad to establish governments of the most pernicious character. All her potency is necessary for rendering her the indispensable preventive to republicanism in France, as well as to anarchy and calamity in other nations; enabling rulers to refuse with effect and concede with safety; and giving to the higher divisions of society their just influence in preserving or selecting their institutions.

Calling, for the sake of convenience, the hostile divisions of Europe the French confederacy and the Russian one, let us ascertain what the latter requires to be restrained from.

France in her hour of revolution was threatened with the interference of other nations, in respect of her choice of a government. And the same France, while she protested against such interference, commenced a regular course of it towards other nations. The interference she deprecated was defensive, and only sought to prevent her from being a dangerous neighbour, without doing her injury. That she practised was to change the distribution of power throughout, directly or otherwise, for her own profit, and to the injury of the rest of Europe.

While, therefore, it was necessary to protect France, it was infinitely more necessary to protect other nations from France. England for some time protected the latter, and could have done so to this moment, without alliance, friendship, or relaxation of jealousy.

But the Russian confederacy was and is to be restrained from interfering with the domestic concerns of sundry smaller states. What does it seek? The preservation of what is settled. No one charges it with wishing to do more than prevent changes in government and territory. But it opposes the march of free institutions. Does it oppose nothing else? The only institutions offered in lieu of those which

exist are decidedly democratic, and to a certain extent republican, in character; and they are to be guided by rulers of corresponding principles. The question arises, How are they calculated to operate on the general interests of Europe? In so far as the democratic party might prevail, it would change the balance of power in favour of France; every nation it might gain would be thrown into her arms, from necessity as well as creed. Let France surround and connect herself with a due number of democratic governments, and nothing external or internal can prevent her from resolving herself into a republic, and diffusing republicanism through the whole.

It is demonstrable, in the first place, that in proportion as the influence of France may be increased by the erection of democratic governments in other states, it will cause her to preponderate in the scale and become a common disturber. In the second, that from the character of her population, putting other matters out of sight, she could not maintain a republican form of government, or prevent one from falling into a faithless, intermeddling tyranny. And in the third, that if she could, she would keep Europe continually involved in blood and calamity. No free institutions can be permanently established in her or other continental nations, unless they effectually restrain the democratic party, and reconcile themselves in the system of Europe with the absolute governments.

The French confederacy supports the general democratic party, not because the Russian one exists, but from both principle and profit. Its open object is to render aristocracy every where powerless, and compass the destruction of all aristocratic, as well as absolute governments. France declares it is necessary for her to revolutionise the countries which surround her and others as far as possible, as a means of defence, intermeddling, and dictation.

To preserve the balance of power, establish such free institutions as will endure, and save Europe from the greatest evils, it is essential for the democratic party to be restrained and limited. It is quite as necessary for free institutions to be raised, only under vigilant jealousy and control, as for them to have being. France at her last revolution, if left to herself, or if

no union had existed to restrain her, would evidently have put herself, and various other states, under republicanism, and caused general war. The French confederacy seeks to establish governments more despotic in reality than those they are intended to replace, and irreconcilable with any which differ from them.

In so far, then, as the Russian confederacy may attempt to prevent nations from making changes needful to themselves, and not dangerous to their neighbours, it ought to be restrained. But in so far as it may endeavour to bind the democratic party from making pernicious ones, it ought to be zealously supported: here it is the guardian of freedom, as well as peace and order. The French one, however, needs watching and restraining far more than it does.

It is scarcely possible for liberty to make any progress while these confederacies divide Europe. By their action on each other they make government every where despotic in practice. Every nation which does not belong to the French is forced into the Russian one; on the one hand, it must obey its leaders, and on the other, safety will not allow it to make concessions: it cannot attempt to create liberty without opening the door to anarchy and despotism. To spread lasting free institutions, Europe must be generally united, not to prevent or propel, but to govern, change; rulers must act together to keep it within the proper limits, and, at any rate, no combination of them must exist to encourage and force it. Above all, the democratic, dictatorial, lawless spirit in France, must be kept in fetters.

What, from all this, ought to be the conduct of England? Unconnected with either confederacy, she should stand between them, to give her aid according to their acts. Instead of creating a necessity for the one by combining herself with the other, her endeavours should be to dissolve both, and bring all governments to act in common on the rule of consenting to cautious change, and rejecting all beside. In avoiding union with, watching, and restraining France, she ought to vie with Russia. Here is her obvious duty with reference to the progress of freedom, as well as other matters.

These confederacies are already fiercely at war in feeling, principle, and interest; they have not drawn the

sword solely from weakness in the one, and ability to succeed without it in the other; but they cannot keep it in the scabbard much longer. The system of the French one is avowedly one of aggression; it is in basis to encourage and protect changes of government in other states, in despite of the Russian one. Beginning with the smaller nations, it is to advance until it blow the governments of both Russia and Austria into the air; to the leading nations it promises dismemberment, as well as revolution; and it daily attacks them in this vital point. To compass this, every country, on being subjected to change, is to be made the menial of France. Such a system makes war a matter of self-preservation in the powers which stand on the defensive: its next step will bring it within range of their cannon, and give them equality of position. Then war will commence.

The probable fruits of such a war deserve grave consideration. Heretofore peace was concluded under reasonably just umpires; there were neutral nations able to prevent its conditions from clashing materially with the common good. In forming the last peace, all governments acted cordially together to give it the best character. But at the close of this war Europe will be as it never was before, split into two great masses—the conqueror and conquered—with nothing to act between them as judge, and the one able to impose any terms on the other. Primarily a war of extermination between one kind of government and another, its nature is to prevent any balance of power from existing until the extermination is accomplished. Chances are much on the side of France; if she triumph, Russia and Austria must be cut down by dismemberment into comparative impotence: her object is to give independence wherever it may be desired on her own creed; therefore it must be given to Poland, and sundry parts of the Austrian empire. She must, at any rate, sustain no diminution; but the probability is, she must be enlarged to obtain this natural boundary, or meet the ardent wishes, of that people. By division into parts, loss in respect of position, the operation of new neighbours, and other things, the powers capable of balancing France must sink in weight to the second or third class.

Europe will form this spectacle. France, far surpassing any other state in integral strength, will have smaller nations dependent on her, in every quarter, to serve as provinces and garrisons—to be as useful as parts of herself for keeping in chains all who may be inclined to thwart her. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, reduced in territory, incapacitated for acting in concert, and having only jealous, hostile neighbours, will be no better than her slaves. The general democratic government must operate even more than the division of territory to render France despotic, and other leading states powerless.

If the Russian confederacy prevail, it can hardly be expected to leave France so powerful as she is in possessions: to keep her down, it must divide her. Weakened and continually endangered by the smaller states, it will incorporate them more or less with the great ones. All free government must be banished from the continent.

If peace can be preserved, every country on changing its institutions must be thrown into the arms of France, and be her instrument for its own safety. Revolution to her must be a certain means of practical conquest; in every successful effort it must annex to her a nation. Spain, Portugal, and Belgium she has already acquired; let her add to them certain Italian and German states, and she may set restraint at defiance. A few more such triumphs as she is now concluding in Spain and Portugal will place Europe under her dictation.

The Whig ministry has thus done its utmost to destroy the balance of power. It has laboured to transfer nations from one scale to the other, and dissipate all presiding and adjusting influence, in order to enable one part of Europe to tyrannise over the other. It has practically made a totally new distribution of power, for the express purpose of creating a confederacy to carry change and subversion to any point at pleasure, and prevent a balance from existing.

According to the professions of this ministry, another leading matter with it has been the preservation of peace. It found the affairs of Europe harmoniously managed by a general union of the nations, and its first step was to dissolve the union, array state against state, and enable one to dictate in the affairs of another. It has filled Europe

with jealousy, animosity, and strife, and made war to a large portion of it almost a matter of self-preservation. This it has done to prosecute a system of change, pregnant in every motion with both general and civil war.

The Whigs have, at least, admitted that the interests of this empire ought to be protected and promoted. How, then, have they managed these interests? England, singly or as a leader, is stripped of influence. Regarded as an enemy by other nations, she is no better than the instrument of France; bound to obey the latter, she has no more directing power over her than she has over Russia. Her weight is used throughout for French purposes. She is binding nation after nation to France, only to erect a tyranny which will make her its principal victim. The more power she may give it the more sacrifices it will exact from her so long as she may serve it, and the more it will injure her when she may throw off its chains. If she, on the strongest reasons, break her French connexion, can she take back what she has given? Will Belgium and Spain follow her, or Portugal become again her ally, or Holland be in a condition to assist her, or any other states detach themselves from France at her wish? No; all she is giving will remain to be employed against her.

She is making surrenders to France of the highest importance. The union of Holland and Belgium was of the first value to her, as a means of restraining France, and serving her in military operations. She has given away the one and disabled the other for assisting her; what she here possessed against she has bestowed on France. The alliance of Portugal was found in the last war to be highly beneficial; it is surrendered. The new government, if it stand, must hang on France, both from its character and French control in Spain. Here, also, what she possessed against she has given to France. The last revolution in the latter might easily have been used to secure Spain as well as Portugal permanently, gain the strongest hold of the Netherlands, and substitute English for French influence in various of the smaller states; it might have been used to give England a vast increase of weight in the balance of power, as a principal, and against France and Russia alike. Instead,

what she ought to have acquired, equally with what she possessed, has been heaped on France. The latter, by the most successful war, could not have taken more from her in weight abroad than she has thus voluntarily surrendered.

In regard to that vital matter, trade, her trade with Portugal is sacrificed, the means of greatly enlarging it with Spain are cast away, and by most other nations it is as far as possible put into course of extinction. This is clearly the fruit of the French alliance. The bubble of a trade with France is burst; the latter must take all and give nothing.

England is in a more unsettled and perilous state than any other nation; the bad spirit which prevails in her threatens equally her institutions and the existence of her empire. The French party she is serving is in principle and feeling as hostile to her constitution as to the Russian despotism; it hates her, and regards her as an obstacle to its ultimate designs and the richest source of booty. It is really allied only with her revolutionary portion. By being its menial she nurtures the means of her own destruction.

While we have this on the one side, what have we on the other; where is the countervailing gain? Where is the power it has acquired, the commerce it has created, the protection it has established, the English interest of any kind it has promoted? The Whig and Liberal only reply—Oh, the despots are provoked and defeated; convulsion is caused here, and a certain faction is rendered successful there: France and England dictate! Such items of profit deserve scrutiny. The despots are provoked, and they exclude her goods, cut off her trade, and threaten her dependencies. They are defeated, and it renders her powerless. Convulsion abroad fans that convulsion at home which the Whigs say fills the empire with danger. The dictation is exercised in every point by France alone to injure England, far more than any other state. These items must be entered on the losing side of the balance-sheet, and the other exhibits only an unbroken blank.

How far France is worthy of all this, is a matter not to be disregarded. "I never saw a man more unlike a king than her sovereign!" ejaculates Lord Chancellor Brougham. Europe

may respond, May all kings be in the last degree unlike him! When we look at his conduct through life to his nearest relatives—the principles he always professed to believe in, and his practice—his wretched slang to the revolutionists on his accession, and his treatment of them since—the tyranny he has perpetrated at home, and that he is attempting towards other countries,—we find every thing to forbid England from reposing the least confidence in his government. But we must look further. He evidently acts, as far as possible, on the system of Buonaparte. He is to do what he pleases in France, and she in his hands is to do what she pleases with other nations. Insurrection in Belgium, civil war in Spain and Portugal, convulsion in any country, are tortured into a necessity for making them practically her dependencies. While she throws her chains over the weaker states, she treats the rest as rivals and enemies, to be injured at every opportunity. Instead of being content to act amicably with other powers for the common good of all, she must command here, and acquire there, and give the decision every where: Russia, Austria, and Prussia must have no voice in managing the affairs of Europe; and England—poor, fallen England!—must only speak what she may direct.

Why is it deemed essential for France to possess a certain amount of power? That the balance of power and distribution of territory may not be disturbed, the law of nations may be enforced, and every state may enjoy its rights and privileges. Then it must be essential to restrain her from using or increasing her power, to make its fruits the contrary. The doctrine is as criminal as new, that it is given her to make other nations impotent—to exclude Russia, Austria, and Prussia, from sharing in the management of European affairs—to create kingdoms, dethrone sovereigns, and dispose of crowns at will. It is her true interest to keep within her own orbit, perform uprightly the part assigned her, and submit to vigilant restriction.

The evils which the French alliance is calculated to bring on this empire are, we fear, inevitable. Hope that they may be averted cannot be found at home, and we know not where to look for it abroad. The Russian confederacy has at length got right and

justice wholly on its side, but it can only dissent, complain, and suffer. They who believe the declamations against the boundless power of Russia will do well to inquire what she is now doing, or thought capable of doing. Austria seems to have lost the consummate ability which lately shone in her cabinet, and she is so seldom heard of that it seems doubtful whether she be in existence. Instead of assuming the vigorous and commanding altitude required by the interests of Europe, she is hesitating, fearing, and compromising, after the ruinous example she heretofore furnished.

Lord Palmerston's system is yet capable of additions, and some of them may be made matter of conjecture. Abroad, his prodigious achievements in casting away have left him little to part with; he is pennyless to the swindler, and useless to the master: but at home the case is different. Perhaps he will by treaty empower France to send fifty thousand men to the Irish part of the United Kingdom, in order to give it the kind of government she may think fit. To render the success of this magnificent project more certain, it may be expected that he will permit her to garrison Scotland. The fear of creating confusion will, we imagine, deter him from giving the English crown to the French king; but, in all probability, he will make the latter prime-minister of England. Such an appointment could not be other than marvellously gratifying to the House of Commons; it might be railed against by a very few scattered Tories, but, saving this, it would be little censured by either house of parliament. As France sighs grievously for ships and colonies, he will, it may be presumed, give her the West Indies.

Let us offer his lordship a word of counsel. In all his adventures and exploits with the French monarch, he is only the Sancho, and not the Quixote. We pray him to endeavour to acquire a small portion of the selfishness, sagacity in small things, and even cowardice, which distinguished his great prototype. If, in imitation of the latter, he can imbibe a little affection for the ass he bestrides, and it can be made to display the stubborn regard for its own ease and safety found in the ass of the renowned Sancho, the gain will not be trifling to both itself and its rider.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.

BATCH THE FOURTH.

TWELVE poets in one single twelvemonth born,
 With some two thousand more, our isle adorn;
 But it so chances on our table cast,
 We but a dozen have in month the last.
 Let's therefore try what critic skill will do
 With those example poets, ten and two.—*DRYDEN altered.*

And altered glorious John should be; for it is not exactly fair that we should compare the ladies and gentlemen whose works are about to come under our critical notice with the Homer, Virgil, and Milton who formed the subject of his epigram. We have travestied it into a commonplace and most business-like preface to an ordinary review.

We shall not repeat the hackneyed story (which, in fact, is the true story, and therefore the hackneyed one), that poets are as plenty as blackberries, and that paper is doomed to perish as pitilessly in the days of William the Fourth as it was in the days of Domitian, when it was made such a matter of lamentation by Juvenal. All this has been said over and over again, without in the least degree working the slightest reformation among the offending parties. Ladies and gentlemen will write verses to the end of time, notwithstanding all statutes made and provided to the contrary, just as ladies and gentlemen will do any other naughty thing in despite of all the bills that may be passed in Lords or Commons, with or without the protest of the Bishop of Exeter.

We have solemnly determined to take all the poems lately sent to us, and to despatch them as briefly as we can, nothing extenuating, and nothing setting down in malice; a quotation which will be admitted to be most original. Of the first that comes to hand, it will not be indeed suspected that

we should speak maliciously; for it is the poem of young Graham, of Wadham—of him who had the honour of addressing, in beautiful verses, the Duke of Wellington. Beautiful, indeed, were the verses; nor did they sound on our ears the less delightfully because they were Tory: nor is the Toryism of their author the less precious to our hearts, because we find it accompanied by such talent as what we find in his *Vision of Fair Spirits*.^{*} A *Vision of Fair Spirits*! It is of itself a glorious and heart-stirring name, and quite enough to relieve Wadham of any ill impression which might be supposed to attach to any part of its history.

We are glad to see that there is a tendency to go back to the old fountains of verse, and to recanonise the divinities which we in former days worshipped, before we were seduced from them

“By wonders wild of Arabesque, combined
 With Gothic imagery of darker shade.”

True indeed it is, that the pedants and prosers made us sick of Cynthia and Phœbus; but the *poets* who sang of

“Triton winding out his ancient horn,”
 and the other gods, “when Jove usurping reigned,” are still, and ever will be, the foremost of the earth. Graham has a pretty vision of those times: we have already heard all he says, but it is nicely and harmoniously re-said, nevertheless:

“Theirs was a bright mythology of yore,
 Who walk'd with angel spirits to and fro
 Along the pleasant earth, ere yet it bore
 Its baneful fruit of bitterness and woe!
 When man was godlike in his strength, and wore
 The garb of immortality below—
 And nought, save life, was needed to impart
 Love's own intense religion of the heart!
 Ere yet the sword was forged, and from the slain
 The heart's red vintage dyed the peaceful sod,

* A *Vision of Fair Spirits*, and other Poems. By John Graham, of Wadham College. 1834. Boone, London; Vincent, Oxford. 8vo. Pp. 124.

Whose shrinking breast gave back th' unhallow'd rain
 To call on high for vengeance unto God ;
 Ere yet the joyous earth's polluted plain,
 Scorch'd by his step, grew barren where he trod,
 And man, with Cain-like mark upon his brow,
 Yet unrepenting, wander'd forth — as now.

Theirs was no blinded worship ; the still shore,
 The mount snow-vestur'd, and the wooded glen,
 Thrill'd with the countless feet of them that bore
 Comfort and hope — glad tidings unto men.
 Farewell, bright messengers ! Alas ! no more
 That transient vision glads our earthly ken,
 But fond hope whispers that we linger yet
 O'er those whom love forbids ye to forget."

He has here Christianised the old Pagan fancies of the "creed forlorn;" but the fountain whence he has drank is not to be mistaken : and a fine fountain it is.

" All hail to thee, lone maiden of the night,
 Fair-hair'd Selene ! com'st thou to surprise
 Thine own adorer on th' accustom'd height,
 With the cold lustre of those madd'ning eyes ?
 Yes, he hath gazed upon their worshipp'd light
 Full oft—like one who drinketh ere he dies,—
 Still gaze, Endymion, thou art not the first
 Whose soul has yearn'd with that undying thirst—

That frantic wish — the vulture of the breast,
 Which erst Prometheus in his bosom bore —
 Earth-chain'd, in soul to mingle with the blest ;
 Mortal, to tread the sky's immortal shore —
 To lift the curtain from that home of rest
 Whose threshold is infinity, and soar
 Till the freed spirit from its chain of clay,
 Upborne on wings, anticipates decay.

The minstrel wanderer who spake of Troy,
 While nations listened to his thrilling lute —
 And he who told how man's primeval joy
 Fled with the taste of that forbidden fruit —
 Each felt the darkness which could not destroy
 The thoughts, whose echoes never shall be mute.
 For them earth slept, but Heaven with all its glow
 Lit the dim eye that open'd not below."

Well done, and breathing of the true spirit ! We add one more passage :

" Rise, ye fair daughters of the dancing foam,
 Whose jewell'd feet tread lightly o'er the wave,
 Which is the threshold of your ocean home,
 Rise from the pearled hall and azure cave !
 Rise from the blue depths of that silent dome,
 Where each tamed billow crouches like a slave !
 The soft moon slumbers over earth and sea,
 The stars look down in beauty — Where are ye ?

Oh ! by the music of that voiceless spell,
 Which breathes at eventide o'er ocean's breast —
 By the sad murmur of the wreathed shell,
 Whose wailing spirit never sinks to rest —
 By the red blush that lights your fairy cell,
 When Phœbus slopes unwearied to the west —
 By thy sea-worshipp'd hair and snowy brow,
 Daughter of Ocean, pity — listen now !

By those blue laughing eyes that wildly beam
 Through the light mantle of the leaping spray,
 Like midnight stars thick-mirror'd in the stream,
 Whose heaving bosom multiplies their ray —

By thy white-shoulders' wave-encircled gleam,
 O'er which the loosen'd tresses love to stray,
 Leave the dark chambers of thy charmed sleep —
 Why slumb'rest thou? Wake, daughter of the deep!"

Then follows a star-spirit's song, which we skip.

"They come — they come! and from their beauty fling,
 Like a thin robe, the ocean's azure vest;
 They come! light streams from each immortal wing,
 Like rays wave-borrow'd from the ruddy west.
 Now like a charmed warrior as they sing,
 The courteous billow stoops his snowy crest,
 And the winds hush their wailing o'er the seas,
 Spell-bound, to list their own Nereides."

On which the sea-nymphs sing an answer from the wave; and then come the fairies:

"Robed in the silken gossamer that flows,
 Woven in lustre from your elfin loom!
 Couch'd in the ruby chambers of the rose,
 Fed by its dew, and curtain'd by its bloom!
 Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,
 And the loved twilight gathers with its gloom —
 Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,
 Drop from the scented blossom of the bough —
 Steal from the lily's dew-bespangled bell,
 That rings its fairy curfew to the night —
 Haste from the lowly violet's hidden cell,
 Whose beauty shrinketh widow-like from sight —
 Creep from the truant snail's deserted shell,
 Come from the cowslip's golden halls of light —
 Wake from each blossom of the apple-tree,
 That opes its bright pavilion to the bee.

Man's waking hour hath pass'd, and holy sleep
 Sits on his throbless temples, like a crown
 Fresh pluck'd from Lethe's garden of the deep,
 Briefly to chain each master-passion down.
 Nought rocks the slumb'rer now of eyes that weep,
 Of lips that threaten, and of brows that frown;
 No more his curses climb the darken'd sky
 In wrath — the pure air burns not with his sigh.

Then, come! if e'er your lightly-falling feet
 Have call'd soft echoes from the hollow dell —
 If e'er the music of the breeze was sweet,
 That lulls the folding flower-leaf with its spell —
 If e'er with answer'ing voice ye loved to greet
 The lute-like plaint of widow'd Philomel —
 If e'er the weeping bough its tear-drops threw
 To deck your fairy coronet with dew.

The world is ours alone — the conscious stars,
 Night's holy children, vigilant above,
 Look down in silence from their golden cars,
 To seek below for something they may love.
 Haste to the fairy tryste — nought earthly mars,
 As erst, our elfin revel in the grove;
 Soft harps are sounding with their wonted thrill,
 Bright feet are glancing noiseless on the hill."

These are harmonious thoughts, in golden numbers shrouded. *Macte virtute, puer!* If you stick to this vein, you will do. We have not room for further extract; but we do not think Graham succeeds in lyric metres.

He should also sedulously eschew such rhymes as *morning* and *dawning*. He has a nice translation of a passage in Hippolytus (p. 114—117). What would he think of looking over Claudian?

Who is Spicer? Heaven knows.
But who are Longman, Rees, Orme,
Brown, Green, and Longman? All
the earth knows. Hence arises a wonder.
That Spicer should have written
the *Last Evening of Catanie** cannot
be in any degree considered as wonderful,
because nobody knows what is
to be wondered at in Spicer; the matter
of astonishment is that Longman,
Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman
(we love to give them all their compellations),
should have published it: but we do not profess
to be in the secrets of the publishing world.
The opening of the poem must speak for itself.

"Sunset on its own Sicily
Hath spread like a royal canopy —
The clouds of its western glory rolled
In a mantle of purple and mingled gold;
And the beams shot forth from the sun's
red car,
And sounds that seem echoed from afar;
And the thousand natural charms that
give
A spirit of loveliness to eve,
Their visions of glory, fair Catanie,
Are shedding round thee most radiantly."

So Catanie was shining radiant-ly
in its own Sici-ly, under sunset as a
cano-py. We soon find that

"There were airy shadows creeping
Like spirits, from rock and tower and
tree,
As if to watch where the lovely are
sleeping
In innocent rest, unconscious-ly."

But,

"There is still one deep red beam
Over the darkened waters playing;
One might have thought that ominous
gleam

A guardian spirit, awhile delaying
The summons of gloomy fate, to see
The working of some dark destiny.
And there were hymnings, low and sweet,
That came on the breeze o'er the moon-
light sea,
As if the voice of a sea-maid charmed
The listening waves with its melo-dy."

These ominous preparations made a
deep impression in Catanie in Sicily;
blushing cheeks in the banquets turn

"All pale, for danger will always be
Most fearful when linked with mystery."

Soldiers are warned by one voice, which
tells them that their trade is nought—

"*Forgotten shall be the slain and thee,
For their word is only of victory.*"

Which opens rather a new light on
affairs, it being quite new to us to hear
of the slain raising the shout of victory.
The traveller gets a hint from the same
voice, which assures him, that, though

"There's a fair ship stemming the sum-
mer sea,
The waves round her path sing merrily,"

it will be sure to be wrecked. The
lover is told to mourn when he sees
life depart from his mistress—

"From a thing so fair, that seems formed
to be
Apart from the fate of mortality."

And these prophecies being duly
delivered,

"Then sunk the echoes on tower and tree,
But slowly, as if reluctantly."

And after that came the earthquake,
and the vulture

"Rose as the stifling breath went by,
And past with a low and sullen cry."

And there was an end of Catanie in
Sicily—a most euphonious name,
which is deservedly dear to the poet,
who says in a note that—

"CATANIE.—I cannot but be aware
that a principal port and city in Sicily
has been universally recognised, in modern
times, as 'Catania.' This word,
as containing four syllables, is repugnant
to the structure of the versification which
is adopted in the present poem.

"That the term 'Catanie' is not
wholly invented, I would refer to the
earliest Greek name, *Karðna*. Pausanias,
'Kuhnii,' page 867; adopted likewise
by the Latin authors, Cicero *Orat.*
Verrem, 23; Pliny, *Natural History*,
pp. 3 and 8; Frobonii."

To which grand display of learned
authors we may add, that it is used
by Spicerus, Longmanni, *passim*. The
other poems in the collection are quite
as good as *Catanie*. We regret to
state, that the poem to the memory of
Sir Walter Scott, beginning with "Take
the harp, Scotland," is surreptitiously
conveyed, in a great measure, from an
excellent poem called "Draw thy
sword, Scotland;" which is beautifully
sung by McGregor, of the Canteen.

What is it Horatius Flaccus remarks ?

“ *Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non dii, non homines, non concessere
columnæ.*”

Neither god, man, nor column, would therefore give the title of poetry to the compositions of W. S. Roscoe.* We may find smooth verses in them for all that. Take the first as a specimen :

“ *To the River Brathay, in Langdale.
Written at Rydal, in Westmoreland,
1797. [A long time ago, Master
Roscoe !]*

Wild, restless stream ! thy course I trace
With musing steps, when Evening gray
Steals o'er the vale with silent pace,
And shuts the crimson gates of day.

As on thy checker'd banks I rove,
And listen to the woodlark's note,
Or blackbird pipe the song of love,
Responsive to his partner's throat ;

I seek the various-tinted flowers
That speck the mountain's lofty side,
Or those that in thy wild-wove bowers
Their fragrant sweets unheeded hide.

Falling in many a gurgling rill,
From stormy Langdale's pathless brow,
And sparkling on the grassy hill,
Thou seek'st the sunny vale below.

‘ From Killarney's green waves, and the smooth deep returning,
Ere yet the sweet wood-lark had caroll'd his lay,
O'Donoghue rose in the beam of the morning, [murmuring ?]
With radiance ne'er seen in the sunshine of day.’

“ Killarney is a *lake*, and to talk of its green waves and its smooth deep is nonsense—just as bad as the rhyme ‘ morning ’ and ‘ returning.’ There is no such thing as a woodlark in the whole county of Kerry or province of

‘ His face, though angelic, with sorrow was worn ;
His beard softly waved to the wind of the west ;
In his once royal isle he was seated forlorn,
And thus his old kingdom he, weeping, address.’

“ God help us ! O'Donoghue would have scorned the notion of saying that *he* was the king of any of the old kingdoms. Well did he know that there were only five kings in Ireland, the O'Neils, the O'Briens, the O'Connors, the M'What-d'ye-call'ems, and the M'Morrhoughs—and by no manner of means the O'Donoghues. As to his

There, wandering by the hazel bush,
I scarcely mark thy silent stream ;
Now forth again I see thee gush,
And catch the sun's departing beam.

Now sparkling on thy pebbled bed,
Now in a sportive whirlpool playing ;
Or by the fragrant cool shade led,
Within the lonely green-wood straying.

Now rushing deep the vale along,
Thou boisterous roll'st thy little wave ;
Till Grasmere's waters lost among,
No more thy troubled stream shall rave.

Such is the life of wo-born man,
Doom'd the like checker'd course to
take,
Till, worn, he end his fretful span,
In dark oblivion's cheerless lake.”

There are some other copies of verses just as good and as bad as the above in the collection. Whenever any thing beyond this is attempted, it is sure to be a failure. “ The Muses,” for instance, are sad rubbish—so is “ The Monody ”—and so are many others. Crofton Croker writes to us to remonstrate with Roscoe on a poem called “ The Spirit of O'Donoghue.” “ There is no such ghost or gentleman,” says Crofton in his letter. “ The name of the family is O'Donoghue. But let that pass. I'll take the poem, verse by verse.

Munster ; and I'm sure there's no need of telling us that the radiance in which O'Donoghue rose in the beam of the morning was nothing like those which he would put on when full drest in the sunshine of day.

beard, I admit that if a man with a beard sits in a west wind it may point westward ; but what is there in that to make any gentleman forlorn, I'd be glad to know ? I remember a story about a man's beard pointing west in Dingle-dy-couch, which is pleasant to hear, as related by Jemmy O'Brien, but which I have not time to narrate at present.

“ Fair Island of Saints, in the mid ocean roar,
Still dash the white waves round thine emerald throne ;
Still swell the bold cliffs on thy far-jutting shore,
The broad sea thy boundary, its waters thine own.”

"If this is not nonsense, it is uncommonly like it. A broad boundary is, I think, a bull. And how, in the name of all the saints, can the white waves in *mid* ocean dash upon the shore? That would never pass muster at the

Admiralty. And once more, how is Ireland in one line the *fair* island of saints, and in the next the island of the *emerald* throne. Roscoe is a poor judge of colours.

" Proudly still rolls thy Shannon his high waves along,
And bids the Atlantic hoarse murmuring recoil;
Softly flows thy famed Liffey its valleys among,
And winds its slow stream through thy fertilised soil!"

"O Juno! goddess of the sky, what is this about? There are no high waves in the Shannon — no hoarse murmuring of its recoil from the Atlantic; and the

Liffey is a little squirt of a stream, much resembling a puddle rolling through the barrenest soil of Ireland.

" Sweetly spread thy blue lakes, lofty rise thy wild mountains;
Still boast thy green valleys the sun's brightest beams;
Still thine the gay woodlands and crystalline fountains,
Flowery meadows, deep glens, and smooth gliding streams."

"And did O'Donoghue say all this taffeta talk? He must then not have emerged from any of the lakes, but from the Devil's Punchbowl; and

come up in that state which is called by ourselves crying drunk, or as the Scotch authors have it, "greetin' fou."

" Then, O say! sadly sorrowing beneath thy clear skies,
Why droops man a slave, and a recreant to Heaven?
Shall he dare thy rich clime and its blessings despise,
And scorn the high boon which his Maker has given?"

"Same remark as on the last. An unfortunate maiden is shortly afterwards mentioned by the distracted O'Donoghue, who [the maiden, I mean]

" Flies the fierce tempest,—she flies to the city,—
She sees his pale head on the high castle gate!
O shed o'er her memory the kind tear of pity,
And heave a last sigh for poor Marian's fate."

"What city, in the name of Mars? Where is the High Castle Gate? I have seen the pates of some thieves and murderers stuck over the North and South gates of my native city, but

that practice had gone by years ago; and unless O'Donoghue by being drunk had seen double, and doubled his eyesight backward, he could not have seen any thing of the kind.

" But athwart the blue sky, on yon far mountain-height,
Now see the green banner all-waving, unfurl'd!
Hark! the shrill brazen trump warns thy sons to the fight,
And peals its loud sound on the wide startled world."

"This is dead robbery, and nothing else. I remember the original well. I heard it for the first time at Ballinacollig, where it was sung to me by Jack Edgar:

'And we'll go up, and we'll go down,
And we'll see who dares oppose us;

And this Orange crew we will pursue,
With a green flag flying afore us.'

Is there a man with soul so dead as not to see the infinite superiority of the original over Roscoe's base and pilfered imitation?

" Now rush thy brave hosts on thy proud glitt'ring foes,
And sweep through the plain like their big ocean wave:
Ye sons of green Erin! remember your woes —
Thou slave! rise a man, or be freed in the grave."

"This is what we call in Ireland 'very fine oysters.'

" O remember the deeds which your fathers have done,
Bold conquerors of yore! when by Liberty led!
Remember the fields which their valour has won
You fight for the land where your forefathers bled!

"From their caves of the wind their sad spirits shall rise,
And roll the dim cloud o'er Lena's blue heath;
Shall chant their wild death-song amid the dark skies,
Enwrapt in the red streaming meteors of death.

"But when the rough blast of the battle shall cease,
And Freedom again all propitious shall smile,
Your fair-bosom'd daughters shall meet you in peace,
And welcome you home to your Emerald Isle."

"Now, in the name of St. Patrick, where is Lena's blue heath. Oh! my countrymen, this Roscoe is no more than what you would call an *imposture*.

'He struck his sad harp with the faint hand of woe;
Softly echoed the notes, as, with sorrow oppress,
He tore the white locks in despair from his brow,
And sought in the waves the green seat of his rest.'

"Let him sink then, and be ——. I was going to say something not polite; but I shall only add, and—be hanged; for that is a natural and respectable end to the genteel of old Irish families. If this fellow is not a sham O'Donoghue, against whom the police should be on the look-out, my name's not Crofty Croker."

So far our friend. His critique seems to us to be just, though severe; and we fling the volume in the dust-hole.

If we had looked in good season at the dedication of Mr. Ord's poem,* we should most assuredly have given it an earlier place in our list; for it is dedicated to the King; but we had not adverted to the circumstance in time, and therefore must let it take its position as it is. Ord is a true Englishman, wishing to put our country on the highest pinnacle of renown, and we rejoice that we agree with him in the wish. Take a sample from his introduction, which we take leave to say is the best bit of his book.

"Yea, I have sung full many a pleasant day,
Through cloud and sunshine, of thy lofty state;
Of the glad times, when minstrels tuned the lay
To simple maidens in the summer heat;
When silly shepherds piped their forest songs most sweet.

And of the time of love and chivalry,
Ere any gem had fallen from their brow;
When they did walk in palaces most high,
Bearing no dastard fears and doubts as now,
But held their plumes in air most seraph-like, I trow!

Of kings, and queens, and all that them befel;
Of woes, that crowd even halls all tapestried;
Of cruel loves that in high temples dwell;
Of cares that sit with monarchs side by side;
And of the great events that roll in Time's wild tide!

How from a small and tiny mountain-rill
That murmurs to the summer winds and flowers,
A vast and giant river took its fill,
And spake in thunder to the forest bowers,
Till the great sea was fill'd, and spake from all her towers.

How all the earth did worship at her feet;
How her proud vessels crowded every sea;
How every sea was conquered by her fleet;
And how she still had tower'd, supreme and free,
But for the traitor's hate, that will not let her be.

How papal power once dwelt in halls of might
Where yet the mouldering abbeyes touch the sky;
Till the true faith came down in robes of light,
And fell the temples of idolatry,
And fell the sculptured shapes that mock'd the God on high!

* England; an Historical Poem. By John Walker Ord. "Dieu et mon droit." Vol. I. London, 1834. Simpkin and Marshall. 8vo. Pp. 262.

How the baronial castles, crumbling low,
 (Where sleep sweet wild-flowers, fed by human gore,)
 Once held high merriment and princely shew,
 Dance, song, festivity, and minstrel's lore —
 With power to beat the foe, and hunt him from our shore.

How patriots have fought on ev'ry hill;
 How ev'ry crag hath heard the shout of Fame;
 How ne'er invader stood, and never will,
 Where Albion's rocks stand forth in snow-white flame!
 How never spot nor stain shall tarnish Albion's name.

Roll all thy vineyards to the setting sun,
 Proud France, and wave thy harvests in the air!
 Spain, play thy serenadings to the moon;
 And thou, Italia, shew thy painter's care,
 Pillars, and marble domes, and temples standing fair.

Your mountains, that do breast the azure sky;
 Your rivers, that like oceans roll along;
 Your forests, that like sleeping giants lie;
 Your cataracts, with thunder in their song;
 Your valleys glad and bright, by poets yet unsung.

What are they all when England nods her head?
 Hers is the might of lord and conqueror;
 Have ye a people that like her's are wed
 To lofty deeds, that ring from shore to shore —
 The good, the pure, the just, whose praise can ne'er run o'er?

Boast ye such castles, abbeys, temples fair,
 Rich green and golden fields, rich granaries?
 Her genius, that doth touch the morning star,
 Her mighty ships and constant enterprise,
 Her cities huge and vast, whose spires salute the skies!"

The rhymes here are not the best, does our heart good to hear such verses,
 nor perhaps can we claim justly all the nevertheless. What makes him in such
 praise which Ord demands for us; but it a desperate passion with Scotland?

"A fair shoot oft will spring from rotten tree,
 And sweetest flowers grow from corruption's grave.
 And so sprang Edward. Would the mountains free
 And wilds of Wales, had never stain'd his glaive;
 Nor torn the freedom from Llewellyn brave;
 Nor crown'd his forehead with the willow bough;
 Nor slain each patriot in his rocky cave;
 Nor pluck'd the hero's laurels from his brow,
 Where, eagle-like, he pass'd his mountains to and fro!

Then had the tarnish lain not on his crest:
 Yet for that he the dastard Scots drove back,
 And crush'd them to the mire, where yet they rest;
 And o'er each fetid carcase made a track
 For his red chariot-wheels, and was not slack
 To drive his horses' hoofs through heart and brain;
 And burnt their homes, till all the land was black;
 And hunted forth their young o'er hill and plain;
 And hanged their rebel chiefs, to rot in wind and rain —

I do forgive him all. Their damned guile,
 Cant, craft, and lies, he stopp'd with the red sword;
 And smooch'd the prickles on their thistled iale.
 Rank slaves! — did they not Wallace sell, their lord,
 And she, their hapless queen, whom all adored?
 And their own king, slain by the hangman's knife?
 Long since the hate and curse of God was stirred;
 And now, like Jews, they lead a vagrant life,
 And blacken all the earth with lust, and greed, and strife.

They shout of Bannockburn! — they shout aloud!
 Who was their foe? — Our poorest, feeblest king;
 An army worn and faint, by famine bow'd.
 They shout of Preston! — (well they know each thing
 Of scanty conquest, and its honours sing.)
 But I a hundred blood-red fields could shew —
 I could a hundred glorious victories sing.
 No more. The curse burns on their craven brow,
And I have nought but curses, and I curse them now.

Yea, from my heart of hearts, and on the day
 I lie in death, my last curse be for them.
 Wildly they wrong'd me, and my sullen clay
 Shall lend a light to shew the world their shame —
 A might to tear away their latest gem —
 Whose hearts are barren as their shatter'd shore —
 Bleak as their deserts — narrow as their fame.
 O, that the stripe might lash them as of yore,
 That English swords might chase them forth for evermore!"

This is savage enough; and we beg leave to say, on behalf of our English Justinian, that the slaughter of the Welsh bards is merely an absurd fiction. Let that rest, however, as we wish to let Ord speak his mind at full-length about the Scotch.

"It may be asked, why I am thus vindictive against the Scotch?"

"Deeply engraven in my own heart are the causes of this hatred, and they shall cease only with the last flutterings of that heart which nourishes them.

"To that accursed country I owe all the sorrows and heart-rendings (such as they have been) that have perplexed and oppressed my youth — to that country I owe that the pure spring of my best and holiest feelings has been polluted — to that damned country I owe that I am a changed man, though yet in my earliest youth.

"Has not Scotland in all ages been vicious, bad, mean, hollow, wicked, sensual, and depraved as now? In earliest times treacherous, cowardly, murderous, and vindictive. And are they not still the same crouching, selfish, arrogant, and unprincipled slaves they ever were? They murdered their loveliest queen, and betrayed the noblest heir of the hereditary line of the Stuarts. And now are they not servilely foremost in that rude and savage demolition of those ancient pillars that have so long upheld the stately fabric of British liberty all over the world?"

"Moral Scotland!! Away with such insolence. Moral!! Ay, if the most soul-sickening hypocrisy, if cant and roguery, and brutality of every sort, can be called morality, then, indeed, is Scotland the most *moral* country, forsooth, in the whole world. Never did live, and never will live again, so filthy, nasty, ignorant, malignant, and loathsome a population. Whisky drinking has demoralised Scotland from one end to the other.

"Whisky drinking, the *habit* of the Scotch people, from the banquets of their nobles to the dunghills of their half-starved peasantry, has produced its usual soul-subduing, slave-making, and demoralizing effects.

"It has hung like a leaden chain upon the limbs of Scotland's proudest genius — (and are not Burns and Hogg the boast of her sons?) It has degraded the principles of its clergy and aristocracy, and the fountains of its law; and it has gone with its scoundrelly mechanics into the house of God, reeking with the unholy fumes, and burning with the fires of damnation within them, whilst at the same time they vomit forth the foulest blasphemies before the altars dedicate to God.

"Let me not be savage on her ladies; but are they not the most high-cheeked-boned of the high-cheeked-boned, the most prim of the prudish, the most reserved of the mock-modest, and the most persevering of dram-drinkers? Her young men, are they not very braggadocios to the fearful, and veriest slaves and cowards to the valiant? Her old men, are they not the vilest mammon-hunters under the sun? Her priests, are they not hypocrites and foul-mouthed libellers of the word of God? Her mechanics, are they not abandoned and foul-mouthed revolutionists, and banner-bearers to traitors and demagogues? Her peasants, are they not poorly-fed whisky-drinking serfs? She is altogether rotten, hollow, and putrid at the very core.

"What, then, is there in this much-vaunted country of Scotland, that she dare erect her craven brow on the same level with magnificent England? Where are the statues of her kings — where are the tombs of her queens? Where are her public acts of heroism, save at Bannockburn, forsooth, won by meanest stratagems of Jargon Jack the Giant-killer pits and caltrops, over a wearied

army, and an imbecile king. (Against which battle I place Falkirk, Halidon Hill, Flodden Field, Cutoon Moor, and Neville Cross — particularly the latter, where the whole army of the valiant Scots were defeated by — a woman! which battles will ring in their brains to all eternity.) All their poor fame is in England: all that they call good among them is nourished, upheld, fed, bred, and retained in this very land they pretend and dare superciliously to depreciate and despise.

"They come like swarms of locusts over the Tweed, and eat up the rich produce of our land, and riot in our granaries, and pollute our food and our drink. They sit in our own councils, and palay and degrade them, and heap the public revenues on themselves and their own: and around the pillars of our literature they crawl like vipers, and hiss and envenom all that is highest and noblest among us; and in our counting-houses and marts of commerce they crouch amid the gold, and the silver, and merchandise; and amid the palm-groves of India, and in the palaces of our kings!

"Yet, they change not with the land they live in, but retain, in all places, the mean selfishness and depravity of their race.

"In one thing I admire them truly — it is that Scotland so abounds in that fruitful weed, the critics. They boast of one man who contended that Lord Byron and William Wordsworth were no poets! Of another, in whose fiery furnace the red-hot rebel Elliot met with most extravagant land! and of another, through whose instrumentality the whole fountain of pure and healthy feeling and criticism through the land has been polluted. But I must here pause for the present. It is not fit, or to be expected, that I can allow any further space to this nation of reptiles! To another day, and when I shall be more able than at present to devote useful time, I leave this present subject; and I shall then clearly and dispassionately prove that the Scotch are the most odious and detestable race that ever inhabited the face of the earth.

"I will make them so hateful, that the Jews themselves shall not be a more loathed and despised race.

"I will shew how mean, dastardly, and contemptible human nature may become, when suffered to descend through

many generations into all things that are narrow, mean, hateful, and unprincipled. I will shew, indeed, man as he approaches the fiend, and then I shall have proved what Scotland is, what the Scotch are; and I shall then have done my duty to Scotland."

What Ord's particular grief against Scotland may be we do not know. We surrender to his no-quarter the whisky-drinkers of that ancient land — with a sigh, however; for among them have we known many a good fellow; we defend not her old men; we leave her young men to defend themselves; revolutionists, reformers, banner-bearers, demagogues, and critics, we consign to the tenderest mercies of Old Nick. But we do not denounce her peasants because they are ill fed, or her mechanics because they are poor, or her adventurers because they seek richer countries; and still less can we agree with Mr. Ord, that Scotch ladies are "the most high-cheek boned of the high-cheek boned, the most prim of the prudish, the most reserved of the mock-modest, and the most persevering of dram-drinkers." The cheek-bone will no doubt sometimes shew, — what is bred in the flesh will be out in the bone; but that there are charming, and handsome, and good, and darling, and every-way-to-be-beloved women in Scotland, he who denies denies what is the truth. None can be more modest without prudery, none less reserved without taint of indecorum; and as for dram-drinking, we fear that the female society in or from Scotland in which Mr. Ord mixed must have been of rather a character so mixed as to render it a matter of little moment among them whether the liquor they drank was mixed or not.

We shall review (*perhaps*) Ord's book when he finishes it. We are, up to his last stanza, (except those which he dedicates to a young lady, whom he calls *W.*) only as far as Richard III., near three centuries and a half ago. One line in the errata amused us.

"P. 134, for *cattle* read *battle*."

We turned to the stanza:

"The last — the last of the proud Saxon race! —

His heart was high and brave — his soul was pure,

And kingly greatness sat upon his face:

No storm or peril fear'd he to endure:

The joy of *cattle* was his chiefest lure:

And of his people's love, who lov'd him well,

And of their homage, he was ever sure."

This description as it stands would fit Lord Althorp in the House of Commons. The honest Saxon countenance, the physiognomical greatness, the love of cattle, the fearlessness of divisions, and the love and homage of the people by whom he is surrounded, are all Althorpians.

*The Vigil of a Young Soldier!** The soldier may be young, but the story of such vigils is old. He is

"Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep;"

and a more slumbery poem of its inches is not to be found in Christendom. The young soldier appears to be somewhat of the taste of that celebrated hero Chrononhotonthologos, who, our readers may recollect, preferred to be

"Lulled by the music of resounding cannon."

So with the young soldier.

"The brawl of elements is sport to me,
Soft is the tempest's music in mine ear;
On Alpine snows—amid the wildest sea—
Welcome the storm that could but bring
a fear!"

He despises the ordinary vanities of human life in harmonious verse, as follows:—

"Some seek for popularity,—the love
Of many, who ne'er win the love of
one;
Some look alone for happiness above,
Some frolic it below—and have their
fun:
The priest, the statesman, and the *roué*,
run
Blind in the dark and dazzled in the
sun;
I've seen myself a many who have
won
Pleasure from all things, happiness
from none."

This is a novel species of stanza, but it is a favourite with the author. Bewailing the lost state of England, he observes:—

"Equality's the shout that rends the
air,
The world does seek her—look, is she
not there?
When wealth breeds sin, and poverty
despair,
Our woes in sad equality we share."

We lament to find that our young soldier is a Cockney; and, in spite of his defiance of the world's opinion, rhymes very much after the fashion of that part of the world which is east of Temple Bar.

"Zoned with an atmosphere of pure *ideas*
[idears],
Where brightly beaming with a bound-
less love,
Our Maker's glorious majesty *appears*."

Zoned as he is with an atmosphere of pure hi-dears, he does not approve of love being controlled by advice. The following passage is pretty.

"Starving the poor to make a nation
great
May well be called a policy of *state*;
Though Christian dogmas with the world
have *weight*,
Christ's moral laws, 'twould seem, were
out of *date*.
My God! what laws there have been, and
there are!—
See beauty's glorious galaxy *adorn*
Proud fashion's circle, rising star by
star,
To fade 'neath tyrant custom before
morn."

Turn to yon haggard tribe of early
ghosts,
Unblest'd by love, and scarce by hope
upbuoy'd,
E'en trust in God in misery they've lost,
All passion blasted, and all health de-
stroy'd;
Of nature's garden are the fairest flowers
Thus left to die, debarr'd of sympathy?
No lovers' sigh, but riches' golden showers
Must wake the girl to love and liberty.

But love rejects all fetters—free and
wild,
And passionately fond, the woman's
heart
Could ne'er be link'd by gold, though
from a child
All good she's taught this idol will
impart;
Oh, woman, woman! well mayst thou be
false,
Thy woes do justify thee, and thy
tears,
Thy tears of bitter agony, whose *salts*
Exhale round Hymen's couch a cloud
of fears."

It is hard to understand these last lines, but the rhymes are neat. Our poet is not always so complimentary to women:

" Had passion's tide been stemm'd with
equal scorn,
Youth's bark had swam, triumphant,
pleasure's sea,
Hope's star had never faded in her dawn,
Nor, Scampo, I presum'd to sing of
thee.
I know my soul from virtue's path is
hurld
To depths, oh God! unutterably low—
I grov'ld to the mistress of the world,
Woman,—our worshipp'd scorn, fond
cherish'd foe!"

This was wrong, decidedly wrong;
but better times are coming, when

" The happy bark of love shall reason
steer,

Our years glide on free from infirmity,
And hymns of praise the high Jehovah
hear

Push through the halls of glad eternity.
In one unbroken long, long swell of joy,
A happier spring-tide of our hopes
shall rise,

Affection's balm shall all our pains de-
stroy,
And lasting love make earth a para-
dise."

This must do for the young soldier.
We hope he has a better ear for a bugle
or a drum than he has for poetry. We
assure him that he ought to get out of
his head some *missy* notions as to the
necessity of the diffusion of penny
knowledge, the preference of turnips
to mutton, the black humbug, the im-
propriety of matrimony, and so forth.
He should leave these matters to the
professors of such sciences; and if he
be a soldier, let him fling aside namby-
pamby ditties, to sing

" Madam, I know my trade is war,
And what should I deny it for."

Or,

" I am a son of Mars, who have been in
many wars,
And shew my cuts and scars wherever I
come;

This here was for a wench, and that other
in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de dandle," &c.

We are perhaps in some sort anti-
cipating a duty which we shall have to
perform by and by, in noticing an An-
nual—but this before us is a midsummer
Annual. We can assure our readers

it is not by any means a midsummer
madness, for the *White Rose of York* *
blossoms beauteous in the scented air.
It is edited by Hogarth, who in the
North holds up one of the flags of
Toryism with intrepid hand, and is
dedicated by permission to the Queen.
Hogarth remarks in his preface—

" In presenting this new Annual to
the public, the editor is perfectly aware
of the apparent objection derived from
the ample, nay, superabundant crop, of
those productions which spring from the
metropolitan press at the beginning of
every year. But he thinks there is yet
room for this little flower;—in the first
place, because it is a VARIETY of its spe-
cies, differing from any that has as yet
been cultivated; and, also, because it is
planted in a distant and hitherto unoccu-
pied soil.

" Without attempting to detract from
the merit of the London Annuals, or to
deny that they answer the end of their
being, we merely repeat a remark that
has been made a thousand times when
we say, that they are more indebted for
their attractions to the magic of the pen-
cil and the graver than to the excellence
of their literary matter. Graceful poetry
and elegant prose are certainly to be
found among their contents; but it is
notorious, that little of their value is
derived from pieces of this description,
their literary articles being frequently
nothing more than explanatory *pendants*
to some exquisite specimen of graphic
art. Such articles, even when they bear
a distinguished name, are seldom worthy
of it; their flimsiness generally express-
ing, as plainly as words could do, the
writer's indifference to his task, and his
feeling that intellectual exertion would
be thrown away upon it. The London
Annuals, in short, are beautiful things,
and well worthy of the great sums they
draw;—sums not more than sufficient to
return, with a fair profit, the capital ad-
vanced in producing them. But this
capital is distributed, not among the
poets, essayists, and critics, but among
the painters and engravers of Great Bri-
tain; and certainly British art has de-
rived much benefit, and the British public
much pleasure, from its application."

We rather think that, with the ex-
ception of the *Amulet*, *Heath's Pic-
turesque Annual*—perhaps the *Keep-
sake*, and one or two of the more
gorgeous collections of fine engravings
—the Annuals of London are losing

* The *White Rose of York*; a Midsummer Annual. Edited by George Hogarth, Esq. 1834. London, Murray; Halifax, Whitley and Booth, and R. Leyland. 8vo, pp. 336.

concerns. The wretched *Souvenir*, for instance, can hardly find a publisher—and Hogarth is quite correct in saying that its literary articles are trash. We hope that Yorkshire will start a better candidate for success than the ordinary London run; though, if Mr. Hogarth will allow us the pun, it is not good Yorkshire practice to start without *plates*. "The Crystal Goblet," by Roby (a clever fellow), is good, but rather too long—and, at all events, as we have placed Mr. Hogarth among the poets, we shall not pay any attention to the prose labours of his *collaborateurs*. Really, the Yorkshire *aborigines* get through admirably well. Cronhelm, whoever he may be, who writes the "Doom of Cordoba," has an ear for verse and a mind for poetry—so also have Peter and Spencer. We could extract many passages from their contributions which would prove what we say to be true, (by the by, is the old ballad of the slaying of Sir John Ealand, quoted by Mr. Spencer in his notes and preface on his poem of the "Ladye of Ealand," published? The scraps he gives are very picturesque;) but we prefer taking a whole poem, contributed by Thomas Crossley, a man who can write. It is on the death of Falconer, the author of the *Shipwreck*.

ARION'S GRAVE.

"The stately bark from Afric's shore
Spread her white sails, and, proudly free,

Upon her ample deck she bore

The minstrel of the sea,—
The minstrel who had fought the storms
Of ocean in their wildest forms.

He was from Albion's sunny isle,
Land of the beauteous and the brave,
Where first he met the Muse's smile,

And dared the foamy wave;
And rapturously had touch'd the string,
Struck by the sea-storm's faithless wing.

That stately bark shall ne'er again
Her bold unbounded course retrace
O'er the proud bosom of the main,

And bear her treasure back;
Nor anxious friends with joy discern
The first glimpse of her blest return.

On ocean's distant line a speck,
Dubious, the eye full oft explored,
Some queenly ship, with crowded deck,
To home and friends restored.
Alas! not thus may e'er return
That bark which wave and tempest spurn.

O bard! full oft has Pity's tear
Been shed o'er what thy strains disclose,
For poor Palemon's sad career,
Who shared thy former woes;
And on Colonna's fatal shore
Sigh'd Anna's name—and sigh'd no more.

Alas! in death's appalling hour,
When the wild wreck's departing form
Of science lost the guiding power,
The victim of the storm;
To tell thy fate no soul was spared,
For all one general grave had shared.

Thy tomb may be the ocean surge,
Thy chilly shroud the green sea-weed,
The wild winds may prolong thy dirge
Where there is none to heed;
But, O, thy monument remains
In British hearts and deathless strains!"

We wish Hogarth every success in his undertaking, and we are sure he deserves it. May the *White Rose* flourish! We cannot part with it, however, without congratulating our Manchester friend Sowler on the admirable manner in which he has printed it.

Here is indeed a book of beauty! Lady Charlotte Bury's *Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany**—a book splendid in execution, composition, decoration, poetry—in every thing which the genius of the author or the artist can produce. It is most nobly introduced by a fine engraving of Lady Charlotte herself—a great likeness; and most royally subscribed for by some couple of dozen of kings and queens, emperors and empresses, princes and princesses. Let us take as specimen the verses about Florence, in the canto which bears the name of Vallombrosa—word for ever dear to those who love the song of him

"Who sang of man's first fall, the never-dying lay,"

as Lady Charlotte sweetly says.

"Dull is the eye which views that arch's span,†
Of airy structure, bending o'er the stream;

* The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany—Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, Laverna; a Poem, with Historical and Legendary Notices. By the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Bury. Illustrated by Engravings of the Scenery, from original Drawings by the late Rev. Edward Bury. London, 1834. Murray. Oblong folio, pp. 140.

† The Ponte della Trinità.

Or gazed upon that clustering city's plan,
 By Arno rising like a fairy dream ;
 And hath not sought, in fondly cherished theme
 Of pen or pencil, to arrest the scene,
 Whether in lunar ray or sunny gleam ;
 When shadows lay distinct in softened sheen,
 Beauteous thou art in all—city of matchless mien !

A spell of sweet endearment in the place
 Twines round the souls of those who sojourn there ;
 It has a wooing charm, serene in grace,
 Like dame who gracefully the garb doth wear
 Of matron quiet and domestic care ;
 A gentle dignity, a placid smile,
 A chastened loveliness, withouten glare,
 That can the troubled soul from self beguile,
 Bid thoughts of peace return, and memory sleep the while.

Of Liberty the cradle here was rock'd,
 Free and unswathed her limbs in vigour grew,
 Till strong become, the noble child unlocked
 The springs of learning to her favoured crew ;
 Then followed wealth, and power, and luxury too,
 The dread concomitant of power and wealth,
 Which makes men curse the day that e'er they knew
 Aught save the charms of virtue, peace, and health ;
 When more—vice spoils by force, or mines by treacherous stealth.

Foremost mid those who here high exploits wrought,
 Thirsting for blood, the Amidei rise ;
 See, Ponte Vecchio's curious form hath brought
 The white steed and its lord before mine eyes ;
 There still, methinks, his bleeding body lies,
 The prey of vengeance for his forfeit vow ;
 There still the object of his perjuries
 Laments, too late, her fatal rage, I trow ;
 E'en woman's jealousy to death, perchance, may bow.

And she who loved him—whom he loved—for her
 The sun is rayless, and the morn is flown ;
 The light of life is darkened—not a stir
 In her stopped pulse gives anguish power to moan—
 All sense, e'en sense of grief, seems turned to stone,
 And happy were it could it ne'er return ;
 But sad existence, burdensome and lone,
 Flings a dull current from its chilling urn ;—
 Again she wakes, she breathes, again her heartstrings burn !

Hence the fierce strivings, hence the deep-drawn groans,
 Hence the wild stories of this classic site,
 That seem yet graven on its very stones—
 The civil broils—the dreadful black and white !
 Back on the mind, from dull, oblivious night,
 Again recurs each long-forgotten scene ;
 Again great Dante starts to life and light—
 His eagle eye, his sad, wild poet's mien,
 His glorious halo-ray, and wreath of deathless green.

With eyes uplifted to the giant dome
 Which Brunelleschi poised and hung in air,
 Gaze on enraptured, till thy mind become
 Kindred with his who placed that wonder there.
 That splendid herald of his genius rare
 Hath nobler office than to give delight :
 Thou, too, art human—in that triumph share,
 Which tells of power—of intellectual might,
 And all man can achieve at once reveals to sight !

Allied to Dante's, next in high degree
 Ghiberti's works resplendent lustre shed
 Around that precious spot, where gloriously
 Still lives the genius of the mighty dead :
 Pursue thy search, and when thy step is led
 Before those gates, where sculpture's art hath striven
 To embody words of life—those gates once said
 The portals meet to be which lead to heaven—
 The heart's best homage pay, which is in silence given.

Adieu to thee, fair Florence! long delayed,
 While wrapt in musings on the glorious past,
 My destined pilgrimage must now be made,
 And I again with quickened ardour haste
 To leave the city—gain the mountain waste—
 Plunge deep in leafy woods, and climb the steep,
 The lightness of that fresher air to taste ;
 Where waters from embowering caverns leap,
 Or down their beds of moss melodiously creep.

There, too, the rural lay which Nature pours,
 Mellifluous birds their heaven-taught music sing ;
 There soft Favonius perfume richly showers,
 Dropped, in his evening flight, from dewy wing ;
 While fragrant plants and flowers unnumbered spring,
 Brooding the mountain-path with beauteous store
 Of brighter dyes than cunning art can bring
 To deck the tessellated palace floor,
 Which Luxury's listless form trails its dull footsteps o'er.

Mysterious spells, which hold each charmed sense
 As in the thralldom of a wizard chain !
 In every nerve I feel your power, yet whence
 Springs its strong influence explore in vain :
 But whether more of pleasure or of pain
 On life's cold, dull monotony ye throw,
 It matters not—for be it bliss or woe,
 I would not lose the pulse's ebb and flow,
 If with the pain I must the vivid joy forego.

Deep secret springs lie buried in man's heart,
 Which Nature's varied aspect works at will ;
 Whether bright hues or shadows she impart,
 Or fragrant odours from her breath distill,
 Or the clear air with sounds melodious fill,
 She speaks a language with instruction fraught ;
 And Art from Nature steals her mimic skill,
 Whose birds, whose rills, whose sighing winds first taught
 That sounds can charm the soul, and rouse each noble thought.

Music! to thee a thousand altars rise,
 Alike in courtly hall and desert wild,
 Gifted with spirit spells and mysteries :
 Art is thy nurse, but Nature calls thee—child !
 Mary! thy heavenward soul, retiring, mild,
 Makes memory of thee, and music, seem
 Embodied in one thought ; and thus beguiled,
 I wander from my way, as most will deem,
 Apostrophising one unknown, as in a dream."

How harmonious is the verse!—and
 the sentiment is as fine. Why does
 not Lady Charlotte Bury write more
 poetry?

For the house of Rutland and all its

manners we entertain the highest re-
 spect. A daughter of that house comes,
 therefore, before our critical attention
 with the strongest prepossessions in
 her favour. But what the deuce does
 Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley know

of *London at Night*?* *London at Night*! Heaven help Lady Emmeline! The first notion she appears to entertain of that phenomenon is, that the "dread city is silent, since all strife is there forborne," and the people are occupied only in star-gazing. To what part of the town she can have got, we, who know it by heart from the Elephant and Castle to the Angel at Islington, and from Bow Church by Stratford to Gloucester Lodge in

Brompton—late, or at present, the domicile of Don Carlos,—with a large lapping over east, west, north, and south, with all their bearings above, beside, outside, below, beyond these points of departure; we say that we, with all our multifarious and long-acquired knowledge, have not a notion where her ladyship can have got in her wanderings by night. She calls upon the stars, which is well enough:

"Shine forth, ye beings of the past, shine forth,
In all your ancient might and primal worth—
Come, breathing strength along the silence, come!"

But then follows—

"While massed in undistinguishable gloom
Frowns dimly forth each high o'erarching dome,
And glimmers faint each lessening, lengthening spire,
As through the midnight, shooting high and higher!
Look round you! whoso'er ye be, that tread
This wide realm of the living and the dead!
Temple and tower majestically old,
Though lacking the ivy's thousand-tendrilled fold,
Surround you here. Look on yon sacred pile,
Within whose pompous shade of arch and aisle
They whom the world gone-by hath worshipped, sleep."

This may, perhaps, refer to Westminster Abbey; but, in the name of Sir Christopher Wren, where in that neighbourhood are we to find the lengthening lessening spires, or temples and towers majestically old? There certainly is a mock-Gothic House of Commons and Lords, perfectly worthy, perhaps, of the people who fill them; and there is St. Margaret's; and there is the Exchequer Coffee-House; and there is Brown's Hotel; and there are dim vistas of Tothill Fields; but, except Westminster Abbey itself, what the deuce else is there among the col-

lection at the bottom of Palace Yard to make all this bother about? If her ladyship would go with us a little to the west, or south-west, we should shew her something worth looking at; but no matter.

Her ladyship, quite forgetting that she is writing of London by night, gets into a towering passion with the ceremony of burying the dead in Westminster; but we submit, she might as well be in that passion by day as by night. There is in part of the poem an immensity of metaphysics, as for example:

"Time—time himself, with sovereign mastery taming,
Through the uncommunicativeness complaining
Of old long-unremembered years! betrayed
To rigorous silence and unpitied shade,
Thou shalt set forth!—hearkening my soul's appeal,
Thou shalt uplift from buried years the seal;
And thou shalt melt away the heavy frost
That weighs upon earth's banished ones, and lost
In thy triumphant sway, thy conquering power,
Thus, even in the stern strength of this dread hour,
O'er the uncommunicativeness prevailing,
Of centuries of obstruction and of failing!
Arise thou!—not an unembodied dream—
Not in shades varying as the rainbow's gleam—
Not in phantasmal, strange abstractions shown—
No visionary guest, unnamed, unknown!"

No! seize a nobler incarnation, wake
 In loftier guise — in bright assumption take
 Features familiar to our thoughts and minds,
 Though vanished like the clouds before the winds.
 Genius! rise thou in panoply of might,
 Sweeping the veil of mysteries from the night;
 Unchanged — untransubstantialised, arise,
 As long since to contemporaneous eyes
 Thou didst appear, in glorious forms enshrined;
 Forms to the dust — the dust of death consigned!
 Unchanged — untransubstantialised, awaken
 Even in those forms, unshadowed and unshaken;
 Accord them to a moment's worship, yet
 Their sun of soul is overcast, not set."

We once knew a writing-master who used to set all aspirants to the lofty office of assisting him in his daily labours of calligraphy, the task of writing 'antiperihyposupercontrahypertransubstantiation' in one line, without taking the pen off the paper. Lady Emmeline must have been a candidate for this post; for she certainly deals in jaw-breakers. Like our excellent friend the schoolmaster, she does not care what is the meaning of the words

in the copy, so that they fill the line.

A copious catalogue of the poets' corner proves that Lady Emmeline still lingers in the precincts, if not in the towers, of Westminster Abbey. She favours us with a rather agreeable catalogue of the people buried there, but stops for a while to talk of love. As all ladies write well of love, we think it only fair to quote what Lady Emmeline says on the subject.

" Alas! how dimmed, how altered in the tomb!
 Imagination through the Unmeasured streaming,
 With all her boundless worlds of shadowy dreaming;
 And love — deep love! — that seems to breathe and burn
 From the chill precincts of its funeral urn,
 With starry immortality endowed,
 Even in the icy foldings of its shroud.
 Love! no, thou art not to the dust consigned,
 Most mighty spirit! thou'st but in bliss rejoined
 Thy kindred elements, and brightly risen
 From the dull boundaries of thy clayey prison."

This is delicious; but the last rhyme, we confess, is not quite so good as that of the young poet of the station-house, to which he had been consigned for an undue affection for his neighbour's goods. The distich of this precocious poet was,—

" He who prigs what isn't his
 Will sure be lagged or lie in prison."

At this time, however—and we have now come through a great forest of reflection as far as page 37,—there is no great notice of *London at Night*. All that is written might have been tossed off at Belvoir in the morning. In the 37th page we have a compliment to Father Thames.

" Majestic stream! how nobly in their pride
 The tall, swift vessels o'er thy surface glide —
 Do they not bring thee tributary spoils
 From fruitful continents, from spice-fraught isles,
 From gorgeous strands with heavens of purple crowned —
 From palmy coasts, luxuriant and renowned;
 Bright coasts whose dust is treasure — and whose caves
 Are roofed with glistening gems,—whose very waves
 Flow over sparkling beds of precious ore,
 Paving with pomp of pearl and gold the shore,
 Rich as some genii-king's fair fabled store?
 Well may'st thou go rejoicing — thou sublime
 And most majestic stream! image of time,
 On-sweeping in disdainful revelry
 To thy great bourne, the everlasting sea —
 As he to death, with all his hurrying waves,
 Which flow above a treacherous shoal of graves."

And yet not so,—’t is false — I do thee wrong ;
 Not in disdainful revelry along
 Dost thou go triumphing ; but, calm and still,
 Thou dost thy missioned ministry fulfil
 In stateliest graciousness — and gentlest power,
 Smooth as fair rills, that haunt some sylvan bower ;
 While more than empire reigns along thy shores,
 And more than affluence down thy current pours,
 And more than grandeur meets thee on thy way
 With kingly state thy towery banks to array :
 How beautiful thou art now ! bedecked and lit
 By starry gleams — while o’er thy surface flit
 Myriads of crispy-wreathed smiles that break
 Where’er the night-breeze fitfully doth wake ;
 That sparkling start to life, and sparkling die,
 How brilliantly, how lustrous-dazzlingly !” &c.

There is a great deal more of this ; but we cannot take advantage of a lady. Heaven bless her ! not a morsel of all this is to be seen in London at night. No tall swift vessels glide between Rotherhithe and Vauxhall ; low, slow coal barges, or smoky little steamers, or smart gay wherries, are the craft there. The spice and pepper, nutmegs, cloves, sarsaparilla, gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, treacle, chocolate, indigo, cocoa, rum, coffee, rack, betelnut, spelter, castor-oil, rhubarb, ginseng, and other dry or wet goods, which,

as they come from the East or West Indies, seem so much to attract her wonder, are always landed and bonded at the East and West India or other docks, and never at night. As for the crispy-wreathed smiles to be found on the Thames,—why such things there are ; but not exactly as Lady Emmeline imagines. What say the poets of “ Wapping Old Stairs ?”

Page 50 has come, and we have not got off the Thames yet. Here, waterman, put in here ! And what for, master ? Why for the first stairs you can make.

“ London ! most glorious London ! thou that art
 Earth’s diadem — the universe’s heart ;
 London ! thou city of cities — feared, renowned,
 A mighty nation midst the awed nations round —
 Thou great emporium of the attracted world,
 Thy banners of old victories now are furled ;
 But thy proud flags of perilous enterprise
 Still flush the wave and flout the kindling skies ;
 Through undiscovered seas and trackless lands,
 Thy missioned envoys bear thy high commands.
 What future destinies for thee remain —
 What limits are affixed to thy wide reign ?
 The inarticulate prophecies low
 Of the quick heart speak little,—can that know ?
 No glance can fathom, and no thought divine
 What mixed futurities shall yet be thine !
 But this is sure,—that thou one day must fall,
 Girt with bleak desolation’s heavy thrall —
 One only city shall such doom defy,
 The Eternal City of the eternal sky !
 The New Jerusalem, throned high and far,
 Beyond the blazing realms of globe and star,
 Builded of jasper and of chrysolite —
 The heaven of heavens its element and site !
 Around whose walls the immortal river runs,
 Lit by a thousand and ten thousand suns !
 That city only shall unmoved remain,
 Eternity shall try its strength in vain !
 For *thee* — thou shalt decline, shalt surely fail !
 Thou must behold thy westering star grow pale ;
 Thou, O Imperial City ! may’st not last
 For ever ! — hark ! a voice warns from the past !”

Pretty all this ; but somehow or the other, having so lately come off the water with her ladyship, it puts us somewhat in mind of the letter of

Lieut. Hatchway, R. N., to Peregrine Pickle, Esq. on the approaching death of his (the lieutenant's) lamented spouse.

After this, Lady Emmeline destroys London, for its manifold villanies, at a slapping pace. There are fine, though rather stilted, verses in the poem; an honourable spirit breathes through the whole; its principles are sound, true, honest, unimpeachable; but, by Cupid, the little God of Love, Lady Emmeline might as well have called her poem *Nineveh at Noon* as *London at Night*. If we have to write *London at Night* — but —

We bridle in our struggling muse with
pain,
Which longs to launch into that swelling
strain!"

Unjust, however, should we be if we did not bear testimony to the power of melody and versification which Lady

Emmeline displays in some of her minor poems. The lines to ***,

"And hast thou wept for me? O joy
and grief,"

are eminently beautiful — oh! how beautiful! We ask ***, are they not? and we wait not for a reply.

An old and most time-honoured custom has prevailed of praising the works published by one's publisher. We do not see any reason why we should deviate from it in the case of Mr. Chapman's *Jephtha's Daughter*,* which is published by Mr. Fraser; but, lest the ungodly should think we were even one of ourselves, we shall do no more than quote what all will allow to be the most difficult part of Mr. Chapman's task, — the announcing by Jephtha of his vow to his daughter, and her resignation under its dire consequences.

"I vowed

A vow: 'If Thou wilt, without fail, deliver
Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be,
That whatsoever cometh first to meet me
Out of my doors, when I return in peace,
Shall surely be the Lord's; burnt-offering
I'll offer it.' The vow was ratified;

The prayer was granted; must the vow be kept?

Miriam. Thou knowest, Jephtha! Judge of Israël!
There is no going back from vows to Him,
And thou the last to make such forfeiture.

Jephtha. 'Tis even so; there is no going back.
We smote the sons of Ammon, and, behold!
No living thing did meet me from my doors
Before thee; thou, thou only art my vow.

Miriam. My father! thou hast spoken to the Lord;
Now do to me according to thy vow;
For He hath taken vengeance of thy foes,
Even of Ammon for thee: be it so!

Jephtha. High-hearted woman! girl of Gilead!
The judge declares thee signed and consecrate,
Devoted for thy people; but the father feels
The victim is his child — his only one!
Yet I resist not; for His will is right.
My child! my beautiful! my Miriam!
My hope of hopes! mine own and only one!

Miriam. My father! I am well content to die
For thee and Gilead. But let me go,
Till two moons wane, and then thy vow be paid;
I and my fellows to go up and down
Upon the mountains, my virginity
Bewailing; since for me that promise is not.

Jephtha. It shall be so, my daughter! my sweet child!
And thou must die, die in thy virgin prime;
Unknown the chaste communion of true love,
The conjugal caress; on thee no child,
No man-child born into the world, shall smile,
And stretch his little arms to thy embrace,

* *Jephtha's Daughter*, a Dramatic Poem. By M. J. Chapman, Esq., author of "Barbadoes, and other Poems." London, 1834. Fraser. 12mo, pp. 120.

And draw, with dimpled cheek, from thy chaste bosom
 Nature's sweet unadulterate aliment.
 No troop of virgins shall, with loving hands,
 Link a fond circle round thee, on the day
 Of Celebration ; wreaths, nor coronal,
 Shall twine thy hair and strew thy onward path—
 Mine own ! my only ! and my beautiful !

Miriam. Father ! I pray thee grieve not ; for the bride
 Of His election, daughter of His love,
 Must not go to Him grieving ; though no boy,
 No princely boy, thy daughter's first-born child,
 No little Jephtha shall repay thy love,—
 I am not childless : when in Palestine
 A daughter of our people doeth well,
 In thought of *Miriam*, she is my child ;
 When, taught by my example, any man
 Does well and lives in faith, he is my son.

Jephtha. Like a lopped branch that never yet bore fruit,
 Thou fallest on the ground : the fig will bloom ;
 The vine will grow, and give as heretofore
 Its rich ripe clusters ; lilies and roses make
 Earth fragrant ; fountains murmur as before,
 Summer and Spring will come and pass away ;
 But thou no more shalt listen to the song
 Of singing birds ; Autumn and Winter crown
 And strip the rolling year—and thou not know it !
 My incompatible, unfruitful child !

Miriam. Thy child unfruitful, incompatible !
 The father of the faithful did not call
 His Isaac so ; nor will my father deem
 His daughter is unfruitful in her faith :
 I grieve not that I am burnt-offering.
 Content thee, father ! Shall the righteous Judge
 Be to his Judge unrighteous ? creature call
 The great Creator to a controversy ?
 Then let it be a willing sacrifice.
 And I, as one betrothed, will try myself
 In maiden meditation ; then will come
 Forth to the people, in a bridal dress,
 And garlanded, for them and thee true victim ;
 A holy love upon my cheek and brow,
 Smiles on my lip, and gladness in mine eye ;
 For such I feel the grace vouchsafed to me.
 Is it a small thing to be consecrate,
 Devoted to the Lord ? to die for thee,
 My father, for my people, and my loved,
 The nursing mothers and their little ones,
 The young men and the maids of Israel ?
 Though happy here, I seek a better home,
 A lovelier life, and happier happiness.
 Thy blessing, father !

Jephtha. When thy mother gave
 Thee newly born into mine arms, she said,
 Here is a blessing for thee from the Lord ;
 And it was so : to me thy life has been
 Blessing and comfort ; and to Israel
 Thou art a blessing ; to the latest times
 Thy happy memory shall be preserved ;
 And it shall be a solemn ordinance,
 The daughters of our people yearly go,
 For four days every year, from year to year,
 To commune with the daughter of the Judge,
 Jephtha the Gileadite : lo ! thou art blest !

Miriam. Sisters ! we with the early morn will seek
 The hills where we have wandered oft in sport ;
 And think ye only bring me on the way
 To pleasant gardens and delicious airs :

The passage thither dismal to the sense
 Of mortal apprehension ; but there comes
 A light upon my soul, which from that dark
 Takes all its horrors. It becomes not us,
 The children of his ever-wakeful love,
 To murmur at His counsels. What He wills
 Is ever right. He opens and he shuts
 The life-spring of His creatures ; at His voice
 The mountains quake ; His breath awakes the flowers ;
 He takes the life He gives ; but in my soul
 There lives a nature which can never die.
 Have we not talked with Him upon the hills
 In pleasant hymns ? Have we not often felt
 The shadow of his Presence over us ?
 Mere mortal could not with Immortal hold
 Communion ; nor could shape to thought and hope
 Hereafter-being. We shall meet again,
 Dear sisters ! feel it, and be comforted.
 Commiserable Nurse ! mine own kind Nurse !
 My very mother, in thy love at least,
 Thou seest it must be so. Dumb and confounded
 By this most strange, unlooked-for providence !
 Thou too be comforted. Think that I go
 The certain way thou too must travel soon ;
 And when we meet, what joy will then be thine !
 Come, father ! come ; for thou must tell me all
 Thy late adventures, and must smile again,
 And with thy kiss call on thy God to bless me,
 Thy God and mine ; the Judge of all the earth
 Must needs do right. His will be done !

*Jephtha.**Amen !*"

We shall only add the lament of her nurse :

" Where lately sat the green-throat singing-bird,
 The raven sits ; where late the stock-dove coo'd,
 The green is withered, and the bird is dead ;
 The boding owl her watch-note hoarsely shrieks
 In Beauty's chamber ; silent is the lute ;
 The voice is silent, which once breathed for us
 Its living music ; for the song the dirge ;
 The marriage-coronals entwine the dead ;
 Darkness for light ; ashes and dust for life——
 My child ! my singing-bird ! my tender-dove !
 My beauty, music, light, and life !—my child !"

If our readers do not think these extracts beautiful, we cannot help them. The poem, however, is too long. We recommend Mr. Chapman to count it line by line against those poems which are the model of this kind of writing. He certainly has not addressed himself in any irreverent spirit to the sacred theme which he has chosen ; and we wish him success in the trilogies which he meditates. He should look at the list of subjects for sacred dramas which filled Milton's mighty mind. Some of them are splendidly conceived ; Jephtha's daughter is among them.

The author of *Rostang** dedicates his play as follows :—" To the tourists of Switzerland, trusting it may be found neither an useless or uninteresting appendage to their guide-book, as illustrating some of the fairest scenes of that romantic country, this volume is inscribed, by their obedient servant the author." Nothing can be more modest of pretension than this. We own that we cannot find out the story of the play ; but *Rostang*, the hero, is a terrific fellow. For example :

" *Henri.* Speak, wretched man, whom seek'st thou thus alone ?
 Why glare thine eye-balls thus replete with blood,

* *Rostang*, the Brigand of the Rhone ; or the Brothers of Sion : a Drama, in Three Acts. Smith and Elder, London ; Meyler, Bath. 8vo, pp. 80.

Why grasps thy hand what was a warrior's sword ?
Thou would'st not be a midnight murderer
In this lone chasm, dank and dangerous ?

Ros. Ask him who made me so ; ask Heaven, whose curse
Has lighted on my heart with triple force,
Wrenching the germs of virtue from the root,
And planting deep the seed of human hate,
'Till, fostered long, it grew a goodly plant,
Whose branches shade the confines of my soul,
And nurture it to hopes of sweet revenge.
Would that the human race were but one stalk,
A tender sapling, which my hand could rend,
Made up of filaments so fine composed,
And strung with energy of keenest sense,
That every thread bore torture exquisite —
How I had gloated o'er each mincing fibre,
Protracting each to suit my deep revenge,
Till the whole stalk gave way, and man a void !”

And again :

“ *Florian.* I know not what thou mean'st ; my heart is free,
My unstained conscience owns no recreant blur,
Nor doth the current of my tranquil blood
Pass in its course with shame into my cheek.

Rostang. I'll show it thee ; yet no—'twere poor revenge
To mete my hate by measure of thy life ;
'Twere a poor recompense for years of pain,
The burning, branding anguish of despair,
The seething spirit of enamoured guilt,
Whose restless soul would bathe itself in blood,
'Till rising phoenix-like, its sanguined front
Should glare on man the symbol of destruction.
'Twere pitiful revenge to slay thee here,
Where none could hear my laugh outmock thy groans,
As thy retreating spirit drank its death,
Drunk with the throes of torture exquisite.
Hast heard of Rostang, him of many wrongs ?”

This is a real melodrama hero ; but it is they may expect as a guide to that
unfair to the tourists in Switzerland not romantic country. We give them the
to favour them with a specimen of what best we can get.

“ *Annette.* 'Tis a sweet spot, the lovely Unterseen.

Claire. So have I heard, dear girl ; the fair Yung Frau
Looks on a landscape to enchant a world.
Pastures and villages, and flocks and kine,
And frequent cottages of pine-wood framed,
Cut in such curious overlapping guise,
They seem the scales of some vast crocodile ;
While 'neath their ledge the graceful gallery winds,
Looking on gay parterres and well-cropped green,
On which the vigorous peasantry compete
In friendly contest of the bowl and bar,
Emulous alike their true-loves' smile to win,
Who social sit and anxious watch the sport.
And now a fiercer contest wrings their nerves,
While each with each the lusty wrestler strives,
Contending for the prize which silent stands,
Decked in gay ribands, each a mistress' gift,
Its placid brow unmoved — a lamb or kid.
They strive, they struggle, each now each succeeds ;
Again the palm is doubtful — victory leans
With such a nice-poised balance, none can tell
Which is the conqueror — thews and sinews strain,
And all the fire and majesty of man
Work in their veins to gain the vigorous cast.
At length, unconquered, though for once subdued,
Each on the other rolls — a glorious feat !

Nor long the winner boasts his meed of strength,
 Nor sole can strength the manly contest gain—
 For art and skill no less decides the game.
 Now the loud shout proclaims the combat o'er,
 While each fair damsel from her seat descends,
 Anxious to crown the victor's reeking brow,
 While mirth and laughter chase the vanquished's frown,
 And still hilarity concludes the scene."

It might be unkind to say that *Ros-tang* is a bundle of trash; but we fear that it would not be so very untrue.

*Demetrie** comes recommended by the high name of James Smith, of Jordanhill.

"To James Smith, Esq. of Jordanhill.

"SIR—From an obscure station I have presumed to present myself to public notice; and in doing so, it is my warmest desire to fortify my volume with a name at once virtuous and distinguished.

"The party feelings of a day with that day perish; but the memory of those

who studiously support the surest method of human emancipation, the diffusion of knowledge, will occupy an eminent place in the veneration of posterity: and, to pay my mite of admiration to one of the steadiest patrons of Art and Science, is,

Sir,
 the earnest wish
 of your very humble
 and most obedient servant,
 JAMES MASSON."

This is decidedly the best thing in the poem. We cannot find any thing to quote in *Demetrie* itself better than his own speech.

"*Demetrie*. I did expect my old instructor here;
 But, since he's absent, I will wait his coming.
 Now, let me well consider how I'll act,
 Since I'm possessed of power. None can deplore
 More than myself the injustice of the great.
 The slave that's most oppressed wears not his chains
 Less willingly than I detest their clank:
 But open force would be of small avail
 Within the very bosom of a land
 Where priestcraft blinds the willing people's eyes:
 And though young Yermaloff did say as much,
 In language formed of hints, I think not so.
 First, let the peasants all be educated;
 Next, persevere to rule with laws unjust;
 Press down their spirits to the lowest bend;
 Then will they not, with irresistible force,
 Spring back, and throw away the fiendish load!
 To soften cruelties, as men emerge
 From slavery's most ignorant abode,
 Is an old favourite trick of tyranny;
 Because its last hopes hinge invidious there,
 Like autumn leaves that do not fall till spring.
 There's no reform like that a nation makes:
 But what tough battles must be fought ere this!
 How many noble spirits be cut down,
 While striving in the struggle! and what dark,
 Unmanly treasons frustrate happy plans!
 I am confused, and know not what to do
 In my anxiety for the people's welfare:
 And this is scarce a time to think of such,
 When happiness domestic smiles around.
 That is another barrier: there be few
 Such souls as, conquering all more gentle ties,
 Rush forth, their purpose shining on their swords,
 And die for freedom! But their memory
 Will shine on other minds, and spur them on;
 As the remembrance of the last day's sun
 Rouses the sluggish into energy,

* *Demetrie*, and other Poems. By James Masson. London, Whittaker; Edinburgh, Oliver. 8vo, pp. 252.

When he bethinks him of what light he lost;
Nor waits he till the morn, but, girding fast
His weapons for the fight, taketh his way,
Guided by midnight stars."

Oh, Jack Cade! oh, Mortimer, lord of the city! it is a pity to see you so travestied. The accompanying pieces are stuff.

In the third chapter of the fourth volume of *Tristram Shandy*, it is narrated how the hero's father lamented over the death of his son Bobby. Most eloquent was the lamentation, and recondite the sources whence he sought to console himself.

" 'Where is Troy, and Mycenæ, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum?' continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down; 'what is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenæ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt), are falling themselves, by piece-meal, to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night; the world itself, brother Toby, must—must come to an end.

" 'Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara,' (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby), 'I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before; Pyreus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns, now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.' "

Disraeli the Younger had diligently studied Shandy the Elder, and determined, if possible, to outshine that distinguished philosopher. We think he has in a great measure succeeded, in the preface to his *Revolutionary Epick*.^{*} We copy it at length.

" It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work. Wandering over that illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that immortal song, to which all creeds and countries alike respond,

which has vanquished Chance, and defies Time. Deeming myself, perchance too rashly, in that excited hour, a poet, I cursed the destiny that had placed me in an age that boasted of being anti-poetical. And while my fancy thus struggled with my reason, it flashed across my mind, like the lightning which was then playing over Ida, that in those great poems which rise, the pyramids of poetic art, amid the falling and the fading splendour of less creations, the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time. Thus, the most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the *Iliad* an heroic epick; thus, the consolidation of the most superb of empires, produced in the *Æneid* a political epick; the revival of learning, and the birth of vernacular genius, presented us in the *Divine Comedy* with a national epick; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a religious epick.

" And the spirit of my time, shall it alone be uncelebrated?

" Standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me as it were the rival principles of government that at present contend for the mastery of the world. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is the Revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Is Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles? [Is Disraeli a less glorious poet than Homer?] For me remains the revolutionary epick.'

" Full of these thoughts, I descended to the shore, and again embarking, a favouring breeze filled our languid sails, and as the morning broke over the waters of the Propontic Sea, I beheld the glittering minarets and the cypress groves of the last city of the Cæsars.

" In that delightful metropolis, more than once my thoughts recurred to my Dardanian reverie; but the distraction of far travel, and the composition of two works long meditated—one devoted to the delineation of the poetic character—the other to the celebration of a gorgeous incident in the annals of that sacred and romantic people from whom I derive my blood and name,—finally expelled from my thoughts a conception which, in truth, I deemed too bold.

* The Revolutionary Epick. The Work of Disraeli the Younger, Author of "The Psychological Romance." Books I. to III. London, 1834. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

"My return to the strife of civilisation recalled old musings, and the work, first conceived amid the sunny isles of the Egean, I have lived to mature, and in great part compose, on the shores of a colder sea, but not less famous land. Yet I have ventured to submit to the public but a small portion of my creation, and even that with unaffected distrust and sincere humility. Whatever may be their decision, I shall bow to it without a murmur; for I am not one who find consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. The public will, then, decide whether this work is to be continued and completed; and if it pass in the negative, I shall, without a pang, hurl my lyre to Limbo.

"The two first books of this Revolutionary Epick comprise the pleadings of the rival genii. The action of the fable commences with the third book. This work, if it be permitted to proceed, will, I hope, evolve a moral, which governors and the governed may alike peruse with profit; and which may teach wisdom both to monarchs and to multitudes."

Here we have Disraeli the Younger, like Shandy the Elder, standing in a most picturesque position, amid the scenes of old renown, but somewhat differently occupied—the Elder mourning over the death of his son—the other conceiving the birth of an epick. The death of Master Bobby, and the birth of Master Magros and Master Lyridon, are thus both coupled with the tale of Troy divine.

So there is nothing new under the sun—an observation which is indeed verificatory of itself; for it is at least as old as Solomon, and Heaven knows from whom Solomon might have purloined it! As the description of the scene of the hatching of the revolutionary epick is not new, so neither can there be any novelty in a critique upon it. When the original was delivered, the reviewer was my uncle Toby.

"Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully. He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity. And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at Zante, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that this sailing affair, with Ægina behind, and

Megara before, and Pyreus on the right hand, &c. &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections. 'Twas certainly in his manner; and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations. 'And pray, brother,' quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption, but waiting till he finished the account, —'what year of our Lord was this?' 'Twas no year of our Lord,' replied my father. 'That's impossible,' cried my uncle Toby. 'Simpleton!' said my father, 'twas forty years before Christ was born.'

"My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the WANDERING JEW!" * * *

Here is what may be called a strange coincidence; we find that Mr. Disraeli the Younger very properly makes it a matter of pride that he derives his race from the ancient Hebrews; and long ago my uncle Toby conjectured that his travelled prototype, Mr. Shandy the elder, was the most ancient Hebrew at present extant—namely, the travelling Jewish hero of Mrs. Norton and Dr. Croly.

Dr. Ferriar (of Manchester) could not have made out a clearer case of conveyancing against Sterne from Rabelais or Burton, than we have thus established against Disraeli from Sterne. But as we do not agree with the medical Mancunian in thinking that all his accumulated proofs of Sterne's obligations to his predecessors amount to any serious abatement of Sterne's originality, so neither shall we go the length of asserting, that the epick poem of Benjamin has been pilfered altogether from *Tristram Shandy*, though the idea, and indeed plan, of the poem, is certainly taken from that celebrated work. We think it is Beddoes who says, that Ferriar is to be compared to a man, who, sailing along the Nile, and noticing the constant trickling into it of tributary streams, should mistake any or all of them for the head of that mighty river. We cannot exactly say the thing so fine as that, but we readily admit that there is much in the conversations of Trim, Toby, Slop, Shandy, Yorick, the widow Wadman, Obadiah, and the rest, down to the foolish fat scullion, which is not to be found in the dialogues of Demogorgon, Magros, Lyridon, or their companions, up to the azure-breechesed denizens of the

salmon-coloured sky; conceding, on the other hand, that there are innumerable things in the dialogues of Demogorgon, Magros, Lyridon, and their companions, up to the azure-breeched denizens of the salmon-coloured sky; which most decidedly never would have found a place in the conversations of Trim, Toby, Slop, Shandy, Yorick, the widow Wadman, Obadiah, and the rest, down to the foolish fat scullion, who—blessings on her soul!—knew how to weep at true oratory over her fish-kettle, and would not have wasted a tear or a dripping on fustian.

In a note on his preface, Disraeli the Younger remarks:

“Both these works [those which he meditated by the Scœan Gate] have been since published: the first is ‘The Psychological Romance,’ published under the bibliopolic baptism of ‘Contarina Fleming,’ which means nothing: the second is ‘The Wondrous Tale of Alroy.’ With respect to the title of the present poem, let me remind hypercritics that *Epick* is a good substantive, and as such is admitted into the classical dictionary of our language.”

As to the bibliopolically baptised *Contarina Fleming* or the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, with them we have nothing to do; nor shall we take any trouble concerning the substantive nature of the word *Epick*. All we can say is, that our poet who stood with his back on one world and his face upon another, was in his notions far more Tristram Shandyish than epickal, which is, we presume, the proper way of spelling that word. In ordinary times, when Homer, and Virgil, and “the rest,” wrote poems, *action* was supposed to be an essential, or rather the essential of an epick. In this grand poem before us, the action is no more than that the awful Demogorgon thinks proper to preside at a debating society, at which two spouters attend, and deliver each a speech, which, when our reporter left, had brought us to the end of the third book. There is nothing *done*—we have only the *opinions* of the geni of Feudalism and Federalism. So, in the original poem of *Tristram Shandy*, the hero is not even born; but we have all the pros and cons of his thoughts during life delivered at considerable length. And the same motto might be clapped to both works; it has been already, for some seventy odd years, printed on the title-page of the work of

Sterne—ταρασσεν τους ανθρωπους ου τα πραγματα, αλλα περι των πραγματος λογματα—which very excellent apophthegm of our old friend Epictetus, may be thus liberally translated—“We are not bothered in Disraeli’s poem by what his *dramatis personæ* are doing, but we are stunned with their prate.”

So far for a comparison, which we trust has been fairly carried forward between Shandy the Elder and Disraeli the Younger; and we shall not push it any farther for the present, although somewhat tempted to do so. But it would not be fair if we were to dismiss so remarkable a poem as that which is to supply in our times what the poems of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, had done for theirs, without quoting some of its verse. We have given its principal prose already. On looking through the poem we do not find any thing particular to choose, and as the chances are, that the beginning and the end are as fine specimens as are to be met with, we give them.

Section the first of book the first is as follows:—

“Throned on an orb of light, whose
mighty form

Blazed like a planet in the purple air,
The awful Demogorgon sate; a cloud—
As mist conceals the cataract, a cloud
Softened the terrors of his shadowy mane.
On either side his throne, in vast array,
The spirits of his host maintained their
state;

Bright beings, beauteous as the rosy
morn,

With amethystine wings and starry
crowns;

Rank above rank in semicircled grace;
In front the chiefs, behind the inferior
sprites,

Until within the dim and distant sky
Mingle their blending wings; while
broad and bright,

Spanning this still and solemn company,
A gorgeous Iris spreads its glowing
arch!

“And hark! within that arch a sound
arises,

A swelling sound, like voice of gathering
winds,

When in his mountain-hold the tyrant
Storm

Wakes from some troubled dream, and,
wild and grim,

Panting for ruin to a trembling world,
Murmurs his rage; as to that ominous
breath

The forest with its shuddering branches
bends,

And in their leafy caves the crouching
 beasts
Cling to the earth in pallid ecstasy,
So did that high and radiant multitude
Vail their bright crowns, and droop their
 fluttering wings.
The sound increased in music and in
 might,
Until the Iris to its trembling base
Shook in the flaming air. Hark to the
 peal!
Almighty words the almighty silence
 break,
It is the voice of that almighty throne."

Nothing can be more shining. Section the last of book the last (up to the latest intelligence) is as follows:—

 " ' Italy is free !'
The people shout, ' Our Italy is free !'
' Long live Napoleon ! Live, our mighty
 friend !
Saviour of Italy !' A thousand garlands
Wave in the glorious air ; a thousand flags
Respond in triumph. But the conqueror
 yields
No further presence to the raptured crowd,
But seeks the chambers of their recent
 lords.
' Our Italy is free, our glorious land
Hath gained once more her ravished he-
 ritage !'
Thus sings triumphant Milan. ' Shout
 aloud,
Our dark-eyed daughters, and our valiant
 sons
Raise your brave voices in our beauteous
 air,
For Italy is free ! The rod is broken,
The chains are burst, the oppressor over-
 thrown !'
Thus, with victorious chorus, do they
 march
To where the ramparts yield a pleasing
 shade ;
What time the sun descends, and many
 a maiden
Gazes with softness on the evening star,
No play of love, no soft voluptuous sport,

Their purpose now. But where its lofty
 head
A lusty poplar raises, now they crowd.
Fast to its trunk they fix the ready ropes ;
Advances then a band of nervous youth,
And, singing as they toil, with daring
 grasp,
Up by their roots the mighty branches
 drag ;
And on a car bedecked with laurels, bear
Their vigorous burden to the palace
 gates.
With renovated life before those walls
They plant their spoil, and then with
 deafening shouts,
Tossing their caps within the giddy air,
Dance round the tree
 Of Lombard Liberty !"
All to the tune of fiddle diddle dee !

Nothing can be more tumultuous.

As to the middle part of the book, we have already described it, when we said it was a logical duel between the genius of Federalism and Feudality, which is carried on something in the style of a controversy between the *John Bull* and the *Morning Chronicle*, and bears the same relation to verse as the phraseology of the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* does to prose.

We hope that Benjamin of Tudela will soon give us the rest of his *Epick*, and, as he says himself, "teach wisdom to monarchs and to multitudes."

We here rest for the present. In another quarter of a-year we shall have, perhaps, materials for another batch ; and yet it is sad work. We recollect who were they who once in our time gave us something worth reading, and we sorrowfully look for them or their like in vain. Has our poetry departed from us ; and are we sunk to an age of criticism — an age which never affords any thing worthy of being criticised ? We hope not.

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DESERTED LONDON—LORD BROUGHAM TO "THE TIMES"—GONE-BY DAYS; GEORGE THE THIRD—APPEAL TO THE GENTRY OF ENGLAND—THE RÉVEILLÉE—A LOVER'S QUARREL—NIGHT—DR. PARR AND THE CELLAR-DOOR—EPIGRAM—THE RADICAL PEASANT—THE WATER-QUEEN—APOLOGY FOR OUR ARTICLE ON COLERIDGE—HOGG AND SCOTT—THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY.

THE town is gone, and nothing but the houses are left behind. We are alone. At this time of the year Mrs. Shelley might periodically write her last man. All who can fly have fled. But there is no rest for us: we are obliged to furnish game in September, at the time when all the game is sought out of London, with as much activity as we do in March, when it comes to our hand, in every region of Cockaigne, without seeking.

It is awful to think on the deserted streets—the grass growing in St. James's Square—the cabless condition of St. James's Street—the vacuity of the parks—the silence of the west end—the absence of all the ornaments of our society. Awful also to contemplate the fact, that so many of them are now wandering over the world with the *malice présumée* of inflicting upon us a deluge of books, the results of their peregrinations. What an avalanche of tours may we not expect in due season! what a deluge of novels and tales is now beginning to roll its way towards our devoted heads, from the *pericrania* of gentlemen and ladies at present in retirement, and at labour for our recreation! The departure of the "talented" individuals who graced our *conversaciones*, our *soirées*, our various talking-parties, is no doubt as great, or almost as great a relief to us, as the riddance of the immense and 658-animal-power spouting-machine styled Parliament; but then the ominous forebodings of the return cast their shadows before. We shall have all those clever and ingenious persons back again on our hands, with increased vigour. Our present exemption from the infliction of their genius is but momentary. We enjoy the pause, it is true; but we cannot help reflecting that, after all, the quiet is but that of

"The torrent's stillness, ere it dash below."

But never mind; here we are by ourselves in London, and let us make the best use of our time.

It is some months since we had any Fraser Papers, and perhaps we could not do better than devote a few pages towards getting rid, by means of that convenient safety-valve, of some of our contributors. We have had, of late, many political papers sent to us; it is needless to say that they were all of the true side of politics, for who would think of contributing to REGINA if there were a trace of heterodoxy in his composition? But we are sorry to be obliged to add, that many of them were prosy, and not a few absolutely dull. It is not very easy to write good political papers for a magazine; to be sure, it is not very easy to write good papers of any kind for any thing: but there is a peculiar difficulty in avoiding the newspaper style and manner of handling political subjects, in works like ours which come so close to the newspaper in the frequency of their appearance, but which are destined for a permanency that our diurnal or hebdomadal friends do not calculate on obtaining. He who writes day by day, or week by week, on the current politics of the period, writes (of course) very often rapidly, and with imperfect information, and depends frequently as much on the forgetfulness as on the memory of his readers. It is, therefore, by common consent, permitted to him to make hasty statements, and to draw conclusions from which he is allowed, without much blame, to retire, without being called to a very strict account.

The magazine contributor is not allowed, or, indeed, ought not to be allowed, similar licence; because he is not under similar obligations to go forward every day with his opinions, on all matters, ready on demand. Nor can he avail himself of the ordinary minor resources of the journalist; for the biting jest, the sharp sarcasm, the light pasquinade, the personal allusion, all the smaller battery of party warfare, must be wielded at the moment to be wielded with any advantage at all. We shall, however, prose no more about it; what we have said will be understood by three or four of our correspondents, who, we trust, will take our observations in good part.

We shall give one little squib, which refers to the war lately waged by the *Times* on Lord Brougham. We have nothing to do with the motives of this contest, but we have no doubt whatever that the *Times* will do its former idol infinite mischief:

LORD BROUGHAM TO "THE TIMES."

The devil take you all!
Ye wish for my fall?
Who was it praised me?
Who was it raised me,
In prose and in rhymes,
From lawyer to baron,
And thence very far on
To th' administration
Of this changeable nation?
The *Times*! O, the *Times*!

But now I am up,
And the Greys are all down,
At the poor-laws I tup—
I shall batter the crown;
And if the press hum
A word against Bro'm,
By my oath on the Bible,
The laws against libel
Will sure be their doom.

For Lord Harry huzza!
Shout away! shout away!
Greasy monsters, I scorn you!
Though I once did suborn you
To burn and to batter,
And to kick up a clatter
When it happened to suit,
Ye're not less of the brute.
And ye would defy me!
Ye midges and toads!
Come then and try me,
Ye scarecrows of roads!

My scribes are all ready,
My Chrony is steady.
The power is all mine—
They wait but the sign.
Go hide in your holes,
And be glad in your souls,
Ye greasy and sooty
Dull masses of clay!
There's Durham, the beauty,
Will back me to-day.

Each dirty mechanic
Away to his calling!
With a touch of the panic
I'll hush your rude bawling.
Hurrah for Lord B.!
What a talker 's not he!
The eloquent scornor!
The witty subornor!
The Press is corrected,
The *Times* is neglected;
The Lords in the suds,
The Commons obey;
The state-vessel scuds
Most bravely away.
The fates no disaster
For Brougham can prepare—
He knows not a master
But the Prince of the Air.
Hurrah for Lord Brougham!
For the *Times* but a fig!
Let it scold,
Let it scold,
He will be the *first Whig*.

Dr. Johnson has told us who the first Whig was; and it will be admitted that there is a considerable resemblance between that celebrated character and the lawyer by courtesy who fills the woolsack—at least in the countenance.

But let us pass by that most astounding humbug, who is now pretty generally found out, and who must ere long sink into the deepest contempt, to think of matters of more enduring politics. The paper we are about to publish has been before us for some time, but its principles are so true and sound, and expressed in such eloquent and honourable language, that it will always be worthy of attention. We regret to say, that though a few months have elapsed since it was written,

there are no indications that a change for the better is at hand ; on the contrary, there are many prognostics that things will be worse.

" 'Tis a wise child," said he, " that knows its own father." Of the truth of this proverb I am but an indifferent judge, having had the misfortune to lose mine before I was born. But 'tis a mighty foolish feeling—ay, and painful too, as I have lately learnt to my cost—after near forty years of sorrowful expatriation, not to know one's own country. All this time have I been slaving and toiling, in a climate not many degrees removed from that of a certain place, better known (by name, at least) to our ancestors than to modern " ears polite"—with an average mortality of some dozen or so of acquaintances per week, and a regular corps of gravediggers attached to our establishment. And for why? That we might return, with a zest which little needed such heightening, to end our days in what all her exiled sons are in the habit of proudly styling, " Good old England."

But truly, from all we can discover on a month or so's acquaintance, the *new* England we have come to is so little worth living in—is, instead of a magnificent old constitutional monarchy, so wretched and bungling a copy of her republican namesake over the water—such a hell-upon-earth of faction, misrule, and spoliation, that we begin to doubt whether we may not as well return at once to our tropical pandemonium, take our chance of yellow-fever and cholera—nay, quietly see our own grave dug before our face (as it will be, some day or other), as play the part of a sorrowful mute at the funeral of our poor old country ; who, having evidently survived her wits, her prosperity, and her reputation, has nothing to do but let the undertakers, who have got possession of her already, bury her out of sight as fast as possible.

Alas, for the England of our youth ! proud, happy, and free ! Alas ! that a man should be fain to forswear thee in thy dotage, with thy rich corn-fields, and broad oaks, and smiling valleys, for cotton and tobacco, and mosquitoes, and niggers ! But so it is, and must be ; for happiness and freedom have changed places, and the planters and slaves of the south may look with pity and contempt on the trampled aristocracy and detested serfs of England.

When we were boys, " Fear God " and " Honour the king " were maxims, paramount as the book from which they were taken ; and which he who ran might read on the social aspect of England. Now we are told, some thousand broad sheets weekly avail themselves of the leisure of the polluted Sabbath to shew the one to be a folly, and of the lenity of the derided laws, to prove the other a mockery. Is it better or worse, we would ask, for mankind at large, when religion grows sport for fools, and majesty a jest for knaves ? The latter question has had its bloody answer in the darkest page of Britain's annals ; the other (alas, that it should be asked of our country !) yet stands over, and will be found written in the book of judgment.

When we were boys, the clerical garb and character, like that of woman, was sacred. Ribaldry checked her rude speech, and stood abashed before the humblest parish-priest ; and lawn sleeves were held as emblematic of the sanctity of character which, with few exceptions, they have ever adorned. To be a priest is now, they tell us, to be a mark for scorn or plunder ; and as for bishops, the seal of martyrdom is on their foreheads already. Church and state were, when we lisped them, words of holy and kindred import : the ties which unite them now hang, they tell us, on a single hair ; and in the whirlwind which must follow their disruption, the one will be caught up in mercy to her native skies, and the other launched in reluctant, but merited judgment, on the ocean of anarchy she has provoked.

When we were boys, sacrilege was a crime from which even the midnight robber shrunk. The meanest pall that covered the humblest altar, the very foot-stool on which devotion had knelt, had something in them too hallowed for depredation. But now, church robbery is matter of wayside talk and neighbourly gratulation ; and while some pot-house oracles decree, in maudlin liberality, that priests *should yet* have wherewithal *to live*, others, like the French minister to his importunate libeller, are disposed to deny the necessity. And since " Thou shalt die, and *not live*," has echoed in the ears of the highest, to starve unmolested must be esteemed, by the clerical body at large (with the fate of their murdered brethren of France, too, full in view), a boon.

Will it be believed that counsels, thus eminently subversive of religion in England, can emanate from quarters where the slightest control over unauthorised and spurious Christianisation elsewhere excites a frenzy of indignation, for which rape and massacre seem the only appropriate vent? Is the putting down of religion in the mother-country a necessary step to its exaltation in the dependencies? or must indeed this once-privileged soil, which the slave has but to touch and be free, forfeit its long-abused blessings of light and liberty ere they can rise on the benighted denizens of another hemisphere?

When we quitted our country it was with the affection of those old enough to appreciate her, and the reluctance of those who would gladly have preferred a pittance in her bosom to wealth and exile. If any thing could have heightened our feelings of reverence for a constitution, whose perfection no true Briton dreamt of questioning, and before rude and shallow imitations of which Europe was then bowing in mad idolatry, it would have been the opportunity afforded us by the opening of parliament of seeing, before we sailed, in all their imposing reality, the threefold majesty of King, Lords, and Commons of England.

The king ("God bless him!") was not then mere lip homage, but the language of grateful hearts) was once endeared to his people, first, by an honest British sense of injustice and tardy appreciation of his noble qualities; next, by recent recovery from the most appalling of maladies; and still more lately by the firmness, worthy of better and more heroic ages, with which, amid a convulsion second only in magnitude to the one beneath which earth now reels and totters, he stood firm to the maxims and true to the character of a British constitutional king.

That George III. would have died, if necessary, for the weal of England, was manifest to all who witnessed his unflinching personal courage; that he would have died with it, rather than have

"Heard what now we hear, seen what we see,"

none who looked into his manly British heart could for a moment have doubted. And as for putting his hand in rude, unkingly violence on the ark of God, there was a vicegerent within who held his post too vigilantly. A private man's conscience can seldom slumber without peril; a king's, like the fabled Argus, should be hundred-eyed.

Of all the qualities a monarch of England (limited as he is for his own good and that of others) can possess, the most valuable are the straight-forward integrity which no sophistry can shake, and the unyielding firmness which no threats can intimidate. George III. possessed both; and to these, reflected as they were in the corresponding character of his undaunted minister, England owes forty years of respite from innovation and anarchy. At that high bar where pall and purple shall prove but passports to a deeper and more fearful account—if mortal sovereign may be permitted a mute appeal to upright intentions and a nation's happiness—few will be able to lift up their eyes with the honest though humble confidence of George the Third of England.

But this unshaken pillar of her constitution reposed on the steadfast base of a true and high-minded aristocracy.

With far less of the "exclusiveness" (vile, modern, un-English word! of which we were forced, in our ignorance, to ask an interpretation) which a sense of encroachment has, we are told, been gradually forcing on their descendants, the "lords" of England, in our day, could afford to unite a dignity, not of deportment only, but of feeling, with a simplicity of manners which, apprehending no degradation, shrunk from no contact with the orders beneath them. The effect of conscious elevation on liberal minds is to produce complacency and good-will to all around them; and it was not till insult was feared, or already experienced, that British greatness condescended to shrink within its rudely polluted ermine's sheltering folds.

Lords, even the "lords" of England, were then, as now, but men; yet if the average—yes, far more than the average—possession of lofty and noble qualities, of hereditary loyalty, ancestral courage, exalted patriotism, and a munificence bounded only by the wants of those who were not *then* ashamed to depend on benefactors, richly repaid by love and unbought deference, could exalt or perpetuate an "order," the firm and decorous aristocracy that gathered round the

throne of George the Third were safe from dissolution. Overborne they might have been, like their gallant ancestors of Naseby, in civil conflict, though in a less dubious quarrel; cut to pieces they would have been, with a stauncher monarch far, in the last breach of the shattered constitution; but overawed, intimidated, or cajoled to lend a hand in springing the mine—impossible! Nor would base threats of “swamping” (alas! how has time vulgarised our political nomenclature!) by press of numbers the time-hallowed Bucentaur of a nobility, prouder far than that of Venice, have prevailed to induce one of those “gentlemen of England” to resign the chance at least of regaining the helm. Like the last of the Romans, they would have awaited, in the garb and posture of senators, the irruption of the fierce lawless spirit still lingering around, and borrowed from the descendants of the ferocious Gaul; and what would have been the issue of such heroic resistance? Not the fate of those devoted Romans, one of whose deaths was worth an immortality of cowardice, but to fling back intimidation on the recreant heads of its abettors, and bear the aristocracy and the constitution, alike uninjured, through the greatest crisis of modern times.

Why it was otherwise, Heaven alone knows in judgment; though man, alas! may guess in shame and sadness. The bonds of principle and example have been slackened in high places at home; continental love of follies, and indifference to all else, have been imported from abroad; and the “lords” of England, Britons in heart and essence no more, have become assimilated with that mere conventional *noblesse* of whom it could be said, and truly,

“A breath can make them, and a breath has made.”

But the fiat of Him alone who first breathed into man the instinct of immortality, can infuse into the *parvenu* of yesterday the high aspirations and lofty responsibilities of the proudest and most honoured of our nobles. England has yet many of her best names still surviving, and out of these there may yet arise, when the fight of faction is at end, a fabric goodly in materials (though shrunk, perhaps, in dimensions), shorn of the glory which comes not, alas! twice to nations or communities, and worthy to represent once more the “lords” of England.

But can such cheering presages be cherished, as regards the third estate of the realm, by one who, if he revered in early youth the well-earned honours of the Lords of England, was prouder yet of his unrivalled Commons? When I first saw, in silent emptiness, the unostentatious benches and rude walls which had borne and re-echoed for centuries the patriotism and eloquence of England, I could have worshipped in my boyish enthusiasm even the deserted shrine of the household gods of my country. But eloquence and talent claimed then, as with every youthful visionary, the chief place in my idolatry. Time and years have now, in the same thrice-polluted sanctuary, laid me an almost hopeless mourner at the tomb of the extinct (or, at least, wofully eclipsed and tarnished) integrity, and manliness, and bull-dog tenacity of right, and British abhorrence of wrong, once the characteristics of that “country party,” the pith and marrow of the Commons of England. Corruption might wind, as she has since done, her tortuous way within those walls, and arbitrary power attempt to assail by force the vigorous understandings and blunt honesty of principle of these men of older and more genuine stamp; but if the spectres of the disrowned monarchy, and unmitred church, and mutilated peerage (the sad train brought up by a dim vision of their own insulted and desecrated body), could have met some half a century ago the gaze of the “Commons House of Parliament,” one simultaneous burst of filial horror at the parricidal pageant would have been followed up by measures at which faction would have shrunk appalled, and England would have been “herself again.”

Power would not—could not—then have long maintained her unholy alliance with plebeian frenzy. Hurlled from its usurped and uncongenial sphere, it would have fallen unpitied amid the baying bloodhounds it had designed to halloo on to the country’s ruin. A press, at whose licence Athenian democracy would have stood amazed, would have ceased to rail unchidden at all that God or man have seen fit to endow with sacredness. Anarchy, instead of dancing, clothed in freedom’s outraged garb, her bloody *carmagnole* on the time-honoured bulwarks of our constitution, would have been sent gagged and bound to the land of

lunacy, from whose vexed shores she came; and the Genius of Britain, with Religion on her right and Freedom on her left, would have arisen in her primeval majesty, unscathed, nay, purified and fortified, from the conflict. The tocsin of Revolution throughout the land would have been hushed for ever before the cheerful sounds of the "church-going bell." The reaper's song in merry England would have been drowned no longer by the fierce trumpet-blast of insurrection; and beneath the once more venerated castle's friendly shadow the cottage would have again reposed in plenty and in peace.

Shall it be never more thus again in England? Forbid it, Heaven! And when I and the mad actors and sad spectators of this carnival of misrule are gathered to our troubled, perchance our bloody graves, may other and happier generations wake, as from a long hideous dream, to piety, to order, and to happiness!

THE REVEILLEE.

Ye gentlemen of England, uprouse! uprouse ye now,
Let noble daring steel each heart, and firmness every brow;
Your land is menaced from without, while discord in her burns:
Ye gentlemen of England, to you fair England turns.

Ye gentlemen of England, there *was* a glorious day,
When at your country's voice upreared all others fled away;
But now that voice is silent, or, if but raised, it brings
A burst of scornful laughter, with which all Europe rings.

Ye gentlemen of England, for many a year ye stood
A bulwark of true piety, a landmark for the good;
But now your church, by foes despoiled, is hardly left a name,
And all but in the hands of those who glory in their shame.

Ye gentlemen of England, 'twas once your country's boast,
That in St. Stephen's hall she shewed of wealth and pride a host;
But now her ancient enemy her nobles from her draws,
And cattle-men and pugilists are left to frame her laws.

Ye gentlemen of England, 'twas once a Briton's pride,
That fighting in a lady's right he cheerfully had died;
But by a dastard press abused our sovereign *we* have seen,
And prostitutes unchecked insult our England's future queen.

Ye gentlemen of England, there is a cruel band
Of ruffian slaves, and bankrupt knaves, whose lives are in their hand;
On blood and plunder they are bent—nor these their aim alone,
But level with the dust to lay the altar and the throne.

Ye gentlemen of England, on you we all depend—
It rests with you, and you alone, how all these ills shall end:
A strong, a firm, a daring stand, and ye may save us all;
But flinch,—and ye yourselves, and we, and England too, must fall!

Ye gentlemen of England, assume a bearing high,
Flash forth your weapons in the sun, and bid your pennons fly;
Shout "God for England and her king!" and sternly charge ye down
On every foe to England's peace, to England's church and crown.

Ye gentlemen of England, ye shewed your strength before—
At France's threat out leaped your blades, and guarded Albion's shore;
And will ye now inactive stand, or from your station roam,
When menaced by a direr foe, a maddened mob at home?

Ye gentlemen of England, 'tis you the faction hate:
Should they prevail, your blood alone their thirsty rage can sate;
Your homes will blaze, their victims must your wives and daughters be,
For nought can soothe their grovelling souls when once from terror free.

Ye gentlemen of England, the tiger's self is awed,
When face to face the savage meets creation's haughty lord;
And thus the mob, more brutish far, will shrink and steal away,
When England's pride in arms they meet, drawn up in firm array.

Ye gentlemen of England, but once your standard rear,
And round you all will rally who hold their country dear:
Shall England to her foreign foe, or rebel children, bow?
O! gentlemen of England, 'tis you must save her now!

*Εὐλαστέρη.**

True! Upon the conduct of the gentlemen of England—understanding by that word those classes of our country which by birth, rank, station, intellect, or any other of those distinctions which give man a claim to lead—upon their conduct *does* depend, as, indeed, always has depended, the salvation of the country. If *they* truckle—if *they* suffer themselves to be trampled upon, as our ministers evidently are, by the representatives of the most degraded part of the population of the empire—if they, for the sake of a brief and hollow truce, yield to clamour, insolence, and vulgarity, we are on the verge of a revolution which will be distinguished from every other that England has ever seen, by being wholly disconnected from any thing that can hallow, ennoble, or redeem a political movement.

Enough of this. We hope better things of our country, and turn to gayer themes. Here is a song, which we recommend to the attention of any young lady and gentleman who may be inclined to sing in duet:

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

He.

Ask not what I want, little Susan! little Susan!
More than you will grant, little Susan!
There is mischief in your eye,
There is pleasure in your sigh,
And, egad! there's no one by,

Little Susan!

She.

Keep your hands "from freedom," naughty rover! naughty rover!
Think not I shall need 'em, naughty rover!
Or, if mischief you should hatch,
You may give, but you shall catch;
For, upon my life, I'll scratch,

Naughty Rover!

He.

Down in yonder grove, little Susan! little Susan!
Birds are singing love, little Susan!
And the moon is shining high,
And the stars are in the sky,
All as splendid as your eye,

Little Susan!

She.

Changing is the moon, naughty rover! naughty rover!
Birds sing out of tune, naughty rover!
And deceit makes Heaven cry "Fie!"
Though the moon is in the sky,
Though the stars are all my eye,

Naughty Rover!

He.

Tell me what is single, little Susan ! little Susan !
 Nature's voice says mingle, little Susan !
 O ! life's joys we should not miss —
 You have lips that blush with bliss,
 So I'll teach them how to kiss,

Little Susan !

She.

Tell you what is single ? naughty rover ! naughty rover !
 I am — don't you tingle ? naughty rover !
 Though my lips are roses bright,
 You shall kiss them not to-night ;
 No — or else my teeth shall bite,

Naughty Rover !

He.

Leave me not in sorrow, little Susan ! little Susan !
 May I hope to-morrow ? little Susan !
 Since the clouds that frowning lay,
 Very often clear away
 Into bright and blooming day,

Little Susan !

She.

Labour merits gain, naughty rover ! naughty rover !
 Time makes mountains plain, naughty rover !
 And to-morrow's not to-day :
 But there's mother ! do not stay —
 Take a kiss, and run away,

Naughty Rover !

As a contrast to these "*verses vain*," we subjoin stanzas of a stately style :

NIGHT.

"Thou art not sent for slumber."

Holy and solemn Night !
 On the mind's tablet write
 Thy tale of power and mystery divine.
 Stillness is round me now,
 To thy strong spell I bow ;
 Make, for one passing hour, my heart a shrine.

I would not seek for sleep —
 A moment let me keep
 The spirit, parted from its clinging dust ;
 For night's enchantment throws
 A waking, calm repose,
 Over the soul, and tells of hope and trust.

A shadow's round the tree,
 And dimmed, O Night ! by thee,
 The drooping flower hath lost its sunny ray ;
 The bird hath hushed its note,
 Its wing hath ceased to float
 High in the air, and nought reminds of day.

Yet look not on the earth,
 And on its dying worth,
 But gaze above ; and what is pictured there ?
 The bright and splendid sky,
 Boundless, and clear, and high —
 Image of rest and peace we may not share.

Was it an idle dream,
 The seer of old to deem
 His fate was written in the starry page?
 Do we not still transfer
 The soul its joy and stir
 To all we worship, like the ancient sage?

Night! Night! I crave of thee,
 Not my life's destiny,
 But deep forgetfulness of weary day.
 Lay on the past a seal,
 Let not thy star reveal
 Each haunting vision with its blessed ray.

And may the lonely prayer
 (Stillling the wild despair)
 Rise through thy depths, O dark and hallowed Night!
 Piercing through air and sky,
 May it ascend on high,
 And find a place of rest where God is light!

Another piece of verse is of a different character. It is the versification of a story (we believe a true one) which is told of Dr. Parr:

NAILING THE CELLAR-DOOR.

A learned man, whom we'll call Doctor Puff,
 For many reasons; but, since one's enough,
 Suffice it. He loved smoking
 Better than joking;
 And marvellous it oft appeared to many
 A belle and beau,
 That he would go
 Mid lords and ladies, and not care a penny
 For hints, or looks, or coughing, but smoke on,
 As unconcerned as though he sat with John
 The ostler, at the tap;
 And when he ceased, why then he'd take a nap.
 Some said this shewed the greatness of his mind.
 But who shall judge?
 Since others bold and laughingly defined
 The thing as "fudge:"
 Yet all agreed, that hence 'twas very clear
 That number one to him was very dear.
 Now, learned men, as well as little boys,
 Will have their playthings.
 The last, God bless 'em! are content with toys;
 The first, to say things
 Which fools receive into their vacant brain
 With much respect,
 Striving to recollect,
 And, at the next good dinner, say again.
 And so our Doctor, stiff, bewigged, and gruff,
 Into society full oft would go
 To say his sayings; which, though somewhat rough,
 Gained him his wish, "*monstrari digito!*"
 He grew to be "a lion," and sat grim,
 With clay-pipe in his cheek,
 Spouting forth smoke and Greek
 "*Ore rotundo!*" and all bowed to him,
 Till ladies who were elderly, and blue,
 Dubbed him a Samuel Johnson number two.

Fame is a pleasant thing to all, but most
 To that increasing, formidable host,
 Who follow the professions
 Denoted quaintly "the three sable graces;"
 Since she inducts to livings, practice, places,
 And other fair possessions.
 Fortune and fame thus followed in one track,
 Both smiling on our gentleman in black.

Thrice happy he who poverty hath known,
 When, after many a wrestle,
 He first begins to nestle
 In a snug rectory, now all his own !
 What pleasant things seem tithes, and fees, and dues !
 How very much enlarged are all his views !

Thus all went well awhile with Doctor Puff.
 At first he thought, sometimes, he'd got enough :
 His heart grew lighter.
 But rich his harvests, and replete his store,
 Why then, "*humanum est*," he wished for more —
 Some said, a mitre.

Meanwhile, intent upon his own enjoyment,
 Domestic duties gave him much employment ;
 Among the rest, a stock of generous wine —
 Fit solace for a grave and learned divine —
 Had somewhat dwindled.

So, as he smoked his pipe, he planned a plan,
 And, when digested, thus addressed his man :
 " John ! I've been swindled !
 I will not say by whom — I make no charge ;
 Perhaps 'twas my fault to have a stock so large :
 But, at least, six

Bottles of port have vanished from one shelf.
 And so, henceforth, I'll keep the keys myself,
 And stop these tricks.

And, hark ye ! as I'm going on a tour,
 Before I stir a step I'll make all sure.
 There's half-a-crown ; go, run and bring me three
 Tenpenny nails : I'll nail the door, d'ye see,
 With mine own hands.

You fetch the nails — I'll go alone below
 And count them all, till how and where I know
 Each bottle stands."

" Just as you please," quoth John ; " but ha'nt you got
 Some halfpence ? This will buy a precious lot
 Of nails ;" and so he tendered the half-crown.
 At which his learned master bent a frown,
 And said, with air half-scornful, half-ecstatical,
 " Don't contradict *me*, man ! If I have any
 Clear knowledge of the science mathematical
 I'm right ; but, use your own plain sense —
 ' Three times ten are thirty pence :'
 And so you've got the money to a penny."

John grinned and went his way, and bought three nails,
 Such as one sees studding the doors of jails,
 And eke a gimlet and a ponderous hammer,
 And left them with his master in the cellar ;
 Who, when achieved his groping work of teller,
 Was heard to thump as paviors with their rammer.

One nail was driven quite home, and then he waited,
 First to take breath, and then he calculated
 Upon the power nails offered of resistance,
 And how much more that power would be increased
 If driven at angles, forty-five at least.
 Then he pursued his work without assistance.

The second driven, he felt his bosom swell
 With exercise and pride, and said, "Alas!
 How ignorant workmen are! Nails parallel
 Hold feebly. Now, this door's as firm as brass:
 Neither with blows nor crowbars would it move.
 Had workmen science, how would arts improve!

Then the third nail he drove with grunt and groan,
 To form a sort of claw,
 Which none, he said, "could draw,
 No more than if they formed a perfect cone
 Inserted in the wood with base inside."
 And then again he sat and puffed in pride,
 Exclaiming, "Had I hired a working man
 To do this job, I might have talked all day:
 He never would have understood my plan,
 And I had had his wages yet to pay.
 No—'tis a wholesome maxim fables tell,
 'Do that yourself which you would have done well.'
 Much to my mind,
 Besides, my stock I now exactly know,
 And feel an appetite; therefore I'll go.
 'Safe bind, safe find.'"

The axiom's very sound; no better plan
 Exists for finding what you put away:
 But, ah! 'tis seldom given to mortal man
 To reach perfection in his first essay
 At untried tasks. Some little error creeps
 Into our handywork while judgment sleeps;
 Trifles admitted or forgotten spoil
 E'en learned labours o'er the midnight oil.
 And Doctor Puff, with gimlet, nails, and hammer,
 Was but a tyro in the art mechanic,
 Though he'd by heart Greek trees and Eton's grammar,
 And read those authors that yet strike with panic
 Poor puzzled boys, at stated hours each day,
 Hunting down words while meanings stand at bay.

All these were useless in his present case;
 And hard indeed to him that case appeared,
 As to and fro he walked with hasty pace,
 Angry and terrified, for no man feared
 To have the laugh against him more
 Than our learned nailer of his cellar-door;
 Yet, in his pride
 He'd nailed it fast, and nailed himself *inside*.

Politics engross the attention, not only of prose but of verse-mongers, in these days, when the very foundation of things seems to be turned up in child's play, as if to see what lies beneath them. We have hope that a period of vigorous manhood is approaching—when men will know how to enjoy rather than to question. Till that time arrives, however, we must give in to the prevailing sentiment; which we do by inserting the following "Epigram" and "Radical Pæan:"

EPIGRAM.

The Radicals and Infidels are glad,
 And rude Dissent upon the tiptoe stands,
 For Israel against himself, as mad,
 Rages and lifts his suicidal hands.

Churchmen are found to break the barriers down,
 Which, but for them, had still kept out the foe ;
 Like traitors who betray their native town,
 And claim reward and praise for doing so.

THE RADICAL PEAN.

“ *Licentia, quam Stulti Libertatem vocant.* ”—TACIT.

The Earth sends up a shout to Heaven —
 The nations of the world are free ;
 The everlasting hills are riven
 With the acclaim of Liberty.

Men worship Reason, and they bow
 Low to the power themselves create ;
 And to their prostitute allow
 The title, throne, and power of Fate.

Pledged, sworn to ill, the brethren love
 To crown her naked form with flowers ;
 While gay processions onward move,
 And Bacchus leads the wanton hours.

Prostrate before her unveiled charms
 They joyous hail their deified ;
 Their music is the clash of arms,
 And murder dances by their side.

Fire, Famine, Plague, their thousands slay ;
 The heroes make, then laugh at woes ;
 The ties of blood are cast away ;
 The nearest are the bitterest foes.

Both sexes, and all ages, rush
 To the mad orgies of their queen ;
 The men are fiends, nor women blush
 To see or act their rites obscene.

It is the time, it is the hour,
 Expecting millions eager cry :
 “ The Goddess comes ! she comes in power !
 All hail — all hail to Liberty !

Down with the wealthy and the proud !
 Up with us all ! Let each man have
 His proper farm, and ready-ploughed ;
 The oppressor — let him have a grave !

No laws, no taxes, and no king ;
 No lords, no commons, and no jails :
 Each year for us its fruits shall bring,
 And wine and gladness fill our vales.

The autumn with its ripened store ;
 The laughing summer ; spring’s lush flowers ;
 The blessed winter — cold no more ;
 The earth ! the whole round earth is ours !

For we are lords of all we see —
 Freedom has burst our galling chain ;
 Fruitful for us the knowledge-tree,
 And Reason make us gods again !"

On freedom, freedom ! still they cry ;
 And Riot echoes freedom still ;
 Lust, Rapine, shout for liberty,
 And Atheists mock th' Invisible.

We, however, cannot think of stuffing a holiday number with political matter. At this season of the year, our friends have gone into the country to please their fancies ; the following, upon a subject altogether of the fantastic cast, may be somewhat *germane* to their pursuits. We therefore introduce our readers to

THE WATER-QUEEN.

Calm, calm is thy dwelling,
 'Neath the green sunny sea ;
 Not a sound there is swelling
 Save thy wild minstrelsy —
 Save the song of Ocean's daughters,
 From their cool grot of shells,
 That steals o'er the waters,
 And calms them with its spells.

And oftimes o'er the billows
 In thy car thou skim'st along ;
 And in the yellow moonlight
 Is heard thy dulcet song,
 By those who chance to wander
 By creek, or lonely bay,
 And see thee smoothly gliding
 Through the silvery-sparkling spray.

When sunny beams are shining
 Down the deep, in gleamy light,
 Then oft thou sit'st reclining
 On thy coral couch so bright ;
 Whilst thy sea-maids are decking
 Thy soft and silken hair,
 With pearly-studded chaplets,
 And gems of beauty rare.

For costly is the treasure
 In thy bright domain below,
 In the gardens of thy pleasure,
 Where the groves of coral grow.
 Oh, how I'd roam enchanted
 (If such a thing might be,)
 Through all thy realm of wonder,
 Beneath the deep, deep sea !

Amid the groves of coral,
 And caves of crystal bright,
 And treasures of the ocean,
 Forbid to mortal sight —
 To gaze upon the secrets
 Of the vast and hoary deep,
 That sometimes come in visions
 To chain our eyes in sleep.

We had prepared, according to promise, an article on Coleridge; which, in consequence of a mistake in our arrangements, is omitted for this month, but will certainly appear in our next Number.

We have a score of letters about Hogg, his sketch of Sir Walter Scott, and our notice of it in our last Number. Several people are inclined to think that we were too severe, and some have been so kind as to attribute our article to personal pique against the Shepherd. Heaven help the blockheads! What is there to incline us to be personal against Hogg, whom, in his own style and place, we extremely regard? We wished to express what we think every honourably-minded person must have felt—our infinite disgust at the system of trading on the name of a great man, who may have admitted a *littérateur* into his society. It is too bad that such opportunities should be so abused; there would, of course, be an end of all friendly intercourse between literary men, and a complete exclusion of the smaller followers of literature from the society of the heads of their tribe, if it were to be tolerated. We therefore spoke our minds pretty plainly of Hogg, and we hope that we shall not hear of his “indiscretion” (for such it is generally admitted to be) being repeated. Hogg himself, we are happy to find, duly repents, and acknowledges the justice of our castigation. We have another culprit in our eye, in a different direction.

So, gentle readers, part we once more in peace, to meet again with pleasure!

Perhaps you ask

What's our last news—who must be in or out?

And we reply, that hard would be the task

To give sure answer, in such case of doubt;

But we *will* say that Melbourne's but a mask,

Such as is worn in carnivals or rout.

And who will bet—no matter what—a button,

That the next ministry is named from Sutton?

This may pass as an extract from a forthcoming *Moore's Almanac*. Never mind. It *may* be right.

O. Y.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1834.

No. LVIII.

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REMINISCENCES OF COLERIDGE, BIOGRAPHICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL,
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THIS month we redeem a promise accidentally withheld the last,—an article on Coleridge in some humble measure worthy of his name and writings. Previously to the poet's death, indeed, we designed to render him this justice, and had prepared what, when the tidings of his decease came upon us, seemed no less than a very monument—a solemn cenotaph of ashes yet to be.

No author had wanted a critic more than Coleridge, whether as bard or sage. As the latter, he never had a critic before ourselves;* and the brief account which, in 1832, we gave of his sublime philosophy, is among the events of our career to which we recur with pleasure and with pride. That analysis (for such it was) of his system procured us thanks from many quarters. It was a work of love, and was lovingly accepted; all confessed that we had reduced within intelligible limits the transcendental speculations of the gifted seer—the old man eloquent of Highgate Hill and Grove.

Such was our conviction with regard to his philosophy, and in reference to his poetry our sentiments were nearly the same. As a poet, we felt that the productions of his genius had never been adequately examined. For this, we consoled ourselves with the reflection, that such was the fate of all great men and great works. We remembered how difficult it is for the ordinary mind to rise to the level of the extraordinary;

the very grandeur of an undertaking will sometimes be the main bar to success. We know that an uneasy sensation is, in all such cases, produced in the poor wearied critic—ordinary, who, borne down and overwhelmed by the novel impression, feels smitten into stupidity and dullness—a state of mind which immediately he would fain attribute to the work which he is perusing. Great will then be the sense of fatigue, and he would willingly go sleep; but, unfortunately, a secret stimulus keeps him awake—an impression is made which he cannot throw off, and he probably toils on to the end of his task. Nothing, however, he recollects but that he has been exceedingly troubled in mind—that his self-complacency has been disturbed; and, having consequently felt very unhappy, he complains of oppression from certain incubi, and pronounces the effect to be remarkably unpleasant, and is therefore exceedingly sorry that he cannot give a favourable opinion of a work so far beyond his comprehension. He will probably, nevertheless, separate the author from his production, and pronounce the former to be as excellent for his talents as the latter is execrable for its defects—his opinion of such talents, all the while, being abstracted from the very work at which so much offence has been taken. Thus a certain opinionist pronounced, that Wordsworth was a good man, but no poet;

and, having so delivered himself, thought he had settled the question for ever. "Ah!" said some one, in reply, "you know not how much poetry there is in goodness!" A great poet, who is at the same time pious, requires the religious audience of good men, to be appreciated even for what is poetical in him.

Such were the thoughts that had been revolving in our minds, when tidings came of Coleridge's death. With all our reverence for his genius, we had not visited him lately—years, in fact, had rolled away since we last spake to him, and we had not attended to any rumours of his state of health, knowing that he was always sickly. We still thought upon him as living and well; and while we looked upon Pickering's popular three-volumed edition of his poems, exclaimed, that even in his lifetime he had become a classic, though without finding a critic. Two elegant editions of his poetical works had recently been exhausted; and that his publisher now thought it worth his while to re-issue them in a cheap form was to us matter of triumph; and in our exultation we said—

"In this consummation, we rejoice; we share the victory of the poet, and feel pride in beholding the living laurel crowning his living head. It is a glorious object—it is a consoling reflection. Nothing can be grander in reality or idea. No Cæsar was ever so majestically diademed. The wreath of Julius was adopted only to hide a bald head—a natural defect of which he was ashamed. But wisdom has been as grey hair to Coleridge, and the coronal encircles brows honoured, and not shorn, by time. His state is now imperial—his immortality assured. Art thou not happy, O Poet? exultest thou not, O thou King of Song?"

Such was the greeting which we either said or sung. And well we might; for, as we have mentioned, the poems of our favourite poet had become classics in his land's language. In defiance of long neglect, they were at last even popular; and here we had them in a popular shape, impressing the vulgar mind, as they long had the cultivated, with a sublime sentiment of the dignity and capabilities of human genius. Imagination and enthusiasm had, in these three five-shilling volumes, opened on the general heart the view, as it were, of a new Eden. A magni-

ficent temple had been there disclosed for universal entry, where the high priest shall be perpetually heard in tones of music, uttering the sublimest mysteries to no irreverent votaries. Visions there also might be seen, and voices heard, by the initiate, in gloom and terror, or in gladness and light. Vigour, sublimity, softness, depth,—to strengthen, to raise, to melt, and to awe,—should come like spiritual influences over the spirit of the enraptured reader, and make him rise from the perusal a wiser and a better man. From these works his principles might derive energy, his imagination and fancy loftiness, his feelings sentimentality, and his thoughts profundity. A perfect humanity, we concluded, awaited him who realised in thought, word, and deed, what is contained in the prose and poetic productions of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Alas!—and yet not all alas!—for the influence of Coleridge's works shall never die; and all we said about them shall stand as long as the pillars of the world. Not all alas!—yet in a personal reference to Coleridge, alas for our anticipations—not for him. We were about to conclude our article, and had written, "and now farewell, old man!" Farewell? even while we traced the lines, intelligence reached us of the decease of Coleridge. Dead! we exclaimed, Coleridge dead!

"Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?"

Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies."

A spirit had departed from the earth, but had not died; and even on earth its memory remaineth. It is now immortal! We had spoken but just then of his poems being on the verge of popularity—of late justice being done to him—of his being at last admitted as a classic in general estimation. And what now? Ah! we felt that the seal was fixed to his fame indeed. Henceforth we were—we are—conscious nothing but praise awaits his works—henceforth his thoughts are received as the responses from an oracle—they are as voices from the sepulchre of the mighty.

In spirit are we now by the vaults in Highgate church, where his remains were, in private, deposited—not among the illustrious dead; for none are there—but "alone in his glory." Dim,

dim, was the fane before; but now a glory dwells in it and about it, that shall perish never—unfading because holy. An incorruptible glory irradiates the place, as of a saintly brow which the foot of death hath there pressed beneath the chancel-stone, but of which the light-circle could not be extinguished. Thither shall come the spirits of many times and many places, murmuring the secrets of Chaldea and of Babylon, and, in louder tones, the story of the children of Heber, whether in the line of Israel or Ishmael—or deciphering some Syriac or Ethiopic scroll in half-audible whispers, but reading, in accents clear and high, the sonorous verses of the master-poets of Greece and Italy. Then shall it seem in Fancy's ear as if Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton wove a star-like choral harmony; and Schiller shall come in at the close, and so shall the mystic blessing be pronounced which involves the history of genius from the earliest to the latest times. Now they have vanished; and we, without these immortal companions, are left sole visitant—a mere earthly votary—at the poet's vaulted resting place. What harmony have we to weave—what song to sing? Alas! no verse is ours—no music—but a chaplet of homely prose is all that we have to render by way of gift at this holiest of altars. It is as the widow's mite—'tis all we can, and will be more acceptable than half a miser's horde, were it sufficient to build up a pyramid to Cheops.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born

"Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee ere too late.
Poor Chatterton, farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For, oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced, with viewless dart,
The last pale Hope that shivered at my heart."

Monody on the Death of Chatterton.

Coleridge's *Biographia* commences with the year 1794, at which period he had just arrived at mature age. A volume of juvenile poems announced the dawn of a reputation which was destined for immortality. Turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new-coined double epithets, are faults belonging to them confessed by their author. Among these was the "Religious Musings." In the collected edition, the original redundancies of this poem are pruned

at Ottery Saint Mary, Devonshire, in 1773. He was the youngest son of the clergyman of the parish, the Rev. John Coleridge, whose scholarship is well known, and received his early education at Christ's Hospital—the Rev. James Bowyer being then head-master of the grammar-school, a severe master but a good, and one to whom his pupil owed much. By him the taste of Coleridge was moulded to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again, of Virgil to Ovid. High is the tribute of recollection paid by Coleridge to a man whose severities, ever after, "not seldom furnished the dreams, by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep; but neither lessened nor dimmed the deep sense of his moral and intellectual obligations."

Such was the severe discipline by which the mind of Coleridge was prepared for that "manly energy" which enabled him to become the guide of other minds in the great business of reflection. Of his studies at Jesus College, Cambridge, which he entered at the age of eighteen, we know not that any record exists. It seems he suffered from the want of pecuniary means; and, falling in love with the sister of a schoolfellow, came to London with some companions in 1793. Having exhausted his funds in conviviality with these brother-collegians, he was left by them as destitute as an Otway or a Chatterton. "Poor Chatterton!" he says in one of his juvenile poems,—

away, and we have it now in an amended state. The poem itself is interesting as marking the state of his mind at this period of his life, when he named David Hartley "wisest of mortal kind." Even before his fifteenth year, Coleridge's mind had shewn its tendency to metaphysical speculations and theological controversy. "Nothing else pleased me," he says; "history and particular facts lost all interest in my mind." For his deliverance from this

state of intellect, he expresses his obligations to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, whose sonnets, at the time of their publication, made a great impression on Coleridge. Our poet shewed his gratitude in a sonnet of his own.

Coleridge had just entered on his seventeenth year when the sonnets of Bowles, twenty in number, and then first published in a quarto pamphlet, were presented to him by his school-fellow, the learned Dr. Middleton, bishop of Calcutta. Year after year, he tells us, by the works of Bowles, he was "enthusiastically delighted and inspired." He laboured to make proselytes, in school and out. Within less than a year and a half he made more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents he could offer to those who had in any way won his regard.

Lord Byron looked upon Coleridge's praise of Bowles as inexplicable. Poorly must his lordship have understood the *Biographia Literaria*, which he boasted of enjoying. Not so much the merit of Bowles's sonnets (which, however, it is honourable for any man to rate highly), as the state of Coleridge's mind at the time, made them interesting to the young poet. He seems to have looked on his metaphysical aspirations, at this season, as symptomatic of a diseased mind; and expresses a wish, that, having been once redeemed from their enchantment, he had "continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths. If, in after times," he proceeds, "I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develope themselves: my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds."

Coleridge was susceptible of impression from the opinions of others, and the sentiment which he here expresses, we suspect, was more a reflection from that of his friends than an original feeling of his own heart. Ill they understood his genius who inspired him with such regrets; and ill advise they, who counsel

a path of conduct alien from the genial direction sought and shaped out by the individual will. True, however, it was, that after having studied in the schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley, Coleridge failed to find an abiding place for his reason. Notwithstanding the high name given to Hartley in the "Religious Musings," he was fain to seek, and found, a wiser.

Coleridge at this time had imbibed Unitarian principles; and we, accordingly, find that, in the opening of his "Religious Musings," he considers the character of the *Salvator Mundi*, under an Unitarian aspect. But the way was already prepared for the poet's escape from the "cold-hearted heresy" of Socinus. Coleridge recognised something Divine in the Perfect Human for which the mere Unitarian has no acknowledgement, and was already far-gone in the mystic theology of the Evangelist John.

These sentiments were, however, after all, more characteristic of the time than of Coleridge. The poetic temperament is apt to catch the inspirations of the age, as an Eolian harp those of the passing breeze. Thus, in Coleridge's sonnets, we find lamentations for Burke's supposed apostacy, and praises of Priestley's supposed philosophy. Kosciusko, Fayette, and Schiller's *Robbers*, were equally objects of his admiration. But all these were first impressions, which the after exercise of a developed understanding was to correct, and did correct.

Coleridge takes no notice in the *Biographia* of *The Fall of Robespierre*, a drama, which he wrote in conjunction with Southey, at Bristol, in an evening and a morning, and published on the next day.

The "Religious Musings" is, in the judgment of Mr. Bowles, the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems. In this we cannot agree—nor would Coleridge. The time of life at which it was written, the tone of its opinions, the juvenility of the sentiments, and the immaturity of its style of composition, precluded it from any such station among his more finished and thoroughly thought-out productions. But though we cannot concur in Mr. Bowles's opinion, we yet are obliged to him for our knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written*—"non inter sylvas academi,

* This and the following incidents were related in a letter addressed by the Rev. W. L. Bowles to the Editor of the *Times*, and inserted on Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1834.

but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie." Fine, indeed! when all the adjuncts of the tale are considered.

Mr. Bowles had the facts from the poet's own mouth, with whom he became acquainted after the before-quoted sonnet addressed to him; he also heard them from the officer in the regiment who procured Coleridge's discharge from the 15th, Elliot's light dragoons, into which regiment Coleridge, after having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, as already mentioned, had enlisted. The name of this officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan. He was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, being then captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables at Reading, he remarked, written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence in Latin—"Eheu! quam infortunii miserimum est fuisse felicem!"

Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. "Please your honour, to Comberback," answered the dragoon. (When Coleridge enlisted, he was asked his name; he hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was Comberback.) "Comberback!" said the captain, "send him to me." Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, "Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?" "Please your honour," answered the soldier, "I wrote it." "Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend." The commanding officer was General Churchill; and the supposed Comberback being examined, the facts of his case were elicited.

His discharge has been attributed to his democratic feelings at this time, and to his inability to ride. Neither cause is the true one. Many errors are afloat with regard to Coleridge's early

democratic opinions. Certain it is that he mistook his own opinions for democratic, but experience soon taught him that they had no harmony with such. The fortunes, or rather ill-fortunes, of his first periodical, *The Watchman*, made this plain to him. This unhappy production, having been delayed in its first number beyond the day announced for its publication, had the bad luck, in its second, through an essay on Fast-Days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, to lose nearly five hundred subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers he made enemies of all his jacobin and democratic patrons; for, to use his own words, "disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French philosophy; and, perhaps, thinking that charity ought to begin nearest home, instead of abusing the government and the aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of him, he levelled his attacks at 'modern patriotism,' and even ventured to declare his belief, that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition (or, as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging*) bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects the principles of which they had never botomed, and from 'pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them.' At the same time he avowed his conviction, that national education, and a concurring spread of the gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." And thus, at the ninth number, the work was dropped. So much for Coleridge's democratic principles at this period.

That he knew not how to ride is a fact; and we have heard a tale relative to it not a little characteristic. While out with his fellow dragoon, he was expatiating at large on some philosophical point, when, from inattention to his seat, he rolled from the saddle to the ground. Calmly, however, rising, and brushing off the mud or dust which his clothes had contracted, he "resumed his place upon the horse's back," and, taking up the theme on which he had been engaged previous to the accident, began again with—"But to proceed with the argument in which we were interrupted, it must be conceded on all

hands," &c. Not for this cause, either, was he discharged from the regiment, but in consequence of the circumstances already related.

"As a soldier," says Mr. Bowles, "Coleridge was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge."

It is impossible to peruse this incident without referring to Coleridge's beautiful drama of *Zapolya*, and seeing in the poet's adventure, the realization of the "royal Andreas," living in disguise as a peasant among peasants. But, unlike Andreas, the secret of his birth was known to Coleridge. He was as a divine visitant, conscious of his divinity, voluntarily, or by the decree of fate, submitting to a temporary avatar in the vale of humility, for the communication of truth to inferior natures. With what wonder, and awe, and strange excitement must the rude dragoons of the 15th have listened to the strong and sweet eloquence of Coleridge's familiar discourse!

Coleridge's name has been already mentioned in union with Southey's; and in the winter of 1794-5 we find him delivering a course of lectures at Bristol on the French Revolution. He was also included in the Pantisocracy scheme, which has been so much misrepresented, and which was so soon exchanged for a matrimonial one. In the autumn of 1795, Coleridge was wedded to Miss Sara Fricker.

With this period of his life his labours in *The Watchman*, already mentioned, are connected. Within a year after his departure from Cambridge, he was persuaded by persons whom he calls philanthropists and anti-polemists, to set on foot a periodical work, entitled *The Watchman*, that, as he remarks, "according to the general motto of the work, *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.*" In order to exempt it from the stamp-

tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only FOURPENCE. Accordingly, with a flaming prospectus,—"*Knowledge is Power,*" &c. to cry the state of the political atmosphere, and so forth, he set off on a tour to the north, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a ray of the woman of Babylon might be seen on him. Though a zealous Unitarian, as we have mentioned, in religion, yet he informs us that he was at this period a "Trinitarian (i. e. *ad norman Platonis*) in philosophy." He adds, "More accurately, I was a *philanthropist*; one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret; for I was most sincere—most disinterested! My opinions were, indeed, in many and most important points, erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity, for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all."

Coleridge's account of his campaign at Birmingham and Manchester is excessively amusing. At the former place, after his unsuccessful attempt to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with a Brummagem patriot, Coleridge dined with the tradesman who had introduced him, and some friends of the same. Compelled by courtesy to smoke a pipe with them, and unused to tobacco, he soon began to feel giddy. Proceeding thence to an engagement at a minister's house, he found the walk and the fresh air had only the more confused his feelings. Scarcely finding time to inform his host of his condition and its cause, he swooned back on the sofa. On awaking he found from fifteen to twenty gentlemen assembled to spend the evening with him. By way of relieving his embarrassment, one of the gentlemen began the conversation with,—"*Have you seen a paper to-day,*

Mr. Coleridge?" "Sir," he replied, rubbing his eyes, "I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." Yet to establish such a work had he visited Birmingham: an involuntary and general burst of laughter therefore, followed, the delivery of a sentiment so incongruous to the occasion and the purpose in which they were met to assist him. They assisted him nevertheless, relieving him especially from the necessity for personal canvass.* The same kind reception he met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield; in fact, he found friends everywhere. The result was, that he had a thousand names on the subscription list of *The Watchman*, and the work was accordingly announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, he was informed—for he did not see them himself—eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. The events of the adventure we have already detailed. It only remains to be added, that the London publisher cheated him out of all the receipts; and from other places he procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing.

In this incident, however, we have one of those instances of providential guardianship, which appear to have hedged about the life of a man too wise to be prudent—one of those beautiful relations of friendship which it seems almost to have been Coleridge's genius to cement. For the expenses of *The Watchman* he would have been inevitably thrown into jail by his Bristol printer, who refused to wait even a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for him by a man by no means affluent—"a dear friend," he adds, "who attached himself to me

from my first arrival at Bristol,—who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own apparent neglect;—a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate."

We next find Coleridge retired to a cottage at Stowey, for which he was indebted to "honest Tom Poole," who perhaps is the friend above alluded to, and providing for his scanty maintenance by providing verses for a London morning paper. "I saw plainly," he writes, "that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself, that whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equidistant from all the three prominent parties—the Pittites, the Foxites, and the democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings, I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl, for, happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness. "La, sir!" replied poor Nanny, "why, it is only 'WATCHMEN.'"

Coleridge now devoted himself to poetry, and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was his admiration at this time of Hartley's *Essay on Man*, that he gave his name to his first-born—that son of his who so lately sent from a provincial press a thin volume† of real poetry, deservedly praised by the *Quarterly Review*. At length, however, the writings of Kant, the founder of the Critical Philosophy, at once invigorated and disciplined his understanding. But of

* Hazlitt adds to this account in his essay, *My First Acquaintance with Poets*. Speaking of Coleridge's powers of conversation, he writes: "I never met with any thing at all like them, either before or since. I could easily credit the accounts which were circulated of his holding forth to a large party of ladies and gentlemen, an evening or two before, on the Berkeleian Theory, when he made the whole material universe look like a transparency of fine words; and another story (which I believe he has somewhere told himself) of his being asked to a party at Birmingham,—of his smoking tobacco, and going to sleep after dinner on a sofa, where the company found him, to their no small surprise, which was increased to wonder when he started up of a sudden, and rubbing his eyes, looked about him, and launched into a three hours' description of the third heaven, of which he had a dream." Digitized by Google

† Poems by Hartley Coleridge, vol. i. Leeds: Bingley, Corn Exchange; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1833.

this have we not already written in our aforesaid article on the philosophy of Coleridge? The further history of the sage's mind the reader must seek in that paper.

At the time that Coleridge resided at Stowey, Wordsworth was living at All-Foxden, "a romantic old family-mansion of the St. Aubins," as Hazlitt hath it in his delightful essay, entitled, *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, of which we shall make some use. "It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet, who gave him the free use of it." To his residence at Stowey, Coleridge owed his acquaintance with Wordsworth, whose conversation, he tells us, extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Politics, however, troubled themselves with both. In those jealous times, suspicion and obloquy attached themselves both to him and his friend. A "sycophantic law-mongrel," discoursing on the *politics* of the day, uttered the following *deep* remark:—"As to Coleridge, there is not so much harm in him, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear him say a syllable on the subject!" The dark guesses either of this or some other "zealous quidnunc, met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of their neighbourhood, that a spy was actually sent down from the government, *pour surveillance* of" the two poets. Only think of such a person trying to understand the "talk" of Coleridge and Wordsworth! The autobiographer tells us of three weeks' truly Indian perseverance on the part of the spy; but in vain. In despair he rejected Sir Dogberry's request, that he would try a little longer. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together behind a bank at the sea-side (their favourite seat), and overheard their conversation. At first he fancied that they were aware of their danger, for he often heard Coleridge talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Their talk ran mostly upon books, and they were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that*; but he

could not catch a word about politics. "Once," says Coleridge, "he had joined me on the road (this occurred as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage), and passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a *democrat* way, in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend to Jacobinism, but (he added) I had 'plainly made it out to be such a silly, as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed, though he had only *put it on*.' I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of 'my tempter ere accuser,' that I expressed, with no small pleasure, my hope and belief, that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident, therefore, prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which, through a friendly medium, came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to entertain the *government gentleman* in his best manner, but above all, to be silent concerning such a person being in his house."

The great occasion of suspicion was the fact of Coleridge having been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shores, with books and papers in his hands, taking, as was thought, charts and maps of the country. Coleridge had considered it a defect in Cowper's *Tusk*, that the subject which gives the title to the work was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that throughout the poem the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. "I sought," he says, "for a subject that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connexion to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence

to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered ; to the sheepfold ; to the first cultivated plot of ground ; to the lonely cottage and its bleak garden won from the heath ; to the hamlets, the villages, the market town, the manufactories, and the seaport. My walks, therefore, were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombs. With my pencil and memorandum book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled, *The Brook*. Had I finished the work, it was my purpose, in the heat of the moment, to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety, as containing the charts and maps with which I was to have supplied the French government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these, too, for a tract of coast, that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat."

Would that *The Brook* had been written by Coleridge! The idea Wordsworth adopted in his *River Duddon*. Fine as that series of sonnets is, Coleridge's poem, we can conceive, would have been much finer! Not revolving his poem, however ; at the foot of Quantock, in a retired cottage, sat Coleridge, day by day, devoted to the study of "the foundations of religion and morals." "Here," he exclaims, "I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in—broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fountal truths of natural religion and the books of revelation alike contributed to the flood ; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat, and rested." For a long time, indeed, he says in another place, he could not reconcile the personality of God with the infinity : and his head was with Spinoza, though his whole heart remained with Paul and John. He became convinced, even before his perusal of the *Critique of the Pure Reason*, that religion, as both the corner-stone and the key-stone of morality, must have a moral origin ; so far at least, that the evidence of its doctrines could not, like the truths of abstract science, be wholly independent of the will. It were therefore, as he con-

cluded, to be expected, that its *fundamental* truth would be such as MIGHT be denied, though only by the fool, and even by the fool from the madness of the heart alone. Still he remained, "in respect of revealed religion, a zealous Unitarian ;" and, as such, is said to have preached every Sunday at the Unitarian chapel at Taunton.

And at this point it is that Hazlitt's Essay (before alluded to) becomes of great importance to us. Hazlitt's father was a dissenting minister at Wem, in Shropshire ; and it was in the year 1798 that Coleridge came to Shrewsbury to succeed a Mr. Rowe in the charge of the Unitarian congregation there. For a column or two, we must let Hazlitt tell the tale for himself.

"Coleridge did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach ; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation, to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat (like a shooting-jacket), which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate with his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed, nor has he since that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there, 'fluttering the proud Salopians like an eagle in a dove-cot ;' and the Welch mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

'High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay !'

As we passed along between Wem and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the road-side, a sound was in my ears as of a siren's song ; I was stunned, startled with it as from a deep sleep ; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the

road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side—crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that ‘bound them

With Styx nine times round them,’

my ideas float on winged words, and, as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage—dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found out any way to express itself, I owe to Coleridge.”

This confession is highly honourable to Hazlitt, whose writings are indeed little other than the expressions of Coleridgean ideas, misunderstood and misinterpreted—coloured and fractured by the medium of communication.

He proceeds to tell us that, according to the custom of the place, and as the aforesaid Mr. Rowe’s successor, Coleridge had agreed to come over to his father, who lived ten miles from Shrewsbury. In the mean time, however, he (young Hazlitt) had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach throws Hazlitt into ecstasies of romantic feeling—and well it might. It was in the winter of the year 1798, the month of January, that, before daylight, the critic walked through the mud on this errand—a cold, raw, comfortless walk. When he got there, the organ was playing the 100th psalm;—that finished, Coleridge rose and gave out his text. “And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF ALONE.” In delivering which, “his voice ‘rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes;’ and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed,” says the critic, “to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, ‘of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.’ The

preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind.”

We dare not trust Hazlitt in his statement of the subject-matter of the discourse—it is given, of course, as connected with both pre-and-post-political possessions. It appears to have been descriptive and argumentative, with dashes and flashes of poetic imagery broad and bright.

“On the Tuesday following,” says Hazlitt, “the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. ‘For those two hours,’ he afterwards was pleased to say, ‘he was conversing with W. H.’s forehead.’ His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

‘As are the children of yon azure sheen.’

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. ‘A certain tender bloom his face o’erspread,’ a purple tinge, as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing”—Hazlitt adds, what we cannot join in—“like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face, as from a height, surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So, at least, I comment on it after the event.” On these misstatements we shall say something in the proper place. He continues:—“Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, like Lord Hamlet, ‘some-

what fat and puffy.' His hair (now, [1834] alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those."

Hazlitt's father seems to have been astonished at the manners and eloquence of his guest, and all the more so from the circumstance of "a poet being to him a nondescript. He could hardly have been," says the critic, "more surprised or pleased, if our visitor had worn wings. Indeed his thoughts had wings; and as the silken sounds rustled round our little wainscoted parlour, my father threw back his spectacles over his forehead, his white hairs mixing with his sanguine hue; and a smile of delight beamed across his rugged cordial face, to think that Truth had found a new ally in Fancy."

Into the particulars of their conversation we have no space to enter. Hazlitt, however, found reason to complain that Coleridge would not let him get on at all, for he required a definition of every the commonest word, exclaiming, "What do you mean by a *sensation*, sir? What do you mean by an *idea*?" "This," Coleridge said, "was barricading the road to truth;—it was setting up a turnpike-gate at every step we took."

Coleridge was less satisfied with himself all this time than Hazlitt was with him. A more thorough revolution in his philosophic principles, and a deeper insight into his own heart, he felt were yet wanting. Nevertheless, he could not subsequently doubt that the difference of his metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to his final reconversion to the whole truth in Christ. While his mind was thus perplexed, he adds, "by a gracious Providence, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgewood enabled me to finish my education in Germany. Instead of troubling others with my crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store

my own head with the wisdom of others."

Of this important incident of Coleridge's life, Hazlitt gives a more detailed account. The day before Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury, when Hazlitt came down to breakfast, he found that the poet had received a letter from his friend T. Wedgewood, making him an offer of 150*l.* a year if he chose to waive his present pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes; and, after inviting young Hazlitt to Nether Stowey, took leave of his host, being accompanied for six miles of the road by the incipient critic, whom, in the course of conversation, he told in confidence that he designed to have preached two sermons before he accepted the situation at Shrewsbury,—one on Infant Baptism, the other on the Lord's Supper: shewing that he could not administer either, which would have effectually disqualified him for the object in view. For this curious mode of proceeding, the solution must be sought in the acknowledged state of his opinions.

In a subsequent part of Hazlitt's Essay, we are presented with portraits of Coleridge and Wordsworth together. The critic visited Coleridge in the spring, according to invitation, at Nether Stowey, "the country about which is beautiful, green, and hilly, and near the sea-shore." In the afternoon Coleridge took him to All-Foxden. Wordsworth was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before them a frugal repast; and they had free access to her brother's poems, the *lyrical ballads*, which were still in MS. Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, they strolled out into the park, and seating themselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud, with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of *Betty Foy*. In the evening they walked back to Stowey; on which occasion, according to Hazlitt, Coleridge canvassed the merits of Wordsworth's poetry: but Hazlitt's account is a mere abstract of Coleridge's written review thereon in the *Biographia Literaria*. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage; and the day following all three returned to All-Foxden, when Wordsworth read them

the story of *Peter Bell* in the open air.

Hazlitt remarks the *chant* in both Wordsworth's and Coleridge's reading, an accompaniment which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms his judgment. We have heard Coleridge read, and must say, that, however beautiful this mode of recitation is in itself, it is very apt to hide the meaning from the listener.* We heard him read, previous to publication, his sweet lines on "Youth and Age," but formed but an indistinct conception of them from this cause. Coleridge at this time read to Hazlitt some passages from his tragedy of *The Remorse*. His "Ancient Mariner" was also written and preparing for publication in the well-known *Lyrical Ballads* in company with similar productions by Wordsworth.

We have already dwelt on the influence which Bowles's poetry had on Coleridge's mind. Pope and Darwin were never among his favourites; he preferred lines running into each other to those which closed at each couplet, and natural language to artificial diction. Of Cowper he always expresses a high opinion, and as a poet to whom he was as much indebted for the sustained and elevated style which marks his poems, as he was to the *Percy Reliques* for the popular and ballad form of poetic composition. At first adopting a laborious and florid diction, Coleridge, by his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, acquired a chaster manner of writing, of which he instances his

tragedy of *The Remorse* as an example.

"There is no profession on earth," says our poet, "which requires an attention so early, so long, or so unintermitting, as that of poetry; and, indeed, as that of literary composition in general, if it be such as at all satisfies the demands both of taste and sound logic." It is from the clear perception of this truth that the excellence of Coleridge's poetry has originated, in common with that of Southey and Wordsworth. Byron's poetry was a passion; Shelley's an enthusiasm; with the poets of the so-called Lake School, it has been an art—an art which with them has been a second nature. For their art was not the opposite of nature, so much as it was the nature within and without them shaped and modified by the agency of a wise and understanding spirit. How exquisitely do we recognise its influence in the "Ode to the Departing Year" (1796), which opens the *Sibylline Leaves*. Genius is there, passion, enthusiasm; but, in addition to all these, a controlling will, preserving the lyric inspiration within the bounds of harmonious propriety. The fine musician scatters not his sounds at random from his instrument, but with aim and purpose blends them into intelligent totality. Yet had Coleridge at this time not attained that perfect mastery over its chords which he subsequently exhibited. Two months afterwards he produced *France, an Ode*, than which a more philosophical lyric exists not in

* He had a similar kind of intonation in speaking. A critic in the last *Quarterly*, who is evidently very desirous of making a kind of between wind-and-water hit, by way of appeal to popular taste in favour of Coleridge's genius, brings, in proof of a certain peculiarity in Coleridge's conversation, which he calls "*unexpectedness*," the fact of a very experienced short-hand writer, who was employed to take down Mr. Coleridge's lectures on Shakspeare, producing an almost unintelligible manuscript. "Yet," proceeds the critic, "the lecturer was, as he always is, slow and measured. The writer—we have some notion that it was no worse an artist than Mr. Gurney himself—gave this account of the difficulty:—That with regard to every other speaker whom he had ever heard, however rapid or involved, he could almost always, by long experience in his art, guess the form of the latter part, or apodosis, of the sentence by the form of the beginning; but that the conclusion of every one of Coleridge's sentences was a *surprise* upon him. He was obliged to listen to the last word." Now this illustration, we beg to say, proves nothing—but Mr. Gurney's incompetency. Short-hand writers were a very different race when Mr. Gurney began the business than they are at the present day. Literal accuracy was not then required, and is never aimed at even now by Mr. Gurney; nor can he take down a speech of any elaboration and learning *verbatim*. We say not this to damage that "artist's" fame—for the fact is well known—but to rescue Coleridge's. We hate the patronising air with which this great man is sometimes written about, and repudiate every thing that sounds like a *reason* for the unpopularity with which his works have been received by the public. There was never any reason for it but the defects of taste and knowledge in the herd of readers—and writers. On such a man what the world wants is a hold out-spoken article.

the English language. How well it expresses the hopes of good and instructed men—and their disappointment. The initiatory appeal to the clouds, the ocean-waves, the woods, the sun and the sky, in behalf of liberty, is magnificent—fearful the revolution, when, having implored pardon of Freedom's spirit, the conviction is forced upon him, that

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In
mad game,

They burst their manacles, and wear the
name

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!"

This ode, notwithstanding, has faults—turgidity, double epithets, and abstruse conceptions. In the *Fears* in

"O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act, yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from earth to heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honour!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins."

The "Myrtle Leaf" is one of the most exquisite little parables ever written. But we must pass on to the "Meditative" poems—to the grand "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni"—to the lines on the "Broken"—the "Eolian Harp"—and the splendid verses to Mr. Wordsworth. A conversation poem concerning the "Nightingale" has necessarily given rise to some remarks, as disputing the melancholy character attributed to it by Milton.

With "The Three Graves" commences that series of ballad poetry on which so much controversy has arisen. We must refer our readers to our articles on Burger,* and on Wordsworth,† for information as to the influence exercised on both German and English poetry by the ballads of Bishop Percy. These ballads of Coleridge are products of the same influence, and the one just mentioned, in particular, is in the colloquial style, against which

Solitude, however, written in April 1798, during the alarm of an invasion, we look for them in vain. All is good mother-English, and plain patriotic feeling. The celebrated war eclogue, with the apologetic preface, closes the political portion of the *Sibylline Leaves*.

The love poems are yet in better tone. What can excel the "Legend of Genevieve" in pathos and grace? It is indeed a thing of beauty that shall be a joy for ever. Deliciously delicate, also, is the "Circassian Love-Chant;" nor do we know a prettier pastoral than "The Picture; or, the Lover's Resolution." A dramatic fragment, called the "Night Scene," concludes with the following majestic simile:

so much opposition was ignorantly made. It is to the critical remarks, rather than to the poems themselves, which Wordsworth prefixed to the *Lyrical Ballads*, that Coleridge attributes the occasion of so much enmity. The humbler passages, says he, were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory.‡ "What," he continues, "in and for themselves would have been either forgotten or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems admitted by *all* as excellent, joined with those which had pleased the far *greater* number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed (as in all right they should have been, even if we take for granted that the reader judged aright) an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems

* Vol. v. p. 281—288.

† Vol. vi. p. 611.

‡ In Coleridge's critique on Wordsworth, contained in the *Biographia Literaria*, the reader is struck with the superiority of mind which he manifests as a critic, over his poet. Here, and only here—only in this instance—the critic is a match for the poet—nay, wiser. In his remarks on Maturin's *Bertram*, also, he completely dwarfs the dramatist, and leaves him a tiny existence, merely by way of contrast, and in nowise independent. Such were the powers of Coleridge as a critic.

and the poet. In all perplexity there is a portion of fear, which predisposes the mind to anger. Not able to deny that the author possessed both genius and a powerful intellect, they felt *very positive*, but were not *quite certain* that he might not be in the right, and they themselves in the wrong—an uneasy state of mind, which seeks alleviation by quarrelling with the occasion of it.* Of Coleridge's ballad of "The Three Graves," the language was intended to be dramatic—that is, suited to the narrator, and the metre to correspond with the homeliness of the diction. The poet was led to choose this story from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination through an idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. The tale is supposed to be narrated by an old sexton. It is, however, only a fragment, composed of the third and fourth parts of a ballad, but of acknowledged beauty, though unsusceptible of criticism. The dramatic propriety alluded to will be found interestingly preserved in the opening stanza of each part, *e. g.* :

"The grapes upon the vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree."

"To see a man tread over graves,
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark."

The following is also characteristic :

"And now Ash-Wednesday came—that
day
But few to church repair;
For on that day, you know, we read
The Commination prayer.
Our late old vicar, a kind man,
Once, sir, he said to me,
He wished that service was clean out
Of our good liturgy."

The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is the next specimen in these volumes of the ballad style—that supernatural romance inspired with human interest, which eclipses all other attempts. Here both Southey and Wordsworth wane and fade from the presence of a more ascendant star. We are resolute in the opinion that this ballad, in its way, is not to be exceeded. Coleridge, however, says, that in the "Christabel," he should have more nearly realised his ideal than he had done in the "Ancient

Mariner." This might be so; but the "Christabel" is yet unfinished, and, powerful as it is, we doubt of its finally transcending the former effort. Of course it would be a whole, as it is as a part, more elaborate, more epic. But there is an intensity, "a still horror," in "the Rime," in comparison with which all in the "Christabel" sinks into melodrama.

At the end of the first volume of the *Biographia Literaria*, Mr. Coleridge tells us, "Whatever more than this, I shall think it fit to declare concerning the powers and privileges of the imagination in the present work, will be found in the critical essay on the uses of the supernatural in poetry, and the principles that regulate its introduction, which the reader will find prefixed to the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner.'" Prefixed to this poem such declaration is not—never was. This omission to fulfil his promises is characteristic of Mr. Coleridge; they are mostly all taken to the credit of his *Logosophia*, a work in which he remained till death indebted to the learned reader. We must accordingly take the "Ancient Mariner" without its preface.

In the "Ancient Mariner" we find something better than any metaphysical introduction concerning the supernatural in poetry; we have the illustration. Poetry is essentially ideal—the ideal and the supernatural are essentially one. Whatever shall be idealised, and partake of supernatural attributes, shall be generally acknowledged poetic. Those who will doubt of Wordsworth's *Idiot Boy* being justly to be so characterised will give ready suffrage to the claims of the "Ancient Mariner." It is on account of its supernatural attributes, which announce at once the presence of the ideal. In Wordsworth's poem, in which the common is the most apparent element, the ideal has to be sought for. It is there; but it is hidden—hidden in the dark chambers of an idiot's mind—of all minds the most mysterious. There is a miracle there, if you have but eyes to perceive it, and one unconnected with superstition.

Superstition is the basis of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. He has shot an albatross, and vengeance, in consequence, overtakes the ship's crew, and he is condemned to penance, in order

that he may learn to love and reverence all things that God made and loveth. The great charm of the ballad is, however, the sweetness of the diction and versification, with the splendid imagery every here and there introduced. There is, besides, a substance of thought in it which gives weight and value to its representations. It is now late in the day to give instances of these excellences, and little more than reference can be made to them. Yet the criticism would be incomplete that omitted mention of the "hot and copper sky"—the "rotting deep"—the "slimy things that did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea"—and "the night-mare Life-in-Death" who dices with Death himself for the ship's crew, and wins the ancient mariner.

"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;

At one stride comes the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip!

The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The horned moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip."

His blessing the water-snakes and other creatures of the great calm, and the relaxation of the spell in consequence, is conceived in a beautiful spirit. The refreshing rain—the inspiration of the bodies of the crew—with the consequent sounds of singing, as of the skylark and other birds, and of sweet instruments; and when it ceases,

"the sails made on

A pleasant noise 'till noon,

A noise like of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all night

Singeth a quiet tune."

Verily there is a strange spell, "a strange power of speech," in the *Ancient Mariner* which compels hearing. The moral of it is the same as of *Burger's Wild Hunter* and *Wordsworth's Hart-Leap-Well*.

Why, many have doubtless asked, is not the *Christabel* finished, that we might form an opinion of it as a ballad-

epic—that we might declare it to be as perfect in construction as it is beautiful as a fragment? Its interest is altogether of a tenderer kind than that of the *Mariner's Rime*. Who is the Lady Geraldine? What is the "mark of her shame?" and what mystery is there in her "shrunken serpent eyes?" We once heard the poet say that he had the story complete in his mind, and could put it into metre, with all the requisites of fancy, in a week at any time. "I spend," said he, "more fancy in the way of ordinary conversation any day of my life than would go to the manufacturing a score of poems." And the statement was true. One thing he meant to do, to give much local description of scenery in the journey to be taken by Bracey the Bard, "over the mountains," and "on the valley road," "up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood," as also,

"that castle good

Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes."

But, all this while, our readers are ignorant that a conclusion of *Christobell* actually exists—of *Christobell*, we say, and not *Christabel* (and as *Christobell*, and not *Christabel*, is the poem announced in the *Biographia Lit.*, vol. ii., p. 3.) exists and in print, and published before, not after, the fragment of *Christabel*. In number LXVII. of the *European Magazine*, dated April, 1815, this literary curiosity exists, and must have been written either by Coleridge himself, or by somebody who heard him recite it, as it contains lines, and references to lines, that occur in the first part, and offers a key for the solution of its enigmas. One objection lies against its authenticity,—"Geraldine," in the conclusion, is rhymed to "mien," and "seen;"—in the first two parts, to "recline" and "divine." The versification is, however, the same, even to the variations from the general structure. We refer our readers to the magazine itself for its perusal.

A friend of ours, in company with another gentleman, paid a visit to Coleridge to get at the fact relative to this conclusion. "By-the-bye," answered Coleridge, "that is a curious circumstance,—I'll tell you all about it,—" and then digressed into some other topic, upon which he discoursed so fascinatingly that both himself and his questioners forgot the purport of their visit, and came away without the solu-

tion which they went to get. This is a type of Coleridge's conversation, and shews its singular power. We suspect that the conclusion is his, but that he was dissatisfied with it—not without reason, for though pretty there is a nameless grace wanting, and though the best key we yet have to the mystery of that tale, it is not complete. Why was Merlin in Langdale Hall disguised as Bracy the Bard? What reason had the Witch of the Lake (Geraldine) for her enmity towards Christabel or her family? A better solution was in the mind of the poet, and therefore, though he took care that this should be preserved in case the better one was not produced, he was desirous of its being so published that it might be easily suppressed, whenever the *new dénouement* should come forth to supply its place.

The versification of *Christabel* is exquisite; the lines are constructed of accents not of syllables. The former are four, the latter vary from seven to eleven: an excellent contrivance to preserve both uniformity with variety. Some new form of verse seems wanting to modern poetry, and this of Coleridge's invention might have been more generally adopted with advantage. Previous to Mat. Lewis' *Alonso and Imogen* the measures of English poets were not, as our poet observes, indebted for their variety to the introduction of new metres; our elder bards, both of Italy and England, produced a far greater as well as more charming variety, by countless modifications and subtle balances of sound in the common metres of their country. "A lasting and enviable reputation," he continues, "awaits that man of genius, who should attempt and realise a union—who should recall the high finish—the appropriateness—the facility—the delicate proportion;—and, above all, the profusion of omnipresent grace, which have preserved, as in a shrine of precious amber, the *Sparrow* of Catullus, the *Swallow*, the *Grasshopper*, and all the other little loves of Anacreon; and which, with bright, though diminished glories, revisited the youth and early manhood of Christian Europe, in the vales of Arno, and the groves of Isis and of Cam; and who with these should combine the keener interest, deeper pathos, manlier reflection, and the fresher and more various imagery, which give a value and a name that will not pass

away, to the poets who have done honour to our own times, and to those of our immediate predecessors."

At the period of which we have been writing, Coleridge was a dramatist, and is entitled to consideration as such, though *The Remorse*, originally written at the request of Sheridan, was not performed for several years after. It has held no possession of the stage, and of late has been little read. It is, however, a glorious poem, though a most faulty and improbable play. Its purpose is to shew, that "*Remorse is as the heart in which it grows*;" and this moral is set forth in the person of Ordonio, who is suffering under that passion from the supposed assassination of his elder brother (Alvar), procured by his means. That brother returns in disguise, and by his interference prevents the marriage between his own betrothed lady, the Doña Teresa, and the same Ordonio. The scene is placed in Granada, and the action is made to connect itself with the persecution which raged against the Moors in the reign of Philip II. so hotly, that the wearing of Moresco apparel was forbidden under pain of death.

Doña Teresa is an orphan heiress; she is faithful to the memory of Alvar, and effectually resists his brother's importunities to a marriage. At the same time, she has an impression that her lover yet lives, and expresses her confidence of that faith in exceedingly beautiful verses.

Ordonio is brought, by circumstances, into contact again with Isidore, an apostate Moor, whom he had employed to assassinate Alvar. Isidore has been seized by the officers of the inquisition, on suspicion of relapsing into his old belief, and has referred them to Ordonio, "as surety for the soundness of his faith." On this occasion Ordonio shews great disturbance of mind, but is compelled by Alhadra, the wife of Isidore, to the recognition of her husband's claims on his protection. Alhadra is a character all fire—all energy—and one that has tasked the poet's powers in its development. She has once herself been an inmate of the inquisition, for no other crime than that of being a Moresco. She was a young and nursing mother, and describes the misery of seeing, by the prison lamp, her infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread brought daily—

"for the little wretch was sickly — My rage had dried away its natural food."

Disguised as a Moresco, and as a stranger, Alvar has an interview with Doña Teresa. To her he tells his story. He had had a mistress and a friend,

but murderers were suborned against his life; his looks and words melted them, and they spared him on certain conditions. Then comes the spirit of the tale:—

"On a rude rock,

A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean.
I stay'd, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits . . .
For all things seemed unreal! there I sate . . .
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.
The second flash of lightning shewed a tree,
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous;
My soul worked high; I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling, I prayed to the great Spirit that made me—
Prayed, that *Remorse might fasten on their hearts,*
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite."

From this point, all the characters are at cross purposes; and the play becomes a *tragedy* "of errors," producing a perplexing effect on the mind of the reader exceedingly unpleasant, and only redeemed and made endurable by the splendid poetry which animates and sustains the production throughout. One great object with Ordonio, is to *prove* to Doña Teresa the death of Alvar; and he therefore proposes to Isidore to work upon her enthusiastic spirit, by means of some sorcery mummery, to be accompanied with strange music and fumes of frankincense, and to be followed by the leaving, as a sure token of her lover's death, that portrait which Ordonio had bidden Isidore to take from Alvar's neck, after his murder, as the trophy of his conquest. That portrait had Doña Teresa given to Alvar, with a pledge of silence, and therefore deemed its existence known only to themselves; but Ordonio had been a concealed witness of the contract. Isidore declines the undertaking, but refers him to the disguised Alvar, whom he mistakes for a wizard, as a man likely to suit his purpose. Accordingly, Ordonio visits the supposed wizard. The scene between the two brothers, and the remorse of the former is powerful. In the course of it, Alvar learns that Doña Teresa has not wedded him, and closes with his offer, having received back the portrait, the knowledge of which by Isidore when attempting his assassina-

tion, it should have been before mentioned, led him to suspect Teresa. He now knows the whole truth, and has clearly the advantage of his brother, who yet deceives himself with the supposition of his death.

Alvar is an artist; he has painted a picture of his own assassination. This picture he presents illuminated instead of the portrait, at the magic ceremony intended for Doña Teresa's deception, and consumes it in flames on the spot. At this moment the inquisitors enter to seize the performers of sorcery, and Alvar is led away. With the keys of his dungeon Ordonio is intrusted; his remorse, nevertheless, rises to a climax of madness. The picture of the assassination inspires in him a suspicion of Isidore's double-dealing; he procures a meeting with him in a cavern,—contrives to raise a quarrel with him, and plunges him down a chasm. Alhadra had followed Isidore to the *rendezvous*, and, seeing Ordonio return from the cavern alone, entered it, and was led, by her husband's groan, to the very chasm alluded to. Having thus discovered his treacherous murder, she raises up the Moors, her companions, to vengeance.

Teresa continues to visit Alvar in his dungeon; he discovers himself to her. On her withdrawal enters Ordonio, with a goblet in his hand. By the "frightful glitter in his eye," Alvar perceives him to be an "inly-tortured man plunged in the revelry of a drunken

anguish, which fain would scoff away feeling." Ordonio proffers the cup to the pangs of guilt and quell each human Alvar :—

"Come, take the beverage ; this chill place demands it."

To which Alvar replies :—

"Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs—
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing !
But it has life, Ordonio ! life—enjoyment !
And by the powers of its miraculous will,
Wields all the complex movements of its frame,
Unerringly, to pleasurable ends !
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,
I would remove it with an anxious pity !

Ord. What meanest thou ?

Alv. There's poison in the wine.

Ord. Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine—

There's poison in it— which of us two shall drink it ?

For one of us must die !

Alv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore."

This last line expresses the feeling by which Ordonio has been actuated to this extraordinary conduct. Alvar ultimately declares himself. Failing first in his attempt to kill Alvar, Ordonio endeavours to throw himself upon his own sword, but is prevented by Alvar and Teresa, who at the critical juncture had rushed in between the fraternal combatants. And now the remorse of Ordonio commences for the murder of Isidore ; and upon Alhadra entering the dungeon with a band of Morescoes, he all but casts himself upon her dagger, and is stabbed to the heart by the avenging wife. With this, and the meeting of Alvar with his father, the tragedy concludes.

By this ultimate arrangement of events, the continuity of feeling is much injured. The object of Ordonio's remorse is changed. To say nothing of the extravagant way in which the murder of Isidore is brought about, we are not prepared for a change of the crime as the object of the passion. Ordonio's only guilt should have been the conspiracy of his brother's death. His compunction on this account should have been wrought up to the utmost pitch of sublimity, ending in the climax of his own death. *The Remorse* of Coleridge would then have been a tragedy ; as it is, it is but a melo-drama, though, *sui generis*, being exquisitely poetical.

Albeit, of less ambitious aim, the *Christmas Tale* of Zapolya, is a much more perfect composition. It is confessedly in imitation of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, and, in many respects,

will bear comparison with it. As there is an interval of twenty years between the first and second act, the poet has named the first act a prelude, and given the remainder as a drama in four acts.

Zapolya, the queen of Illyria, is driven from her palace and throne, with her infant son, by Emerick, the usurping king. Her escape is contrived by Chef Ragozzi, or military commander ; as is also that of Raab Kiuprili, a chieftain, who had been left her guardian with Emerick, by the just-deceased king, and who refuses to assist Emerick in his usurpation. This is the subject of the prelude, which contains some political passages, mistaken for metaphysical by theatrical managers, and for that reason excluded from the stage.

In the sequel we are presented with old Bathory, a mountaineer, with the young prince Andreas, as his supposed son, by the name of Bethlin. Through his disguise, however, touches of royalty ever and anon break out. Hence, when Glycine, the orphan daughter of Ragozzi, now in the service of the Lady Sarolta, wife to Count Casamir, his son, informs him that he had offended by "rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king,"—he is represented as muttering to himself ; on which Glycine exclaims—

"So looks the statue, in our hall o' the
god,
The shaft just frown that killed the serpent !"

This is a hint—and a fine one—which a good actor would be wise to make much of. Another striking thing of the

kind occurs during a scene between Lady Sarolta and Glycine. The lady

has discovered that Bethlin is not the "old man's son," adding—

"A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his,
For all I know of thee is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan; left when rage intestine
Shook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret them.
Command thyself! Be secret! his true father—
Hear'st thou?"

Glycine. O tell—

Bet. (rushing out from his place of concealment)

Yes, tell me, shape from heaven,

Who is my father?

Sar. (going with surprise) Thine? Thy father? Rise!

Gly. Alas! he hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

Sar. His countenance, not his act!"

The scene which succeeds this outburst is very and powerfully dramatic.

Emerick, taking advantage of her husband's presence at the court, goes hunting towards the place of Lady Sarolta's retirement; and, unmindful of the services of the man who had preferred his fortunes to a father's blessing, seeks to seduce his wife.

Having been informed that old Bathory had taken him when an infant from his dying mother in the depths of the forest, but on returning had missed the wounded lady, who seemed to have been taken away, Bethlin seeks out the spot, and finds a mantle and signet, which the old man had buried there beneath an oak. In a convent hard by Zapolya and Kiuprili are even now lodged; and, at the close of the act, disclose themselves to the seeking son. Glycine, who had followed him into the wood, is present at their embraces.

The prince, having consented to bring to Kiuprili, from the oratory in Lady Sarolta's castle, his helm, breast-plate, and sword, happens, in consequence, to be within hearing just as Emerick, who has furtively entered the lady's chamber, is about to make an assault upon her virtue. He enters and beards the Tarquin; Lord Casimir, with others, subsequently rush in. The lady's honour is saved; but the gallant youth is ordered to a dungeon.

Only for a while he loses his liberty: the husband contrives a deception for the faithless tyrant in the disappearance of the lady and the flight of Bethlin, which the king affects to receive as evidence of their mutual guilt. In a hunting, contrived by the king for Casimir's assassination, he himself falls beneath the sword of his injured adherent, and the rightful Andreas is pro-

claimed monarch, and is wedded to Glycine, who in this last scene has acted like an heroine, having saved her lover's life by directing an arrow into the heart of Lasca (a clownish character, rival with Andreas for Glycine's love), who was attempting to stab him in the back.

As a dramatist, however, Coleridge shews best in his translation of *Wallenstein*; but, of course, the merit of the invention and construction must be awarded to Schiller: the style and execution, nevertheless, are not a little indebted to Coleridge. This version was rendered from Schiller's MS., and in no few instances Coleridge made the poetry he failed to find;—and Schiller, in turn, translated from the translation. In regard to his own dramatic pieces, they are rather promises of what the poet might live to do, had he continued to apply his genius to such productions, than works on which we would willingly stake our good opinion of his marvellous talents. There is too much of Ford in them, and too little of Shakespeare. With quite enough, too, of the poet and metaphysician, there is too little of the play-wright. What he might have done, it is not for us to conjecture—there were dramatic elements in the man, with others which in their combination might, had the theatre been so conducted as to make it worth the while of a man of genius to write for it, have been wrought out to glorious issues.

We are indebted for the *Wallenstein* to Coleridge's visit to Germany, and for his visit, as aforesaid, to the Wedgewoods. It was on Sunday morning, Sept. 16, 1798, that the *Hamburgh* packet set sail from Yarmouth; and that, for the first time in his life, our poet beheld his native land retiring

from him. The account of his voyage, given under the title of "*Satyrane's Letters*," is excessively amusing. His description of the passengers on board is graphic and dramatic—in a word, life-like. The two Danes—the Hanoverian—tall Swede and the Prussian—the German tailor and his little wife—the black-eyed mulatto—move before us as they did before him. Touches of description also occur, not to be surpassed for propriety and beauty. *E. g.*—"I wrapped myself up in my great-coat, and looked at the water. A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight, like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."—"At four o'clock I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves—a single, solitary, wild duck. It is not easy to conceive how interesting a thing it looked in that round objectless desert of waters. I had associated such a feeling of immensity with the ocean, that I felt exceedingly disappointed when I was out of sight of all land, at the narrowness and *nearness*, as it were, of the circle of the horizon. So little are images capable of satisfying the obscure feelings connected with words."—"Over what place, thought I, does the moon hang to your eye, my dearest friend? To me it hung over the left bank of the Elbe. Close above the moon was a huge volume of deep black cloud, while a very thin fillet crossed the middle of the orb, as narrow and thin, and black as a ribbon of crape. The long trembling road of moonlight, which lay on the water and reached to the stern of our vessel, glimmered dimly and obscurely." Such are a few of the passages commended; but the letters themselves are a storehouse of such: these let the student who would become a poet "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

Coleridge made the best use of his time in Germany. After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency of the German language at Ratzeburg, he proceeded through Hanover to Göttingen. Here he regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under the

celebrated Blumenbach. Eichham's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student from Ratzeburg. From Professor Tychsen he received so many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas as sufficed to make him acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and commencing with Otfried, he contrived to peruse the entire circle of the literature of the country.

In the acquisition of the language he derived incalculable advantage from learning all the words, that could possibly be so learnt, with the objects before him, and without the intermediation of the English terms. It was a regular part of his morning studies for the first six weeks of his residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor, with whom he lived, from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farm-yard, &c. &c., to call every the minutest thing by its German name—advertisements, farces, jest-books, and the conversation of children when he was at play with them, contributed their share to a more home-like acquaintance with the language than he could have acquired from works of polite literature, or even from polite society.

On the 28th of September, 1798, Satyrane Coleridge was introduced to Mr. Klopstock, the brother of the poet, who again introduced him to Professor Ebeling, and thence took him to his own house, where our traveller saw a fine bust of the poet. There was a solemn and heavy greatness in the countenance, which corresponded to his preconceptions of the style and genius of the bard of the *Messiah*, but the bust corresponded not with the man when afterwards seen. From a portrait of Lessing, Coleridge wrote down (without any knowledge of Lessing's works) a character so exact, as almost to gain credence for physiognomy. "His eyes," he writes, "were uncommonly like mine, or, if any thing, rather larger, and nose prominent. But the lower part of his face and his nose—O, what an exquisite expression of elegance and sensibility! There appeared no depth, weight, or comprehensiveness in the forehead. The whole face seemed to say, that Lessing was a man of quick and voluptuous feelings; of an active but light fancy; acute; yet acute not in the observation of active life, but in the arrangements and managements of the ideal world,—i. e. in taste and in metaphysics."

Coleridge's visit to Klopstock is remarkably interesting. He walked with an impression of awe, as Wordsworth and himself approached the poet's house, guided by his brother. It was about a quarter of a mile from the city-gate of Hamburg—one of a row of little common-place summer-houses (for so they looked), with four or five rows of young meagre elm-trees before the windows, beyond which is a green, and then a dead flat intersected with several rows. With the poet's appearance he expresses himself dissatisfied; with parts of his conversation he was pleased. What he gives of it, however, shews him to have known less not only of English but of German literature than Coleridge did. One extraordinary circumstance at this interview deserves remark—Coleridge was the listener, not the talker. For this he gives a reason—he wished to hear Klopstock's opinions, not to correct them. Klopstock, however, stood in the presence of a mind superior to his own—though he knew it not—and is dwarfed in the comparison.

On his return from Germany, Coleridge resided for awhile at Keswick, and soon after was solicited to undertake the literary and political department in the *Morning Post*. Its circulation increased under his management, which was conducted on principles highly honourable to himself, but added nothing, as he himself confesses, either to his fortune or his reputation. "Yet," says he, "the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret. I am not indeed silly enough to take, as any thing more than a violent hyperbole of party debate, Mr. Fox's assertion that the *late war* (I trust that the epithet is not prematurely applied*) was a war produced by the *MORNING POST*, or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb. As little do I regard the circumstance, that I was a specified object of Buonaparte's resentment during my residence in Italy, in consequence of those essays in the *Morning Post* during the peace of Amiens. (Of this I was warned, *directly*, by Baron Von HUMBOLDT, the Prussian plenipotentiary, who at that time was the minister of the Prussian court at Rome; and indirectly, through his secretary, by Cardinal Fesch himself.) Nor do I lay any weight on the confirming fact, that an order for my arrest was sent

from Paris, from which danger I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine, and the gracious connivance of that good old man the present Pope. For the late tyrant's vindictive appetite was omnivorous, and preyed equally on a Duc d'Enghien and the writer of a newspaper paragraph. Like a true vulture, Napoleon, with an eye not less telescopic, and with a taste equally coarse in ravin, could descend from the most dazzling height to pounce on the leveret in the brake, or even on the field-mouse amid the grass. But I derive a justification from the knowledge that my essays contributed to introduce the practice of placing the questions and events of the day in a moral point of view; in giving a dignity to particular measures by tracing their policy or impolicy to permanent principles, and an interest to principles by the application of them to individual measures."

The most memorable and instructive period of Coleridge's life, according to his own opinion, which there is no reason to dispute, was the fifteen months from May 1804, to Oct. 1805, while acting in the capacity of secretary to Sir Alexander Ball at Malta. The biographical account given of this great man by Coleridge is a master-piece of prose composition. It was written as a funeral eulogy on his patron and friend,—whom he praises for estimating the advantages of education to the common people in general, and to the common sailor in particular;—for industriously availing himself of a period of ill health to the acquirement of substantial knowledge from books, whereof he preferred, indeed he almost confined himself to, history, and latterly agricultural works, in short to such books as contain specific facts, or practical principles capable of specific application,—honouring, however, professors of pure speculation and abstract science—to novels, plays, and poems, being indifferent; so that one poem only pleased him, namely, Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*;—for his strict but wise discipline of the men under his command;—and for his kind and affectionate conduct to all. An affair between Captain Ball and Lord Nelson rises into sublimity under the magic pen of the poetical narrator. Nelson and Ball were both in the town of Nantz at the same time. "In consequence of some punctilio, as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the

* The date of publication is 1817.

first call, they never met, and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being together close off Minorca and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Lord Nelson's vessel, and, in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night-time and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his ship in tow and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the danger increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediately left to her own fate both vessels would inevitably be lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose, and on Captain Ball's refusal he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then himself took the speaking-trumpet, which the fury of the winds and waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity, and without the least disturbance of temper, called out in reply, 'I feel confident that I can bring you in safe, I therefore must not, and by the help of Almighty God, I will not leave you!' What he promised he performed, and after they were safely anchored Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardour of acknowledgement, exclaimed, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed!' At this time, and on this occasion, commenced that firm and perfect friendship between these two great men which was interrupted only by the death of the former."

Verily, this narrative of Sir Alexander Ball is worth a thousand Don Juanish shipwrecks! Only want of space compels us to omit the grand incident at the battle of the Nile, and the twenty minutes' sleep.

It is in *the Friend* that this beautifully-simple piece of biography occurs, in part payment of the author's promise to vary his essays with some account of "Characters met with in real Life;" it is in fact the concluding and crowning essay of the miraculous volumes so entitled.

The publication of the work, however, in the first instance was a great loss to Coleridge in a pecuniary view. It was published by subscription as a periodical, but the persons who had put down their names for the most part

failed to make good their engagements.

"One gentleman," says Coleridge, "procured me nearly a hundred names for the *Friend*, and not only took frequent opportunity to remind me of his success in the canvass, but laboured to impress my mind with the sense of the obligation I was under to the subscribers, for (as he very pertinently admonished me) '*fifty-two shillings a-year* was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual, where there were so many objects of charity with strong claims to the assistance of the benevolent.' Of these hundred patrons ninety threw up the publication before the fourth number without any notice, though it was well known to them that, in consequence of the distance, and the slowness and irregularity of the conveyance, I was compelled to lay in a stock of *stamped* paper for at least eight weeks beforehand, each sheet of which stood me in five pence previous to its arrival at my printers, though the subscription-money was not to be received till the twenty-first week after the commencement of the work; and, lastly, though it was in nine cases out of ten impracticable for me to receive the money for two or three numbers without paying an equal sum for the postage." Such was the poor fortune that awaited Coleridge in this speculation. An Earl of Cork, who was one of his pseudo subscribers, he has held up to deserved contempt and ridicule for his paltry conduct. Coleridge found out too late that he had committed an error in publishing otherwise than through the medium of the trade.

Such being the ill success—nay, the loss, attending on publication, Coleridge seems to have turned his attention to the oral utterance of the truths with which he was teeming. It is to this, and not to any indolence of character, or any indifference to his own or others' good, that we are to attribute his at last giving in to a mode of communication, for which, moreover, he was singularly fitted by nature. Indolence and indifference! See what the man has done up to this time! look at his recompense! and say, what could he do more? And what if, after all, he did write as well as converse? Why not print? Because the public would not pay for it, and he could not. Let us hear no more of these ridiculous charges. Let justice be done to the memory of a great man. Let the world bear the

blame, if blame there be; and if the works of Coleridge be of the merit and importance that we believe, then suffered Coleridge, not for his own sins, but those of others. For an ungrateful world, that had no ear for the truths he taught, was he crucified daily.

Well might Coleridge exclaim—“Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation, or the number and value of the minds, whom, by his conversation or letters, he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their after-growth! A distinguished rank might not, indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions, but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honourable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences which at different times, and in different places, honoured my lecture-rooms with their attendance, whether the points of view from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications. I can conscientiously declare, that the complete success of *The Remorse*, on the first night of its representation, did not give me as great or as heartfelt pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing but that they had attended one or other of my courses of lectures.”

It is about eighteen years ago that Coleridge went to stay for a week with his medical friend, Mr. Gillman, at Highgate. In what state of mind or circumstances he went we are not quite aware; such, however, was the attachment felt towards him by the family, that his stay, first merely as temporary, became permanent. Gillman's house henceforth became Coleridge's home; and to him and his amiable and excellent lady, Coleridge dedicated, in 1818, the *risfamento* of *The Friend* in terms of gratitude and esteem.

Two years previous to this reprint appeared his *Lay Sermons*, productions of the most extraordinary character, profound, excursive, elevated, eloquent, full of thought and imagery and feeling. No second edition, however, was called for, either of these *Lay Sermons*, or of the *Friendly Essays*. Why listened

not the world? Because that inward light which is required in all the works of Coleridge is set at nought by it in favour of historical evidence of all kinds; and wanting that “vision and faculty divine,” to it the works of Coleridge, like those of the scriptures, “though in the purest and plainest English,” were written, and continued to be as if written, in “a dead language; a sun-dial by moonlight.”

In the paper to which we made allusion at the beginning of this article, we have considered at length the philosophy contained in these books, and in the *Aids to Reflection*, a work which first appeared in 1825. It has undergone two other editions since, and was only the other day reprinted in America. We (that is, the writer of this article) exerted ourselves in every way to make the public aware of the merits of the book, and attribute a great deal to our paper in 1832, previous to which no courageous statement had been made of Coleridge's philosophy. His book on *The Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of each*, was written on occasion of the Catholic Relief Bill. This has also reached a second edition—tokens these, that a generation was advancing that should recognise the prophet whom their fathers had neglected. A prophet! Some of the political essays in the *Morning Post* are wonderful for the foresight which they display. We hope that many of those may be included in the posthumous works that are intended for publication. His conversations, also, should be collected from such diaries as contain portions, as well as his notes written in the margin and at the foot of books, whether his own, or lent to him for perusal. What is completed of his *Essay on Logic*, likewise should be given, and whatever materials may remain for his great work on religion, considered in the threefold aspects in which it is manifested and revealed.

Of his *Colloquies on Thursday Evenings*, certain extracts have got abroad; and we are in possession of some specimens, but our limits will not permit us to enlarge. The presence of Coleridge made the house of Gillman a temple; there was the voice of truth heard in a kind of sibylline utterance, which was all but, nay was, inspired—an utterance “far above singing,” beautiful as music, awakening the soul from its depths, and filling it with sounds and shapes, and ideas that would no

be shaped, with a power certainly marvellous, possibly miraculous.

Coleridge had long been separated from his family, having allowed his wife the Wedgewood annuity by way of maintenance, that she might be relieved from her useless attendance on a man whose constitution was broken by the early habit of taking opium, which, however, he discontinued when the ill consequences of it were understood by him. For himself, he depended on providence. That providence had marked him for its own. There have been minds who have seen, in the connexion between Coleridge and Gillman, only what degraded the former. God help their Malthusian, their Martineau souls! Others have perceived in it a beautiful relation. It was beautiful. The poet and philosopher rejected by the world, found in it refuge and encouragement, the means of communicating opinion, and of nourishing the elements of meditation. Honourable was the relation to both — honourable it remains to the survivor.

As an associate of the Royal Society of Literature, Coleridge received for a while one hundred pounds a year from the bounty of George the Fourth. At the accession of the present monarch to the throne, this pittance was withdrawn. Representations were made in the proper quarter of the injustice of this abstraction. To the credit of Lord Brougham it should be mentioned that he wrote a letter to the sage and bard, containing the information, that there were unappropriated at the Treasury 300*l.* that might be made over to his use. What did Coleridge? What became him! He replied in a beautiful, an eloquent letter, shewing the difference between receiving a bounty from the monarch and from the minister of the day, and on the ground of this difference declining the proffered favour.

Need we, after this statement of facts, dilate in conclusion on the character and genius of Coleridge? Need we add speculations, when the practical nature of both has been so fully displayed? The death-bed of Coleridge had no remorse; HIS TIME, let his detractors say what they please, HAD BEEN WELL SPENT! His mind refused to sink beneath the pressure of his final illness; though his bodily anguish had kept him walking up and down his chamber for seventeen hours each day. It was on the morning of Friday, July 25th, in his sixty-second

year, that he breathed his last. His faculties were clear to the end — his mind was active. The noble and fashionable called in carriages during his illness, and made inquiries at the portal and the gate. Every thing that announced the departure of a celebrated man was carefully observed; it may be that to him to whom they denied, as far as they were concerned, bread, a stone may yet be granted. A monument or statue may be erected to his memory. But, at any rate, his friends did well in refusing an ostentatious funeral. His remains were attended only by a few, when, on Saturday the 2d of August, they were interred in the vaults of Highgate church. The sermon that was preached on the following Sunday did credit to the preacher; — it could not do honour to the dead. The last letter which he wrote was read from the pulpit; — it was dated, as will be seen, twelve days before his death. It was to his godson, "Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird," but has been already published.

Coleridge was a Christian. All his aims were Christian — they were *unworldly*. His motives were pure and disinterested — they were *unworldly*. He read his Bible, in the spirit rather than in the letter; so did he the great book, likewise a revelation, of the servant of God — Nature. In his apprehension, — "that in its obvious sense and literal interpretation it declares the being and attributes of the Almighty Father, none but the *fool in heart* has ever dared gainsay. But it has been the *music* of gentle and pious minds in all ages; it is the *poetry* of all human nature, to read it likewise in a figurative sense, and to find therein correspondences and symbols of the spiritual world."

Thus to him the Bible was the sublimest of poems; and the great universe, "a mythos composed by hand divine — creator pure." It was this perception which made him so mighty both as a poet and a philosopher; it was this which gave thought to his poetry, feeling to his philosophy, and life to both. These symbols he found also in all the institutions of society — in all the establishments of church and state, and was therefore careful to preserve them, even when soaring into the highest abstractions; and, in chief, the aristocratic, as enshrining the wisest and the best. These sentiments made him intolerant of French frivolity. In

his lectures of 1808 he denied to France either any genius or taste in the arts, or any capacity for truth or devotion. And well he might ! for he witnessed with indignation an instance of want of poetic and religious feeling in the French character, while at Rome, on his return from Malta, in regard to Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of Moses, the horns and beard of which two true Gallican officers could associate with nothing worthier than a he-goat and a cuckold. To Coleridge, rightly, they were emblems of Majesty and Power. His mind was not mechanical, but dynamic ; and so are his works. A power is in them which shall survive the occasion of their production, and secure their immortality. While they exist, it may never be said that Coleridge was merely a type of the age in which he lived—beginning in high promises, and ending in small performance. The revolutions of the

times have not yet worked themselves out—those of Coleridge's mind were fulfilled. He has achieved his destiny. What he has already published includes a whole—a perfect science—for those to whom that science is of any use. This mainly, it is probable, made him careless of publication in his latter days. He knew his work was done ! It only remained to analyse and rearrange it, that inferior minds might take in some portion of its greatness—the whole they could not. Desirous he was to give this popular form to the high argument of his discourse ; but, in his state of health and fortune, it was of little moment. Besides, it might be done by others ; and the great Taskmaster had decreed, that to no drudgery should the noble and magnanimous mind of Coleridge be condemned. To him a seraph's privilege was awarded—the ecstatic vision and ardent beatitude of love.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

CANTO FIRST.

FAIREST and dearest to my heart,
My being's aim and counterpart ;
Sun of my soul, whose gladdening ray
Alone hath gilded sorrow's lay ;
My hope, all other hopes above ;
In one endearing word, MY LOVE !
How shall I tell thee what must be,
Or how address these lines to thee ?

But all must out, though grief should drain
The moisture from my burning brain,
And wring the life-drops from the heart,—
The time draws nigh that we must part !
For man hath said that it shall be ;
And Heaven hath winked at the decree.
And thus two hearts, whose union grew
When life was young and love was new,
Are doomed by hard decree to sever,
And—rueful thought !—perhaps for ever !

Yes, we must part—and He alone
Whose zephyrs cool the burning zone,
Whose mighty arm can smite or save,
Can hush the wind and quell the wave,
Prevent the pagan pickaroon
Or deadly whirl of the simoon,
Whose fatherly and watchful eye
Pervades alike the earth and sky,
The present, past, and time to be
Through mazes of eternity,
Alone can tell, through peril and pain,
If we two e'er shall meet again.

Not meet again ! What tongue can tell
The pangs of hearts that love so well,

At such a chill, unwelcome breath,
 Like vapour from the shades of death I
 I see it heave thy virgin breast
 With throes that may not be suppress;
 I see the eye that wont to shine
 With softened beam when raised to mine,
 Filled with the briny tears of pain,
 Which on these lines descend like rain;
 I see the roses fly thy cheek
 And quivering lip that cannot speak;
 And all those painful tokens true,
 Which well my spirit's eye can view,
 Will thee endear some other day
 In isles and kingdoms far away.

Then list this little song of grief,
 My only refuge for relief
 From feelings which my soul benumb,
 And fears that scarce a man become.
 'Tis the sole gift that I can give
 To her for whom I wish to live,
 That I can send or she approve,
 This simple LEGACY OF LOVE.
 O list the fond and fervent lay!
 For I have much that I would say
 Of scenes we both remember well,
 And former tales of love to tell,
 To soothe thy mind misfortunes under,
 When seas and continents us sunder:
 I yearn upon the theme to be,
 But must not sing as sung to thee.

First, then, I'll tell thee of a maid
 That once my youthful heart betrayed —
 A gleesome elfin, coy and wild;
 Neither a woman nor a child,
 But dancing on the verge between,
 With air and motion cherubin;
 Too gay to mark the mystic bound,
 Almost too light to tread the ground;
 Weak childhood's toys and trifles o'er,
 And maidhood's glories all before:
 How could such being, pure, refined,
 But tread upon the yielding wind?
 An eaglet o'er her skura riven —
 A cygnet on the skirts of heaven —
 A streamer in the ether blue —
 A rainbow on the morning dew —
 A thing to place on fairy throne,
 And lover's mind to dwell upon.

How love ensnared me in its net
 Amazed me then, astounds me yet.
 Ensnared by thing of lightsome smile,
 Devoid of artifice or wile,
 Appears to me so strange even now,
 That by the star of love I vow,
 Without all fiction or grimace,
 There was some witchcraft in the case.

Yes, witchcraft! Wicked warlockrye,
 Or what you choose to name it by,
 Certes there was: for, ere I wist,
 My wit was fled and broke my rest —
 Nor joy nor happiness had I
 Save in that elfin's company;

I knew not what I wanted there,
 Of play, of frolic, or of fare;
 What wished to hear, or what to see—
 But there for certain I would be :
 Which makes me since suspect and shun
 Women for witches every one.

This my position then : I ween
 Women all witches—powerful, keen.
 That old ones are there's no debate—
 It has been proven by church and state,
 A thousand times in conclave high ;
 King James knew that as well as I,
 And sent them off in flames sublime,
 By tens and dozens at a time ;
 The Scripture well the charge allows,
 And wo to him that disavows !
 This granted, I have nought to do
 But prove the young ones witches too.

I'll do it. Whosoever reads
 The course and sum of their misdeeds,
 Right downward from the primal time
 That beauty registered with crime,
 Will find that maiden power alone
 Can change the church, subvert the throne—
 Bring down the conqueror to his knee,
 And baffle pomp and pedigree ;
 Nay, she can Nature's self defy—
 Make cowards fight and heroes fly ;
 Draw back the miser from the mine ;
 And bigot from his holy shrine,
 To sins deplored, denounced, and feared ;
 And lead the prelate by the beard ;
 Make armies rally or disperse,
 And so unhinge the universe ;
 That man might ween o'er his domain
 Nature had dropt the regal rein,
 And given up the supreme command
 To woman's weak and erring hand.
 Alas ! what question can there be
 That all is downright witchery ?

The patriarchs. I shall mention none,
 Save Adam, David, Solomon—
 Jacob and Judah's woful thrall—
 And mighty Samson, worst of all :
 What grief to think such men as they
 To woman's eye should fall a prey,
 And that each consequence should be
 So fraught with human misery.
 Bewitched !—nay, for their onward curse,
 They were bedevilled—that was worse !
 Such deathless glories to resign,
 And ruin bring on all their line.
 Mark Antony's and Henry's name
 But add unto the list of shame.
 And every great man to this day
 Has been ensnared as well as they.
 Now, dearest maid, art thou content
 To yield unto my argument,
 That every young and beauteous dame
 Hath witchcraft in her earthly frame.

I vouch not that the art's their own—
 Sometimes they have it all unknown,

Lurking in lip or dimple sly,
 Or in the amel of the eye.
 Then strange it is, and boundless too,
 What such bereaving eye can do :
 For here was I entranced by one
 That wist not what its ray had done,
 Or that a glamour undefined,
 A spark of an unearthly kind,
 Glowed in that mirror of the soul ;
 But pointing to what distant goal,
 Or lighted in what ardent clime,
 What sphere of sin or bliss sublime,
 Or if a portion of the fall,
 Man knows not yet, nor ever shall.

O ! I remember still with shame
 How oft I conn'd that elfin's name ;
 Trying it with all sorts of rhymes
 A thousand and a thousand times —
 With name, with noun, with verb oblique,
 In English, Latin, and in Greek :
 For save its cadence to my ear,
 No other sound on earth was dear ;
 And still I tried it as a charm
 All grief and dolour to disarm :
 For, with her form so slightly slim,
 Her slender waist and taper limb,
 Her eye and smile of sprightliness,
 Nought came to me but genuine bliss.

What fools we are ! How weak and vain,
 When all is told forthright and plain.
 Such my first love ! I was oppressed
 With something that gave me no rest ;
 A thrilling, grilling, fervid strife ;
 A malady I loved as life ;
 That kept my spirits in a buzz.
 And yet I knew not what it was.

I could with ecstasy have gone
 And kissed the flower she trod upon ;
 But not for worlds, in play or freak,
 Would I have kissed her dimpled cheek,
 Or trained my sordid arms around
 The form in which my heart was bound.
 Of her as sweetheart, mistress, wife,
 I durst not think, even for my life ;
 I weened all such contamination
 Audacious, shameful reprobation.

Well may you ask, as oft did I,
 When none but my sage self was nigh,
 What with the maiden was your will ?
 I knew not then, I know not still.
 I loved some songs she wont to sing,
 The cadence of the tuneful string,
 The ground she trod, the air she drew,
 The very sound her footsteps threw ;
 But not to her one word prepense
 Unmarked with cold indifference ;
 While she, of glee and spirits full,
 Would slap my cheek and call me dull ;
 But yet from her I could not stay,
 From break of morn till closing day.

You may remember I was blamed ^{ed by Google}
 For quarrels without injury named ;

For wayward frowardness and feud,
That led to battles and to blood.
Alas! 'twas all my kinsmen knew —
My injuries were not small nor few.
But then they could not well be said ;
O'er them was drawn a sacred shade,
From thought and sight their spring to screen —
They rose all from my elfin queen :
For every youth, in fashion bland,
That touched her with unhallowed hand,
Or squeezed her palm even in the dance,
Or wrung a smile by meaning glance,
Aroused within me such an ire,
That nought but blood could quench the fire.

Ah, youthful love ! thy votarist,
Though oft he turns thee to a jest,
Thy freaks and follies adventine,
Yet would he worship at thy shrine,
And eulogise thee morn and even,
As the earliest, dearest gift of heaven.

Thou blushing thing of pain and bliss,
Child of a happier sphere than this,
Wert thou a nursling of the sky,
Fostered in paradise on high,
To thrill the radiant breasts above —
No ! angels know not youthful love.
Their's is a flame without compend —
An holy ardour without end.
But ours a joy supreme, intense —
A short and splendid recompense,
For a regard, unbroke, unmoved,
Which man, immortal, might have proved.
Art thou not then, O virtuous love !
The dearest gift of heaven above.

I know thy native home on earth,
The place that owns thy mystic birth ;
In grove beneath the golden morn
Was thy seraphic being born —
Where Euphrates and Tygris strands
Join, mid the sweet Arabian lands —
When that great river, rolling blue,
Mirrored the earliest flowers that grew —
When scarce had shrub begun to blow,
Or blossoms decked the world below, —
Then was the shade of tiny tree
The bed of thy nativity.

While the first pair of human frame
Lay weeping their immortal blame,
By deep remorse and sorrow tossed
For all their gifts and glory lost ;
While her fair bosom's gentle swell
With hallowed heavings rose and fell.

Thus, LOVE, thy seraph form was blest
With earthly home of holy rest ;
And woman's breast was found to be
The tabernacle meet for thee.
Even then, when grief was at the full,
And no redress their pains to lull,
Thy cherub form from heaven descended,
In all the rays of beauty blended,
And their repentant breasts above
Thou wov'st the holy ties of love ;

While, by a mystic art unnamed,
Of thy fair self the bonds were framed ;
And never did heavenly art entwine
So sweet, so blest an anodyne.

The two awoke from visioned sleep,
From heavy slumbers long and deep,
And looked abroad on earth and skies
With holy rapture and surprise.
Nature seemed decked in glories new ;
The sunbeam kissed the morning dew,
With such a fond and short embrace
As eye before could never trace ;
The fields were robed in deeper green ;
The blue of heaven was more serene ;
Even the twin roses had begun
Their homage to the rising sun,
With bosoms breathing odours meek,
They made obeisance cheek to cheek ;—
All seemed renewed—but nought to know
That Love had sought the world below.

But soon the pair thy presence owned ;
They found their hearts to nature bound
By tie not proved or understood,
A bond of kindred and of blood ;
And in delight without alloy,
Their hearts rejoiced in nature's joy ;
In a new world they seemed to move—
A world of pathos and of love ;
The river flowed more sweetly bright ;
The flowers seemed glowing with delight ;
The birds sang sweeter in the grove,
To hail the natal morn of Love.

But of all ecstasies refined,
The greatest still remained behind.
The lovely pair lay all amazed ;
Upon each other ne'er had gazed,
Since first abroad their eyes they threw
On nature's glories robed anew ;
Then, O ! what heart unmoved can be
At thought of the supreme degree
Of new delight, refined, subdued,
When eye met eye, with love imbued ;
What growing beauties still appeared,
As they exchanged looks endeared ;
What majesty the fair one saw
In features formed the world to awe,
In mien of dignity innate,
And form to love and venerate :
While he with raptures scarce terrene
First turned his view on nature's queen ;
On that dear form, whose softened charms
Besought protection in his arms ;
Whose every look, and smile, and sigh,
Bespoke a chastened courtesy.
He saw her eye a brighter blue ;
Her cheek grown rosier in its hue.

SIG. PAGANINI AND ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE LARKING AT BOULOGNE.

BY CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE,

ENSIGN LATE (18TH) ROYAL IRISH.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

DEAR YORKE,

Here I am, with our old friend Pag. He wanted to consult me about what steps he should take to find out the author of those vile stories which have filled the odd corners of newspapers lately, touching his reputation as a man of honour, of honesty, of morality; and if he does find him, Heaven have mercy on him! for Pag. will have none, and Pag. fingers a trigger as easily as a fiddle-string. I left London immediately on the receipt of his communication, crossed *La Manche* in a Crusader, or a Lion, or a Sovereign—a steamer, in short—and, *me voici*, a sojourner at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—not the town gaol, so called, and not inappropriately, by our witty neighbours—writing at a marble slab, sipping *vin de Macon* and iced water; and occasionally obliged to put down my pen, to look at the son of the great master of melody, now at high romps with his father. I have read countenances for thirty years to but little purpose, if in that boy's pale face there are not indications of genius, passion, and resolve. Achille will be a more extraordinary man than Nicolo. It is not, however, about this boy that I am now going to trouble you, but to give you a slight sketch of matters here.

All the world admits that this town of Boulogne is one of the most rascally places in it. Far be it from me to make the world wiser: I would not if I could. But right royal rascally though it be, a refuge for the very refuse of the destitute, there is here a large proportion of the merriest poor devils that ever threw a main, bet on a St. Leger, sported a leg in the Bath rooms, or, when full of fun and frolic, love and liquor, supped with Madame Vestris, or serenaded Miss Day and Martin. We have a theatre and ballet, a club and a library, a pier and a public assembly; where few questions about characters are asked—where the amounts of rent-rolls are scarcely questioned—from where the police reports are excluded and gazettes sedulously banished,—

where the din of a dun is never heard, the basilic beam of a bailiff's eye never glitters—where every one seems to agree with Molière's *Mercure*, who, under the outward form of Amphitryon's valet, says—

“J'aime mieux un vice commode
Qu'une fatigante vertu.”

At least thus much I gather from the glimpse I had of this town's inmates last night, and from some off-handed remarks of Paganini, who condescended to be my guide yesterday evening to that scene “where festive pleasure held her court,” the public rooms—promenade, I think it is termed.

Some fifteen or twenty couple of Damons and Chloes were swimming, skimming, and skipping, as the spirit of folly moved them, to the music of some half-a-dozen fiddlers—now sailing away in a *chassée*, sculling back in a *déchassée*, scudding *en avant*, and sliding *en arrière*. Here was a pretty little French puss gliding furtively through the throng—there a muscular English mammoth galloping ponderously over the floor, ready to beat you to a mummy if you did not pronounce him an Adonis. Yonder a tall, thin, dismal-looking gentleman, with black hair, black waistcoat, black whiskers, and black coat, black eyes, and black silk stockings, who probably had studied Lord Byron, and possibly had a longer bill with his tailor than credit at his banker's, moving majestically with aristocratic tread, though unconscious of his parent's pedigree, and, though seemingly indifferent to the motions of all mankind, not in the least the less of an Autolycus; while at his elbow springs a round-faced, blue-eyed, Biddy Fudge-looking body, wondering hugely if the corsair hero is not getting a little enamoured of her. There were not many Frenchmen, and fewer Frenchwomen. I asked Paganini the reason.

“I am surprised at seeing either, since Boulogne has become rather an English than a French town, both in inhabitants and customs,” said my friend; “besides, the English won't

associate with the French—at least they say so; though I suspect the converse to be more generally true: they profess it, however. *Pardi!* very bad taste it is.”

“Make the price of admission too high, run into expenses the bourgeois cannot encounter, I suppose,” said I.

“Not at all,” he replied. “But, literally, those who fancy they lead the Anglo-Boulogne *ton* have conventionally agreed to cut—*quel môt Anglois*—to cut any English person that associates with the French *en ville*. Numbers and money carry the day. Cast your eye round this room, and say if it be not essentially English. Nay, I would stake my diamond-ring against yonder chain, which from this I can see to be but pinchbeck, on the polished shoulders of that fair girl, that half of those present in this room are unable to express their wants in the language of the country where they dwell—many not even speak it at all. You have turned the French out of their own town.”

“Well, my good friend, we treat them with sufficient civility when they come to see us.”

“Civility!—curiosity, you mean. You pay largely for your own amusements and for your own vanity—you made me the fashion—you saw and heard me perform what was beyond the powers of any other man—you listened to me in preference to your Lord Chancellor—you flocked in crowds to see me—you enabled me to purchase an estate at Parma, another on the Lago di Como, and some trifling matters near Suza—you had my face and figure in all the printshops—your lords invited me to sup, your ladies to tea, and your aldermen to dine: but for all this I acknowledge no claim on my gratitude. I supplied your longing for something wonderful, or rather something new: you filled my pockets, and we are quits.”

“Come, Pag, do not be too severe on my countrymen.”

“*Mon ami*, you are Irish.”

“*C'est égal*, you are unjust, my good fellow, towards the country you have lately left—after winning a fortune at the point of your sword—bow, I should say. I by no means wish to utter any thing to hurt your feelings; but, 'pon my life! you should not say merit goes unrewarded.”

“Stop an instant—*Corpi di Bacco!*

you run away with a notion at a gallop. I say no such thing. I started with saying, and proved it by what passes in this very town, that it is the predominate feeling, wherever you English put your foot, to dictate to those you come amongst, to treat them with an unjustifiable hauteur, to shew no consideration for their prejudices, their customs, nay, for their moral and religious habits. You act as if they had been utterly incapable of ever judging for themselves. You consider them unendowed with a power of exercising any reasoning faculty, because their habits are different from yours. You think them idiots because they don't relish port-wine in hot weather—that stuff you call wine—bah!—and fancy them unacquainted with the meaning of your word ‘comfort’ because they don't burn coals, in a country where they are not to be found. I am far from believing merit of any kind in England is without return; but I say John Bull sees no merit whatsoever out of his country when he is not in it.”

“*Amor patriæ*, signor: the same principle actuates every people under heaven.”

“Not to the same extent, my dear Ensign. I refer it to another cause—a plethora in the purse.”

“Faith! then we frequently find a cure: foreigners bleed us pretty freely.”

“Doubtless; like other maladies, somebody profits thereby. But really the superfluity of wealth is a misfortune to your countrymen. You grumble, and you pay—you damn, and you pay—you fly through the land, and you pay—you insult every body, and you pay—you are detested like *tous les diables*, but you pay. Do your travellers form a just estimate of continental manners or morals? Impossible. Why? Because they come in contact only with needy rogues, who make money their deity. Could I judge of the English nation, of the general usages of society, of the way your aristocracy eat, drink, and talk, from what I saw and heard at a *table d'hôte*—what you call an ordinary—at Canterbury one market-day I was there? The men were dressed just in the same way as your House of Commons members, and looked quite as *comme il faut*; but they all had a *coup* of brandy before their cheese, and smoked long pipes after it. Were their manners the same as those of the lords I met in London?

No! Are the feelings of the people you generally run against—in France, particularly—so fine, so pure, as of those who keep out of your way? I say not."

"Now you talk of those travellers who have never before left their own little circle—whose minds have never been expanded by knowledge—who only cross the channel to gape and stare at what they do not comprehend—who return home to tell that the tower of Pisa is crooked and Mont Blanc very high. You don't talk of educated gentlemen?"

"*Pardi!* I talk of those I have met."

"At Boulogne?"

"At Boulogne and elsewhere."

"Then tell me who all these people are here, trying to catch folly as it flies. Who, for instance, is yonder jaunty old gentleman, with his grizzled locks so well curled, frill and ruffles of the year ninety-one, velvet waistcoat 'of an absolute fancy,' black tights, blue coat, with buttons to the point of his shoulders, and rose-buds in his button-holes?"

"Just observe him, and tell me what you think of him before I mention his name."

"Well, then, he is evidently a gentleman, and English, for I heard him speak; a beau of the old school, for he pays great attention to his partner; mad, for no man in his senses dances quadrilles at sixty; and happy, because perfectly satisfied with himself."

"A happy old well-dressed gentleman must be mad, because he amuses himself after a fashion differing from the amusements of other old gentlemen. I don't quite perceive that."

"You are in a confoundingly cynical humour, Pag. I can't ask a question but it gives rise to an argument. Who is this sensible old dancing gentleman?"

"Hem! a cynical humour! I think you are wrong—*n'importe!* Come, tell me a little more of him."

"I should say he was always merry, and never out of love in his life. He would, if I judge correctly of his face, caress every one, feel for every one, lend his umbrella to any one; and, Pag, he never would be at the trouble of arguing with any one. He ought to be a thorough philanthropist, totally unfit to manage his own affairs, though perhaps often the tool for the arrangement of other people's—a most benevolent coxcomb, most fantastically

rigged out—amusing and harmless. 'Pleased by a feather, tickled with a straw,' he should prefer a sonnet from the *Court Magazine* to a debate in the Commons. He may be a connoisseur in paintings and beauty, but knows nothing of politics or science. Grisi's voice and Taglioni's toe would probably throw him into fits of rapture; but he should find no charms in Lord Althorp's speech on the budget; and Mr. Hume's nasal syllogisms would worry his inmost soul out. I am confident he is a character. Who the devil is it?"

"A person who will be remembered when Mr. Hume is forgotten, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer joined to the bygone Spencers—Romeo Coates."

"Romeo Coates!—what! the genuine Coates! the veritable cockadoodledoo!—So it is! I have not seen him these twenty years. By Jove! he seems wonderfully fresh. Is the old boy acting here?"

"He is amusing himself. Fortunate would it be for mankind in general if their amusements were as innocent as his; and yet, because he differs in taste and (being his own master) in habits from others of his countrymen, he is thought a fool. I know him better. I also know those who have held him forth to mockery: and were I to choose between them, should I join with the heartless, sneering profligate, who sees no beauty in female excellence, who feels no excitement unless rendered piquant by vice, whose conversation is slander, whose mental stores are vulgar gossip, who loves the tittle-tattle of coteries better than the wisdom of philosophers, who debauches his friend's wife through vanity—not passion, and who shoots his friend through—honour; or am I to give my countenance to a man not a whit more frivolous, but whose foibles are not vicious—who is certainly no Stoic, perhaps somewhat of an Epicurean—who, if he does no great good, assuredly does but little harm—one with whose caprices, eccentricities, and habits, a good man may enter into, may almost identify himself with?"

"I wish you had seen his phaeton covered with cocks."

"*Eh bien!* did you never see Estherazy covered with pearls? The cocks for me."

"I suppose you know him."

"Well; and I will tell you what

he is. His soul is honour itself, and there is something amiable in his vanity; his imagination and intellect are perhaps not so entirely regulated by his reason as worldly-minded mechanics would judge necessary for a struggle after the loaves and fishes of life; he looks upon the sordid slave of coin-scraping pursuits as a monster—

‘*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!*’

He lives in a *couleur de rose* atmosphere of his own; his tastes are high-born! he has no appetite for coarse excitements; he sins like a gentleman; his flights have but little actual flesh and blood in them; his adoration of beauty is chivalrous, and his ardour in woman's cause is always Quixotic. If his *gaieté de cœur* is ridiculous to us, our frigidity and circumspection must be detestable to him. I defy you to be ten minutes in his company, without throwing off the ‘wet-blanketiveness’ which usually extinguishes your social qualities, and almost fancying yourself bewitched by laughing gas. Lady Morgan tried to hash him up for the public taste, under the name of Lord Rosbrin, in her novel of *Florence Macarthy*; and, suppressing his good qualities, gave nothing but his foibles to the novel-reading world: she might equally well have described Napoleon's cocked hat, and said *that* led the French armies from Paris to the Kremlin.”

“Pardon me for interrupting you a moment, Pag. How do you come to be so conversant with our trifling literature? I thought you had no time for any thing but playing the fiddle.”

“Pah! You know about as much of me as the news-manufacturing rascals do who accuse me of an *affaire de cœur* with the little Watson. I have long been a correspondent of *Thee Hooke's*—a monstrous jolly fellow he is too. Lockhart always sends me a *Quarterly*; Jeffery offered me the *Edinburgh*, but, *entre nous*, I don't admire its politics; Peter Robinson—I wonder if he is as fond of fish as ever—from Peter I sometimes get a box of books; and when any thing comes out worth reading, Percy Banks sends me a line and I order it. Thus, you see, I am *au courant du jour*. Besides these, my son Achilles' tutor was an Englishman. Now to return to Monsieur Coates. I don't blame

any of your countrymen individually for not understanding, or for undervaluing his character: 'tis the misfortune of your social system. Had he been a slang man, or a turf man, or a Melton man, or a yachter, or a member of Crockford's, or a baronet at Boodle's, or even a Whig at Brookes's, no one would have remarked him; but because he was an actor instead of a horse-jockey—and no bad one either—you say he wants dignity of character. Stuff! It is your system! your system! In France's *vieille cour*, how he would have been admired! *gai et gaillard*, he would have been exquisite at the *trianons* and *petits soupers*; and had he lived in the old time of troubadours, he would have sung *laies* and *sirventes* to half the fair princesses of Europe. Now I like him amazingly; and though, in your ideas, far beyond his dancing age, he is more caressed by the damoiselles than any cavalier here.”

“By Jove, Pag! you have taken up the cudgels in the ex-tragedian's favour with glorious good-will, and have thumped me into an irresistible desire to be introduced to him.”

I was made known to Mr. Coates, but had no time to ascertain the accuracy of Paganini's exordium, as he was off like a shot to whisk a little snub-nosed thing round in a waltz, before we had interchanged nine words; but I hope to see more of him to-morrow. He has asked me to dinner; and Paganini gives so fascinating a description of his Beaume and Volney—the best Burgundy wines going—that I mean to give him a benefit.

The next person I encountered was a little bald-headed fat Frenchman, with a remarkably stuffy-starched white neckcloth and piercing dark eyes, who was so singularly civil when I happened by accident to tread on his foot (instead of calling me to an account and pinking me, begging my pardon), that I was overwhelmed by my own *gaucherie*, and was quite as vexed at it as he expressed himself to be for being in my way. He passed on, cringing to some, bowing to others, and making way for all. Few, however, seemed to notice him; and those that did so rather avoided than welcomed him. I asked Paganini who he was.

“One of the most infamous rascals unhanged,” answered Pag. “Folk

here call him the Chevalier, and a consummate *chevalier d'industrie* he is. My blood boils when I see him; he did me prettily (*joliment fourb *) out of some thousand francs lately at * cart * — as politely and smoothly, too, as if he was performing the most amiable piece of friendship imaginable, *que tous les diables l'emportent !*"

"What! a regular sharper?"

"Ay, as many of your countrymen have discovered to their cost. It is my firm belief he can deal what cards he pleases, turn up a king when he likes, and perform undiscovered several other turns of his villainous *m tier*. There is only one man here who can play with him."

"Who, pray?"

"Yonder dark, sentimental, black-whiskered Englishman, whom I saw you looking at when you first entered the room; who, if not the devil himself, has graduated in the devil's school — *videlicet*, a Pall Mall hell. After the first night, however, it seems the rogues found out each other's strong points, and now play on the same side. Confound them!"

At this time, a Frenchman came up and shook hands with the signor. I liked his appearance much: character was written in his features. His straight dark hair, very slightly sprinkled with grey, was worn flat on his high forehead, which was singularly angular. His temples fell in, shewing prominently the ridge of bone from which his eye-brows sprung, black and bushy, shading a dark and deep-set grey eye. His mouth (from what could be seen of it under a pent-house of moustache — the only hair on his face) was large and chin massive, and his face generally plain; but there was a decision, almost a sternness in his expression, which, combined with a gentle tone of voice and graceful carriage, gave him an aristocratic bearing, differing widely from the pushing, obtruding, swaggering, low-Irish sort of would-be-gentleman manner, perpetually jarring my sensitive friend Paganini's nerves here, that are as finely strung as his own cremona's. Now, for my own part, I care nothing for people's jostling against me. I rather like it. It prevents one growing too fat and too fastidious, and by running the gauntlet between the legs of all sorts of society, some insight into diversity of character must be obtained. Then my shoulders are suf-

ficiently broad for most crowds, and when any one leans upon me, my wrath at the individual inconvenience to myself evaporates in pity for those on whom I lean. In short, I am by no means particular, and jog through this world with the stomach of an ostrich, hide of a horse, and indifference of a Strand coal-heaver. Not so with the melodist. He cannot bear to be elbowed, hates the breath of aught but heaven's zephyrs to agitate the locks over the cape of his coat, and shrinks like a nautilus into its shell when a Boulogne buck approaches. From the delight both evinced at the meeting, I was induced to look more closely at the stranger. His figure was well put together, rather under the middle size, and looked to advantage in a tight coat buttoned up to the throat. He wore neither ring, chain, nor ornament of any kind, except the smallest possible riband of decoration at his button-hole; which, with his moustaches, proclaimed him a *militaire*. He passed on. I asked who he was.

"Monsieur le Comte de Brock," answered Paganini. "A fine fellow he is, brave as his sword, and *royaliste enrag *; and with him goes young De Peyronnet, son of the ex-minister, cygnets from the same erie. De Brock, as *chef d'escadron* of the *lanciers de la garde*, on service in Paris during the 'three glorious days,' fought in the good cause as if his single arm could have kept his king on his throne of lilies; and with such concentrated aristocratic hate against the *bourgeois canaille*, that his companions say he only escaped fire and steel, in his repeated charges on the barricades, by miracle. His cause was unsuccessful, and he withdrew from a service which had changed masters. De Peyronnet was another who threw up his commission as captain of chasseurs, and with it all prospect of advancement. De Brock has an independent fortune, De Peyronnet none; but the first would starve before the other should know want. They are two *bien bons enfans*, and I for one would not be sorry to see their cause once more flourishing."

"Bless my soul, Pag! you don't mean that, do you? When you were in England, Maginn and I both took you for a Radical, fond of triangular parliaments, an admirer of Cobbett, eater of reform dinners, believer in the *Times*, and so forth."

"God forbid, Mr. O'Donoghue ! [Paganini never can pronounce my name properly; he generally hashes it into O'Dun-oo-oo.] Heaven above forbid ! That *you* might have been mistaken is not surprising, but how the Doctor came to be so much in error I cannot at all comprehend : I will set him right, however, the next letter I write to him. How very hot it is in this crowded, low-pitched room ! suppose we take a turn in the open air, and come back here presently."

"With all my heart ; or let us walk quietly to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, have a cool flask of champagne, and then *place aux dames* once more."

We quaffed the champagne, and again found ourselves in the assembly-rooms. The scene had changed during our absence. The youngest of the damsels were still whisking and twirling, with as indefatigable energy as at first ; some, a little older, were talking sentiment in corners ; a few, rather antiquated *belles*, had come into play for the very young men who wanted partners ; the *élite* of the society had gone home to bed ; Coates was figuring away vigorously ; and De Brock, with De Peyronnet, had joined the *écarté* table, where high play was going on, and where the Chevalier and the "leg" were at work. Paganini always plays, and I do occasionally. We threw our crowns on the table, backing the side where De Brock and De Peyronnet had staked their money against the gentlemen of sharpening reputation. But instead of losing, as I rather expected, we contrived at first to win. I suppose they were playing on the square, or, perhaps, on the system, of "venturing a sprat to catch a salmon." After a time, however, fortune changed sides. This was all natural enough, though by no means pleasant. We lost, in our turn, not only our money, but, some of us, our temper. De Peyronnet was not the least happy ; Paganini swore in a most un-Christianlike and unmusical manner, and I fancy I must have been particularly peevish and disagreeable : fortunately, De Brock was as cool as a cucumber, otherwise the Chevalier and his black brother in iniquity would have shorn us to the bone. He kept his eye upon their proceedings with such an expression in it, that no gross fraud could have been committed ; and though he spoke in the mild-

est possible manner, with the smoothest accents of a sucking-dove, he looked as if he would demolish them in a twinkling if he caught them out in any tricks. Fair or foul, as the play might have been, we suffered. The more heartily we cursed our ill-luck, the more obstinately resolved it appeared to stick to us ; till we not only made a transfer of our gains, but of other loose cash from our purses, to the pockets of our opponents. At last De Brock refused to play any longer ; De Peyronnet usually acts as he does ; I saw fortune and the devil were against me ; Paganini was nearly *minus* all his pocket-money ; so we no longer disputed the victory, but agreed to fly the field and go and sup with De Brock, who had lodgings in the upper town. We accordingly left the rooms, and took our flushed faces into the open air.

Now, as every body knows, the long, broad, up-hill street joining the upper to the lower town of Boulogne is called the Grande Rue ; and in the centre of the right-hand side of the Grande Rue, ascending, stands the police-office, where an officer's guard of the Garde Nationale is daily irregularly mounted. A jolly time of it has this guard ; for it is a most independent guard—independent of discipline, order, and command : its component parts may get drunk as Chloe,—sing, dance, huzza, play cards, and blind man's buff, if they please ; but if a man strikes his superior officer, he is not flogged,—no, that would degrade him, and might alarm the neighbours ; no, these are the only things done,—call a court-martial at once—establish the fact of the culprit's striking the blow—don't say a word about provocation—quite irrelevant—that—find him guilty in two minutes—trot him down to the sands in five—file of musketry, priest, crucifix, Latin jabber—ready, present, fire—bang ! Dead as a door-nail—pop the body under the sod—Vive Louis Philippe ! and Corbleu ! Don't strike an officer again. Well, after all said and done, there is nothing like liberty, virtue, revolution, philosophy, and a few ounces of lead. "Put your trust in the Lord," cried Cromwell, "and keep your powder dry !" "You shall be free as the breeze," cries Louis Philippe ; "but, by —, if you stir an inch I'll spifficate you !" There is a sublime majesty, or majestic sublimity

—which you will—in these incentives to virtue wonderfully refreshing after a barricade shindy in Paris, or a bloody insurrection at Lyons.

The guard had pushed their Pegasus of jollification nearly to the goal of inebriation, after their usual manner, when we hove in sight; they were singing, and swearing, and kicking up a regular bobbery, much to the annoyance of their officer—a great, fair, lumping hulk, like a huge white ant in uniform,—and exceedingly to the delight of De Brock and De Peyronnet, who held these heroes in marvellously small estimation; even Paganini indulged in that low-toned quiet merriment which you may recollect he exhibited to us when telling his triumph over the chancellor at the civic dinner. The guard by no means relished the exhibition of our risible propensities at their expense. We were ordered to pass on; but, as far as we knew, laughing in the Grande Rue of Boulogne was no fracture of the Gallican laws; so we sent them *à tous les diables*, and said we should do precisely as we pleased under existing circumstances. The guard differed from us on this question, and threatened to lodge us in the blackhole until the properly-constituted authorities should decide who was right and who was mistaken. But here again we were at issue, not only for the sake of *right*, but also in a trifling measure touching our convenience, seeing we all acknowledged a *penchant* for sleeping in beds, with the usual means and appliances of sheets and blankets, in preference to a resting-place of damp flag-stones, and previously thickly-inhabited straw. The arguers on both sides grew warm, and the arguments ceased to be of the delicate description used in other schools of rhetoric. Naughty words were whispered; an oath or two slipped out. De Brock twirled his moustache, and Paganini twined his long fingers, like tendrils, round an ash twig about nine times as thick as his bow. De Peyronnet longed to thrash them all; and I would have handled two or three with pleasure, but I was afraid of Louis Philippe, the sands, or the galleys. I never was a good boatman, and should hate to be shot at Boulogne. Oh, if I could only have caught them near a place called Ballybeg, in the county Galway! to have given them a slight entertainment at home, *more*

Hibernice. How they would have been basted

“By a good old Irish gentleman,
One of the olden time!”

At this critical moment up walks Romeo Coates from one side and the Chevalier d'Industrie from another. Both joined in the amiable discussion, but on adverse grounds. Words might have led to blows, had not the fat white officer, previously irritated at those nominally under his command, taken it into his fat white pericranium that we, the disturbers of Boulogne's quiet and slumbers, were entirely in the right. He called the guard to order. The guard had no order belonging to it; neither did it seem to care for his calling more than if he had been calling spirits from the vasty deep. We swore he was entirely correct, and offered to bear witness to his discretion and their irregularity. This only made matters worse. Their language became shamefully bad; and at length one of the heroes, unconscionably drunk, threatened to make his superior attend to him by a hint administered through the instrumentality of the butt-end of his firelock. The officer demurred, and in turn swore, if the refractory soldier of the Garde Nationale did not obey his orders, he would pink him on the instant, and have him shot on the sands next morning, for mutiny, into the bargain. De Brock and De Peyronnet backed him up, and Paganini flourished his twig. The soldier elevated his piece, the officer lugged away at the handle of his sword; the soldier brought his weapon against his white commander's white skull before he could introduce his weapon to the open air; and Paganini, with all imaginable grace, combined with a sufficiency of muscle and hearty good will, dealt such a whack on the operator, that he measured his length beside his superior. At the same instant, I perceived a beautiful puddle cheek-by-jowl with a heap of agreeable matter accumulated from that day's fish-market. The chevalier stood near it; and, not able for the soul of me to resist the impulse, I sent him neck and shoulders right into both puddle and heap; served him right, too.

The fall of the officer brought the guard to their senses; it was no joke to be shot on the sands. Matters were in

a certain degree compromised ; we were permitted to retire ; the great white ant in uniform was put to bed, and deluged with tisane ; and the evening's amusement ended over a roaring bowl of brandy-punch, at De Brock's, where we drank success to illegitimacy ; Pag. danced an Irish jig ; Coates died twice as *Richard III.* ; and I sung "The Groves of Blarney" in Prout's best style.

This morning I hear the soldier of the glorious guard is not to be shot,—he is only to be sent to the galleys for seven years ; and the chevalier is said

to complain of rheumatism in his left shoulder.

I have a great mind to send the ras-cal my small edition of Bacon, and turn down the leaf at—"Quarrels and private animosities must be discreetly and carefully avoided. * * * And let a man beware of keeping company with the passionate and quarrelsome, who will otherwise engage them in their own quarrels." But my paper is full ; and so for the present has ended my lark with Paganini.

Yours ever,

CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE.

MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—The poet supposes the astonishment of some ancient Briton, if he could return to his former haunts, on beholding the changes civilisation and the mechanical arts have wrought in them. The progress of a nation is assimilated to the growth, maturity, and decay of an individual. England, he says, has reached her old age ; yet might long survive, but for the mischievous mode of proceeding pursued by quacks towards her venerable constitution. The poet complains of the dearth of true patriots ; while the pretension to patriotism, religion, and all the moral virtues, is made with more vehemence than ever. Thus some of the colonies have been sacrificed to pretended humanity. The Whig is compared to the crocodile ; the innocent that trusts the Whig to the trochilus ; and Democracy, that will destroy the Whig, to the river-horse, that destroys the crocodile. The Messalina of modern times is introduced to shew the decline of true morality in England ; for even she had her crowds of admiring Whigs, Radicals, and patriots. The true wife and modest maiden are contrasted with that unhappy infamy. The secret vices of our Babylon as well as the public are exhibited ; and the apathy of persons of good principles, in the present frightful crisis, is stated as a fearful omen of impending ruin.

OLIVER YORK.

SATIRE VIII.

COULD some old Briton of the Trojan brood,
Who from wild animals won clothes and food,
While still the Roman left his country free,
Virgin as yet to Arts and Luxury,
See self-moved wains where mighty forests stood,
And self-moved ships careering o'er the flood ;
The mighty mass of many a mingled race,
Who dwell in towns where he pursued the chase ;
The men degenerate shirted, cloaked, and hosed —
Nose and eyes only to the day exposed ;
The women prisoned in a pile of dress,
Part of their hull expanded, part made less —
While in this act their chief ambition lies,
How to distort their goodly symmetries ; —
Could he behold false Fashion's glittering domes,
Halls, palaces, and every thing but homes ;
Changed countries, people, habits, seasons, times,
Pleasures and luxuries, and sins and crimes ; —
Well might the savage be excused, if he
Denied with scorn his own posterity.
The taste for civil life, e'en Althorp knows,
Like that for olives, by long habit grows.
The scattered savages cut down their trees,
Build them log-huts, and dwell in villages ;

Upon the waste then towns and cities rise,
 For Druid groves fair temples court the skies.
 Some wise Prometheus to their hopes is given,
 And steals, for their advantage, fire from heaven.
 Then new-found arts their stubborn spirits draw,
 And Force no longer is their only law.
 Letters their soothing influences give,
 And poets teach their heroes how to live.
 By slow advances sure Improvement moves,
 And Order rules the state the Maker loves.
 But as the child becomes a youth in time,
 And shoots the youth to manhood's stately prime,
 But then declines, and droops, and fades away,
 So nations are of Time and Change the prey.
 And as the mortal man himself contains
 The seeds of death within his living veins,
 But, wisely taught, acquires the cheerful power
 To lengthen out his yet permitted hour;
 So will the nation, kept in ordered state,
 Longer preserve its strength — protract its fate.
 We long have reached the flood-mark of our age;
 In vain for long did wildest factions rage;
 In vain did War present his deadliest form —
 We struggled, battled with, survived the storm:
 And now our fast-retreating waters fall,
 And we approach the fate assigned to all.
 If we behold the Scythian make to stoop
 His eagles on our land, with fatal swoop —
 If we the life-blood of existence lose,
 Which, wasted once, no pæan art renews —
 This comfort we to our defeature lend,
 Our suicidal hands our nation end.*

Where are the patriots who should now stand forth,
 Defend their hearths, and shew their innate worth?
 Where are the chiefs — the virtues of the land —
 Born to take lead, rouse, discipline, command?
 From churchyard mound and monumental stone
 A solemn death-voice murmurs, "There is none!"
 That gay patrician to some darling vice
 Makes honour, fortune, life, the sacrifice;

* The progress of society from the rudest to the most polished condition is a curious object of speculation. The historical books of the Old Testament, the poems of Homer and Hesiod, and the history of Herodotus afford very interesting materials. The growth of a nation, like that of a man, is imperceptible in the act of growing, and can only be measured by eras. When it has reached maturity, it remains for a longer or shorter time in its palmy condition, and then begins to decline. It seems to be essential to all human institutions and societies that they should partake of the frailty and corruptible nature of their mortal builders. I am of opinion that England is now in her decline; and that her place among the nations must at no distant period be forfeited, though the folly of her citizens is like enough to precipitate that mortifying conclusion. It may continue to have a separate existence; but it will be something like that of Spain. The individuals think only of themselves. In the worst periods of feudal tyranny, however divided the barons were among themselves, in the event of hostile invasion or foreign war, the cry was generally,—"We are all for England!" The cry would be now, if each man would speak honestly,—"We are each for himself."

When Prometheus was said to have stolen fire from heaven, nothing more, probably, was meant, than that he communicated to men the rudiments of the arts: It is not unlikely that the brutes he profited were the instruments of his fate, so powerfully described by Æschylus.

The fall of Great Britain, whether it be by subjection, or by contemptuous sufferance, to a mere insignificant existence, will at least have been hastened by the fact, that the people have not been true to the country.

His jaded hours new-springing sins pursue,
 Content not with his old, he hunts for new.
 Diseases fill his marrow, aches his bones,
 But yet Sir Plume the monitor disowns :
 A living pestilence, a breathing death,
 He twines his brow with Pleasure's newest wreath ;
 Gloats in his palace, treads his own arcade,
 His country's claims forgotten or betrayed ;
 Till art no longer can his carcass mend,
 And with his life his mottled follies end.
 What boots it that a thousand shops supply
 The wasteful means of prodigality ;
 Or that a score of parishes are thine
 To game withal, live lewdly, and to dine ?
 No bad man can be happy ; least of all,
 The lawless, God-forgetting prodigal.
 For less than thy least crime the law amerced
 Traitors of old, and wanton lives coerced.
 All patriot practice now is out of date —
 Men are no more the children of the state :
 Impunity invites the rebel's view ;
 What William died for thinking, John can do.*
 From earth's green bounds, and all her various skies,
 Deep-laden come the merchant-argosies.
 A province plundered, colonies forspent,
 To make thy greedy maw, or back, content ;
 A slave-rebellion, rapine, homicide,
 To get thee votes, and please thy ticklish pride ;
 Thy country's page of bright renown defaced
 To get, with mob applause, thy quackery graced ; —
 Does this suffice ? When Vanity cries " hold !"
 To popular shouts, disgust a Jew with gold.†
 One may believe, before the Spaniard shewed,
 Over the waves, to wealth a ready road ;
 Before the banner of St. George unfurled
 Its bloody blazon to the Indian world ;
 When princesses could leave their beds at five,
 And in their dairies learn the way to thrive ;
 And qualify the rude bloom on the cheek
 From rustic exercise, by reading Greek ;

* In this age, that vaunts so loudly of itself, the dearth of public men is lamentable. There is not one individual before the public who claims the national confidence by the union of genius, firmness, and true patriotism. The country never was famous for the breed of statesmen ; but it used to produce worthies. Their very honesty made them inefficient as state-craftsmen. Our rulers have neither the honesty nor the talent requisite for government ; nor do those of better sentiments, and, it may be, higher qualifications, seem to be endowed with the moral courage necessary to put aside these Succubæ. They see the state-wagon fast in the rut, and would be delighted with the help of Hercules ; but they will not put their shoulders to the wheels. Yet these men can have the heart to marry and get children !

The Plumes of the metropolis are not few, nor in their bad way inglorious. Yet, stifle it as they will, the voice of conscience must at some time or other be heard ; and could the veil be withdrawn from their thoughts, it would be found that they too acknowledged, —

" Nemo malus felix ; minime corruptor." — *Juv. iv.*

Men have been executed again and again for purposing, or attempting, to do what our ministers have done.

† " Fiat justitia ruat cælum " must now be translated, " My will be done, and let the country go to the devil ! " The national faith has been so often violated of late, that the treatment of the colonies may pass for a slight matter. In the case of the North American states " right was might ; " in that of the islands " might is right." The former achieved their independence ; the latter have not strength to try the game of rebellion. The question is not yet settled.

When yeomen's daughters would submit to spin,
 Nor barleycorn had lost the field to gin ;
 When stout-limbed nobles could unsheathe their swords ;
 Ere yet coal-diggers were advanced to lords ;
 Ere rags usurped the dignity of gold,
 And patriot parliaments were bought and sold ;
 That fair Astræa lingered on our fields,
 And gave the joys Contentment only yields.
 But now Content and Justice both have fled,
 And Anarchy exalts her frightful head :
 While on the banks of our wealth-flowing Nile,
 Basks in the sunshine many a crocodile ;
 And many a trochilus, with servile bill,
 Tends on the beast — content he does not kill —
 Draws from his gaping mouth the reptile food,
 And bids men praise the tyrant's placid mood.
 But neither crocodile nor trochilus
 Perceives how near the hippopotamus
 Looks on their sport, to deal — for brief deferred —
 Death to the beast, and famine to the bird.
 Is this a fable? Read it right, and see
 The Whigs, their friends, and stern Democracy.*

How changed the people who, in former times,
 Held treason to be worst of mortal crimes ;
 But now applaud the traitor, and the jade,
 Who from hot blood the royal bed betrayed !
 Tired with the secrecy of English loves,
 She seeks the shadows of Italian groves ;
 Talks the soft language with the meanest groom,
 And melting makes disperse her widowed gloom.
 Outcast of royalty ! poor, painted thing !
 As though breeze-maddened, ever on the wing !
 From clime to clime she wanders with the wind,
 And ever leaves the stains of shame behind.
 With blighted character, but burning lust,
 She clips her minion with undoubting trust ;
 By land or sea, with brightening skies or dim,
 False to all others, only true to him :
 As though her appetite, by instinct led,
 Grew from the garbage upon which it fed.

* The contentment of an English fireside was a proverb ; the comfort of an English home as peculiar to the country as to the language. There must be soon no brewers of wood and drawers of water. The mechanical science will contrive images of gold, and silver, and iron, and clay, to perform the several offices of life. The gold images will wait at table, drive the carriage, and lend their arms to their out-stepping ladies ; the silver idols will perform the duties of bed and bower, garden, and conservatory. Those of iron will do the work of ploughmen, sheep-tenders, &c. ; whilst those of clay will answer for the learned professions. The principle of life will easily be communicated by a jet of steam ; and we shall get on wonderfully well. The Whigs will be the master-Vulcans, and the sweet mob their complacent Alcinous.

The diary of Lady Jane Grey shews that princesses did not once disdain housewifery.

The invention of barley-wine, or beer, is generally attributed to Osiris. The dethronement of John Barleycorn and the elevation of gin has done more to demoralise the people than any previous practice of the wicked upon the silly ones.

The Whigs are playing the crocodiles : their power is in their mouths ; for thenceforth do the birds get the leeches. The Whig dependents play the leech-feeders, and are in turn leeches themselves. The Hippopotamus lies in waiting to destroy the serpent of the Nile ; and then his hangers-on must starve, or migrate. The river-horse — the Behemoth of Scripture — is a very good type of Democracy ; its voice is between the roar of a bull and that of an elephant. For further particulars, see Pennant's *Synopsis of Animals*.

The royal harlot — scorn of all her race !
 The Messalina plays in every place ;
 With open bosom, and applauding glance,
 Sees her own Turk perform his phallic dance ;
 Forgets herself, and all the world beside —
 Kin, station, blushes, decency, and pride :
 Tost on the surge of Lust's untired alarms,
 The world well lost, her courier in her arms.
 By the soft moonshine of the magic lake,
 What idle dreams of fame her soul o'ertake ?
 Why comes the wanton to the chalky shore ?
 To claim her lord, her daughter to deplore ?
 Well did she know, and by example taught,
 A naughty public favours all is naught.
 The modest Whigs bid hail the modest Queen ;
 Was ever such a gracious presence seen ?
 Some fair Arete, from Ausonia sent,
 To be our England's grace, life, ornament ;
 Applauding mobs her chariot-wheels attend,
 The Whigs their countenance of favour lend ;
 Her sisters of the game with rival zeal
 Crowd in the streets, and raise their merry peal :
 All that is vile — as life's sole business this —
 Does homage to the chaste Semiramis !
 With visage, heart of brass the beldam sits,
 And smiles at all the jokes of obscene wits :
 The decent witness scarce can tell her tale,
 And lewdly questioned, shocked, her senses fail ;
 But the bold actress of the shameful scene
 Reviews the past with a complacent mien ;
 Accepts her triumph as a thing of course,
 And claims some credit for not using force.
 Driven from the altar and the bishop's oil,
 The pageant and the feast, her passions boil ;
 Anger, revenge, and unrelenting hate,
 Glare round her pillow, on her table wait ;
 Unwonted continence, lust ill-suppress,
 Inflames her blood, and robs her night of rest ;
 The shadows of youth's late-remembered years,
 Reproving thoughts, dark shapes, and hideous fears
 Oppress her heart ; her life's last moment flies,
 And, despite Holland's skill, the ronion dies.
 A flood of tears her memory bedews,
 A lusty riot all her praise renews ;
 Through curses, brick-bats pass her cold remains,
 And her lewd dust heroic mould profanes.
 Happy, if mob applause can please the dead —
 Happier, if lust with life together fled.*

* This unhappy woman was, for her vices and owing to her vices, the darling of the mob. The Whigs welcomed and patronised her. Had she been a chaste wife, neither mob nor Whigs would have troubled themselves about her ; had she been a passably-decent adulteress, she would not have braved a trial. She might have lived on her lake with impunity ; but, forsooth, she must be a queen. The trial was impolitic, and shewed that her august consort was not acquainted with the marvellous progress of Liberalism among his subjects. I do not wish to repeat any part of that most disgusting proceeding ; no one can read the report of the trial without being polluted. She found a groom during one of her journeys who took her fancy : she attached him to her suite. In less than three years she had got titles for him, and had given him sums not less than 30,000*l*. I want no further proof of guilt. The peculiar iniquities were developed on the trial. Yet the public voice pronounced her innocent ; the public press proclaimed her a model of chastity. Her counsellors got briefs, and are now great men, after a fashion. Mr. Canning had said of her pre-

Sweet Modesty ! what charms refine the life
 Of the pure virgin and the spotless wife !
 For the dead matron grieved Affection weeps,
 While whispers Faith, " She is not dead, but sleeps."
 Roses and violets, ye virgins ! bring ;
 No funeral dirge, but hymns of rapture sing ;
 In pomp triumphant pace and stand around,
 Nor let one tear profane the simple mound.
 In happier clime the virgin is new-born,
 Fairer than Hope, and brighter than the morn !
 Mourn not her parted breath — she found no pain
 To breathe it to the Giver back again.
 Sweet are the showers which, softly murmuring,
 Fill the glad bosom of the fruitful spring —
 Sweet are the new buds, and the opening flowers,
 But sweeter far those amaranthine bowers
 Where virgin spirits virgin joys approve —
 Their life a music of harmonious love.

But wedded false ones are no longer rare,
 Though Secrecy preserves their honours fair.
 Well with a look and smile can Flavia check
 The bold advance — she has a friend at beck.
 Her softer hours are, like her calls, arranged ;
 She sometimes changes, never is estranged.
 Fashion forbids the husband now to see,
 Unless Imprudence courts publicity.
 The false complexion of th' adulterate face
 Reveals the waste of life, but not disgrace.
 The men, more prudent now than heretofore,
 Boast less of conquests, therefore conquer more.
 All moves, like clock-work, certain and unseen —
 Suspicion only cannot make a quean.*

And are there no supposititious heirs ?
 No spurious claimants for paternal cares ?
 Swells there beneath no dainty matron's zone
 The furtive growth the father must not own ?
 No mean alliances ? no marriage-bed,
 By high-born spouse for low-born frailty spread ?
 No marriage-compact, that provision makes
 For her, whose wantonness the bed forsakes !
 Or are those humbler beauties only frail,
 Whose chastities for dress and gew-gaws fail —
 Whose mortal virtue never might withstand
 Kisses, and rings for either ear and hand —

viously, that she was " the grace, the life, and the ornament of society." By all accounts she must have been a solid grace. I believe her to have been as unchaste and impure as any woman ever was who gave the rein to her passions. She died after a short illness. There can be no greater folly than to be reverent to those dead who in their lives were not reverent to themselves. A well-known doctrine supposes that our evil passions form our punishment hereafter,—the passions without the means of their gratification,—the lusts of the body without the bodily instruments.

† Those persons who are familiar with Juvenal are aware that there is not, even in Vienna, the most dissolute capital of Europe, any thing like the monstrous vices for which he has conferred on the women of Rome, in his time, an infamous notoriety. Those who are familiar with the details of society in London know that there is a great deal of secret vice. That our women are yet, generally, remarkable for chastity as well as beauty is a blessing we have to be grateful for. Incontinence generally accompanies luxurious living ; and as the luxury of certain classes of society has increased, it follows that incontinence has increased also.

The more particular allusions in the text require no explanation.

Whom a chantilly veil effectual woos,
 And any Jove that rains down gold subdues ?*
 In vain Suspicion's arrows glance around,
 Vice is not vice till it is open found.
 Then farewell all — home, kindred, friends, and fame,
 When once the ballad-singers catch the name !
 " What madness ! what imprudence ! want of taste !"
 Seeming is godliness to the unchaste :
 The want of virtue never makes the vice —
 The sin lies only in the sacrifice.
 Oh, mighty influence of mortal breath !
 The flight, desertion, solitude, and death !
 Four words ! but what a world there comes between,
 Of thoughts that conscience will not let her screen !
 " Happy ! how happy ! had my humbler life
 Made me some honest farmer's thriving wife.
 Woe's me ! who now will make my girl his bride ?
 Would I had honest lived, or early died !
 And left by him ! by whom of all bereft —
 Despised of him for whom my all I left !
 Where — how — why should the wretched outcast live ?
 Hope there is none — this world will not forgive :
 Offended Heaven ! 'tis shut ! — Despair ! despair !
 I cannot pray ! God ! hear the sinner's prayer !"
 Vain fashion of the world ! false, glittering ray
 Of dew-drop sheen, the sun soon melts away !
 To what gilt calves must now our Israel bow ?
 For what high bribes forsake their country now ?
 What idols are concealed in Achan's tent ?
 What gifts of price for Moab's chiefs are sent ?
 One wants a title — this a riband's grace —
 This sighs for honour, and that pines for place.
 But most are spell-bound by an Evil Eye,
 Or fettered in the chains of Apathy :
 The siren Luxury lulls every sense,
 And rocks them in the lap of Indolence.
 Bright flashed the lights in high Belshazzar's hall,
 Where all of noble graced his festival ;
 The brimming goblet and the festive song,
 Beauty and Mirth the moments sped along ;
 River, and gates, the walls, the foe forgot ;
 The Mede came thundering on — they heard it not !
 The murderous lance made stop the wanton strain —
 That night the king and all his court were slain.†

* It has been declared by learned judges from the bench, that the love of dress is the chief cause of the enormous prostitution of the women of the lower ranks. This evil increases fearfully ; and therefore the morals of the country have suffered immensely from spinning-jennies, steam-engines, and the free-trade. The comparative cheapness of the commodities that ministers to vanity makes them necessities to a much greater extent than before ; and what woman can bear to be exceeded in finery by any of her own rank ?

† The undue importance that is given to wealth as an instrument of national prosperity is at the root of this and much more mischief. Wealth cannot renew a vitiated people, nor repair the derangements of the moral character.

† The sin of Achan is recorded in the seventh chapter of Joshua. A detailed account of the capture of Babylon by Cyrus is given by Herodotus in his first book. His narrative in this passage of his history, and in many others, remarkably confirms the Scripture. Belshazzar was doomed, it will be said. If a man rushes madly on danger, or sits down quietly and submits to any attack that is made on him, he is equally doomed. The apathy of persons of all ranks of good principles is, in the present alarming crisis, the worst feature of the times.

POETRY—THE MODERN POETS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (PER LEGEM TERRÆ) LORD CHANDOS OF SUDELEY.

I LEAVE Allan Cunningham's *Sketch of Modern English Literature* to its own fate. I differ with him on many points. I admit it to be very difficult to speak impartially of living contemporaries. Allan commences, I think, about the time of Johnson's death. I remember that time well; I was then more than of age. It filled the public talk, and all the public journals, for a year or two; nay, for four or five years. Would Johnson have made an equal impression on the public in the present day? I think he would! He was too strong and too piquant to have failed at any time of being impressive. That he often wanted taste and sensibility can surely no longer be questioned; that he most unjustly rejected the imaginative department of poetry will now be confessed. He would not, therefore, have had much patience with the popular tastes which have prevailed since his death. If he gave too much preference to the poetry of reason and the school of Pope, both the theory and practice of his successors has gone too far to the other extreme.

That some of the popular poets have been not merely imaginative, but *fantastic*, cannot be denied. It may be doubted whether Johnson would have been able to have stemmed the torrent of revolutionary defiance of ancient models; he would have had some control over it. It was some time before any great critic arose who had a powerful influence over the public mind. I am exceedingly doubtful whether Cowper's *Task* would have been published, even if written, had Johnson been living! That beautiful moral and descriptive poem gave a new feeling and impulse to poetical readers and writers. At the same time, Charlotte Smith's pathetic *Sonnets* took hold of the minds of the sensitive part of the people. These Johnson would have rudely repelled, as too plaintive, and too full of rural imagery.

Burns had not yet appeared: he would have received little mercy from Johnson. Darwin's glitter, and the terseness of his harmonious but monotonous couplets would have pleased him better; though Darwin could not

bear Johnson, and never ventured to appear as a poet during the growling critic's life. Gifford's *Baviad* and *Maviad* were more after this surly censor's model.

We know what Johnson thought of Tom Warton's poetry, and with what unjust and hard contempt he treated it. Gray and Johnson could not endure each other; no two men could be less congenial: each carried his hatred and contempt too far. Johnson had none of Gray's exquisite nicety of classical scholarship, nor of his sensibility of heart, or delicacy of manners, and quite as little of his fire of imagination and splendour of imagery. But Johnson had an acuteness and originality of disquisition, a quickness of reply, and copiousness of moral language which Gray had not. Johnson thought Gray a finical coxcomb; Gray thought Johnson a bear, and a pompous pedant. So men of great genius too often treat each other, their contemporaries. At such enmity were Warburton and Lowth.

Who will deny that Johnson was of a bitter, jealous, and envious nature? And it is too apparent that these passions were not transient: witness his characters of Littleton and Gray, when their death ought to have obliterated all enmities. Johnson's excellence lay in his vigour, and in his power of drawing from the funds of his own mind. His discriminative faculties were in the highest degree acute. He was sincere and frank in all his opinions, however wrong and prejudiced he may sometimes have been. He never wrote merely what we thought plausible, which is the greatest vice of writing. These are the artificial writers, whose productions are full of *ennui*, delusion, and emptiness.

Nothing will have a permanent charm which is not said with a conscientious desire to arrive at truth, and important, and not trite truth. The subjects which every day rise to require developement are endless. There are thousands who are constantly employed to disguise truth, and mislead the public mind, for the sake of private interests. To disabuse the public understanding is a work of grand merit.

It will probably now be admitted, that when the explosion of the French revolution disturbed all received opinions through the greater part of Europe, numerous extravagancies grew up in literature which will no longer be defended. The period immediately preceding had fallen into great tameness. Novelty, however absurd, will always have a momentary attraction; but many of the authors who arose with this new crisis will soon be forgotten. None but the weak and ignorant will mistake monstrosity for genius, or glare for genuine splendour. If imagination does not illustrate truth it is ill employed, and the delusion will soon be discovered and despised. Whatever exaggerates, whatever over-colours, is vicious; an imagination of incongruities and impossibilities is either insane or wilfully perverse and bad. No one in his sober moments can look at these things without disgust; no wise person is content to be misled! There is no excuse for these extravagancies; there are subjects for the highest flights of imagination without resort to them. Shakspeare and Milton are never guilty of them. Nothing is valuable which has no prepared responses in the human bosom.

Wherever there is a false pathos, a false gentleness, and a puling excess of sickly affection, it may raise a pretended sympathy in factitious tastes, but it will be rejected with scorn and disgust by all sound minds. I do not wonder that these overwrought colours catch the ignorant and the hard. Strong stimulants are necessary to rouse the torpid and the vitiated; but all experience proves that what is unnatural loses its interest when the novelty and surprise cease. All the acuteness and fertility of the most eminent metaphysical poets could not preserve any fondness for their brilliancies after the fashion changed, and the power of exciting wonder had passed away.

The vulgar mistake chasteness for feebleness. The true genius must never attempt to dazzle, but to gain sober and permanent admiration and love;

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the fancy, and to mend the heart."

Whatever poetry has not a moral use is defective.

That poetry to which we cannot refer

in our sober moments, when the sorrows of life chastise us and make us wise, is worth but little. That which does not enlighten the understanding, or meet its approval, is not genuine.

It is sufficient for me to lay down abstract positions of criticism, which long meditation and experience induce me to believe correct; I leave others to make the application of them. Some of our modern poets will stand the test,—at least in many respects, and in certain instances; others assuredly will not. The taste of the last thirty years has brought forward several charlatans.

Byron has for several years after, and even before, his death, enjoyed an overflowing tide of mighty fame; but I think I can perceive that an ebb has begun. The caprice of the public mind is very likely to follow this, and help to drive it back; if it is made to recede, it will only be for a little while: his fame has been scarcely more than he deserved. It is true that he had many faults, and was a very unequal writer; but his excellencies were of the very first order. I am not sure that, after all the criticisms upon him, those excellencies have yet been duly analysed and appreciated.

His grand merit lay in force, intensity, and sincerity. Some will stare at the latter word,—but so it was: at the moment he wrote, the ideas which he registered had full dominion over him. This is not inconsistent with any subsequent feelings or opinions of an opposite nature. His language was strong and poetical, because it was subordinate to the fire of his thoughts. Every artifice of composition destroys the spell of poetry. Poetry as an art is but an empty toy. The charm is to describe the actual impressions which rule at the instant in the most appropriate language. But then those impressions must be grand, or beautiful, or tender, or comic. It is no use to give the results of memory,—they *must* be faint and false. What is the result of labour has never any nature in it; and what is not natural is deficient in the essence of poetry. A thousand secret movements of the human bosom have never been developed, or never so well developed, but by Byron. When we meet these disclosures, we are electrified by their force and justice. But what finds no response in our own internal mirror is a false light, which produces no fruit or warmth.

Byron wrote better than others, because he felt more violently than others, and because his powerful imagination supplied him with objects for his sensibility. It is this which is true poetical imagination,—not the ideal invention of impossibilities. Now and then Byron attempted to write by the means of artifice; but then he miserably failed.

Cowper's charm also lay in being simple and natural; but then he wanted fire and poetical invention. He gave a *fac-simile* of nature; he copied rather than imagined. His poems raise the gentle affections and purify the heart; an admirable merit, no doubt, and which will always justly secure them fame. But it will scarcely be pretended that he had any degree of the genius of Byron.

It is not in the power of him who is possessed by a Spirit to choose his language or his thoughts: he must speak what the Spirit prompts; and then it is a noble spirit,—he *must* speak well!

If there be a sort of reading more disgusting and more idle than any other it is factitious poetry; and I cannot refrain from saying that the greater part of modern poetry is factitious; it never breathes genuine impulses; it is all affectation, or an idle array of gaudy words: it is all dead matter, and like flowers made of paper or silk, which have no odour. Nothing is so easy as to produce compositions which have the superficial look of poetry, but which want its soul. There is a fashion of mysticity in modern writers of verses which is in very bad taste, and brings this department of literature into contempt; it is mere trick,—the mask of a black veil which any one may put on. True poetry is not a delirium,—it is the *energy* of sound wisdom; if it teaches us nothing, it is "the voice of a cymbal." But there are those who think that what is sound sense, even though it be lofty or pathetic, is not poetry. These are indeed "*nature's fools!*"

The great mass of what is called poetry is tiresome, because it is written upon false principles and from false sources; and not only false, but from a deficiency of genuine sources. Mere intellect, if it be dry, will not produce poetry; it must be exalted by imagination and coloured by pathos. It boots not of what abstract moral axioms it

consists, if they be but energetic and true. Abstraction is not imagery, but high abstraction is an emanation from bright imagery. This is, I believe a new doctrine, but not the less sound on that account. On no other principle can the finest passages of Milton be considered high poetry.

How blind must he be who makes a narrow definition of poetry! Some confine it to description, some to sentiment, some to reason, and some to mere language, and even to harmonious versification. What is most sublime is the finest poetry, whether it be description, thought, sentiment, or pathos. Nothing fatigues so much as flowery language; if the thought is good it does not require it; if it is not good the ornamental dress is a deception, which offends a sound understanding. There are, indeed, metaphors and similes which are necessary illustrations; but when they are so they rise with the idea, and are not sought for.

As to the opinion that good poetry is merely ornamental, and not an useful and instructive part of literature, it is as untrue as it is base and low-minded. It opens that sort of secret knowledge—the knowledge of the human heart,—which it is most essential to our nature to be acquainted with. But all those exaggerated and factitious feelings, and those figures of speech which persons of corrupt taste are most fond of, and deem the proofs of poetical genius, may justly and wisely be erased from the catalogue of human learning or intellect. It may be said, "Such things are not truth." Will it be answered, "No; but they are poetry?" The reply is, "They are *not* poetry."

Persons endowed with the real genius of poetry are very rare; but of these few many go to the grave without being known, or having produced no fruits, because they have been discouraged by the superior encouragement given to false and technical pretenders to poetical power, who have shewn more skill as artists; which artifices he who sings from inspiration disdains and is unfit for.

Pope was occasionally a great poet, but it was not the general character of his mind: he was *always* an excellent versifier and most skilful artist. Now and then he was warmed into high emotion and grand imaginative powers; and then his practical and artificial facilities served him with elegant and

noble language to express his idealisms. But he commonly wanted picturesqueness, variety, and breathing eloquence. Cold reason will not do, however just and sagacious. There are certain important truths which do not come forth easily, but which all acknowledge when expressed.

Visions are always present to poets without seeking for them; but metaphors and similes are not visions. Visions are not the dress, but the spirits themselves. A flowery and jewelled dress is child's work and child's worship. Common poetry is nothing but dress. We never refer a second time to that which is nothing but surface.

In Byron every thing is thought; and expression is never regarded for itself, but only so far as it arises out of and conveys thought. Minor poets are all verbiage, and nothing else. We want the communication of ideas and feelings, not of words. We do not want a commonplace thought in a new and meretricious dress. No one is more unequal than Byron: if he writes when he is not under high excitement, he writes badly. He was one whose prevalent susceptibilities were of a violent and fierce nature. His pride was arrogant and vindictive; his impatience under blame or ridicule was morbid; his vanity (which does not often accompany great pride) excessive; and with all these, extraordinary as it was, he had not a fixed, but only a fitful, confidence in himself.

A man formed in so magnificent a mould, and with such mighty, though so capricious, endowments, by nature and by passion, could not avoid opening splendid flashes of light to the world, when he had the boldness to write without disguise to a listening public. And it was because he wrote from himself, and not from factitious sources, that he became so powerful a magician.

That Byron's temper was bad, and his selfishness dominant, cannot reasonably be denied. He had moments of extreme kindness; but they could not be depended upon. He took heavy revenge for small offences. He could be melted into tears; but then he grew ashamed of his own softness, and turned it into mockery. Genius often delights in its own spiritual eccentricities, in its abstractions, in its *unworldliness*, in its love of solitude, in its inaptitude

to contend with the rudeness and coarseness of common life, in its excess of sensibility, and in its disregard of all vulgar ambitions. Byron had the foolish (and, I will add, mean) vanity to wish to be thought a man of the world, a man of fashion, and "a fellow of infinite spirit," in the dandy sense. This was the weak and ridiculous part of his character. But he surmounted it when alone, and in his closet, and when imagination took dominion over him. He knew the world; but he was in no sense a man of the world; he was something a thousand times better. Something of his defects must be attributed to the disadvantageous circumstances of his infancy, and to the painful difficulties with which he had afterwards to contend at a great school; most of all, to the inheritance of a violent and morbid disposition. Some of the companions he chose were the worst he could have chosen. Shelley must be excepted, who was a wild enthusiast, but ingenious, subtle, and original, and of a gentle and amiable disposition. But he did not sufficiently associate with men of his own rank, and men of experience on the great theatre of the world. He had read a great deal in a cursory way; but it does not seem to me that he was a man of learning, or of regular knowledge in any department. But, perhaps, if he had been, he would less have trusted to his own great and vigorous powers.

His moral feelings, whether good or bad, were of extraordinary liveliness, and never at rest: they were always feverish, and often approached to insanity. He was impetuous, daring, and mockfully defiant. The chances are that no religion had been instilled into him in his childhood; and that family affairs and remembrances had bred discontent and misanthropy.

Let us contrast him with Gray, another great poetical genius, of a very different disposition, temper, and mental turn, and placed in many, though not all, respects under very different circumstances. Both had an unprincipled, expensive, ill-tempered, and neglectful father; and this cast an unconquerable gloom from infancy till death over the minds of both. Gray was timid, delicate, conscientious, and diffident. His parents were obscure; but his native pride was strong, because his mind was of the highest scope.

His affections were uniformly and deeply tender and pure. He loved with idolatrous attachment his mother, who had nursed, educated, and watched over him, and to whom he owed all of protection which he had experienced in the world. Gray's education had been more regular than Byron's, and he had more native genius for nice classical scholarship, and he had more taste; but if he had as original a mind, which I think he had not, he had less force and boldness. Gray had more finish and grace, and more uniform purity and justness of thought, sentiment, and imagery. Each wrote what the other by no effort could have written. Gray was more profound, but not so passionate. Gray was fastidious; Byron was violent. Gray was fearful to break away from models; Byron defied models. Gray was a single diamond, of the highest brilliance, but of small size; Byron was a galaxy of diamonds, of all sizes and hues, of which many were full of specks. Gray's morality was perfect; Byron's morality, sometimes sublime, was mixed up with innumerable dangerous, and even poisonous, ingredients. Byron was more the child of nature; Gray, of art. Gray leaves us calm, philosophic, and virtuous; Byron, in a tumult of tempestuous thoughts. Gray is the calm, serene, philosophic, mellow autumn day; Byron, the raving, terrifying, blasting winter storm. The conclusion to which I come, but with some reluctance, is that Byron was the greater genius.

In one respect Byron had a vast advantage over Gray,—in the immense quantity of his fruit. Byron wrote at least seventy thousand lines of poetry; Gray, scarce fifteen hundred. Gray's costiveness is not very pardonable: he was not justified in doing so little with such mighty powers and acquirements. Nobly as he wrote, he would have written better if he had written more. There cannot be a doubt that practice gives facility; and that ideas come forth by exercise and collision, of which the author himself had before no glimpse. There is a want of moral courage in this sort of idleness. Much of it in Gray is attributed to his low spirits. But his misfortunes were those of his childhood, which, though they may account for his melancholy, were not insuperable. His subsequent life was a life of ease and freedom from

care; with books, leisure, respect, and command of such society as was necessary. But a more active life, which would have stirred the passions, would probably have had a better effect on his industry. Great calm often contracts to torpor. Too much reading also destroys self-reliance.

The greatest poets have led a life of agitation, misfortune, and danger. Witness Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, Camoens, and Milton. This seems to be decisive upon the question. Byron at no one period of his existence appears to have been at his ease. His exile from England, his separation from Lady Byron, were, after his pecuniary circumstances were more affluent, productive of stings and regrets, which incessantly haunted him with the keenest poignancy. There is no doubt that nothing is so fatal to the muse as stagnation and ennui.

Repletion is the result of constant reading, which produces nothing. If we leave impressions in the state in which we receive them, they do not turn into nutriment; and if it be not nourishing, it becomes a painful load: but if it becomes productive, we cannot be easy till it finds a vent. Curiosity and energy cannot be kept awake but by making our studies the sources of new conceptions of our own; and we are dissatisfied with ourselves, if we let these perish unrecorded.

This is the theory by which I account for Gray's habitual low spirits, and for the small number of compositions he has given to the world. I am convinced that Byron, in the midst of all his tumults, had a life of much more enjoyment. Gray must have said to himself, "What have I done? All that I have written may be read over in an hour. In that short space a reader may pass over what he will suppose to be the extent of my mind." He who is conscious to himself of having travelled far and wide, and having collected from a thousand springs, will not be content with this. He will be pained either at the idea that he has been misunderstood, or that he has not acted with the industry which he ought. He will be out of humour with himself, instead of having that self-complacence which is necessary for our happiness.

Gray's *Elegy* and Byron's *Cain* illustrate well the mental characters of the respective periods at which they were

written. Gray is calm, philosophical, regular, correct, classical, and in conformity with all received opinions. Byron is daring, presumptuous, rebellious, and in the judgment of many irreligious, and even blasphemous: but it must be admitted that he shews wonderful poetical power, even if it be deemed the power of Satan.

I should now consider that I had said enough of these two great poets, celebrated as both justly were; but that I wish to add something more about Gray (though not of him), in some remarks upon Sir Henry Wotton.

The times in which Sir Henry Wotton lived were perilous and stormy. His taste and temper led him to a contemplative and literary life; his ambition and accident drove him into the thorny paths of politics and state. He was born in 1568, at Boughton-Malherb, in Kent, of one of the most ancient and most considerable families in that county; who probably took their name from the manor and parish of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover; of which a family so called were possessors. Sir Henry, after leaving Oxford, where he distinguished himself, spent nine years on the continent, principally in Italy, where he made himself a master of languages, manners, and arts. On his return, Lord Essex, attracted by his abilities, learning, and accomplishments, took him as his secretary.

He soon found that he had embarked with a most dangerous patron. Every one knows the character of Essex, the young favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Brilliant, enterprising, rash, generous, vain, self-sufficient, arrogant, inebriated with his high prosperity, flattered and humoured by the queen; to be associated intimately with him was a situation of peril, from which it was almost a miracle that any one should have escaped safe. Wotton did escape; but only by a hair's-breadth flight to the continent. Cuffe, the other secretary of Essex, was taken and executed.

Wotton returned after the accession of King James to the English throne, and was knighted: and about the same time his elder brother, Sir Edward Wotton, was elevated to the peerage. Both had been serviceable to that monarch before he quitted Scotland.

Soon after, Sir Henry was sent on an embassy to Venice, where he discharged

his duties, both public and private, for many years with great ability, knowledge, skill, and distinction. He was always careless of money; the public functionaries were badly paid, and commonly in arrear; and he came home worn with cares, and loaded with debts, and with little provision for his future subsistence. By assiduous application, and many painful obeisances to the court, he at last obtained the provostship of Eton College, where he spent the remainder of his days, dying in Dec. 1639, in the 72d year of his age.

He was a man of great wisdom, and great moral sensibility and plaintiveness. Every where his writings are tinted with an extraordinary attraction of gentle and somewhat melancholy sentiment. He lived in a very different station from Gray, the poet, and moved in a much more enlarged and active sphere; but in many points there was a striking sympathy of feelings and thoughts between them. There can be no rational doubt that Gray borrowed the outlines of his *Ode on Eton College* from him, when we turn to a passage of Sir Henry's *Life*, recorded by amiable Isaac Walton, which I shall presently cite, and which I pointed out in one of my publications forty-four years ago.

Of this *Life* by honest Isaac, I must say that there is nothing more beautiful in biographical composition. For myself, I attribute to it my intense love of biography. If my memory do not deceive me, I began to delight in Walton's *Lives* at eight years old; and I equally delight in them still. They are the most pure and virtuous effusions of a most wise, most tender, most benevolent, and most eloquent mind. I must not copy a work so very well known, and circulated by such numerous editions; but I will not refrain from repeating a few passages.

Wotton's delight seemed to be in moral and philosophical contemplation. He had been imbued with traditions of state affairs from infancy: his great uncle, Dean Wotton, was a very eminent and exercised statesman in the reign of Henry VIII. To this I attribute his own engagement in such a troublesome course of life. Nature meant him chiefly for a musing poet in the calm of solitude. I see no reason why he might not have written an elegy in a churchyard as exquisite

even as Gray's. I do not think he would have written such things as either of the two Pindaric odes.

The severe and censorious critic will endeavour to find some proofs of servility, and versatility, and empty ambition, in Wotton's character—some adulation to kings and corrupt courts—and something of the cunning duplicity incident to his diplomatic occupations. He who applies the tones, courses of thought, and manners of one age to another, removed by a long interval of time, and in a very different state of society, is neither very wise nor very just. But thus it is the fashion to try the public characters of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. by the liberal (not to say *ultra*-liberal) principles of the present. Outward courtesies and ceremonial praises, which would now be mean, were not dishonourable or unelevated then. But I admit that a great mind is not to be a *slave* to the prejudices of *any* age. Great truths are fixed and eternal; and the light of them will break in upon a sagacious and powerful mind under all circumstances. It is only of the conventional, artificial, and accidental part, that we ought not to be expected to be free from the influence.

I say that, notwithstanding all that has been written about the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, something is still wanting. D'Israeli has done much; Hallam has done more with a stronger pen. In both these reigns, many of the public characters were of a very splendid order; but in the latter reign they were clouded by the imbecile, pedantic, and pusillanimous monarch.

Wotton must have been inexpressibly disgusted at the manners of the king's court, and at the persons whom he most favoured; at his bad taste, his want of integrity, his deficiency of firmness and courage, his ignorance of the policy of foreign states, his hateful love of false flattery, and his contemptible submission to the crafty dupery of foreign diplomatists.

These beloved studies, therefore, to which Wotton was by nature so strongly addicted, now became doubly dear to him. Whether he liked the commencement of Charles's reign better than that of his father cannot now be ascertained. He has spoken well of Villiers; but he could not approve him. He must have been horrified to

see the son under the guidance which had been so fatal to the father. His sagacity could not avoid seeing in the distance the mighty tempests of blood, revolution, and ruin, which were gathering into the most frightful blackness;—and he must have deeply lamented the obstinate blindness with which the government was pursuing measures calculated to hasten the explosion. Charles I. was an accomplished and, I believe, a virtuous prince; but he had not a great mind. The ministry were the minions of power, of which they did not understand the proper limits; and the people were corrupted by malignant puritanism to carry, sometimes by craft and sometimes by violence, an overturn of all existing institutions. The monarch was more inclined to the Papists than to the Puritans: but as not only the Puritans hated him, but the Papists did not love him, he was placed between two fires. The queen was an imprudent, rash, and bigoted woman, and was quite ignorant of the character, temper, and political constitution of the English nation. She had too imperious an influence over her consort, and exerted it too much for the indulgence of her own private humours. The king's uxoriousness was a great fault in one to whom belonged such high public functions.

Sir Henry was devoted to the interests of the king's sister, the amiable and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and seems to have been in his old age almost in love with her. The elegant stanzas, in which he compliments her, are yet remembered with delight.

I must now borrow from Walton the following beautiful passages:

“He went usually once a-year, if not oftener, to the beloved Boughton Hall, where he would say, ‘he found a cure for all cares by the cheerful company,’ which he called ‘the living furniture of that place,’ and ‘a restoration of his strength by the connaturals’ of that which he called ‘his genial air.’

“He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Boughton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey, ‘How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we

usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us last being there : and I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me—sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares ; and those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that these were but empty hopes : for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, ' sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys, using the same recreations, and unquestionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

I think no one will deny that this is the prototype of Gray's beautiful ode. Again Walton says :

" After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative ; in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales—the learned Mr. John Hales—then a fellow

of that college ; to whom upon an occasion he spoke to this purpose : ' I have in my passage to my grave met with most of those joys of which a discursive mind is capable ; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of : nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise him for it ; and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but He, that hath kept me to this great age ; and let him take the glory of his great mercy. And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death—that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world ; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better—that world wherein dwelleth righteousness ; and I long for it."

Sir Henry Wotton wrote the following pathetic *Elegy on the Death of his Nephew, Sir Albertus Morton*.

Tears wept at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton, by Henry Wotton.

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell :
Yet let me borrow from my own unrest
A time to bid him whom I loved farewell !

O, my unhappy lines ! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent, " Here my Albertus lies !"

This is that sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace :
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe—
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead ;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanise the flints on which I tread :

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me ;
Yet e'en these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone ? and live I rhyming here,
As if some muse would listen to my lay—
When all disturbed sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play ?

Dwell, then, in endless bliss with happy souls,
Discharged from nature's and from fortune's trust ;
Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
And runs the rest of my remaining dust.

H. W.

Such is a specimen of Sir Henry's poetry. It is written with great feeling, and in a style which, to use an expression of Johnson, "practice might have conducted to excellence."

Let it be recollected that Wotton was one of the first who felt with exquisite delight what he called the Doric delicacy of the pastoral part of Milton's juvenile poems, especially the *Comus*.

The male line of the noble family of Wotton have long been extinct. Female heiresses carried the blood and property into the houses of Stanhope, Hales, &c. Dean Bargrave also married a niece of Sir Henry Wotton. The Barony of Wotton was renewed in one who married a coheiress, and was created Baron Wotton, of Wotton, in Kent.*

The Kentish families of that date made a figure in the world,—the Sackvilles, Sydneys, Wyats, Wottons, Finches, Derings, Twysdens, Colepepers, Astleys, Digges', Sandys', Hales', Fanes, Walsinghams, &c.

That they who filled public functions in those days were of a much higher order, both in natural talent and acquired knowledge, than the greater part who are appointed to similar offices in the present times, seems to me very clear. Almost all have left a reputation behind them not derived from their offices.

Sir Henry Wotton's conversation was rich, eloquent, sentimental, and full of shrewd remarks. A friend handed down the following. It was his joy to talk of his boyhood, and his family society.

"My first delight in landscape was in the noble view we had from Boughton over the Weald of Kent. My father supported a noble house-keeping at Boughton. He had an open table for the neighbouring gentry of the first quality; and all sorts of animals and instruments for field sports. But my father had the family ambition about him, and was never quite easy in the country. He had once had a very narrow escape at the accession of Queen Mary; but it did not cure him. All my three elder brothers were lively, busy, enterprising spirits—all men of talents, and men of literature. They were sometimes a little jealous of me, for I was only of the half blood; and my mother being one of the ancient and powerful house of Finch, of the neighbouring Eastwell Park, who of

course shewed most attention to me, as their near relation, there were occasions on which little momentary asperities passed between us.

"My brothers were of a firmer texture than I was: they thought me too delicate, too sensitive, to be too fond of poetry, and to have a little too much of what they called romance about me. My father's first wife was a Radstone—not so much connected with the best Kentish blood as the Finches. I was much noticed as a boy, and fondled in all the chief houses. Before I was eight years old Sir Philip Sydney paid attention to me, and carried me for a whole week to Penshurst. He was in the highest degree good-natured and gentle: but I observed that he was very grave, and often lost in thought. I did not like his uncle, Leicester: he was haughty and sharp. I afterwards knew intimately Sir Philip's widow, when she was married to Lord Essex.

"We were intimate with the Wyatt family of Boxley, and I was a great admirer of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poetry. There was a great jealousy between them and the Astleys of Maidstone, who had got a grant from the crown of their forfeited estates; on which account we did not visit the Astleys, though they were in much favour with the queen, and carried themselves haughtily. I believe that Sir John Astley's wife was of the queen's blood, by the Boleyns and Forestuces.

"Sir Dudley Digges and I were playfellows, though in after-life we did not agree in politics. He was an ambitious man, who tried to force his way by taking the popular side. I once went with him, when I was about fifteen, to see the old family-house at Wootton, which his father had sold, and about which I was curious, because my family had ages before taken their name from it. It stood upon a hill embosomed in woods, almost within sight of Dover Castle and the sea. Sir Dudley was proud of his ancient family, and was, by the mother, a St. Leger of Ulcomb; whose mother was a Neville, of the house of Abergavenny. His father and grandfather were both eminent men. Sir Dudley is now taking an active part in a contest, of which I wish him well rid.

"I lost my father when I was studying at Oxford, in the twenty-second year of my age; the younger son's portion which he left me was only a hundred marks a-year: but I have continued to pay visits to the dear spot of my nativity for the remainder of my life.

"Nothing makes me so much desire

* See *Dugd. Bar.* vol. ii., and *Nicolas's Synopsis*, and *Burke's Est. Peer.*

and so well use a studious retirement, as a moderate intermixture of cultivated and well-informed society. I admit that an entirely unbroken solitude produces in me spleen and *ennui*. I have been so brought up from infancy, that I am somewhat inclined to state and generous living. Conversation, if relieved by books, is to me a solace almost necessary. I like adorned gardens, terraces, various walks, umbrageous alleys, and seats in temples and under roofs, where I may be protected from the scorching sun and searching winds. I have been accustomed to stately palaces abroad, with all the pomp of art and splendid architecture: something of this I find in the dear mansion where I was born. It is not a vain pleasure which I receive from beholding that my family still live, as they have for ages lived, among the high, the respected, the powerful, the beloved, and the accomplished. The remembrances which hang about every tree, and every natural feature of the domain, I cherish as virtues which soften the heart and spiritualise the mind.

"My favourite books are the moral poets, and the classical writers, whether in poetry or prose. No language ever opened to me so much delight as the Italian; it is a sonorous and most eloquent tongue, and its authors are full of lofty imagination and glowing sentiment. I love the classics. I confess that I love Dante, and Petrarch, and Ariosto, and Tasso still better; they are more spiritual, and deal in more elevated emotions: but I yet think that they have been excelled in some things by two of our own countrymen, Spenser and Shakespeare.

"Indeed we have had in our own province of Kent a poet, who, in some of his imagery, has almost emulated them; and who, perhaps, if he had not neglected the muse for affairs of state, might have stood in the same rank with them. I mean Lord Buckhurst, whom King James created Earl of Dorset. I was introduced to his house at Knowle. He was, unlike poets, a somewhat cautious and prudent man; though, in his youth, he had been a spendthrift. He went through those difficult and changeable times with singular prudence; never splitting on any rock, nor falling a sacrifice to any party. He was, in all respects, a wise man; but I am not quite sure that he was a pleasant one. When he quitted poetry for politics, he took up an artificial character.

"Among the prime duties of wise poetry is deep and tender reflection: from a comparison of the past with the present come our best knowledge, and

the most useful truths. At least, the nature of my own mind always led me more particularly to this sort of association. We do, indeed, soften the evils and heighten the beauties of the past; but then we derive solace from looking back on what appears in a golden light. If regret intermixes itself, still the brightness is stronger than the gloom.

"I rejoice at the years I spent abroad. They filled my mind with varied and expansive images; they enabled me to examine human nature, and human manners, and human society, upon the most enlarged scale; and if they have not rescued me from those narrow prejudices which are the bane of wisdom, I must have an unimpressible mind, which will not admit the beams of the sun. For bodily health, change of air best renovates the frame; change of society and images equally recreate the intellect and affections. Objects lose their proper power of impression by constant repetition: the colours fade in their tints, and the forms in their shapes. Mere brutal force gets the better of intellectual susceptibility.

"At Venice I led a life intermixed, no doubt, with troublesome cares, but under the joyousness of Italian skies, amid the warm genius of high poetry and noble arts, of deep learning, of refined policy; with an establishment that enabled me to draw round me all that was intelligent, and that illumined the fancy, and elevated the spirit.

"When I bring back my brain and heart so furnished to the simplicity of my native fields, does not each contrast beautifully and brightly with the other? Do I not love each the better? and does it not shew me, however attractive at first sight may be the picture of Claudian's Old Man of Verona, it is not an example of true philosophy and of man's nobler nature.

"The stationary country gentleman is a useful character, if virtuous; but not to be envied. His mind is too stagnant, his affections are too narrow, his eye is too dim, his prejudices are too ignorant and obstinate; the sameness of his amusements is too wearisome. Thank heaven for its bounty! so strait has neither been my life, nor the life of my ancestors.

"When I come among that portion of the gentry of my native soil, whom either a want of faculties and a want of opportunity has bound down to their hereditary acres, I find them ate up with petty passions, and forming judgments of those with whom they come in contact, which would be highly offensive and mischievous were they not laughable. I could not have lived long among such people, except in misery and spleen.

They who have the most influence among them are the most brutal, and govern either by mere force of property or arrogant and unfeeling temper.

"It is the nature of an Englishman, who has not had an opportunity to compare himself with men of other nations, to value himself too highly. This arises partly from his island situation—

'Toto diversos orbe Britannos!'

He has a great deal of sound ore at the bottom, but it is not soon malleable; he is naturally bigoted, narrow, passionate, and fierce; he wants much purifying in the flame: but when the ore is melted, and the dregs drawn off, then it is of the finest, richest, and noblest quality. We have had men living in our own time, whom those of scarcely any other country have equalled: Raleigh, for instance, Bacon, and Sydney, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Hooker. All (except, perhaps, the last) have been pushed about in the world, and have conflicted with society.

"My gracious monarch has imposed upon me the task of writing the history of England. What are called regular histories must deal in so many commonplace and trite facts, that I shrink from the barren labour. As a diplomatist, I know how imperfect all relations must be without a full access to the secrecy of state affairs. I feel disgust, therefore, at a toil which withdraws my mind from communications in which I may be so much more useful. I admit that sagacity will do much upon slight hints; but in writing the life of Martin Luther, in which is involved the history of the reformation, my peculiar opportunities of information would have come better into play. I was not too late to see its immediate workings and effects, and I was placed in positions where the counter-operators were still in full passion and full employment.

"Had I taken up the history from the Norman conquest, I must have expended much time and fatiguing labour on a period of society so different from that with which my experience has been conversant, that I should have lost all the benefit of the skill which I have acquired. Man, in a complex state of political society, must be drawn with different habits and in different colours from one in a merely feudal and military age. Authors of a certain cast of original mind ought not to throw away their strength in doing that which mere compilers can do.

"But it is among the misfortunes of life, that we seldom have the opportunity or courage to do that which we are fittest to do. I often think that I could have

conveyed the most useful intelligence, if I had set down the characters of the numerous eminent public persons, in many countries, with whom I have been conversant, and recorded many of those axiomatic truths in civil policy which my long and thorny employments have taught me. I have been engaged in unravelling many intricacies, whence much light has been forced upon me. Few men are what they appear upon the surface to common eyes: it is true that we may see men too near, as well as at too great a distance. In the former case, we see virtues and faults exaggerated; in the latter, we do not see with any distinctness.

"There are those who hold the opinion, that the common characters given by history of public men are the true. Perhaps the great and broad outlines may be so; but these nicer touches which vary the character are very often omitted, or erroneously drawn. The talents and dispositions of contemporaries are perpetually mistaken. Great men are the victims of calumny; cunning and false men raise a reputation which does not belong to them. Sometimes documents are turned up, by time, which seem for a moment to contradict impressions hitherto received; but such results must be admitted with great caution: they often have been generated for partial views and purposes, or have sprung from passion and prejudice.

"It often happens, that the just impression made by personal intercourse with a celebrated man is different from our expectations; but after we have become more familiar with him, we accord to the general judgment.

"I have had one advantage over the generality of men: I have ever mixed deep study and extensive reading with wide experience of mankind, public business, and active life. Few men, thrown much into the bustle of the world, have continued to love reading as I have done. The union of both gives the best opportunity of obtaining sound wisdom; each corrects the other, and the alternative causes a double zest to both. My desire of books in the tumult of society has been often so intense, that when I first could embrace them it was a perfect heaven; then again, in due time, I grew cloyed with their charms, and longed for human intercourse and conversation, and was fitter for it. All our senses, and all our intellectual movements, thus become keener and brighter. Thus I meditated upon my observances, and observed upon my meditations.

"All Europe has been, in my time, in a state of fervid and extraordinary mental excitement; and by the oppor-

tunities I have had of comparing their objects, practices, and collisions, I have gathered treasures of information which I blame myself for not having committed to paper more fully, and in a better manner.

"But if there are advantages in my habits of life, there are also disadvantages, as far as regards this habit of recording my opinions and observations. Society takes up so many of our hours, and conversation is such a channel of opening our hearts, and communicating what passes in our minds, that we are apt to grow neglectful of the pen. Yet the precision and duration of the results of the pen make it much more valuable. Nor is practical experience, perhaps, so necessary for insight into the human character as at first may seem. Solitary students have often, by the force of imagination and native sagacity, developed it best.

"There are times when all of us are discontented with ourselves. At many returning moments I have wished that I had not wasted my life in anxious business, which duller heads and hearts might have done better; then I fondly persuade myself that I might have shone among poets and philosophers, and left a lasting monument of my name. Mere men of business, engaged in temporary concerns, are superseded and put out of mind by their successors, as one wave swallows up another. Almost all public men, except good authors, are soon forgotten in the grave: perhaps it may be answered, 'Better to live while we live, and have the enjoyment in ourselves of that fame, of which, if it shall be bestowed, we may be insensible in the tomb.' What may avail now to poor Spenser the plaudits which are sounded over his mouldering ashes?

"There is this advantage in books over the companions of our public life. We may choose our books, we cannot choose our companions—we may be obliged to lose our time with the impertinent, the dull, the ignorant, and the obstinate—we may see deceit, which prudence requires us not to expose; and observe crafty insults and mortifying misrepresentations, which our public duty will not allow us to revenge. In the closet we are masters over our own frankness, and are not subject to the excitement of that irritability which almost always attends genius.

"On the other hand, there are many advantages in conversation which do not belong to books. New lights are often struck by the collision; and I know not that I ever retired from an intelligent company without having had some new thoughts. Knowledge is often floating

on the lips that never finds its way into books."

I will venture now to touch on two or three contrasted names in the field of modern poetry. Goldsmith was a great favourite with the public, and is so still. I suspect that he owes some part of his fame to the extravagant praises of his friend Johnson. He was correct, clear, harmonious, moral, philosophic, sensible, and just; but he never for a moment rises into the higher regions of poetry. His descriptions are transparent, and never exaggerated; but they are never strong, grand, or picturesque, and are sometimes poor, tame, and trite. There is sometimes a cast of tender sentiment about them; but it is never deep. There is no passion about them—no development of high and hidden emotions—nothing that withdraws us into a world of spirits; all is earthly and tame. The finest gentleman of the old school might read his *Traveller* or *Deserted Village* in an assembly of courtiers without disturbing his muscles, or those of any one of his hearers. It was characteristic of the dull epoch at which he lived. Contrast Goldsmith with Sir Walter Scott, who went into the worlds of fiction,—the times of romance and chivalry. The contrast between these two is so obvious, that it would be idle to enter into the elucidation. Scott is as copious, irregular, and diffuse, as Goldsmith is the reverse. No one will venture to compare the genius of the last with that of the great Magician of the North. But Scott's poetical powers were more truly displayed in his prose romances than in his metrical compositions. Take, for instance, the *Pirate*. It may be doubted whether, if Scott had lived in the former period, he would ever have broke out into such beautiful imaginations.

Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, formed a new school of poetry. They broke from all old trammels; and, by the force of undoubted and vigorous genius, opened many new beauties. Whatever teaches readers to think and feel beyond the common track must always be of inestimable value, and especially when it comes from high-minded and virtuous men. What had been produced by secondary writers, pacing in beaten paths, had become very wearisome and sickly. Hackneyed personifications, where there

was no fund of thinking, and where there was little other faculty put forth than memory, and a skill in the minor tricks of technical composition, were idle sounds, which brought the name of poetry into contempt.

It is strange that so little advantage is taken of the immense fields of poetical ground which have never yet been entered upon. All the varieties of the human character, all their passions, all their morals, all changes of the seasons and climates, all history, all domestic events, all the infinite forms and inhabitants of the surface of the globe, are materials open to the poet, to be exemplified and illustrated by his imaginative faculties. The epic, if not the dramatic, is the prime class: and what exhausture can there be of epic subjects? It demands a mighty fire to sustain such tales with an adequate spirit, great knowledge of the passions, great knowledge of all the recesses of the human bosom, great historical knowledge and acquaintance with the course of human affairs, and a command of strong, clear, varied, unaffected, and harmonious language. But if this requires power and labour, it well repays them; when to waste life upon the artifices of composition, and upon false glitter, is as unsatisfactory and sickly as it is fatiguing.

Nine-tenths of the great mass of poetry are spent in vain searches after false glitter, in technical polish, in rounding periods, and searching for similes and metaphors. Let them regard matter, and not manner; and by degrees sound and deep thoughts will come abundantly and easily.

There is a vulgar error very prevalent, that what is conceived rapidly is conceived slightly. The reverse is true. The most rapid impression is the strongest and most distinct. What is slowly done is done dully and mistily. It is said that what is easily written is not easily read. On the contrary, what is laboriously written can only be read with labour: the thoughts are far-fetched, and the natural train of ideas is continually broken.

Young poets are discouraged by what the public demands, and by what they see before them. They feel that their own powers lie another way, and that they cannot bend to such artifices. Thus genuine poets are discouraged, while pretended ones are brought forward. Yet whoever follows,

like an ape, in the steps of a predecessor, gets nothing but laughter for his pains. Of all the followers of Sir Walter Scott, has one succeeded? The faculty of following a model is a very common one, though the power of origination is exceedingly rare: the imitator catches the form, but never the spirit.

When we look at the last volume of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, we are astonished how little they have done, compared with what they might have done, except Pope. Most of them gained their fame easily. Thomson and Young alone wrote much: and as to Young, his reputation seems to me much higher than his merits. He was a frothy, verbose, and bombast writer, except in his satires, where he has a great deal of epigrammatic point.

It is the fashion of modern days to be more copious and voluminous. This partly has arisen from the greater freedom of thought and action which the French Revolution produced. At that time all formalities and narrow boundaries gave way. There is no doubt there has been evil as well as good in this—it has produced licence as well as liberty. Poets have occasionally ran into absurd extravagances. Extravagances arise from a sense of weakness in the author, and a belief of false taste in the reader—both which require artificial stimulants. Strength is always simple, unlaboured, unadorned, and direct. He will do nothing well who hopes to arrive at excellence by tricks.

There never was a period in which there was so much trickery in what is called poetry as at present. A great part of it has no genuine spirit of poetry in it. It wants, to borrow Johnson's language, nature, force, and novelty. It is a flowery and empty verbiage. The loftiest flights of imagination, and the most intense passion, ought to be consistent with good sense and truth. What is written must be consistent with probable or possible belief. If there were not in the actual experience of mankind enough topics for the use of high fiction, we might excuse a resort to these monstrosities. The passions, sorrows, catastrophes, and enjoyments of actual life, are in their representation sufficient to awaken the noblest emotions of our intellectual nature. Secondary poets shrink from these developments of real passion and

real character, and throw on patches of gaudy colour, and dash out forms of outrageous fiction. The mob stare, admire, shout, grow tired, and turn to new absurdities. If the metaphysical brilliance and acute ingenuity of Cowley has long been forgotten, because it was unnatural, what will these ephemerals, who have no countervailing beauty, be? They are very mischievous while they are in play; for they eclipse chaste lights. I can read what touches my heart, awakens the native impressions of my fancy, or informs my understanding; but these things I cannot read—no endeavours can enable me to go through them.

There are also compositions which at a distance look very much like poetry to the eye; but when they are approached, it is found to be all on the surface—there is no life beneath: all is cold as the statue, which has neither breath, nor blood, nor veins.

Every hour furnishes an abundance of poetical subjects to a rich, exalted, and excited understanding, which is more occupied with matter than with words and artifices of composition. But the arbitrary rules of professional and mechanical critics repel and suppress the communication of them. They require that they should appear in what they call full dress and due form. Now, sound and original thoughts will always shine through any language and shape.

Nearly the same observations are applicable to the prose writers of the last century as to the poets. They were more correct than those of the present day, but rarely so vigorous.

Gibbon is formal and monotonous; Robertson is cold. Burke alone shone above all others—then, and of all times. But, with the exception of Burke, there were no prose writers then so eloquent as a few have since been. They were, perhaps, more correct, and avoided floridness; but they had not the same amplitude nor force of thought, nor the same originality. They were not so rich and flexible as Southey, Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Mackintosh, Campbell, Moore, Lodge, and many others of this day. Tom Warton was elegant, full of taste, and copious in knowledge, but not often vigorous. If Johnson was sometimes grandiloquent and sublime, he was often pedantic, pompous, empty, and

even coarse. Blair was often too laconic, captious, and even dry. Gibbon was too laboured, too monotonous, and too technical. Beattie's prose was dull. Junius was too epigrammatic. Hume's style was clear and easy, but has (if I may venture to say so) been praised more than it deserves: it has, indeed, the French transparency and lightness. Mrs. Carter was remarkable for solidity and propriety, but seldom rose into eloquence. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant, but sometimes too desirous to be witty. Lord Lyttelton's prose had too much of tenuity and languor. Lord Orford was lively, amusing, and piquant; but unequal and incorrect, and never strong or profound. Hawksworth was a feeble and tiresome imitator of Johnson; and Lord Chesterfield a mere meteor of temporary fashion. Soame Jenyns wrote with a minor ingenuity, often subtle, generally original, and almost always lucid and polished. Gray wrote no prose, except his Letters, in which his colloquial manner is sometimes affected; but his descriptions of natural scenery are vivid, beautiful, and perfect.

Perhaps the most easy, graceful, and vernacular prose style is that of a far older date—that of Cowley, Dryden, and Addison. All these were original, solid, and profound thinkers, great scholars, and of warm and brilliant imagination; deep moralists, and intimate with the human heart, as well as human manners.

Mere technical writers never get beyond the fashion of the day.

All who think originally and powerfully may not have a good style; but they who do not think at least originally, cannot have a style which is really good: because genuine language rises up with the thought from its fountain. Prejudice alone will deny, that there are now more original thinkers than there were fifty years ago.

Roscoe's style caught the public taste, when he first brought forth his *Histories of the Medici Family*; but it had too much of the tinsel and the artificial, and seems already to have gone out of fashion. It has something of the appearance of a laboured *mélange* of Gibbon and Johnson. Hurd was analytical, and dry; Porteus rather feeble, and sickly; Warburton strong and acute, but coarse; Parr pompous, and full of verbiage.

CHRESTOMATHY; OR, ANALECTS AND APOLOGUES.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

ANALECTS.

1.

O, the opium of life, in the beginning, makes us lively—then sleepy; and O, how sleepy!

2.

Through the sea of this world I shall endeavour to swim like a sober man, and not to stagger like a drunken one.

3.

Nowhere can you learn more truly and philosophically the troubles and the sieges of poverty than at the universities. The student will there perceive how many humourists and Diogeneses the world possesses.

4.

Without sympathy surgery may possibly exist, but not friendship.

5.

Man's life is like a book, of which the first and last pages are generally blank.

6.

Man has here three half minutes; one to laugh, one to sigh, and a half to love: in the middle of this last minute he expires. But the grave is not dark: it is the shining footstep of an angel that calls us. When the unknown hand hath sent the last arrow to the head of man, he bows before it; and the arrow removes the crown of thorns from his wounds.

7.

The exercise of sentimental fancy is of all mental employments the most exhausting. An algebraist lives twice as long as a writer of tragedies.

8.

Man would be upon this earth vain and useless, ashes and smoke, a puppet and a vapour, if it were not that he felt he was so. O God! this feeling is our immortality.

9.

Only a lover can sympathise with a bridegroom's enthusiasm.

10.

The mountains, the forests behind which a beloved soul dwells, the walls which encompass it, have a magical influence in the eyes of man, and hang before him like the friendly curtains of futurity and oblivion.

11.

Is life, then, so long that men dare be angry? Are the good so many that they can fly from each other?

12.

Man lies a mute in his cradle: a mute is he also when he lies in his grave. When he rejoices, it is like a sleeper who laughs: when he shivers and moans, it is like one moaning in sleep. We all look upwards unto heaven, and pray for trust and hope; but over us, in the infinite blue, is no voice for our heart. Nothing appears, nothing assures, nothing answers us—and so we die!

13.

To die for the truth is a death not for one's fatherland, but for all the world. Truth, like the Medicean Venus, is found by the world in thirty pieces; but these when collected formed a goddess. And thy temple, eternal Truth, which even now is built half above the earth, piled from the bones of thy martyrs, shall finally erect itself upon the world, and stand with every pillar of adamant resting upon a precious grave!

14.

Time passes away in the twinkling of an eye, nations in individuals, genius in thoughts, the immeasurable in points! There is nothing great.

15.

Men and books require more than one corrector to amend errata.

16.

Is not the harmonicon of the muses the echo or repetition of past hours of the deepest love, and does it not paint in every emotion the fading picture brighter and brighter? Can a poet control the exhaustion of the heart better than through the inexhaustibility of the human fancy?

17.

The devil himself is no match for a real jurist. One can as soon hold fast a pig with a soaped tail as an advocate can *jus*.

18.

The Feelings are stars which shine beautifully through a clear heaven; but Reason is the magnetic needle

which the ship more gently feels when all are hidden and give light no more.

19.

Man erects with much trouble the Alps of ideal love: yet more laborious and dangerous is it (as from other Alps) to descend from them.

20.

How different are the sorrows of sinners from those of the pious! The former are like the darkness of the moon, through which the dark night becomes yet wilder and blacker; the latter are like the overshadowings of the sun, which cool the hot day and shadow it romantically, and wherein the nightingales begin their song.

21.

The maiden's soul is a full-blown rose, from which as soon as one leaf is plucked the rest begin to fall.

22.

The moral poison makes the tongue as light as the physical makes it heavy.

23.

Without poetry and art, the soul grows wooden and obtuse in this earthly climate.

24.

Momus beheld the animals, and after thinking long, exclaimed, Every one resembles a god or a goddess; but which is the image of all the gods? Then pointed Prometheus to man and said,—This one.

25.

The soul of the world sleeps or rests, says the pigmy man, as often as his bat-like eyes can no longer follow its working. So sinks the sun daily in the ocean to sleep, when it awakens and runs its course over a new world and a new sea.

26.

To look out of the window in a great city gives one an epic feeling; in a village, only a lyrical or idyllic one.

27.

God is like the light which, itself unseen, makes all things visible, and clothes itself in colours. Our eyes do not find the beam, but our hearts perceive the warmth.

28.

Many flowers are gazed upon by the sun, but only one follows him round in

his course. Heart! like the sun-flower, be not laid open before God, but hearken to him also.

29.

Napoleon ended his lectures for princes (for so we may call his wars) like other professors, for the most part, in a single course.

30.

The Revolution was a mental citizen war throughout all Europe.

31.

Fell not my sacred wood of oaks, O Prince, said the dryad, I harm thee not! He felled it, nevertheless. After many years he must stretch his head upon the block; and he gazed upon the block attentively—it was from the oak forest.

32.

Man loves the soul above him more truly and virtuously than the soul beneath him. The dog is fonder of man than of his own species. The libertine is most captivated by the innocent maiden.

33.

A man of talent, who is born poor, loses nothing of his *hauteur* by reason of his poverty. If any thing, on the other hand, can render him more sociable, it is a little prosperity.

34.

There are only two ways of raising yourself in the world;—by your own industry, or your neighbour's imbecility.

35.

A great soul is above injustice, and injury, and grief, and contempt: it would be invulnerable, if it did not suffer through compassion.

36.

There is a species of shame in being happy in the sight of certain miseries.

37.

They who, without knowing us, think ill of us, do us no wrong: it is not ourselves whom they attack, but the phantom of their imagination.

38.

A troop of masks enter a ball-room, take each other's hands, and begin to dance; they take no notice of any one but themselves, however worthy he may be. They dance again and again perpetually. The spectators begin to get

wearied at seeing them dancing and walk away. Is this any thing like the not dancing. Some lose temper, others government of a monarchy?

The above selections are from Jean Paul Richter; and in closing them, we propose to attempt the translation of one of his most characteristic pieces, as introductory to a set of APOLOGUES. It is to his "Dreams," and to those powerful and original compositions in which the pathos of Sterne and the humour of Swift are united, that this writer owes so much of the admiration of his countrymen. These curious productions are all exceedingly like what they profess to be, viz. dreams. They possess that wild, disjointed, *night-mareish* inspiration, which seems the essence of German romanticism. In the following, which is one of the best, it seems to have been the intention of the author to produce a reaction of the sentiment, by supposing for a moment that the doctrines of the French school of atheism were true and real. It is a wild and sublime conception, worthy of the genuine inspiration of Byron or of Shelley. Madame de Staël, in her *Germany*, thus notices this piece of fantasy:—"Bayle a dit quelque part que l'athéisme ne devoit pas mettre à l'abri de la crainte des souffrances éternelles. C'est une grande pensée et sur laquelle on peut réfléchir longtemps. Le songe de Jean Paul que je vais citer peut être considéré comme cette pensée mise en action."

The original is written in prose; but the translator, from the *Dantesque* vein pervading it, has been tempted to turn it into verse. The *terza rima* has been chosen in imitation of Shelley's fine poem, *The Triumph of Life*, which the present poem also resembles in other respects.

I.—THE VISION OF ANNIHILATION.

Methought I slept within a churchyard old,
Beneath a baleful yew one eventide,

Where, to the silence of his region cold,
Death had long gathered man's ephemeral race:
And on my sleep a frightful dream was rolled.

As I lay dreaming in that charnel place,
The steeple Clock, with downward rolling wheel
And iron tongue, Time's slow and heavy pace

Tolled forth. And I awoke at that dread peal;
Then vainly looked aloft in the night heaven
For sunlight;—an eclipse did quite conceal

Its glory with the moon: all graves were riven—
And charnel doors were swung by hands unseen;
And o'er the walls were flitting shadows driven,

Though no corporeal forms did intervene—
And others upwards stretched in the pale air:
And none lay sleeping now but babes serene.

The cope of heaven in folds immense did wear
A grey and sultry mist—a giant shade
Was drawing down like vapour closer there.

Above I heard a distant fall, as made
By some great avalanche: whilst in earth's womb
A boundless earthquake's steps did retrograde

Afar; and then, anon, would near entomb
The wavering pile, which up and down would rock,
From Dissonances which did fight for room,

In anarchy's interminable shock,
And vainly sought to mix in unison.
At times a glimmer hovered near that clock,

And under it the molten lead did run.
The net of mist and tottering earth then led
My steps towards a hideous skeleton,

Which near the temple door as I did tread
Methought I passed, with glittering basilisks
Brooding within a poison bush, their bed.

Through unknown circles next, upon whose discs
Gone worlds were graven, passed I ; and each shade
Stood round the altar, trembling at their risks.

Not heart did beat, but breast — so much dismayed
All seemed. One dead man only, who had been
Just buried there, in quiet still was laid.

And on his smiling countenance was seen
A happy dream : but when the living came
He smiled no longer, but did change his mien ;

And lifted up his eyelids, but no flame
Within their sockets burn'd — and high his hands
He folded, as to pray had been his aim.

But, lo ! each arm first lengthens, and expands
Into the night, and then dissolves away ;
And next the folded fingers thin, like sands

Within an ebbing hour-glass dim and grey,
Fall down ; and there, on the church dome, on high,
Eternity's great dial did display

No number ; — as its index ; — drearily,
A finger black as night did point thereon,
And the dead sought to see the time thereby.

A noble Form sank from aloft, anon,
With looks of speechless sorrow ; and all cried,
“ Is there no God ? ” He answered, “ THERE IS NONE ! ”

The shadows of the dead then shuddering sighed,
Each shuddered, but not with the breast alone ;
And one by one, to pieces smitten, died.

Then said that messenger, “ Through worlds has flown
My towering wing, and each bright galaxy,
Through sun, and stars, and heaven's empyreal zone —

But there is none ; and through the boundless sea,
Far as its shadow being casts, I sank,
And downward gazed in the immensity.

Father ! I cried, where art thou ? still the Blank
Was dumb. But everlasting Desolation
How'd in its guideless track, and Ether drank

Tears trickling from the Rainbow of Creation,
Without a parent sun, that gleaming hung
Above the Abyss — the dark Gulph of Negation.

When for the Eye Divine I upwards flung
These orbs of light, the immeasurable world
Glared black, nor spoke its inorganic tongue.

And Chaos by Eternity was hurled,
Eating and ruminating it. Cry out,
Ye Shadows, soon into oblivion whirled —

Cry on, ye Dissonances,—He is not!"
The ghastly shadows flitted like the white
Vapour by frost in the froze air begot.

And all was void. Then came, O fearful sight!
The Children dead, who in the churchyard lay,
Into the temple, through the dismal night,

And cast themselves, in piteous array,
Before the high Form and sweet Glory, cried,
"No father have we then to be our stay?"

And he with streaming eyes to one replied,
"We all are orphans,—I and thou, alas!"
Then shrieked the Dissonances far and wide,

Louder and louder—and the shuddering mass
Of ghosts departed—temple, children, fell—
The sun, too, sank into the earth—nor was

The universe a moment more to dwell,
But past, with its immensity, before
The noble Form, at that tremendous yell.

— Then tried he from the summit to explore
The universe with thousand suns inlaid,
And sparkling, as a mine which Indians bore

In far Golconda's diamond-chequered shade.
And as he saw the grinding press of poles,
The torch-dance which celestial wild-fires made,

How world on world shook off its glimmering souls,
As water bubbles on the Sea of Death
Cast swimming lights upon its rocky shoals.

He looked towards the void with sighing breath—
And cried, "Necessity, cold, frantic Chance!
O say what sight is this lies here beneath?"

When will ye crush in your eternal dance
This universe and me—and each bright star,
One after one, extinguish in the expanse.

When charioteered by hurricanes, your car
That sparkling dew of heavenly lights rides o'er
In its fell course of ages secular.

How must each breast its solitude deplore
In this wide grave of all—I am alone!
O Father, Father, have I then no more

Thy bosom infinite to rest upon!
Ah, if each soul doth its own life create,
Why can it not, moreover, be its own

Destroyer too? Lives there beside me yet
A man? Unhappy one, your little life
Is but the sigh that chance doth animate.

A mirror casts its rays upon the strife
Of atoms, and the cloudy phantoms rise.
Look down on yon abyss, where clouds are rife

With motion, and the ashy mists suffice
To reek up worlds from yonder death-like sea:
The Future now is mounting to your eyes—

The Present, like a falling mist, you see.
Sweet earth ! that once was thine, know'st thou ? Look down !"
Here filled his eye with tears. "Alas !" cried he,

"Once was I there and felt the thorny crown ;
Yet had I still my Father infinite,
Within whose breast my sorrows I could drown,

And in death's bitterness could yet delight.
Ah, happy mortals ! still in him ye trust.
E'en now, perhaps, your sun is sinking bright ;

And midst bright tears and blossoms kneel the just,
And with joy-streaming eyes the Omnipotent
Invoke, and know not they, alas ! are dust.

Ah, when the sorrow-laden in content
Rests from his galling load, and hopes for morn,
A fairer morn of virtue, his lament

Will rise once more, to see no light adorn
The everlasting chaos, nor a hand
To heal his woe, but midnight still forlorn !

Mortal ! beside me, if thou livest, stand
Aloft and pray, or He is lost for ever."
And, as I rose, I saw the serpent band

Of giant-like eternity dis sever,
And round about the all of worlds aye-toil,
There with innumerable rings to weave her,

Sweeping the crashing worlds in the turmoil,
Within the walls of that lone burying ground ;
And all grew fearful from the dread recoil,

Void, dark, and dismal ;—then the thundering sound
Of Time's last hour was, by the shivering stroke
Of an immeasurable hammer, wound ;
The universe to shatter :—I AWOKE !

II.—THE YOUTH, THE SERPENT, THE COW, AND THE FOX.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

An Arabian youth, mounted, according to the custom of his country, on a fleet and sure-footed camel, was journeying over the vast desert of Kera-maun ; he was in pursuit of the caravan, and arrived late one evening on the borders of a forest, great as the power of Allah, and extensive as the plain of destruction. The travellers had proceeded onwards, and on leaving this, their last halting-place, some negligent wretch had omitted to extinguish his fire. The sparks being still alive, and the western gale springing up, had fanned them into a flame ; which, spreading from brake to bush, and from bush to tree, speedily set the whole forest in a blaze. The youth, arrested in his progress, was gazing on the awful spectacle before him, when

on a sudden the voice of lamentation reached his ear.

He looked about and beheld, at a little distance from him, surrounded by the all-devouring element, a huge serpent, writhing, as it seemed, in the last agonies of death, bound and fastened as he was in the fetters of the flames.

On observing the approach of the traveller, the serpent lifted up his voice and said, "O youth ! pity my miserable condition ; and although we are, it is true, naturally enemies, yet extend a helping hand, and save me from the wretched fate which, without assistance, instantly awaits me."

The youth had drunk deep of the bitter cup of adversity, and from experience had learned the value of kindness and compassion. He said, "Although

we are taught the maxim, that 'to serve the wicked is to injure the good,' yet thy condition is so deplorable, and thy destruction so sure unless I help thee, that I will for once act contrary to the advice of the wise." Having said this, he fixed his wallet to the point of his spear; and stretching out the hand of assistance, desired the serpent to take speedy advantage of the means of escape offered to him. The serpent lost no time in coiling himself up in the bag, and was drawn safely out of his perilous situation.

"Go," said the youth, "wheresoever thy inclination may lead thee; and henceforward, out of gratitude for the service now rendered thee, abstain from injuring man."

"What!" asked the serpent, "dost thou require me to abandon the dictates of my very nature? Knowest thou not that there is an inherent principle fixed within me, which bids—nay, commands—me to do all the harm I can to every son of man? I cannot and will not give up that disposition, which was planted within me by my Creator; and stir I will not from this spot, till I have inserted my deadly fangs both into thee and into thy camel."

"Did I not but this instant," replied the youth, "render thee an important service? And among what class of God's creatures is it the custom to return evil for good? and with what tribe is it held right to sully the pure stream of kindness and affection with the foul dregs of cruelty and ingratitude?"

"It is the practice of you men," said the serpent; "and although to render a service is, abstractedly considered, to do good, yet when misapplied, as in the present instance, it becomes a sin. I will therefore punish your presumption and folly, that your example may be a warning to others. I will sell you the very article I purchased in your own market; you will surely buy for once that which you sell all the year."

The youth, in great alarm, bent the knee of supplication to the earth; but compassion was a stranger to the adamant heart of the serpent, who called out, "Prepare quickly, and say whether I shall bite thee first or thy beast."

The youth repeated that it was most unjust and cruel to return evil for good, and defied the serpent to prove, by credible witnesses, that such was

the practice of mankind; adding, that if the snake should really produce evidence in support of his proposition, he would cast aside the mantle of hope, and hold out the hand of despair to be bitten by him.

"Well, then," said the serpent, "let us refer our dispute to the cow grazing in yonder meadow."

They went, and had no sooner asked the cow what was the usual return for good, than she replied, "If you ask what is the practice of man, I must unhesitatingly tell you it is evil. I myself was for a long time in the possession of a man: morning and evening I supplied him unsparingly with milk and butter; year after year I brought forth a calf, which he sold to supply the wants of his family. At length, from increase of years, my milk dried, and I lost the power of bearing young. My tyrant-master no sooner perceived this, than, unmindful of my good and faithful service, he drove me from his yard, to seek for food and shelter he cared not where. I strayed into this plain, and being unfettered and at my ease, I have regained somewhat of my former fat and sleek appearance. It was but yesterday that my master passed this way, and observing the improvement in my condition, actually sold me to his butcher; and to-morrow I am to be led to the slaughter-house. Such is the return man makes for good!"

"Prepare thyself quickly," said the serpent.

"To condemn," answered the dismayed youth, "upon the testimony of a single witness, is contrary to our most holy law; produce another, and then act as you desire."

They were standing near a tree, and they appealed to it. The tree instantly gave its testimony against man, and said, "I have sprung up, as you see me, in this desolate place; and here, standing upon one stem, and occupying but a small portion of God's earth, am ever at the service of passers-by. I spread out my branches in every direction, to afford shade and shelter to the scorched and weary traveller. Often have I saved a wretched, miserable man, who, but for my timely aid, must have sunk under the burning rays of the sun. Mark the result: he no sooner begins to derive the advantage of my assistance, and to recover from the fatigue of his journey, even while he is

yet reposing under the shade I cheerfully give him, than he looks above and around him, saying, How gracefully bends yon branch ! it will serve me for a bow. This limb, how beautiful ! how straight ! I will have it for a handle to my spear. He then, utterly regardless of the injury he inflicts, severs them from my body, and so recompenses me for the service I have rendered him. I am thinking how I can best afford him shelter, while he is meditating upon the readiest way to tear me up by the very roots."

"There now," exclaimed the serpent, "are the two witnesses you required : prepare instantly to meet your fate."

"Life," answered the youth, "is dear to all ; give me one chance more, and if you produce yet another witness I will resist no longer, but will then submit to the will of God."

It happened that a fox was standing near, and was listening with great attention to their dispute. "We will ask the fox," said the serpent ; "and when he pronounces judgment against thee, I will delay no longer."

Before the young man could put his question, the fox shouted, "Man always returns evil for good ; but pray, sir, what service do you pretend to have rendered the snake, that you should have made yourself obnoxious to punishment ?" The youth related all that had passed. "You appear an intelligent person," answered the fox ; "why, therefore, do you state what is so contrary to reason and com-

mon sense ? You know it ill becomes a wise man to advance any thing that is opposed to truth and justice."

The snake assured the fox that the words of the young man were true, and directed his attention to the bag hanging at the saddle-bow ; by means of which he had been drawn out of the flames. "Now," said the fox, "I know thou speakest what is false ; for how could a serpent of thy great size be contained in so small a compass ?"

The deluded serpent, bent on the destruction of the youth, was anxious to prove to the fox the truth of his assertion, and offered to convince him by again placing himself within the bag. The fox said, that if indeed he should witness it with his own eyes, he could no longer doubt ; and would then fairly and impartially decide between them." Upon this the young man stretched open the mouth of the bag, and the serpent, deceived by the words of the wily fox, coiled himself up in it as before.

The fox instantly called, "O youth ! thou hast now thy enemy in thy power ; give him no quarter : he is in thy hand, spare him not."

The youth, with all speed, closed the mouth of the bag ; and dashing it with violence to the ground, preserved himself and the rest of mankind from the fangs of the ungrateful serpent.

The wise say, dimly indeed must burn the lamp of that man's understanding who suffers himself to be cajoled by his enemy.

III.—THE TWO DOVES.

A pair of turtle-doves lived in one nest, and cooed their love on the same branch ; their minds had never been sullied by the dust of jealousy, or their hearts pierced by the dart of misfortune : they were content with a few grains and a drop of water, and, like a dervise abstracted from the world, resigned their fate to the will of God. The one was called Bazinda, the other Nowazinda ; and morning and evening this attached pair warbled forth, in measured notes, the praises of their Maker, and with sweet and heart-delighting tones acknowledged the bounties of their Creator.

At length Fortune cast an eye of envy on the happiness of this faithful pair ; and as that cruel jade delights in nothing more than in separating a

lover from his mistress, she caused Fancy to draw on the pure tablet of Bazinda's mind the plan and picture of a journey. He addressed his mate thus : "O Nowazinda ! how long shall we continue to live in one nest, and pass our days in the same place ? I have the greatest desire to fly abroad for a time and fulfil the great command, which instructs us to move over the face of the earth. In travelling, many strange things are to be seen, and much experience is to be acquired ; and the wise tell us, that travel produces great advantage. The sword, unless drawn from the scabbard, can never be died in the blood of heroes ; and the pen, till taken out of its case, cannot adorn the page of history. The sky, being ever in motion, is exalted

above all things; and the earth, being stationary, is kicked and trodden on by high and low. By travel, a man acquires knowledge, wealth, and wisdom: if the tree moved from place to place, it would escape the tyranny of the axe and the saw."

Nowazinda answered: "My beloved friend! pray abandon this vain notion; for thou hast never yet experienced the troubles of a journey, or suffered from the fatigues of the road. The adage, 'the mishaps of the road are many,' has not reached the ear of thy understanding; nor the maxim, 'the fierce wind of separation is blighting,' taken root in the garden of thy mind. Travel is a tree which bears no fruit but separation, and it is a cloud which rains nought but affliction. The poor and weary traveller sits down to his devotions by the road-side, with his heart torn in a thousand pieces."

Bazinda said: "Although it is true that much fatigue may be suffered in travelling, yet seeing new sights and visiting strange cities is delightful; and when one is accustomed to it, little or no inconvenience is experienced by being constantly on the move: and the mind being ever engaged, scarcely suffers the body to feel a want of rest. If absence should cause the thorn of separation to spring up, we should not lament; for from that very thorn we gather the fruit of our desire."

Nowazinda rejoined: "To visit distant regions, and to view the curiosities of the earth, in the company of faithful friends, is doubtless agreeable; but when absent from those we love, how little does the inspection of wonders and seeing of sights serve to cure the anguish of separation! I am quite satisfied, that absence from those we love, and the disunion of friends, are the greatest and weightiest of all earthly calamities. Return thanks to God that thou hast abundance of food and a comfortable nest, and let not the mantle of security escape from thy grasp."

"Do not, my love," said Bazinda, "say another word in opposition to my wishes, for I am resolved to go; there is no want of friends in the world, and if in losing one we gain another, where is the harm? Should I be removed from thy presence, I shall obtain a mate elsewhere. Hast thou not heard the maxim, 'Fix not your affections on a single friend or

on one country?' I feel quite assured that you will never read in the page of my history any account of troubles suffered in my travels. A man is not considered perfectly accomplished till he has made many journeys."

Nowazinda replied: "If thou art indeed intent on withdrawing thy love from thy faithful partner, and hast cruelly resolved to cut asunder the silken band of our affection, what can my words avail? Yet forget not that we are forbidden to exchange old friends for new; and it is said, that he who listens not to the advice of his friend fulfils the desire of his enemy."

This affectionate appeal made no impression on the heart of Bazinda, who, bidding adieu to his faithful mate, hastened away like a bird escaping from his cage. He flew through the air with the greatest delight, measuring the great expanse with his wings; passed over the summits of lofty hills, saw paradise-like gardens and meandering streams, till at length he arrived at the foot of a mountain as high as the heaven of heavens, and so great that the earth, when compared with it, appeared but a grain of sand. All around was one continued garden, more beautiful than imagination can paint, or the most fertile fancy conceive: there were running streams glittering with the rays of the sun, flowers of every hue shedding perfume more delightful than the musk of Tartary. Bazinda was enchanted with that heart-alluring place, and as it was near the close of day, arrested his flight, with the intention of passing the night there. He had scarcely alighted, or yet rested from the fatigue of his journey, when all at once there appeared clouds dark as midnight; the stillness which prevailed was on a sudden interrupted by terrific peals of thunder; the flashes of lightning were incessant; the noise appalling as the cries of the wicked at the last day; on one side came hail and rain in torrents, on the other dashed down thunderbolts. The mountain was rent by the lightning's flash, the earth trembled at the peals of thunder. In such a moment, where was Bazinda to seek for refuge? where find protection from the cold and rain? He crept under the leaves of a tree, but the hail-storm increased, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder-bolts dashed again and again to the ground. Bazinda said, "The night is dark, and the fear

of the thunder and the storm is dreadful ; but what do they, who are sitting in security with their friends, care for the misery of my condition ?”

He passed the night in the most hopeless state of despondency, thinking of the comforts of his home and the affection of his faithful mate, till his poor heart was ready to break ; and he said, “ If I had known that absence from thee, my love, would have been so heart-afflicting, I would not have left thee for one hour ; I would not have lost sight of thee for a single instant.”

When the messenger of day announced the glad tidings of light, the dark curtain of night was withdrawn, and the sun came forth to illuminate the world. Bazinda spread his wings again, doubtful whether to return home or keep his first resolve of wandering about ; when suddenly there appeared a hawk, with talons sharper than the dart of death, and with wings more rapid than the wind. In chase of prey, he could descend to the earth quicker than rays proceed from the sun ; and when he inclined upwards, he could reach the heavens sooner than the glance of an eye. His attack was sudden as the lightning’s flash.

When the poor dove saw the approach of the ruthless hawk, his heart fluttered and trembled, and finding himself thus fixed and bound in the fetters of misfortune, reflected on the advice of his friend and the folly of his own conduct. He made a solemn vow, that if he should escape this danger, and be preserved from this calamity, he would never think more of leaving home ; but considering the society of an attached friend as the greatest of earthly blessings, he would never again allow his tongue to utter even the word journey.

Bazinda had but just formed this wise resolution, and the hawk was about to seize him in his talons, when there appeared a hungry eagle, the dread of whose claws made the Aquila of the heavens tremble, and from whose fierce and hungry grasp even Aries and Capricorn were hardly secure. He was hovering about in search of prey, and when he observed the hawk in pursuit of the dove, he said to himself, “ Although a dove is but a contemptible morsel, and scarcely a mouthful, yet he will serve to break my fast upon, and will go somewhat towards

satisfying my appetite.” He darted to seize the dove, but the hawk, naturally violent, and being inflamed with rage at this unjust attempt to wrest his prey from him, resisted with all his might ; and a sharp contest ensued between them. Bazinda saw that the moment was favourable, and while his enemies were fighting for him as the prize, he flew quickly behind a stone and thrust himself into a hole, which, under ordinary circumstances, would not contain a sparrow. He there passed another dismal night ; and when the bright beams of Aurora put to flight the raven-darkness of night, the strength of poor Bazinda was so completely exhausted that he had not the power to fly. Fearing and trembling, he stretched his neck out of the hole, and looking about in every direction saw a dove, not far distant, with a handful of corn scattered on the ground before him. Bazinda was overcome with hunger, and the moment he saw one of his own species standing in the midst of plenty, he made an effort to join him ; but before he could pick up a single grain, his foot was entangled in the web of deception, and he found himself in the prison of a net. Bazinda called out from his place of confinement, and began to reproach the stranger dove thus : “ O brother ! you and I are of the same species ; why, therefore, didst thou act thus cruelly towards me ? Why didst thou not warn me of my peril, and prevent my stepping into the snare ?”

“ Revile me not,” answered the dove. “ Dost thou not know that we cannot avoid our fate, and that it is folly to contend against it ? When the arrow is discharged from the bow of Destiny, the shield of Prudence cannot ward it off us.”

“ If thou canst,” implored Bazinda, “ instruct me how to break the bars of my prison ; and for the remainder of my existence I will never cease to be grateful to thee.”

“ Poor simple soul !” said the dove ; “ if I knew any stratagem by means of which escape were possible, thinkest thou that I would stand quietly here, and act as a cruel decoy to others ? Thou remindest me of the young camel, which, worn out by the length of the journey, called out to its mother to rest awhile. The mother answered, ‘ Fool ! dost thou not see that the bridle is in other hands ? Were it

otherwise, I would speedily relieve my own back from the weight of the burden, and thy feet from the fatigue of the road.' ”

The net, which was a prison to Bazinda, had been long exposed to the weather ; and as it was less strong than the bird's efforts to release himself, the bonds which held him were burst asunder, and he flew away rejoicing in his escape. He took the direction of his home, almost forgetting his starved and hungry condition. After flying for some time he reached a ruined village, and alighted on a wall which stood on the side of a rich corn-field. The crop was watched by a farmer's boy, who no sooner espied Bazinda than he applied a pellet to his bow ; and while the unfortunate bird was thinking of the feast he was about to enjoy, the string was drawn, off flew the pellet, and down went Bazinda into a well. The well was situated at the foot of the wall, and was as deep as the gulf of despair, and as narrow as the minds of the ignorant.

When the lad saw that the object of his desire was out of his reach, he went away, leaving Bazinda half-dead in the prison of a well. With broken wing and afflicted heart Bazinda passed another miserable night, thinking again and again of his beloved mate, and of the misery he had suffered since part-

ing from her. The next morning, having with great difficulty scrambled to the top of the well, he flew along, weeping and lamenting, towards his much-desired home.

Nowazinda heard the flutter of his wings, and hastening to meet him called out, “ I opened my eyes in the hope of seeing my beloved ; how can I sufficiently thank Heaven for granting my desire ? ” She flew into his embrace ; and finding her Bazinda poor and emaciated, asked him of his journey, and the privations he had undergone. Bazinda replied : “ I have felt the pain of love ; ask not of whom. I have tasted the poison of absence ; ask not from whom. I have suffered from hunger and from thirst, from pain and misfortune ; and after I have reposed one night on thy faithful bosom I will tell thee all. I had heard that much experience was to be gained by travelling ; I have tried it once, and my experience is such that I will never take another journey, and, unless driven by necessity, will not again stir out of the corner of our nest. With my own consent never will I again change the happiness of looking in thy sweet face for the misery of seeing strange sights. Blessed in the possession of thy much-loved form, I will never desire to see another.”

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. HANNAH MORE.*

At this time of day, to set about a regular critique of Mrs. Hannah More's genius and character, as displayed either in her conduct or her works, would be about the most absurd of labours. Not only has the public thoroughly made up its mind on her—and hers; but, as her biographer states, “her history and her character in great part belong to and represent an age, the form and pressure of which have of late been rapidly disappearing, to give place to a new order of things, and a very different system of manners; whether better or worse may be variously affirmed,—in some points probably better, in others not so good, but certainly very differently constituted, and disclosing very different tendencies.” All this is good reason for writing memoirs of the lady, but bad for writing a critique—we mean a regular critique—on her productions. Her life should be written as it has been, and be abridged as in this paper it will be; but the State and Stage of Intellect which she represented has long been outgrown by society in its progress and development, and nothing on earth can give it interest again. For its time and place it was good; but it has now lost substance, and is as a shadow of a past object, soon itself to follow into the intensity of that same inane into which its original has herself vanished.

It would be highly improper in us to bear down upon the memory of Mrs. Hannah More with the accumulated power which time merely has given us over it; not only would it deprive us of extracting whatever good was to be got out of the volumes now published, but would preclude us from deriving any pleasure from our task, or communicating any to the reader. Moreover, there may be intellects that are individually in a state to receive instruction and amusement from their contents, and may even yet take a warm concern in the works and the remembrance of the authoress, although the general mind, or rather the mind of those who now occupy the same relative station that such persons as herself in her own day held, be considerably in advance of her perfections.

Her biographer seems to think that the “new era” in which we find ourselves is one “of extremes;” and that “there was a happy balance in the qualities of this gifted lady,” which kept her from every thing that could be so qualified. He has well enough here, though probably without design, hit off the character of her tendencies and talents.

Hannah More (the youngest but one of the five daughters of Jacob More, who was descended from a respectable family at Harleston, in Norfolk,) was born in the year 1745, in the parish of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester. We cannot follow her through the period of childhood, concerning which the life-writer has given us certain tales of precocity all very well in their way, but nothing out of it. Having learned something of Greek and Roman history from her father, something of the Latin and French languages, and the mathematics, we find her in a boarding-school at Bristol, under her eldest sister's care, reading the *Spectator*, and hearing the elder Sheridan lecture on eloquence, and writing verses on Sheridan's said lectures, and other matters of like grave import. Ferguson, the popular astronomer, also, was engaged in lecturing at Bristol; with him she formed an acquaintance, as also with one Peach, a linen-draper, to whom the historian Hume had entrusted the correction of his history, and who had detected in it more than two hundred Scotticisms. “But for this man, it appears, two years of the life of the historian might have passed into oblivion which were spent in a merchant's counting-house in Bristol; whence he was dismissed on account of the promptitude of his pen in the correction of the letters intrusted to him to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr. Peach, the subject of these memoirs, being in company with Dr. Percy, then Bishop of Dromore, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this chasm of two years in the life of Hume (of which the bishop was then proposing to give a sketch), she was enabled to clear up the mystery,

* Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Herberts, Esq. 4 vols. small 8vo. London, 1834. Seeley and Burnside.

by relating the above anecdote. As the intended life did not appear, she never knew what use the bishop made of her communication."

In 1762, Hannah More appeared as an authoress, in the pastoral drama entitled *The Search after Happiness*, which she proposed for private performance by young ladies, instead of the regular drama, which contains passages improper for their recital. At Weston-super-mare, whither the lady retired, for the benefit of her health, she formed and kept up an acquaintance with the celebrated Dr. Langhorne, until his intemperance suspended it. Two specimens of his correspondence are preserved,—they are lively, but need not be quoted. At the age of twenty, having access to the best libraries in her neighbourhood, Miss More cultivated the Italian, Latin, and Spanish, imitating or translating Horace and Metastasio. Metastasio's opera of *Regulus* she worked up into *The Inflexible Captive*, a drama. Dean Tucker, Dr. Ford, and Dr. Stonehouse, were among her friends; and the last was her guide in divinity.

At the age of 22, Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, proposed for Hannah More's hand. As she was young and dependent, she quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a man of great wealth. The day was fixed more than once for the marriage, and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so treated and trifled with. Sir James Stonehouse was applied to, and interposed. The final separation was amicably agreed upon, and the contracting parties broke off their intercourse by mutual consent. Mr. Turner was desirous of settling an annuity upon her: she declined; but in a conversation with Dr. Stonehouse, that gentleman succeeded in inducing the doctor to become trustee and agent for a part of the annual sum intended. But it was not until some time after this affair had been thus concluded that the consent of Miss More could be obtained, even by the importunity of her friends. The regard and respect of Mr. Turner for Miss More was continued through his life; and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds.

This event made her resolve on

single blessedness; and although solicited again, she still refused her hand; and, as it happened in the former case, the attachment of the proposer was succeeded by a cordial respect, which was met on her part by a corresponding sentiment, and which ended only with his existence.

Miss More's talents had hitherto been of a dramatic sort, and she was desirous of hearing Garrick speak Shakspeare. Her first letter is upon the subject of Sheridan's *Rivals*, and its first reception, which was unsuccessful. In another letter, Hampton Court throws her into raptures. Pope's house and grotto, however, had to her very little merit, "but that they once belonged to one of the greatest poets upon earth." It was in 1773 or 1774 that Hannah More, in company with two of her sisters, visited London; and her introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick took place in about a week after her arrival. Garrick had seen a letter from Miss More to a person known to them both, so well describing the effect produced upon her mind by his performance of the character of *Lea*, as to inflame his curiosity to see and converse with her. At his house she met Mrs. Montagu. To Dr. Johnson she was introduced at Sir Joshua Reynolds', who prepared her, as he handed her up stairs, for the possibility of his being in one of his moods of sadness and silence. It was, however, otherwise with the moralist; he met her with good humour in his countenance and a macaw in his hand, accosting her with a verse from a morning hymn which she had written at the desire of Sir James Stonehouse. She was next introduced to Baretti, Edmund Burke, Dr. Percy, and Mrs. Williams (Dr. Johnson's well-known blind poetess).

"I forgot to mention," says one of her sisters, in a letter to the family at home, "that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they slept a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learnt the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been

deceived, and were quite in another part of the country."

Hannah More, it seems, eschewed the vanity of writing *good* letters. It was her opinion that "letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays." This is vivacious; so is the following:—

"We have been reading a treatise on the morality of Shakspeare; it is a happy and easy way of filling a book that the present race of authors have arrived at—that of criticising the works of some eminent poet, with monstrous extracts and short remarks. It is a species of cookery I begin to grow tired of. They cut up their authors into chops, and by adding a little crumbled bread of their own, and tossing it up a little, they present it as a fresh dish: you are to dine upon the poet; the critic supplies the garnish, yet has the credit as well as profit of the whole entertainment."

Induced by the attention paid to her in London, she determined to try what was her real value, by writing a slight poem, and offering it to Cadell. *Sir Eldred of the Bower* was thus produced, to which she added the little poem of the *Bleeding Rock*, which she had written some years previously. She succeeded; and so commenced her connexion, continued for forty years, with the house of that respectable publisher.

Her acquaintance with Dr. Johnson was so characterised by mutual tenderness, that it was the subject of many pleasant witticisms with Mrs. Montagu. Allusion to this, and even to the early circumstances of the family, is made in the following humorous letter from one of her sisters:—

"If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things: for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done, had only our own dear Dr.

Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none: and so at last, by giving a little of this little *learning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return. But how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it! 'I love you both!' cried the innamorato; 'I love you all five! I never was at Bristol: I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner.

"If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then I will venture to say, nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote:—Mrs. Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes, with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which, the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them. Two carriages at the door—Mrs. Boscawen, and Sir Joshua; the latter to take us to an auction of pictures; the former paid a short visit, that she might not break in upon our engagements. Dr. Johnson and Hannah last night had a violent quarrel, till at length laughter ran so high on all sides, that argument was confounded in noise: the gallant youth, at one in the morning, set us down at our lodgings."

The effect upon her of Garrick's reading her own *Sir Eldred* is interesting.

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the *Monthly Review* (civil gentlemen, by the by, these Monthly

Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which, I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I, by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it would really have been decent to have been a little sorrowful."

London society had warnings in sudden deaths, and similar omens, for the mind of the serious Hannah; and she was evidently beginning to shrink from the contact of the common world, and find another kind of happiness in one more religious. Saurin's *Sermons* seem to have excited her admiration, and, sooth to say, deservedly. We recollect ourselves the time when first we read them,—even as we do our first perusal of Schiller's *Robbers*; they are equally impressive—each sublime in their way, and the sublime in both is of the material rather than the spiritual.

Miss More was present at the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and describes it well; equally well she describes Garrick in the character of *Hamlet*. The leading passion of the princely Dane she takes to be filial love. She saw Garrick in all the characters with which he finally took his leave of the stage. Her letter to him from the country is an elaborate compliment, and is one of the sort that she usually avoided,—it is a good one.

In one of her letters she complains of morning headaches precluding early rising; but then she sat up later than the family she was staying with, reading through Dr. Maclaine's answer to Soame Jenyns. But it seems she was subject to successive illnesses,—evils these which she converted into blessings; for, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life, and teaching patience, they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught

her also to contrive employment for her sick ones; that from habit she had learned to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. "I never," she said, "afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross t's, or dot my i's; so that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learned from it also to avoid procrastinations, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health."

Allusions are made in Garrick's letters to Miss More's tragedy of *Perry*, then in progress. In November of the year 1777, it was completed, and accepted by Mr. Harris of Covent Garden, to be brought out without delay. Garrick interested himself much about this play, wrote for it the prologue and epilogue, which in performance were received with plaudits, and the play succeeded. All the correspondence about this tragedy is couched in the highest terms of applause; all is flushed with success. Mrs. Boscawen even goes the length of composing a wreath of Roman laurel, ingeniously interwoven, and the stems confined within an elegant ring, which she accompanied with an "elegant *morceau*" of a letter, as a present to the fair muse of tragedy. The gift was acknowledged in some pretty verses. Home, the author of *Douglas*, was also introduced to her on this occasion. Garrick read the play to a party at Lord Spencer's, and four thousand copies of it were sold in the first fortnight. Mr. Mackenzie also writes high flattery on this subject. She profited six hundred pounds by the performance and sale of the copyright, which Garrick laid out for her on good security at five per cent. Criticism on this drama would be worse than wasted at this time of day: it may be characterised as a *technical* tragedy; the dagger and the bowl are both produced on the stage; nothing is wanted but the presence of the Muse herself to complete the effect of the design.

We wish we had room to extract Hannah More's account of the death of Garrick, and her testimony to the correctness of his conduct in his own house; it is worth all the books she has ever written. Here is at any rate the truth of fact; and the fact is one to remove many prejudices which her

more serious labours are calculated to foster. But still superior to her letter is that of Mrs. Montagu on the same occasion: no sectarian taint spoils a single sentiment or expression; but all is catholic, and worthy of the fair essayist on Shakspeare.

The death of Garrick having lessened Hannah More's interest with the stage, she did well to turn her mind to other channels of intellectual exertion. She claims, however, too much merit for the act. Five years she took in disconnecting herself from fashionable society, ere she retreated to Cowslip Green. Before she gave up the theatre, she tried her fate again in another venture, *The Fatal Falsehood*, of which four acts had been read by Garrick before his death, and the completion of which, we are told, was hurried in consequence of Mr. Harris's impotency. Being brought out at an unfavourable season, it had not so great a run as the *Percy*; nevertheless, it succeeded.

Hannah More was a believer in the authenticity of Rowley's poems, and could not be for some time convinced either by the authority or the reasonings of Johnson and Percy. This fact shews the state of her taste at the time. Equally conventional were her feelings; e. g., thus she writes to one of her sisters, from Hampton, in 1780. "I would wish you a merry Christmas, as well as happy new-year, but that I hate the word merry so applied: it is a fitter epithet for a *Bacchanalian* than a *Christian* festival, and seems an apology for idle mirth and injurious excess." She fails here to perceive that the *Bacchanalian* was also religious; or, if not, her mind is not of that catholic capacity to esteem it for what it was. Nay, she could as little love nature in all her moods as she could mind in all its forms. "What frost, what snow!" she exclaims. "By the by, if this same snow were of human invention, I should be apt to say, I did not like it. Yet the vast expanse of glistening white on the ground, the fluid brilliants dropping from the trees, and the greenhouse full of beautiful blossoms and oranges, make it altogether like some region of enchantment; and as the gravel walks are all swept clean, I parade an hour or two every morning." This is capital! It is soothing, however, to think that a wintry morning might please Miss Hannah More, pro-

vided the gravel walks were all swept clean. Poor nature!

She seems to have been much better pleased with some Latin verses in her praise, written by Bishop Lowth. She alludes to them in numberless letters, —always making a great show of keeping them back, yet always bringing them forward. "Mrs. Boscawen threw me into no small confusion; she got among the men, not less than twenty, all *beaux esprits*, and gave them all, privately, Bishop Lowth's verses to read." *Finesse!* Who can doubt it? The *Sacred Dramas* and the poem of *Sensibility* seem to have much interested the bishop; and, as specimens of artificial poetry, it must be acknowledged they are creditable compositions.

Mrs. Macaulay was one of Hannah More's acquaintances. She, however, had a terrible fall in her good graces. In a letter from Bath, dated Dec. 23, we have these complainings. "I feel myself extremely scandalised at her conduct, and yet I did not esteem her. I knew her to be absurd, vain, and affected, but never could have suspected her of the indecent, and, I am sorry to say, profligate turn which her late actions and letters have betrayed. The men do so rejoice and so exult, that it is really provoking; yet have they no real cause for triumph; for this woman is far from being any criterion by which to judge of the whole sex: she was not feminine either in her writings or manners; she was only a good, clever man. Did I never tell you, my dear madam, an answer her daughter once made me? Desirous, from civility, to take some notice of her, and finding she was reading Shakspeare, I asked her if she was not delighted with many parts of *King John*? 'I never read the *kings*, ma'am,' was the truly characteristic reply." How these poles ever came to coalesce is a mystery!

The verses entitled *Bas Bleu* are the subject of much correspondence. About this time Miss More was elected a member of the French Academy.

Her patronage of the poetical milk-woman, Mrs. Yearly, is an instructive chapter in the history of patronage. Though poor, the poetess did not like to be so called in a printed preface; besides, she wanted the entire control of the money raised for her benefit. Her pride rebelled against her gratitude; and she circulated slanders

against her benefactress, or rather spoke them to her face, accusing her of envy, and of a design to defraud her or her children of the amount of the subscriptions. Miss More's share in this transaction is much to her credit. She thus writes on it: "Had she turned out well, I should have had my *reward*; as it is, I have my *trial*. Perhaps I was too vain of my success; and in counting over the money (almost 500*l.*) might be elated, and think, Is not this great Babylon that I have built? Prosperity is a great trial, and she could not stand it. I was afraid it would turn her *head*; but I did not expect it would harden her *heart*. I continue to take the same care of her pecuniary interests, and am bringing out a second edition of her poems. My conscience tells me I ought not to give up my trust for these poor children on account of their mother's wickedness. You know Mrs. Montagu and I are joint trustees for the money." Two years afterwards this woman brought out, unassisted, another book, which she advertised to be free from Hannah More's "corruptions." She, however, prefixed to it the original preface to the first book, and twenty pages of the scurrility published in a second. To all which she added a deed, which Miss More got drawn by an eminent lawyer, to secure her money in the funds; and which she asserted Miss More made Mrs. Montagu sign without reading. Mrs. Yearsly had however gained her point, in having the money settled to her wish.

Hitherto, as we are instructed by Mr. Roberts, we have seen Hannah More in the midst of certain disturbing influences, which weaned her from a religious predisposition, often enough visible in the course of her correspondence. But now, retired to Cowslip Green, there are hopes of the revival of those thoughts which by a fashionable life had been dissipated. Previous to her finally settling there, however, we have a mass of correspondence about Mrs. Piozzi and Boswell, and their respective biographies of Johnson. The passages in Mrs. Piozzi's book which were unkind to Garrick filled her with indignation. If Johnson had been envious enough to utter them, our authoress thought Mrs. Piozzi might have been prudent enough to suppress them. "Johnson," she continues, "with all his genius, had no

taste for Garrick's acting, and, with all his virtues, was envious of his riches: this led him very unjustly to say severe things, which Garrick not unfrequently related. But why must these things be recorded? The speaker, perhaps, had forgotten them, or was sorry for them, or did not mean them; but this new-fashioned biography seems to value itself upon perpetrating every thing that is injurious and detracting. I perfectly recollect," adds Hannah More, "the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry, why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him. 'Why, Nine,' he replied, 'it is very natural; is it not to be expected he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?'"

Up to December of the year 1786, no account exists of the manner in which Hannah More spent her time at Cowslip Green; probably, says her biographer, she lived in great retirement, pursuing her gardening occupations: but in the said month of December she visited Mrs. Garrick again, whom she found well, and went with her the round of society as usual. Against this fashionable mode of wasting time, however, she now took care to issue her manifesto, in a little work entitled *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*. We feel, nevertheless, more interested now in her thoughts on her own way of life at Cowslip Green. The amount of false sentiment in these is prodigious. She separates her religious duties from the active engagements of life; a fatal error, which has led to the abstraction and mysticism of nunneries and monasteries, and their consequent *vices*. In tending of flowers, and even in paying visits, devotion may mingle; and if admiration of the works of God and charity to our neighbours be the concomitants of either act, more religion will belong to it than to all the *leisure* in the world. When we are in society, or among cultivated objects, whether of nature or art, we know our company; but when we are alone, as Sir Thonias Browne somewhere justly remarks, we have most often the devil for our familiar. The Rev. John Newton's letter, in reply to the one on which we have commented, is very valuable; but our space will not permit its insertion. This gentleman's letters have all of them much merit.

With her *Thoughts on the Import-*

ance of the *Manners of the Great to General Society*, which met with extraordinary success, an era begun in the life of Hannah More. This book was published anonymously; not from fear of man, she said, "but because it might be ascribed to some better person." She confesses that the work was superficial, being fitted for an audience similarly qualified, and confined to prevailing practical evils. Another time she proposed to herself to attack more strongly the *principle*. About the same period appeared her poem on *Slavery*, to which her name was attached.

One of the smartest things that we have observed in these letters, is an observation excited by her witnessing the trial of Hastings.

"I was over-persuaded by Lord and Lady Amherst to go to the trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all conception. Poor Hastings sitting by, and looking so meek to hear himself called *villain* and *cut-throat*! &c. The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word; and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exertion of his powers, like Chatham. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty; it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from any symptoms of palsy."

Her remarks on Gibbon are equally acute.

About this time she wrote her poem of *Bonner's Ghost*, to which Walpole paid the honour of having it printed at the Strawberry press, with the stamp and impress, in an engraving, of Strawberry Hill.

At the close of the year 1789, Hannah More was enabled to withdraw from general society, her sisters having made their fortunes, and herself being in a thriving course. Previously to their taking this step, Miss More and her three sisters had built for themselves a house in Great Pulteney Street, Bath; and between this resi-

dence of their own, and the retreat at Cowslip Green, they were in future to divide their time. It is mentioned as a singular circumstance, that all the four houses in which they resided were built by themselves; and in not one of them had death disturbed their happy union, till, at the end of fifty years, they lost their eldest sister. They occupied their time principally in instructing the poor children of Cheddar, a village distant ten miles from Cowslip Green, and collected a school of nearly three hundred children. To this school the correspondence about this period relates. The state of both clergy and laity, aristocracy and populace, in this place, had grown to rankness; and, in so employing herself, she was doing more good, certainly, than in tending flowers, paying visits, or indulging *leisure*. She found time, also, to produce her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*. This book had a large sale.

In 1791, the sisters having extended their plan of operation, the number of children under their instruction exceeded twelve hundred. Her visits to London, accordingly, were more contracted; and when there, her time was occupied in vain endeavours to rescue a young heiress, who had been trepanned away from school at the age of fourteen.

At the political crisis of 1792, Hannah More was called upon from all quarters to send forth some little work, as an antidote to the revolutionary principles then so fearfully spreading. This she openly declined; but, in secret, caused Mr. Rivington to publish a dialogue of *Village Politics*, by *Will Chip*, which was extensively circulated.

At the latter end of the second volume we have some extracts from Hannah More's Journal (1794) concerning her spiritual state, from which we find that she had not allowed herself to read any classic or pagan author for many years—by herself—having chosen for private perusal serious and religious books. Clear enough from this diary it is, that she had parted for ever with elegant literature; and that little more was now to be expected from her than longer or shorter tracts on matters religious or political. To undersell similar publications that were disseminated in the cause of infidelity and rebellion, she promoted a subscription, in which she was well supported; and two millions

of tracts were sold in one year. They were afterwards collected into three volumes. 'In the *Cheap Repository* (for such was the title), she received assistance from the pens of others,—one her own sister, and one the poet Mason.

The following reflections on the death of Lord Orford are characteristic of the writer. Thus writes Hannah More to her sister Martha, from London, 1787 :

"Poor Lord Orford ! I could not help mourning for him, as if I had not expected it. But twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry now that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting, I made him promise to buy Law's *Serious Call*. His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas ! what avail they now ! The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh, that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace ! My heart is much oppressed with the reflection."

It is strange that people of Hannah More's turn of mind should always entertain such very charitable thoughts of their acquaintance in the article of death. Amiable they may be ; but because they take not up with a certain form of speech and demeanour, their after-state is always presumed in the most unfavourable manner. There is in this a temper and feeling which religious people should avoid. Take our word for it, it is an infirmity ; and was in Hannah More. There was, however, much of profane in the character of Lord Orford : yet, even in extreme cases, the rule is a good one—"Judge not, lest thou be judged."

From a letter addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, we find that in the month of August, 1798, Hannah More was very seriously ill indeed.

"I was attacked," she writes, "with one of my violent spasms in my head, on the Saturday night, so that I could not go with the Dykes the Sunday round ; but Patty did. This pain continued almost intolerable during two days and two nights, and left my nerves in a high state of irritation. On Monday, being alone, I fell down from the place where I was sitting, in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone-wall, and lay a very long time without giving any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon

have suffocated me, with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. I was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity, no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God ; and what would poor Patty do by herself ? I am so disfigured, you would scarcely know me ; but I am full of gratitude : for though my eyes make me look a perfect Mrs. Mendoza, yet the sight is safe ; and had not my face received the bruises, my skull must have been fractured. You will be glad to hear that my mind has been very calm, and that I felt that this visitation was in mercy. I write this two or three lines at a time, and cannot see to read it ; but the bruises, though very bad, are nothing—they will in time disappear : but I must try to get my nerves in a better way. I have a dull pain in my head, which is very unpleasant. I must just tell you that we have kept possession of the pulpit at Wedmore ever since, and sent one of our own clergy every Sunday, to keep up the attention to our plan. Last Sunday, Drewitt preached an hour ; after he had finished, the clerk got up and said, 'The parish are desired to meet next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are coming to set up a school.'

"Bold Drewitt, nothing dismayed, stood up instantly in the pulpit, and said, 'And on Sunday next the parish are desired to meet the ladies, who intend opening the school at nine o'clock ;' but I now doubt if I shall be able. It will be a hard-run contest ; and whether John Barrow or Hannah More will be the successful candidate, I have not the least idea."

In the following year appeared her *Strictures on Female Education*—her third ethical publication in prose, says her biographer ; who adds (though in a style of composition which is excessively faulty), "and one of the most powerful pieces of her artillery, from whose calibre were shot those bolts which shattered the towers and arsenals of fashionable abuses and follies." A letter from Mr. Charles Burney on this work deserves quotation, but our space forbids it.

In the promotion of infant schools, and in the institution of female friendly societies, Hannah More and her sister Martha spent two valuable years, subduing opposition and overcoming difficulties. Mr. Bere, the curate of Blag-

don, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters, to request they would open one of their schools in his parish; and, upon their at first declining, was seconded by the churchwarden and overseers in his application. After their consent, however, the same curate became afraid of some tendency to Methodism in their proceedings; and they suffered in their exertions from suspicion of disaffection to church and state, and the imputation of fanaticism. As a defence against this charge, her biographer publishes a letter from her to a young curate; but we are afraid that the curate of Blagdon would have quoted it in evidence. Nevertheless, we hold it to be highly creditable to the authoress; though the phraseology will offend some tastes, as being infected with specimens of that kind of terminology which go to make up the language of cant,—a taint in the writings of Hannah More which will render her name and labours of less value to future generations than they were to her own. Through all the attacks, however, which she experienced, we are told, she preserved the dignity of silence; and when advised by Lord Chancellor Loughborough to prosecute the author of a scandalous pamphlet against her, she declared her resolution never, upon any provocation, to embark either in controversy or litigation. With regard to this same Lord Chancellor Loughborough we are told, in a note, that she was induced at different periods of her life to apply to his lordship in behalf of two clergymen of great merit, who were unprovided for, and that her request was on each occasion immediately granted. In the latter instance, the presentation was sent directly to herself, that she might have the pleasure of conveying it with her own hands to the friend for whom she had interested herself.

Mrs. More was sinking under an attack of ague at the time of her persecution, and relinquished the school at Blagdon; having given, in a letter to Dr. Beadon, the bishop of Bath and Wells, as her diocesan, a clear exposition of the whole controversy.

In this letter she effectually defends herself from any affection for conventicles. "Had I been irregular," she asks, "should I not have gone sometimes, during my winter residence at

Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitfield's or Wesley's tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years? Should I not have strayed now and then into some methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done."

The sore point seems to have been the conduct of one Young the schoolmaster. To her letter Dr. Beadon returned a gracious answer.

This episcopal sanction, however, backed as it was by that of other prelates, failed to relieve her from the attack of Bere; who went the length of hearing, as a magistrate, affidavits sworn against her and her teachers, on such grave charges as Calvinism, extemporary praying, and enthusiasm. This instigated the farmers at Wedmere, who formally presented her at the archdeacon's visitation, for teaching the poor without a license; and employed an attorney of bad character to annoy her. The eventual turn of affairs, however, at Blagdon, was in Mrs. More's favour. She thought right, nevertheless, to quit her residence at Cowslip Green for one which she built at Barley Wood, about a mile distant. Her sisters, too, left Bath, and shared the conveniences of her new mansion. Here they were much visited, for advice and recreation. Her celebrity occasioned her time to be much occupied in receiving and answering letters.

Her life had been for a while active; she now determined to assume the practice of composition. Of her Christianity it must be said, that it was far removed from sectarianism. In her Diary for 1803, she writes:

"July 8.—Have been looking at one of the answers to *Overton*. My very soul is sick of religious controversy. How I hate the little narrowing names of Arminian and Calvinist! Christianity is a broad basis. *Bible* Christianity is what I love; that does not insist on opinions indifferent in themselves—a Christianity practical and pure, which teaches holiness, humility, repentance, and faith in Christ; and which, after summing up all the evangelical graces, declares that the greatest of these is charity."

This passage is deserving of all praise; others, however, are liable to

the objection to which so many professedly religious diaries are obvious,—namely, foolish self-condemnation for imaginary transgressions; *e. g.*

“*November 1st.*—Another month is begun. I have been negligent, but God has been gracious. He has multiplied his mercies, but I have been cold and dead under them. Even in writing this confession, I do it with an unfeeling, unbroken spirit. The country, though increasing in danger, has been preserved from invasion, and internal peace has been preserved. A public fast and humiliation looks like an acknowledgment of that God we have so much offended.”

Why this strong wish to *feign* what she confesses she cannot feel? This is a disease of devoteeism,—an insane desire to wear a pious heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at. Religious hypochondriasis is desiderated rather than a state of moral health; the only fear of such minds is that of being well; the unconsciousness of sickness is to them that of death. Better, surely, is a robust mind, which goes on its course rejoicing, insensible of infirmity, strong in faith,—hoping, loving, with a perfect love that casts out fear.

In 1805, Mrs. More produced *Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess!* a work written in imitation of Xenophon and Fenelon, for the benefit of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. It was written, we are told, reluctantly, at the request of a dignitary of the church, while the princess was solely under female care. Upon the appointment of Dr. Fisher, bishop of Exeter (afterwards bishop of Salisbury), to that important office, she suspended her labour for a time from a sense of delicacy. She at length got over her scruples, by dedicating it anonymously to the good prelate himself, by whom it was kindly received and acknowledged, as from a gentleman.

That part of the correspondence which concerns the princess is of course peculiarly interesting. Mrs. Kennicott writes from Fulham (1805):

“Lady Elgin brought the princess to chapel here yesterday; she is certainly a wonderful little creature. She has taken a great liking to the bishop, and always desires to walk alone with him. Yesterday she desired to repeat a hymn to him, and repeated one of yours. I have heard some things of her lately, which lead me to believe she has a

thinking mind uncommon for a child of her age. Just before I left Windsor, I had some conversation on the subject with Princess Elizabeth, and she gave opinions with regard to her education, so like some that you have given, that I could almost have thought she must have conversed with you on the topic.

“Did I tell you of the princess’s soliloquy on reading the second chapter of St. Matthew? ‘I think,’ says she, ‘Joseph ought not to have been afraid of returning into Judea, when God had told him by an angel that he might return; but I leave that to be settled by the Bishop of London and Lady Elgin.’”

This work was assailed in the *Edinburgh Review*. For this, however, the authoress was sufficiently consoled by the general estimation in which it was held. The late Princess Charlotte perused it carefully, as attested by the bishop to whose tuition she was intrusted; it was also one of the last books in her hands. It is probable that the production influenced her character, and it could not do so without benefit. The authoress, as her biographer rightly remarks, has in it presented the kingly character to our view substantially majestic. Not parading before us, in the colours and shadows of painted life, the pageant of drawing-rooms and saloons, but rising above all exterior decoration and princely pomp, the servant of God and the shepherd of the people. She has shewn, too, that attachment to the prince and obedience to the laws are parts of Christianity; and that no diadem is firm on the brow of him who depends upon an allegiance not grounded on religion, and sees not that the piety of the people is his best political friend, and the only party which it is his real interest to adopt. Her indignation sharply reproves those shallow men who are for keeping the multitude amused, at whatever cost to virtue and religion. She reminds us, that to fear God and honour the king are commandments resting upon the same authority; and that the best prince can have no permanent place in the affections of one who has no fear of God on his soul.

In the year 1806, Mrs. More was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, which appeared to have originated in a cold caught in returning from one of her schools. A pleuritic fever succeeded, of so inveterate a kind as for many months to resist the

strongest remedies, but she bore it with remarkable composure and placidity. It was two years ere she could resume her pen, and even then her mind recovered before her body. She engaged herself in executing a scheme which had long occupied her mind, of presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colours of character, and with the breathing vivacity of dialogue and discussion. To this work a check was given by the death of Bishop Porteus, in the year 1809, who bequeathed to our authoress a legacy of 100*l*. She consecrated to his memory, in the plantation near her house at Barley Wood, an urn, with this inscription: "To Beilby Porteus, late lord bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship." The life of the bishop, by Dean Hodgson, has recorded his last visit to Carlton House, and its apostolical purpose; in relation to which it may be added, as an interesting fact, that immediately before the dying prelate set out on his holy errand, Mrs. More received a note from him, requesting her prayers for the Divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had thought it was his duty to undertake, without further explaining his purpose; and in a few days afterwards she received a second note, and with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended.

'This is a touching incident. It is thus told in a letter from Mrs. Kennicott:

"I have much satisfaction in writing to you, my dearest friend, because I think the account I have to give of our beloved bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of those two distressing notes to you was a report he had heard of the institution of a club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression he requested an audience of the prince, to entreat of him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted. Can any thing be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the prince, and with agitated earnestness conjured

him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The prince received him most graciously, seemed much affected, said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity; but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should. It was during this business that he wrote those notes to you.

"The last week was a most distressing one at the time, but now to be reflected upon with comfort. Pious zeal and true Christian humility were prevalent amidst all his rambling. On the Friday he was brought to Fulham: on entering the great hall he clasped his hands and said, 'I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place.' The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and admired the beauty of his lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized with something like a convulsion; was taken to his sofa, had a cordial given to him, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them for ever on this world. He had frequently prayed, but always with devout submission to God's will, to be spared the pangs of death; and he was spared them.

"In the drawer of the table at which he lately wrote were found various little prayers and ejaculations, written upon scraps of paper, even upon visiting-tickets—anything which came to his hand as the pious thoughts rose in his mind.

"Our dear Mrs. Porteus does not appear to have suffered in health, and I hope will not. For every thing else we must trust to time, which our merciful Father has ordained shall soften our greatest afflictions.

"The last solemn offices were performed at Sundridge. He ordered that every thing should be done as humbly as was proper for his station. But it was impossible to keep it humble, so many of his numerous relations would attend.

"Tell me about dear Patty. How continually I think of you both in this sad house!

"My dearest friend, you know what a high opinion our beloved bishop had of the effect of intercession, and particularly of your prayers. This awful week has led me to renew the resolutions I have so often made, and, alas! so often broken, of amending my life. Pray for me, that I may keep these resolutions better than I have my former ones. The time, as you say, is short. I have now lived sixty-one years—a tremendous time to look back upon, with so much wrong and so little right in the dread retrospect. Mrs. Porteus sends her best love.

"Yours ever most affectionately,
"A. KENNICOTT."

The work in which Mrs. More had been engaged appeared anonymously in December 1809, in two vols. octavo, under the title of *Calebs in Search of a Wife*, which in less than a twelve-month ran through twelve editions.

To this work it is evident, from her correspondence, that she had been induced by the perusal of Madame de Staël's *Corinne*; a character whereto she opposes her 'own Lucilla—a thoroughly English person, modestly regulated by an upright and clarified common-sense. It is little to say that this work is creditable to Mrs. More's powers of invention; it, in fact, possesses high qualities. Upon this book there is an excellent letter from the Rev. Joseph Berrington, the pope's vicar-general, to which we solicit general attention. Mrs. More attempted to parry the thrust, but the vicar-general returned to the charge, and made his hit good.

Mrs. More made 2000*l.* during the year by this book: she compares its success with that of Walter Scott's *Marmion*. Of Scott's poetry, Mrs. More did not entertain the highest opinion; the *Lady of the Lake* she nevertheless described as

“Full of beauty: the descriptive parts exquisite. There is more of character and incident than in Scott's other poems. Ellen is the only woman whom he has ever made interesting: she is amiable, frank, and pleasant. There is also an amiable maniac, who, I think, comes next to Richardson's 'Clementina;' still there is wanted, in all Scott's poetry, that without which no poem can cling about the heart and affections—I mean a due admixture of moral, or rather of religious reference. The former of these it is which makes the charm of Beattie and of Goldsmith; and the union of both in Milton and Cowper captivates, while it exalts the soul of every reader who has a soul.”

In 1811, Mrs. More produced a work of two volumes, entitled *Practical Piety*; the object of which was to exhibit Christianity as an internal principle, and which she endeavoured to render attractive by a sparkling style. This work she followed with one on *Christian Morals*, in the year 1813, which was equally successful, and, in regard to style, was an improvement on its predecessor. Soon after the publication of this work, the author's family circle was for the first time

broken, after the sisters had lived together fifty years, by the death of Mrs. Mary More, the eldest, who had been some time in a declining state, and who crowned a long life of uncommon usefulness, integrity, and benevolence, by an old age of placid and dignified serenity, and a death full of hope and resignation.

Mrs. More's next work was her *Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*, in 2 vols.; a task of which the accomplishment had nearly been that of her life.

“She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door (a thing unusual with her) to exclude interruption, when, in reaching across the fireplace to a book-shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire behind, and, before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes; so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs, almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated, with admirable presence of mind, out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection to abstain from any quick motion; and to this composure and self-possession was it chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames before her person had received any material injury.”

“The delay occasioned by this accident to the publication of her *Essay* on St. Paul was very trifling; the work was produced, and was accompanied by the same public curiosity and avidity which had attended all her later performances. No sooner was its coming forth announced, than the whole first edition was bespoken; and although the extraordinary events which immediately succeeded, and engrossed the public mind, were unfavourable to the circulation of any work not connected with politics, it reached a fourth edition within two years after its first appearance.”

It was in the year 1815 that this work appeared. Nothing can be conceived as a greater undertaking for a religious critic, than the character and writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles. A dramatic writer characterises the Divine founder of Christianity as “the first true gentleman that ever breathed;” and a celebrated Deist gave it as his opinion, that, from the evidence of his Epistles, it was clear that Paul was a perfect gentle-

man. These two *dicta* we like to bring together in this place, both as fixing the character of the gentleman and the saint, and shewing the possible elevation of the subject, and how it might be treated. Wisdom and knowledge were the prime attributes of this exalted man. If John the beloved disciple were the Christian Plato, Paul was the Aristotle without his errors, and with more than his eloquence. If Mrs. More's work does not precisely realise the idea which we have just indicated (and it does not, owing to her want of philosophy), it is still a worthy effort—a prosperous undertaking, so far as it goes.

At the close of the year 1816, Mrs. More was again employed in political pamphleteering, and ballad-mongering, against the spirit of revolution then abroad, like the schoolmaster now. In one of her letters she gives her opinion of Dr. Chalmers' astronomical sermons, which she praises for containing passages of very splendid eloquence, and for expanding one's conceptions of the infinite benevolence, as well as power, of the Supreme Being. By this divine she was visited in 1817. In the spring of this year the eldest of her surviving sisters, Miss Sarah More, died; and the loss of a vivacious conversationist must have been deeply felt by a studious mind.

A Russian princess, Metscherskey, had commenced translating several of Mrs. More's tracts into her native language. A letter from this princess is given in these volumes as a curiosity, from its broken English. We regret that we cannot extract it.

Some of her tracts had also been translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages. Sir A. Johnstone sent her a letter, enclosing a translation of the drama of *Moses in the Bulrushes*, written on the palmyra leaf, and enclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted. Her *Essay on St. Paul* was likewise translated into the same tongue. It may be mentioned here, that Mrs. More abetted with enthusiasm Mr. Wilberforce's plans for the abolition of slavery. The Hindu having taught religion and morals by means of dramatic representations, it was thought well to cater to the popular taste by a translation of Mrs. More's sacred dramas, in order to their performance.

In the autumn of 1818 Mrs. More

underwent an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state was still more indicative of the closing scene. Such was their condition, that their friends determined to suspend their visits to Barley Wood—a forbearance which was beneficial to invalids in need of leisure and repose.

The authoress had now arrived at her seventy-fifth year, and, just before the publication of her work entitled *Moral Sketches*, she lost her last-surviving sister. The book is principally remarkable for her exposure of Parisian society and French principles, as taught in colleges of debauchery and atheism. She was now lonely, but she found society in still continuing her walk of charity—a part of her character on which we have dwelt too little in this paper.

In the year 1819 all her patriotic tracts and ballads were collected into a pamphlet, and were found useful in repressing renewed disturbances. After this her health rapidly declined; she was unable to leave her chamber throughout the whole spring and summer of 1820. On the night of the 12th of August she was seized with an obstinate obstruction in the chest, which, however, she survived for the time. She passed tolerably well through the winter, and her conversation was still sprightly. One of her friends informed her of the rejection of the Catholic-bill in the House of Peers, by a majority of thirty-nine. "Then," said she, "we have beaten the Romanists with forty stripes save one." The following extract gives a specimen of the energy of this extraordinary woman:

"In the worst of my illness, Cadell wrote to entreat me to preface a new edition of *Moral Sketches* with a short tribute to our late lamented king. My friend wrote him word it was utterly impossible—that I might as well attempt to fly as to write. A week after, supposing me to be better, he again renewed his entreaty. I was not better, but worse. I fancied, however, that what was difficult might not be impossible; so, having got every body out of the way, I furnished myself with pen, ink, and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and next morning in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one thought, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my

scrawl; and said not a word; while my doctor and my friend wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate, I next morning returned to my task of seven pages more; and delivered my almost illegible papers to my friend, to transcribe and send away. I got well scolded; but I loved the king, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse: so it stands as a preface to the seventh edition. You will be as much surprised as myself that this slight work should have made its way so rapidly in these distracted times, which, the bookseller tells me, have been the most unfavourable to literature that they have ever known. The preface is such a meagre performance as you would expect from the writer, and the strange circumstances of the writing."

In the spring of 1822 Mrs. More was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, which, though severe, was subdued, with great injury to her natural strength. After many months she was restored, and, to use the words of her biographer, "seemed to view her wonderful rescue from the opening grave as an imperative call upon her to improve, with increased vigilance, every passing hour, to the temporal or spiritual benefit of her fellow-creatures." Some of her conversations about this time are given, to shew how active her mind was to the last—*c. g.*:

"She remembered that when Johnson was intending to write the *Life of Aken-side*, he asked her as a friend of Sir James Stonehouse, his contemporary at Northampton, if she could supply him with any information concerning him; upon which she made an effort to recollect some sayings she had heard reported of his, when he interrupted her with impatience: 'Incident, child! incident is what a biographer wants—did he break his leg?'

"At another time she mentioned that her friend Mrs. K——, and a little worthy knot of her neighbours, had, with the purest intentions, entered into an engagement, by which they bound themselves to do some good work every day; and that she had advised them to dissolve the contract, because, if they performed it, they might be too triumphant; and if they failed, too desponding: but still to work on in the spirit, though not in the letter of the obligation.

"She remarked one day, that if we resolved things into their first principles, how few and simple they would be discovered to be! The vehicle of all know-

ledge was formed of the combinations of twenty-four letters—all calculations were generated from nine figures—and all the infinite variations of sound in music from eight notes. In speaking of Soame Jenyns, she gave an anecdote descriptive of his extraordinary easiness of temper and careless good-humour. A friend, who called upon him one morning, was pressed by him to take a slice of cold meat; but the servant, on being rung for, informed his master that there was not a morsel in his larder. When he had left the room, Mr. Jenyns turned to his friend and said, 'Now we had a large round of beef dressed yesterday; this is, therefore, rather unaccountable. But I expect these things; and that I may not be subject to lose my temper, I set down 300*l.* a-year to losses by lying and cheating, and thus I maintain my composure.' She told us one day of a *bon mot* of Burke's, who, expressing to her his dislike to closed bookcases in an apartment, exclaimed, 'I don't like this *Locks* on the human understanding.'

"She declared her strong objection to the application of consecrated words and phrases to familiar things; such as the 'Great Unknown,' Resurrection-men, the Ascension of a balloon—even the Redemption of the land-tax, the Salvation of the country, the Christening of a ship, &c. She said she often tried to pass a day without once saying, in reference to earthly things, 'I wish.'

"We have thus caught and imprisoned some fugitive vapours of her fine mind, as they rose and played in the corruscations of her returning health and spirits, with the freshness of the morning of her existence, when her elastic thoughts first awoke upon the scene of her future eminence; and the world's realities and excitements."

After another attack of ill-health, and before she was able to quit her bed, she had vigour to project, and partly to execute, a plan, to which she had been often urged when in tolerable health—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that subject. These passages, when brought together with some additions, composed a little volume; to which she prefixed a few pious and touching sentences, by way of preface, and bequeathed it to her friends, not expecting herself to witness its publication. No sooner was this little book advertised, than the whole edition was spoken; and another was in preparation before she herself had received a single copy of the first. It reached a third

edition within three months of its first appearance.

A longer interval of moderate health and spirits now succeeded than she had for many years enjoyed. Bordering on the age of eighty-two, she was able to declare that at no part of her life, in her recollection, had she been so little confined to her bed as during the last two years. In these two years, three of her oldest and best friends departed—Sir William W. Pepys, the venerable Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne. Sir W. W. Pepys had maintained an affectionate and constant correspondence with her to the last years of his life, much of which appears in these interesting volumes; and from the good bishop she received more than one kind and friendly note, written with his own hand, not many months before his decease, at the age of ninety-one.

Mrs. More was now desirous of disposing of the reversion of Barley Wood—an event occurred to make it even necessary. Her age and infirmity gave too much licence to her servants; she, accordingly, to escape from the inconvenience thus threatening her peace, removed to Clifton.

“From her apartment she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had come to her that morning to protect her from the approach of any thing that might discompose her. She descended the stairs with a placid countenance, and walked silently for a few minutes round the lower room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends who had successively gone before her; and as she was helped into the carriage, she cast one pensive parting look upon her bowers, saying, ‘I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not, like Eve, by angels.’”

This was, in effect, the close of Mrs. More's literary, active, and intellectual life. Her memory soon gave signs of decay; on all subjects, except religion, she began to be at fault. It was on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, that she arrived at Clifton, where she remained for five years and a half, *i. e.* till the 7th of September, 1833, the day of her decease. Of the circumstances attending the final scene (touching as all such are) we must refer our readers to Mr. Roberts' graphic narrative. Her death-bed was a

scene of victory—of the spirit over the flesh; a witness of the truth and reality of another world.

From the length to which this article would have extended, we have been obliged to omit many letters that we would have willingly quoted. Out of three hundred letters by Mrs. More herself, sixteen by the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, nineteen by Sir W. W. Pepys, six by Lord Orford, five by Dr. Langhorne, six by Mr. Garriek, twenty-four by Mrs. Boscawen, twenty-four by Bishop Porteus, five by Archbishop Magee, twenty-three by the Rev. J. Newton, three by the Rev. R. Cecil, ten by Mr. Stephen, seven by Mrs. Kennicott, five by Bishop Horne, as well as a variety by the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Cremorne, Lord Teignmouth, Lord Barham, Bishop Watson, Bishop Barrington, Dean Tucker, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Siddons, the Rev. T. Gisborne, and many others—out of all these, we say, there is room for selection. But we cannot do better than recommend the reader to peruse them all for himself, and in particular the excellent (though somewhat too laudatory) summary of Mrs. More's character, genius, and writings, in the last chapter of the life, written by Mr. Roberts, the amiable author of the *Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman*. For Mrs. More we have a high regard, as a staunch Tory and a good churchwoman, though of the so-called evangelical clique. She was, however, practical in her piety; and this is the sure test of sincerity. Be her name therefore honoured! She was an extraordinary individual, and would have been such, had she not been an authoress. We esteem her personal character far, far above her literary. In the one she was truly great; in the other, respectable and prosperous. To sum up all, she was a practically wise and prudent woman; nevertheless, her prudence was an over-match for her wisdom. To perfection she wanted two grave requisites—greater intuitive Knowledge, and a happy Husband. The first she derived at second-hand and from shallow streams,—the last she avoided altogether. She thus escaped one great trial; but they who retreat from battle have no claim to the victor's wreath.



William Gorman

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON MAN."

Published by James Fraser 215, Regent Street, London.

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No. LIII.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

YONDER walks William Godwin ! The marks of age press heavily upon him ; but there gleams out of that strange face and above that stranger figure the eye of fire which lighted up with the conceptions of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Wonderful books ! Once read, not only ever remembered, but ever graven on the mind of those who know how to read. We can enter into the feeling of Lord Byron's exclamation, when, after asking Godwin why he did not write a new novel, his lordship received from the old man the answer, that it would kill him. "And what matter," said Lord Byron ; "we should have another *St. Leon*."

But it was not to be. There is power, and stirring thought in *Fleetwood*, *Mandeville*, and *Cloudesley* ; but they are not what Lord Byron called for. The promised *Seven Sleepers*, which was to be the conclusion of a new series of *St. Leon*, has never come ; and of Godwin the novelist we suppose there is an end. Of Godwin the politician we have little good to say. He started in opposition to the received views of the world on all the most important affairs in which that world is concerned ; and it is perfectly unnecessary to add, that the world beat in the end, as indeed in his case it deserved to beat. The principles of his "Political justice," derived as it was pretended from the Bible, would, if they could have been acted upon, have subverted all the honourable relations of society, and destroyed all the ennobling or redeeming feelings of the heart. Godwin himself, as he confesses in his preface to *St. Leon*, was sorry for having insulted, in that cold-blooded and, we must say, absurd book, those charities and duties which are the links of life : we should be much surprised if he has not since repented of all the work. In his answer to Malthus, he shewed that true feelings were prevalent in his mind, though he failed in producing the fit refutation of the desperate quackery which he opposed, and which was destined to fall to destruction before the hand of Sadler. His *Thoughts on Man*, containing much that is eloquent, contain but little that is profound ; and we are sorry to find, that though his scepticism on the most vital points is not so recklessly urged as in former days, it is scarcely abated. His historical work on the Commonwealth is a failure ; it in reality is not superior to the schoolboy-histories which he published under the name of Edward Baldwin,—in one of which (that of Rome) he was so careful as to omit the defeat of the Cimbri by Marius.

His personal history is not fortunate. He was originally, we believe, a preacher in some heterodox sect ; but when "the lion was to lie down with the lamb," as was so beautifully brought to pass by Robespierre, and other tender-hearted dispensers of the mercies of Jacobinism, he forsook his divinity for politics. He was afterwards a bookseller, on Snow Hill, but not lucky in trade. The circumstances of his connexion with Mary Woolstonecroft his marriage and its consequences, his children and their several histories, are too well known to render it necessary that we should do more than allude to them. We may say, however, that in no man's fate was the evil of acting on wrong principles so manifested to the destruction of all that could in any relation of life confer happiness or conduce to honour. In writing *The Life of Mary Woolstonecroft*, he has done more good unintentionally than it ever could have, intentionally or otherwise, done evil. We shall not have any such lady in our literature again.

He has now taken his place in our world of authors ; and we incline to think, that *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon* are the only books of his which will be remembered. His mind is not productive,—therein singularly differing from that of Sir Walter Scott, with whom alone, as a novelist of power, he of all our contemporaries can be compared. There is a want of invention even in his best books ; and we can believe the current story, that *Caleb Williams* was written to illustrate a system, or to prove that a novel might be composed without reference to the passion of love. Once fairly embarked in his book, he forgot his systems ; but the idea of so originating them proves that there is a deficiency in the mind. The phrenologists inform us, that the organ of veneration is wholly and most singularly absent in his head ;—we do not exactly believe in phrenology ; but his works prove to us, that there is some want in his intellect which operates to control the impulses of his genius.

The Whigs have had the kindness to give him a hundred a-year in some place in Somerset House, which props his declining days. They gave Mr. T. Macauley

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY, FROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

(From the *Prout Papers*.)

CHAPTER I.—WINE AND WAR.

"Favete linguis! Carmina non prius
Audita, musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus Puerisque canto."—HOR. *Carmen Seculare*.

"With many a foreign author grappling,
Thus have I, Prout, the muses' chaplain,
Traced on *REOINA's* virgin pages
Songs for the boys of after-ages."—*Prout's Transl. of Horace*.

THAT illustrious utilitarian, Dr. Bowring, the knight-errant of free trade, who is allowed to circulate without a keeper (his derangement being considered harmless) through the cities of France, and in whom our Gallic neighbours have got an inexhaustible fund of innocent merriment, an itinerant budget of fun, will be in high glee at this October manifestation of Prout's wisdom. Verily, the Doctor hath found a kindred soul in the Priest. To promote the interchange of national commodities, to facilitate the commercial intercourse of the two countries, to cause a blending and a chemical fusion of their mutual produce, to establish an equilibrium between *our* negative and *their* positive electricity; such appears to be the sublime aspiration of both these learned pundits. But, alas! the beneficial results attendant on the efforts of each are widely dissimilar. They are both *Arcadians*, but not equally gifted in the rivalry of song. In sober sadness, we have to record nothing of Dr. Bowring in the way of acquirement to this country; we have gained nothing by his labours: our *cottons*, our *iron*, our *woollens*, and our *coals*, are still without a passport to France; while certain home-trades, brought by his calculations into direct competition with the emancipated French, have created on our side a loss to the tune of a few millions. Not so with the exertions of Father Prout: he has enriched England at the expense of her rival, and engrafted on our literature the best and choicest productions of Gallic culture. Silently and unostentatiously, on the bleak top of Watergrasshill he has succeeded in naturalising these foreign vegetables, and has associated himself in the gratitude of posterity with Sir Walter Raleigh, the planter of the potato. The inhabitants of these islands may now, thanks to Prout! sing or whistle the "Songs of France," duty free, in their vernacular language; a vastly important acquisition! The beautiful tunes of the "*Cà Ira*" and "*Charmante Gabrielle*" will become familiarised to our dull ears: instead of the vulgar sound of "*Peas upon a Trencher*," we shall enjoy that barrel-organ luxury of France, "*Partant pour la Syrie*;" and for "*The Minstrel Boy to the Wars is gone*," we shall have the original, "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en Guerre*." What can be imagined more calculated to establish an harmonious understanding between the two nations, than this attempt of a benevolent clergyman to join them in a hearty chorus of common melody? And why should the hypercritic turn up his nose at the idea originated by Prout of a grand "duo," composed of bass and tenor, the roaring of the bull and the croaking of the frog? Far less to be patronised was the late musical festival in Westminster Abbey, which "proved nothing."

To return to Dr. Bowring. We have been quietly observing (not without concern for our national pride) the ludicrous exhibition he has been making of himself in sundry places over the way. Palmerston is a good cotton-ball in the paw of the veteran grimalkin here at home; but to furnish a butt for the waggery of every provincial town in France, in the person of a *documentary* doctor, is somewhat galling to our national vanity. Commissions of inquiry are the order of the day; but some travelling "*notes of interrogation*" are so misshapen and grotesque, that the response or result is but a roar of laughter, "*solvuntur risu tabulae*." This doctor, we perceive, is now the hero of every dinner of every "*Chambre de Commerce*;" his toasts and his speeches, delivered in Norman French, are, we are told, considered the *ne plus ultra* of comic performance, especially towards the close of the banquet. He is now in *Burgundy*, a most industrious

labourer in the vineyard of his commission; and enjoys such particular advantages in that way, that the functionary on the woolsack is said to cast a jealous eye on his missionary's department, "*invidiâ rumpantur ut ilia Codri.*" The whole affair is indicative of that sad mixture of anile imbecility and frothy ostentation so perceptible in all the doings of Utilitarianism and Whiggery. Of these *commissioners*, one and all, Phædrus has long ago given the prototype:

"Est ardelionum quedam Romæ natio
Trepidè concursans, occupata in otio,
Gratis anhelans, multùm agendo nihil agens."

So no more on that topic.

The publication of this Prout Paper on the "Songs of France" is intended by us, at this particular season, to have a salutary effect in counteracting the prevalent epidemic, which hurries away our population in crowds to Paris or Boulogne. By furnishing them here at home with French diet and a literary *fricassée*, we hope to induce some, at least, to remain in the country, and to forswear emigration. If our "preventive check" succeed, we shall have deserved well of the shopkeepers in London and of our own watering-places, which naturally look up to us for protection and patronage. Indeed, we are sorry to find the Parisian mania so visibly on the increase, in spite of the strong animadversions of Bombardinio, aided by the luminous notes of Sir Morgan. The girls will never listen to good advice—

"Each pretty minx in her conscience thinks that nothing can improve her,
Unless she sees the Tuilleries, and trips along the Louvre."

No! never in the memory of REGINA has Regent Street suffered such complete depopulation. It hath emptied itself into the "Boulevards." We hope that our city friends will keep an eye on the Monument, lest it may elope from Pudding Lane to the "Place Vendôme;" and as to the preposterous idea of the Thames flowing into the Seine, we cannot yet anticipate so alarming a phenomenon, although Juvenal has recorded a similar event as having occurred in his time—

"Totus in Tyberim defluxit Orontes."

But there is still balm in Gilead, there is still corn in Egypt. The "chest" in which old Prout hath left a legacy of hoarded wisdom to the children of men is open to us, for the comfort and instruction of our contemporaries. It is rich in consolation, and fraught with goodly maxims adapted to every state and stage of sublunary vicissitudes. The treatise of the celebrated Boëthius, *De Consolatione Philosophicâ*, worked wonders in its day, and assuaged the tribulations of the folks in the dark ages. The sibylline books were consulted in all cases of emergency. Prout's strong box rather resembleth the oracular portfolio of the Sibyl, inasmuch as it mostly containeth matters written in verse; and even in prose appeareth poetical. Versified apophthegms are always better attended to than mere prosaic crumbs of comfort; and we trust that the "Songs of France," which we are about to publish for the patriotic purpose above mentioned, may have the desired effect.

"Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam,
Carmina Di superi placantur, carmine manes,
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim!"

When Saul went mad, the songs of the poet David were the only effectual sedatives; and in one of that admirable series of homilies on Job, St. Chrysostom, to fix the attention of his auditory, breaks out in fine style: *ἡρεσεν ὁ υἱος, ἀγαπητοί, τὰς Δαβίδους ψαλμοὺς ἀνακρουσάμενοι τοὺς ψαλμοὺς μάλα καὶ τὴν ἀσθενείαν ἡμετέρας καταλαττομένης ὑμῶν, καὶ τ. λ. (Serm. III. in Job.)* These French Canticles are, in Prout's manuscript, given with accompaniment of introductory and explanatory observations, in which they swim like water-fowl on the bosom of a placid and pellucid lake; and to each song there is underwritten an English translation, like the liquid reflection of the floating bird in the water beneath, so as to recall the beautiful image of Wordsworth, talking of a swan, which, according to the father of "lake poetry,"

"Floats double—swan and shadow."

Vale et fructe!

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Sept. 1833.

I have lived among the French: in the freshest dawn of early youth, in the meridian hour of manhood's maturity, my lot was cast and my lines fell on the pleasant places of that once happy land. Full gladly have I strayed among her gay hamlets and her hospitable châteaux, anon breaking the brown loaf of the peasant, and anon seated at the board of her noblemen and her pontiffs. I have mixed industriously with every rank and every denomination of her people, tracing as I went along the peculiar indications of the Celt and the Frank, the Norman and the Breton, the *langue d'oui* and the *langue d'oc*; not at the same time overlooking the endemic features of unrivalled Gascony. The manufacturing industry of Lyons, the Gothic reminiscences of Tours, the historic associations of Orleans, the mercantile enterprise and opulence of Bordeaux, Marseilles, the emporium of the Levant, each claimed my wonder in its turn. It was a goodly scene! and, compared to the ignoble and debased generation that now usurps the soil, my recollections of anterevolutionary France are like dreams of an antediluvian world. And in those days arose the voice of song. The characteristic cheerfulness of the country found a vent for its superabundant joy in jocund carols, and music was at once the offspring and the parent of gaiety. Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, had seen the peasantry whom he so graphically describes in that passage concerning a marriage-feast—a generous flagon, grace after meat, and a dance on the green turf under the canopy of approving heaven. Nor did the Irish heart of Goldsmith (who, like myself, rambled on the banks of the Loire and the Garonne with true pedestrian philosophy) fail to enter into the spirit of joyous exuberance which animated the inhabitants of each village through which he passed, poor and penniless, but a poet; and he himself tells us that, with his flute in his pocket, he might not fear to quarter himself on any district in the south of France, such was the charm of music to the ear of the natives in those happy days. It surely was not of France that the poetic tourist spoke when he opened his beautiful poem, *The Traveller*, by those sweet verses that tell of a lone-

liness little experienced on the banks of the Loire, however felt elsewhere—

“ Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow;
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering
Po,” &c.

For Goldy, the village-maiden lit up her brightest smiles; for him the tidy housewife, “on hospitable cares intent,” brought forth the wheaten loaf and the well-seasoned sausage: to welcome the foreign troubadour, the master of the cottage and of the vineyard produced his best can of wine, never loath for an excuse to drain a cheerful cup with an honest fellow; for,

“ Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quin-
que bibendi...

Hospitis adventus, necnon decessus ejus-
dem,

Vel vini bonitas...vel qualibet altera
causa.”

All this buoyancy of spirits, all this plentiful gladness, found expression and utterance in the national music and songs of that period; which are animated and lively to excess, and bear testimony to the brisk current of feeling and the exhilarating influence from which they sprung. Each season of the happy year, each incident of primitive and rural life, each occurrence in village history, was chronicled in uncouth rhythm, and chanted with choral glee. The baptismal holiday, the marriage epoch, the soldier's return, the “patron saint,” the harvest and the vintage, “*le jour des rois*,” and “*le jour de Noël*,” each was ushered in with the merry chime of parish-bells and the extemporaneous outbreak of the rustic muse. And when mellow autumn gave place to hoary winter, the genial source of musical inspiration was not frozen up in the hearts of the young, nor was there any lack of traditional ballads derived from the memory of the old.

“ Ici le chanvre préparé

Tourne autour du fuseau Gothique,

Et sur un banc mal assuré

La bergère la plus antique

Chante la mort du ‘Balafre’

D'une voix plaintive et tragique.”

“ While the merry fireblocks kindle,
While the gudewife twirls her spindle,
Hark the song which, nigh the embers,
Singeth yonder withered crone;
Well I ween that hag remembers
Many a war-tale past and gone.”

This characteristic of the inhabitants

of Gaul, this constitutional attachment to music and melody, has been early noticed by the writers of the middle ages, and remarked on by her historians and philosophers. The eloquent Salvian of Marseilles (A. D. 440), in his book on Providence (*De Gubernatione Dei*), says that his fellow-countrymen had a habit of drowning care and banishing melancholy with songs: "*Cantilenis infortunia sua solantur*." In the old jurisprudence of the Gallic code we are told, by lawyer De Marchangy, in his excellent work, *La Gaule Poétique*, that all the goods and chattels of a debtor could be seized by the creditor, with the positive exception of any musical instrument, lyre, bagpipe, or flute, which happened to be in the house of misfortune; the lawgivers wisely and humanely providing a source of consolation for the poor devil when all was gone. We have still some enactments of Charlemagne interwoven in the labyrinthine intricacies of the capitular law, having reference to the minstrels of that period; and the song of Roland, who fell at Roncevaux with the flower of Gallic chivalry, is still sung by the grenadiers of France:

"Soldats François, chantons Roland,
L'honneur de la chevalerie," &c. &c.

Or, as Sir Walter Scott will have it, in his *Marmion* (a couplet which, by the way, he afterwards unconsciously repeated in his *Rob Roy*):

"O! for a blast of that wild horn,
On Fontarabia's echoes borne," &c.

During the crusades, the minstrelsy of France attained a high degree of refinement, delicacy, and vigour. Never were love-adventures, broken hearts, and broken heads, so plentiful. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of departure, the lover's farewell, the rapture of return, the pilgrim's tale, the jumble of war and devotion, laurels and palm-trees — all these matters inflamed the imagination of the troubadour, and ennobled the effusions of genius. Oriental landscape added a new charm to the creations of poetry, and the bard of chivalrous Europe, transported into the scenes of voluptuous Asia, acquired a new stock of imagery: hence an additional chord would vibrate on his lyre. Thiébauld, comte de Champagne, who swayed the destinies of the kingdom under Queen

Blanche, while St. Louis was in Palestine, distinguished himself not only by his patronage of the tuneful tribe, but by his own original compositions; many of which I have overhauled among the MSS. of the King's Library when I was in Paris. Richard Cœur de Lion, whose language, habits, and character, belonged to Normandy, was almost as clever at a ballad as at the battle-axe: his faithful troubadour, Blondel, acknowledges his master's competency in things poetical. But it was reserved for the immortal René d'Anjou, called by the people of Provence *le bon roy René*, to confer splendour and *éclat* on the gentle craft, during a reign of singular usefulness and popularity. He was, in truth, a rare personage, and well deserved to leave his memory embalmed in the recollection of his fellow-countrymen. After having fought in his youth under Joan of Arc, in rescuing the territory of France from the grasp of her invaders, and subsequently in the wars of Scander Beg and Ferdinand of Aragon, he spent the latter part of his eventful life in diffusing happiness among his subjects, and making his court the centre of refined and classic enjoyment. Aix in Provence was then the seat of civilisation, and the haunt of the muses; while to René is ascribed the introduction and culture of the mulberry, and the consequent development of the silk-trade along the Rhone. To his fostering care the poetry of France is indebted for many of her best and simplest productions; the *rondeau*, the *madrigal*, the *triolet*, the *lay*, the *virelai*, and other measures equally melodious. His own ditties (chiefly church hymns) are preserved in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in his own handwriting, adorned by his royal pencil with sundry curious enluminations and allegorical emblems.

A rival settlement for the "sacred sisters" was established at the neighbouring court of Avignon, where the temporary residence of the popes attracted the learning of Italy and of the ecclesiastical world. The combined talents of churchmen and of poets shone with concentrated effulgence in that most picturesque and romantic of cities, fit cradle for the muse of Petrarca, and the appropriate resort of every contemporary excellence. The pontifical presence shed a lustre over this crowd of meritorious men, and excited a spirit

of emulation in all the walks of science, unknown in any other European capital: and to Avignon in those days might be applied the observation of a Latin poet concerning that small town of Italy which the residence of a single important personage sufficed to illustrate:

"Voies habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit."—*Lucan.*

The immortal sonnets of Laura's lover, written in the polished and elegant idiom of Lombardy, had a perceptible effect in softening what was harsh and refining what was uncouth in the love-songs of the troubadours, whose language (not altogether obsolete in Provence at the present time) bears a close affinity to the Italian. But this "light of song," however gratifying to the lover of literature, was but a sort of crepuscular brightening, to herald in that glorious dawn of true taste and knowledge which broke forth at the appearance of Francis I. and Leo X. Then it was that Europe's modern songsters, modelling their lyric effusions on the imperishable odes of Anacreon and Horace, produced for the banquet and the bower, for the court and for the camp, strains of unparalleled sweetness and power. I have already enriched my papers with a specimen of the love-ditties which the amour of Francis and the unfortunate Comtesse de Chateaubriand gave birth to. The royal lover has himself recorded his chivalrous attachment in a song which is preserved among the MSS. of the Duke of Buckingham in the *Bibliothèque du Roy*. It begins thus:

"Ores que je la tiens sous ma loy,
Plus je regne amant que roy,
Adieu, viages de cour!" &c. &c. &c.

Of the songs of Henri Quatre, addressed to Gabrielle d'Étrées, and of the ballads of Mary Stuart, it were almost superfluous to say a word; but in a professed essay on so interesting a subject, it would be an unpardonable omission not to mention two such illustrious contributors to the minstrelsy of France.

From crowned heads the transition to Maître Adam (the poetic carpenter) is rather abrupt: but he deserves most honourable rank among the tuneful brotherhood, and was full of wise saws in his day. Without quitting his humble profession of a joiner, he published a volume of songs (Rheims, 1650)

under the modest title of *Dry Chips and Oak Shavings from the Workshop of Adam Billoud*. Some of these may be met in a paper of mine, headed "The Rogueries of Tom Moore." Many of his staves are right well put out of hand. But he had been preceded by Clement Marot, a most cultivated poet, who had given the tone to French versification. From the pen of Marot I shall give some splendid productions before I conclude this series of remarks on the popular poetry of France. Maleherbe was also a capital lyric writer in the grandiose style, and at times very pathetic. Ronsard and Panard were queer fellows, and much to be laughed at. I shall not overlook the efforts of Dorat, Scuderi, Vade, Voiture, Racan, Bouffiers, Florian, and Chaulieu, of the old school; nor shall I omit to give specimens of Lamartine, André Chenier, Chateaubriand, and Delavigne, of the new race of melodists: all in their turn. But I cannot keep back for a moment longer my unbounded applause, or repress my enthusiastic admiration of one who has arisen in our days, to strike in France with a master-hand the lyre of the troubadour, and to realise in these utilitarian times all the fancied triumphs of bygone minstrelsy. Need I designate more fully the poet Béranger, who has created for himself a style of transcendent vigour and originality, and who has sang of war, love, and wine, in strains that would do honour to Blondel, Tyrteus, Pindar, or the Teian bard. He is now the genuine representative of Gallic poesy in her convivial, her amatory, her warlike, and her philosophic mood: and the plenitude of the inspiration that dwelt successively in the souls of all the songsters of ancient France seems to have transmigrated into Béranger, and found a fit recipient in his capacious and liberal mind:

"As some bright river, that from fall to fall,
In many a mass descending, bright in all,
Finds some fair region, where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last."

Lalla Rookh.

I cannot therefore resist the impulse which hurries me to the perpetration of an assault on the muse of Béranger, by translating him, *volens volens*, into merry England. Wine is the grand topic with all poets (after the ladies); I shall therefore give his account of the

introduction of the grape into Burgundy and Champagne, effected through the instrumentality of the brave *Brennus*,

the Celtic hero, and the ancestor of our Irish "Brennans."

Brennus, ou la Vigne plantée dans les Gaules.

Brennus disait aux bons Gaulois,
 "Célébrez un triomphe insigne !
 Dans les champs de Rome ont payé mes exploits,
 Et j'en rapporte un cep de vigne ;
 Privés de son jus tout-puissant
 Nous avons vaincus pour en boire,
 Sur nos coteaux que le pampre naissant
 Serve à couronner la victoire.

Un jour par ce raisin vermeil
 Des peuples vous serez l'envie ;
 Dans son nectar plein des feux du soleil
 Tous les arts puiseront la vie.
 Quittant nos bords favorisés,
 Mille vaisseaux iront sur l'onde
 Chargés de vins et de fleurs pavoisées,
 Porter la joye autour du monde.

Bacchus ! embellis nos destins !
 Un peuple hospitalier te prie,
 Fais qu'un présent, assis à nos festins,
 Oublie un moment sa patrie."
 Brennus alors bennit les cieux,
 Creuse la terre avec sa lance,
 Plante la vigne ! et les Gaulois joyeux
 Dans l'avenir ont vu "La France !"

Such is the classical and profound range of thought in which Béranger loves to indulge, amid the unpretending effusions of a professed drinking song ; embodying the noblest and most patriotic aspirations in the simple form of an historical anecdote or a light and fanciful allegory. He abounds in philanthropic sentiments and generous outbursts of passionate eloquence, which come on the feelings unexpectedly, and never fail to produce a corresponding excitement in the heart of

The Song of Brennus, or the Introduction of the Grape into France.

Tune—"The night before Larry."

When Brennus came back here from Rome,

These words he is said to have spoken :
 "We have conquered, my boys ! and brought home

A sprig of the vine for a token !
 Cheer, my hearties ! and welcome to Gaul
 This plant, which we won from the foe-
 man ;

'Tis enough to repay us for all
 Our trouble in beating the Roman ;
 Bless the gods ! and bad luck to the
 Gæss !

O ! take care to treat well the fair
 guest,

From the blasts of the north to protect
 her ;

Of your hillocks, the sunniest and best
 Make them hers, for the sake of her
 nectar.

She shall nurse your young Gauls with
 her juice ;

Give life to 'the arts' in libations ;
 While your ships round the globe shall
 produce

The goblet of joy for all nations—
 But the foe shall not taste of our
 cup !

The poor exile who flies to our hearth
 Wine shall soothe, all his sorrows re-
 dressing ;

For the vine is the parent of mirth,
 And to sit in its shade is a blessing."

So the soil Brennus dug with his lance,
 'Mid the crowd of Gaul's warriors and
 sages ;

And our forefathers grim, of gay France
 Got a glimpse through the vista of
 ages—

And it gladdened the hearts of
 the Gauls !

the listener. I shall shortly return to his glorious canticles ; but meantime, as we are on the chapter of wine, by way of contrast to the style of Béranger, I may be allowed to introduce a drinking ode of a totally different character, and which, from its odd and original conceptions, its ingenious special pleading, and its harmless jocularity, I think deserving of notice. It is, besides, of more ancient date ; and my English version has been therefore set to the old tune of "Life let us cherish."

Les Eloges de l'Eau.

Il pleut! il pleut enfin!
 Et la vigne altérée
 Va se voir restaurée
 Par un bienfait divin.
 De l'eau chantons la gloire,
 On la meprise en vain,
 C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

C'est par l'eau, j'en conviens,
 Que Dieu fit le déluge;
 Mais ce souverain juge
 Mit le mal près du bien!
 Du déluge l'histoire
 Fait naître le raisin;
 C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire—
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Ah! combien je jouis
 Quand la rivière apporte
 Des vins de toute sorte
 Et de tous les pays!
 Ma cave est mon armoire—
 A l'instant tout est plein;
 C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire—
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Par un tems sec et beau
 Le meunier du village,
 Se morfond sans ouvrage,
 Il ne boit que de l'eau;
 Il rentre dans sa gloire
 Quand l'eau rentre au moulin;
 C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Faut-il un trait nouveau?
 Mes amis, je le guette;
 Voyez à la guinguette
 Entrer ce porteur d'eau!
 Il y perd la mémoire
 Des travaux du matin;
 C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

Mais à vous chanter l'eau
 Je sens que je m'altère;
 Donnez moi vite un verre
 Du doux jus du tonneau—
 Ce vin vient de la Loire,
 Ou bien des bords du Rhin;
 C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
 Du vin! du vin! du vin!

It must be acknowledged that not even Pindar himself, when he struck the glorious keynote of *'Agaveis per idag*, produced a more complimentary pane-

Wine debtor to Water.

Rain best doth nourish
 Earth's pride, the budding vine!
 Grapes best will flourish
 On which the dewdrops shine.
 Then why should water meet with scorn,
 Or why its claim to praise resign?
 When from that bounteous source is born
 The vine! the vine! the vine!

Rain best disposes
 Earth for each blossom and each bud;
 True, we are told by Moses,
 Once it brought on "a flood:"
 But while that flood did all immerse,
 All save old Noah's holy line,
 Pray read the chapter and the verse—
 The vine is there! the vine!

Wine by water-carriage
 Round the globe is best conveyed;
 Then why disparage
 A path for old Bacchus made?
 When in our docks the cargo lands
 Which foreign merchants here consign,
 The vine's red empire wide expands—
 The vine! the vine! the vine!

Rain makes the miller
 Work his glad wheel the livelong day;
 Rain brings the siller,
 And drives dull care away:
 For without rain he lacks the stream,
 And fain o'er watery cups must pine;
 But when it rains, he courts, I deem,
 The vine! the vine! the vine!*

Though all good judges
 Water's worth now understand,
 Mark yon chiel who drudges
 With buckets in each hand;
 He toils with water through the town,
 Until he spies a certain "sign,"
 Where entering, all his labour done,
 He drains thy juice, O vine!

But pure water singing
 Dries full soon the poet's tongue;
 So crown all by bringing
 A draft drawn from the bung
 Of yonder cask, that wine contains
 Of Loire's good vintage or the Rhine;
 Queen of whose teeming margin reigns
 The vine! the vine! the vine!

gyrio on the liquid element than our French songster. But it is not merely on water that the French have shewn more talent than the illustrious Bœotian,

* This idea, containing an apparent paradox, has been frequently worked up in the quaint writings of the Hooks and Rogerses of the middle ages. There is an old Jesuit's riddle, which I learnt among other wise saws at their colleges, from which it will appear that this *Miller* is a regular *Joe*.

Q. "Suave bibo vinum quoties mihi suppetit unda;
 Undaque si desit, quid bibo?"

R. "Tristis aquam!"—PROUT.

for on *horses* also they have completely thrown him into the shade. This is what I call fighting with the Grecian cock on his own favourite dunghill, and beating him in his own stable-yard. The "Olympic races" never furnished a more sublime equestrian ode than the celebrated song of the "Cossack to his horse," by Béranger; and Pindar's

"racing calendar," or "the sporting magazine" of Greece, may be searched in vain for anything superior in the way of horse poetry. Homer may talk of his Hector—"Εὐροπος ἰπποδάμῃς"—but the Tartar jockey from the river Don beats the Trojan hollow. Turpin's "black Bess" is the only modern attempt that can be compared to

LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

Air—"Dis-moi, soldat, dis-moi, t'en souviens-tu?"

Viens, mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque,
Vole au signal des trompettes du nord;
Prompt au pillage, intrépide à l'attaque,
Prête sous moi, des ailes à la mort.
L'or n'enrichit ni ton frein, ni ta selle,
Mais attends tout du prix de mes exploits:
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

La paix qui fuit m'abandonne tes guides,
La vieille Europe a perdu ses remparts;
Viens de trésors combler mes mains avides,
Viens reposer dans l'asile des arts,
Retourne boire à la Seine rebelle,
Où, tout sanglant, tu t'es lavé deux fois:
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Comme en un fort, princes, nobles, et prêtres,
Tous assiégés par leurs sujets souffrants,
Nous ont crié: Venes, soyez nos maîtres—
Nous serons serfs pour demeurer tyrans!
J'ai pris ma lance, et tous vont devant elle
Humilier, et le sceptre et la croix:
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

J'ai d'un géant vu le fantôme immense
Sur nos bivouacs fixer un œil ardent;
Il s'écria: Mon règne recommence!
Et de sa hache il montrait l'Occident:
Du roi des Huns c'était l'ombre immortelle;
Fils d'Attila, j'obéis à sa voix:
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Tout cet éclat dont l'Europe est si fière,
Tout ce savoir qui ne la défend pas,
S'engloutira dans les flots de poussière
Qu'autour de moi vont soulever tes pas.
Efface, efface, en ta course nouvelle,
Temples, palais, mœurs, souvenirs, et lois!
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on "the Don."
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to bid thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey—O! thy chest is proud and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
 She is loath to bear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe.
 Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of jey—
 In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy.
 Proud as when first thou alk'st thy thirst in the flow of conquered Seine,
 Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
 Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey—O! thy chest is strong and ample;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
 And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
 And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their bondsmen down,
 And they think it meet, while they kiss our feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
 The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crossier and the cross,
 All shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTER toss!
 Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey—O! thy chest is broad and ample;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
 And his eye was bent on the Cossacks' tent, and his look was all defiant;
 Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
 And the "form" I saw was ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.
 From the Cossacks' camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
 Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce.
 And proudly neigh, my charger grey—O! thy chest is broad and ample;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame on which she builds reliance,
 When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
 Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of swarming horses?
 And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarian courses?
 Can we not wield our fathers' shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
 Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
 Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey, for thy chest is strong and ample;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In the foregoing glorious song of the Cossack to his horse, Béranger appears to me to have signally evinced that peculiar talent discoverable in most of his lyrical impersonations, which enables him so completely to identify himself with the character he undertakes to portray, that the poet is lost sight of in the all-absorbing splendour of the theme. Here we have the mind hurried away with irresistible grasp, and flung down among the wild scenery of the river Don, amid the tents of the Scythians and an encampment of the North. If we are sufficiently dull to resist the impulse that would transport our rapt soul to the region of the poet's inspiration, still, even on the quiet tympanum of our effeminate ear, there cometh the sound of a barbarian cavalry, heard most fearfully distinct, thundering along the rapid and sonorous march of the stanza; the terrific spectre of the King of the Huns frowns on our startled fancy; and we look on this sudden outpouring of Béranger's tremendous poetry with the sensation of Virgil's shepherd, awed at the torrent that sweeps down from the Apennines,—

"Stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor."

There is more where that came from. And if instead of oriental imagery and "barbaric pearl and gold," camels, palm-trees, bulbuls, houris, frankincense, silver veils, and other gew-gaws with which Tom Moore has glutted the market of literature in his *Lalla Rookh*, we could prevail on our poetasters to use sterner stuff, to dig the iron mines of the North, and send their Pegasus to a week's training among the Cossacks, rely on it we should have more vigour and energy in the bone and muscle of the winged animal. Our drawing-room poets, instead of taking tea and cake with Mrs. Norton, and *cau sucrée* with Lady Blessington, should partake of the rough diet and masculine beverage of this hardy tribe, whose cookery has been described in *Hudibras*, and of whom the swan of Mantua gently singeth with becoming admiration.

"Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat
 equino."

Lord Byron is never more spirited

and vigorous than when he recounts the catastrophe of Mazepa; and in the whole of that sublime rhapsody, the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*, canto the fourth, there is not a line (where *all* is breathing the loftiest enthusiasm and rapture) to be compared to his northern slave, his "dying gladiator,"

"Butchered to make a Roman holyday!"

Oh! he is truly great, when, in the fulness of prophetic inspiration, he calls on the Goths to "arise and glut their ire!" However, I hope none will attempt to woo the muse of the North, unless poets of solid pretensions and capabilities: if Tom Moore were to present himself to the nymph's notice, I fear he would catch a Tartar.

This dissertation has led me away from the subject-matter of my essays, to which I faithfully return. The "Songs of France," properly so called, exhibit a fund of inexhaustible good-humour, at the same time that they are fraught with the most exalted philosophy. Addison has endeavoured, in the *Spectator*, to emulate Cornelius à Lapidé, by writing a "commentary" on the ballad of *Chevy Chase*; and the public is greatly indebted to him for having revealed the recondite value of that excellent old chant: but there is a French lyrical composition coeval

with the English ballad aforesaid, and containing at least an equal quantity of contemporary wisdom. The opening verses may give a specimen of its wonderful and profound range of thought. They run thus:

"Le bon roy Dagobert
Avait mis sa culotte à l'envers;
Le bon Saint Eloi
Lui dit, 'O mon roy!
Vostre majesté
S'est mal culotté!'"

"Eh bien," dit le roy Dagobert,
'Nefaut-il pas que je le prenne l'air?'"*

I do not, as in other cases, follow up this French quotation by a literal version of its meaning in English, for several reasons; of which the principal is, that I intend to revert to the song itself in my second chapter, when I shall come to treat of "frogs" and "wooden shoes." But it may be well to instruct the superficial reader, that in this apparently simple stanza there is a deep blow aimed at the imbecility of the then reigning monarch; and that under the *culotte* there lieth much hidden mystery, to be one day explained by one Sartor Resartus, professor Teufelsdröckh, a German philosopher.

Confining myself, therefore, for the present, to *wine, war, and love*—this

* Dagobert II., king of Australasia, or southern France, was conveyed away in his infancy to Ireland, according to the historians of the country, by orders of a designing *maire du palais*, who wished to get rid of him. (See Mezeray, *Hist. de Fran.*; the Jesuit Daniel, *Hist. Franc.*; and Abbé Mac Geoghehan, *Hist. d'Irlande*.) He was educated at the school of Lismore, so celebrated by the venerable Bede as a college of European reputation. His peculiar manner of wearing his clothes would seem to have been learned in Cork, where the jacket is not put on in the usual form adopted by the rest of mankind. As to St. Eloi, he was a brassfounder and a tinker, besides being a saint. He is the patron of the Dublin corporation guild of smiths, who call him (ignorantly) St. Eoi. This saint was a queer fellow and a good Latin poet. The king, one day, as he was going into his chariot, a machine of clumsy contrivance, drawn by four oxen in the style described by Boileau—

"Quatre bœufs attelés, d'un pas tranquille et lent,
Promenaient dans Paris le monarque indolent!"—

was, as usual, attended by his favourite, St. Eloi, and jokingly asked him to make a couplet *extempore* before the drive. Eloi (like Tom Moore) never made verses without stipulating for the wages of song; and having got a promise of two oxen for his distich, he launched out into the following apostrophe—

"Ascendit Dagobert, veniat bos unus et alter
In nostrum stabulum: carpite nunc pabulum!"

King Dagobert was not a bad hand at Latin verses himself, for he is supposed to have written that exquisite elegy sung at the mass for the dead in our liturgy—

"Dies iræ, Dies illa
Solvat sæculum in favillâ,
Teste David eum sibyllâ," &c.;

which has been translated by Dryden.—PROUT.

being the categorical title of such songs as I choose to huddle together in this *first* chapter—I proceed to give a notable *war-song*, of which the *tune* is well known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. By my recording them in these papers, posterity will not be deprived of their racy humour and exquisite *naïveté*: nor shall a future age be reduced to confess with the interlocutor in the *Eclogues*, “*numeros memini si verba tenerem.*” Who has not hummed or whistled in his life-time the immortal air of MALBROUCK? And, alas! how many profane ideas have been associated with that classic tune! Still, if

the best antiquary, or the most universally read general scholar in Great Britain, were called on to give the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of these written memorials, which will one day be given to the general gaze: and here, then, followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did *not* take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows:

MALBROUCK.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
'N n'scait quand il reviendra (ter).

Il reviendra à Pâques,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Il reviendra à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité (ter).

La Trinité se passe,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
La Trinité se passe
Malbrouck ne revient pas (ter).

Madame monte à sa tour,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Madame monte à sa tour,
Le plus haut qu'on peut monter (ter).

Elle voit venir un page,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Elle voit venir un page
De noir tout habillé (ter).

Mon page, ô mon beau page,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Mon page, ô mon beau page,
Quelle nouvelle apportez? (ter).

La nouvelle que j'apporte,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
La nouvelle que j'apporte
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer (ter).

Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré* (ter).

Je l'ai vu porter en terre
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,

MALBROUCK.

Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home? (ter.)

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come (ter).

For "Trinity Feast" is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover;
And Malbrouck still delays (ter).

Milady in her watch tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays (ter).

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow (ter).

"O page, prithee, come faster;
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of wo" (ter).

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear (ter).

But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
Malbrouck is dead and buried!"...
(And here he shed a tear) (ter).

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'

* Idea taken from the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, where the death of Patroclus is announced to Achilles:

Κίται Πατρόκλος· νεκρὸς δὲ ἀμφιμαχόντα
Γυμνοῦ· ἀπὸ τὰ γὰρ τινὲς ἐχὺ περιβαλλὼς ἔκτανε.

Je l'ai vu porter en terre
Par quatre officiers (*ter*).

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre son bouclier (*ter*).

Le troisième son casque,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Le troisième son casque
Panache renversé (*ter*).

L'autre, je ne sçais pas bien,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
L'autre, je ne sçais pas bien,
Mais je crois qu'il ne portait rien (*ter*).

Such, O phlegmatic inhabitants of these countries! is the celebrated funeral song of Malbrouck. It is what we would in Ireland call a *keen* over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, generally dead outright, with a hole in his scull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of *Monsieur* was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him. It may not be uninteresting to D'Israeli (who will find many other literary curiosities among my papers) to learn, that both the tune and the words were composed as a "*lullaby*" to set the infant dauphin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in his primary object of soporific efficacy, to the poet or poetess (for some make Madame de Sevigné the authoress of *Malbrouck*, she being a sort of L. E. L. in her day) historical accuracy and verisimilitude were but minor considerations.

L'Épée de Damocles.

De Damocles l'épée est bien connue,
En songe à table il m'a semblé la voir;
Sous cette épée et menaçante et nue,
Denis l'ancien me forçait à m'asseoir.
Je m'écriais que mon destin s'achève —
La coupe en main, au doux bruit des concerts,
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!

"Que du mépris la haine au moins me sauve!"

Dit ce pédant, qui rompt un fil léger;
Le fer pesant tombe sur ma tête chauve,
J'entends ces mots, "Denis savait se venger!"

Me voilà mort et poursuivant mon rêve —

La coupe en main, je répète aux enfers,

And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field (*ter*).

One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labour,
Much envying his next neighbour,
Who only bore a shield (*ter*).

The third was helmet-bearer —
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains (*ter*).

Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains" (*ter*).

There is nothing like variety in a literary composition; and as we have just given a war-song, or a *lullaby*, we shall introduce a different subject, to avoid monotony and to break the uniformity of our essay. We shall therefore give the poet Béranger's famous ode to Dr. Lardner, concerning his *Cyclopædia*; which is little known to the British public, but is highly deserving of notice. The occasion which gave rise to this lyric effusion was the recent trip of Dionysius Lardner to Paris, and his proposal (conveyed through Dr. Bowring) to Béranger, of a handsome remuneration, if the poet would say a good word about his *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; or, as Dr. Bowring translated it, "*son Encyclopédie des Cabinets*" (query, *d'Aisance*?) Lardner gave the poet a dinner on the strength of the expected commendatory poem, when the following song was composed after the third bottle:

The Dinner of Dionysius.

O! who hath not heard of the sword
which old Dennis
Hung over the head of a stoic?
And how the stern sage bore that terrible
menace
With a fortitude not quite heroic?
There's a Dennis the "tyrant of Cecily"
hight,
(Most sincerely I pity his lady, ah!)
Now this Dennis is doomed for his sins
to indite
A "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*."

He pressed me to dine, and he placed on
my head

An appropriate garland of poppies;
And, lo! from the ceiling there hung by
a thread

A bale of unsaleable copies.

"Puff my writings," he cried, "or your
skull will be crushed!"

"That I cannot," I answered, with honest
flushed,

O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton
glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes
vers!

"Be your name Dionysius or Thady, ah!
Old Dennis, my boy, though I were to
enjoy
But one glass and one song, still one laugh,
loud and long,
I should have at your Cyclopædia."

So adieu, Dr. Lardner, for the present, *ass in presenti*; and turn we to other topics of song.

In this "Ode to Dr. Lardner," the eye of the connoisseur has no doubt detected sundry latent indications of the poet's wonderful cleverness and consummate drollery; but it is in ennobling so insignificant a subject, by a reference to historical anecdote and classic allegory, that the delicate tact and singular ability of Béranger are to be admired. It will be in the recollection of every reader of the elegant and polished fabulist of Rome, the ingenuous Phædrus, that he greatly commends the Greek troubadour, Simonides of Cos, for his poetical stratagem, when hired to sing the praise of some obscure candidate for the honours of the Olympic race-course. The bard, finding no material for verse in the life of his vulgar hero, launched forth into an encomium on Castor and Pollux, those twin-brothers of the olden turf, from whom he ever afterwards derived good luck and celestial patronage. But further to illustrate this grand feature in the songs of Béranger, and this predominant propensity of the French poet, I will now give a most beautiful exemplification of his talent in dignifying a most homely subject, by the admixture of Greek and Roman associations. The French original is rather too long to be transcribed here; and as my translation is not, *in this case*, a literal version, I do apologise for omitting to give it place. The *last* stanza I do not pretend to understand rightly, so I put it at the bottom of the page in a note,* hoping that my readers may not be so blind as I confess myself to be as to this intricate and enigmatical passage of the ode.

"GOOD DRY LODGINGS."

According to Béranger, Songster.

My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example
For all lovers of wine to follow;
If my home you should ask,
I have drained out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow!
A disciple am I of Diogenes—
O! his tub a most classical lodging is!
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking:
Moreover, the parish throughout
You can readily roll it about.

O! the birth

For a lover of mirth
To revel in jokes and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes!

In politics I'm no adept,
And into my tub when I've crept
They may canvass in vain for my vote.
For besides, after all the great cry and
hubbub,
Reform gave no ten-pound franchise to
my tub;

So your bill I don't value a groat!
And if that base idol of filth and vulgarity,
Adored now-a-days, and yept Popularity,
Should come

To my home,
And my hogshead's bright aperture
darken,
Think not to such summons I'd hearken.
No! I'd say to that Goule grim and gaunt,
Vile phantom avaunt!

Get thee out of my sight!
For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
Of the gay glorious sun
From my classical tun,
Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun
Fain would revel in mirth, and would
lodge in ease—

The classical tub of Diogenes!

In the park of St. Cloud there stares at you

A fine Grecian statue
Of my liege the philosopher cynical:

* The passage which Prout pretends he cannot understand is as follows in Béranger: the old rogue has translated it most faithfully—

"O Diogène! sous ton manteau,
Libre et content, je ris, je bois, sans gêne;
Libre et content, je roule mon tonneau!
Lanterne en main, dans l'Athènes moderne,
Chercher un homme est un dessein fort beau;
Mais quand le soir voit briller ma lanterne,
C'est aux amours qu'elle sert de flambeau."

There he stands on a pinnacle,
And his lantern is placed on the ground,
While with both eyes fixed wholly on
That favourite haunt of Napoleon,
"A MAN," he exclaims, "by the powers
I have found!"

But for me, when at eve I go sauntering,
On the boulevards of Athens, "Love"
carries my lantern;
And, egad! though I walk most demurely,
For a man I'm not looking full surely:

Nay, I'm sometimes brought drunk
home,
Like honest Jack Reeve, or like honest
Tom D

O! the nest
For a lover of jest
To revel in fun and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes!

So much for the poet's capability of
embellishing what is low and vulgar
by the magic wand of antique recol-
lections: *proprie communia dicere* is a
secret as rare as ever, and none but

genuine fellows, such as Byron, Ho-
race, Scott, and Béranger, were in
possession of this valuable tradition.
When Hercules took a distaff in hand,
he made but a poor spinner, and broke
all the threads, to the great amusement
of his mistress; but Béranger would
have gracefully gone through even that
minor accomplishment, at the same
time that the war-club and the battle-
axe lost nothing of their power when
wielded by his hand. Such is the
amazing versatility of genius!

Can any thing be found in the whole
range of sentimental rhapsodies and
tender effusions of mingled love, en-
thusiasm, and patriotism, to compare
with the following beautiful ode of this
songster of "*the tub*," who herein
shews most strikingly with what fa-
cility he can diversify his style, vary
his tone, and run "through each mood
of the lyre while a master in all?"

LE PIGEON MESSENGER.

Chanson, 1822.

L'Âi brillait, et ma jeune maîtresse
Chantait les dieux dans la Grèce oubliés;
Nous comparions notre France à la Grèce,
Quand un pigeon vint s'abattre à nos
pieds.

Næris découvre un billet sous son aile;
Il le portait vers des foyers chéris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messenger fidèle!
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Il est tombé, las d'un trop-long voyage;
Rendons-lui vite et force et liberté.
D'un trafiquant rempli-t-il le message?
Va-t-il d'amour parler à la beauté?
Peut-être il porte au nid qui le rappelle
Les derniers vœux d'infortunés proscrits—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messenger fidèle!
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Mais du billet quelques mots me font
croire

Qu'il est en France à des Grecs apporté;
Il vient d'Athènes; il doit parler de gloire;
Lisons-le donc par droit de parenté—
"Athènes est libre!" Amis, quelle nou-
velles!

Que de lauriers tout-à-coup fleuris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messenger fidèle!
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Athènes est libre! Ah! buvons à la Grèce!
Næris, voici de nouveaux demi-dieux!
L'Europe en vain, tremblante de vieillesse,
Déshéritait ces aînés glorieux.
Ils sont vainqueurs! Athènes, toujours
belle,

N'est plus vouée au culte des débris!—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messenger fidèle!
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

THE CARRIER-DOVE OF ATHENS.

A Dream, 1822.

Ellen sat by my side, and I held
To her lip the gay cup in my bower,
When a bird at our feet we beheld,
As we talked of old Greece in that hour;
And his wing bore a burden of love,
To some fair one the secret soul telling—
O drink of my cup, carrier dove!
And sleep on the bosom of Ellen.

Thou art tired—rest awhile, and anon
Thou shalt soar, with new energy thrilling,
To the land of that far-off fair one,
If such be the task thou'rt fulfilling;
But perhaps thou dost waft the last word
Of despair, wrung from valour and duty—
Then drink of my cup, carrier bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Beauty.

Ha! these lines are from Greece! Well
I knew

The loved idiom! Be mine the perusal.
Son of France, I'm a child of Greece too;
And a kinsman will brook no refusal.
"Greece is free!" all the gods have con-
curred

To fill up our joy's brimming measure—
O drink of my cup, carrier bird!
And sleep on the bosom of Pleasure.

Greece is free! Let us drink to that land,
To our elders in fame! Did ye merit
Thus to struggle alone, glorious band!
From whose sires we our freedom inherit?
Those old glories, which kings would
destroy,

Greece regains, never, never to lose 'em!
O drink of my cup, bird of joy!
And sleep on my Ellen's soft bosom.

Athènes est libre ! O, muse des Pindares,
Reprends ton sceptre, et ta lyre, et ta
voix !

Athènes est libre, en dépit des barbares !
Athènes est libre, en dépit de nos rois !
Que l'univers toujours, instruit par elle,
Retrouve encore Athènes dans Paris —
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Beau voyageur du pays des Hellènes,
Répose-toi ; puis vole à tes amours !
Vole, et bientôt, reporté dans Athènes,
Reviens braver et tyrans et voutours.
A tant des rois dont le trône chancelle,
D'un peuple libre apporte encore les cris —
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

After this specimen of Béranger's poetic powers in the sentimental line, I shall take leave of him for the remainder of this chapter ; promising, however, to draw largely on his inexhaustible exchequer when next I levy my contributions on the French. But I cannot get out of this refined and delicate mood of quotations without indulging in the luxury of one more ballad, an exquisite one, from

Muse of Athens ! thy lyre quick resume !
None thy anthem of freedom shall hinder ;
Give Anacreon joy in his tomb,
And gladden the ashes of Pindar !
Ellen ! fold that bright bird to thy breast,
Nor permit him henceforth to desert you —
O drink of my cup, winged guest !
And sleep on the bosom of Virtue.

But no, he must hie to his home,
To the nest where his bride is awaiting ;
And again to our climate he'll come,
The young glories of Athens relating,
The baseness of kings to reprove,
To blush our vile rulers compelling ! —
And come, drink of my goblet, O dove !
And sleep on the breast of my Ellen.*

the pen of my favourite Millevoys. Poor young fellow ! he died when full of promise in early life ; and these are the last lines his pale hand traced on paper, a few days before he expired in the pretty village of Neuilly, near Paris, whither he had been ordered by the physician, in hopes of prolonging by country air a life so dear to the muses. Listen to the notes of the swan !

PRAY FOR ME. A BALLAD.

*By Millevoys, on his Death-bed at the
Village of Neuilly.*

PRIEZ POUR MOI. ROMANCE.

Octobre, Neuilly, 1820.

Dans la solitaire bourgade,
Revant à ses maux tristement,
Languissait un pauvre malade,
D'un mal qui le va consumant :
Il disait, " Gens de la chaumière,
Voici l'heure de la prière,
Et le tintement du beffroi ;
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

Mais quand vous verrez la cascade
S'ombrager de sombres rameaux,
Vous direz, ' Le jeune malade
Est délivré de tous ses maux.'
Alors revenez sur cette rive,
Chanter la complainte naïve,
Et quand tintera le beffroi,
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

Ma compagne, ma seule amie,
Digne objet d'un constant amour !
Je lui avais consacré ma vie,
Hélas ! je ne vis qu'un jour !
Plaignez-la, gens de la chaumière,
Lorsque, à l'heure de la prière,
Elle viendra sous le beffroi ;
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !"

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems ;
How hushed the breeze ! the eve how
calm !
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
Kind villagers ! God bless your shed !
Hark ! 'tis for prayer—the evening bell ;
Oh, stay ! and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

When leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, " The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and wo he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone ;
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one —
Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

Oh ! pity her, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come ;
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe —
She was my love !—point out my tomb ;
Tell her my life should have been hers —
'Twas but a day !—God's will !—tis
well :
But weep with her, kind villagers !
Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

* It would be an insult to the classic scholar to remind him that Béranger has taken the hint of this song from Anacreon's Εἰς ἄνθρωπον πικρὸν ποτὶς πικρὰς οὐδὲν, ode 15, (*juxta cod. Vatic.*)—PROUT.

Simple, unaffected, this is true poetry, and goes to the heart. One ballad like the foregoing is worth a cart-load of *soi-disant* pathetic elegies, monodies, soliloquies, melodies, and "bards legacies:" à propos, talking of melodies, I just now recollect one in Tommy's own style, which it would be a pity to keep from him; indeed, only for his late conduct, I would have enclosed it to him, and allowed him to pass it off as his own, in the same way as forty other French

compositions which he has had the effrontery to claim as his original property. To save him the trouble of translating it into *Moorish* rhyme, I have done the job myself; and it may challenge competition with his best *conçetti* and most captivating *similes*. The song is from an old troubadour called Pierre Ronsard, from whom Tommy has picked up many a good thing ere now.

LE SABLE.

La poudre qui dans ce cristal
Le cours des heures nous retrace,
Lorsque dans un petit canal,
Souvent elle passe et repasse,
Fut Ronsard, qui, un jour, morbleu !
Par les beaux yeux de sa Clytandre
Soudain fut transformé en feu,
Et il n'en reste que la cendre.
Cendre ! qui ne t'arrêtes jamais,
Tu temoigneras une chose,
C'est qu'ayant vu de tels attraites,
Le cœur ouqués ne repose.

Now who, after this magnificent sample of French gallantry, will refuse to that merry nation the sceptre of supremacy in the department of love-songs and amorous effusions? Indeed, the language of polite courtship, and the dialect of soft talk, is so redolent among us of French origin and Gallic associations, that the thing speaks for itself. Any one who talks to the ladies must adopt French phraseology. The servant-maid in the court of Pilate found out Peter to be from Galilee by his accent; and so may the dialect of France be traced in all the forms and modes of speech employed in addressing the fair. *Petits soins—air distingué—faite au tour—naïveté—billet doux—affaire de cœur—boudoir*, &c. &c., and a thousand other expressions, have crept, in spite of us, into our every-day usage. It was so of old with the Romans in reference to Greek, which was the favourite conversational vehicle of gallantry among the dandies of the *Via sacra*: at least we have [to say nothing of Juvenal] the authority of that excellent critic, Quintilian, who informs us that his contemporaries, in their sonnets to the Roman ladies, stuffed their verses with Greek terms. I think his words are, "*Tanto est sermo Græcus Latino jucundior, ut nostri poetæ, quoties carmen dulce esse voluerunt, illorum id nominibus exornant.*" (Quintil. XII. cap. 10, sec. 33.) Our own Quintilian, Addison, has a curious paper in his

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Dear Tom, d'y'e see the rill
Of sand within this phial ?
It runs like in a mill,
And tells time like a dial.
That sand was once Ronsard,
Till Fanny Dyke looked at him.
Her eye burnt up the bard :
He's pulverised ! an atom !
Now, at this tale so horrid,
Bards ! learn to keep your smile hid,
For Fanny's zone is "torrid,"
And fire is in her eyelid.

Spectator, complaining of the great number of military terms imported, during the Marlborough campaigns, from the fighting dictionary of France: the influx of this slang he considered as a great disgrace to his fellow-countrymen, and as a badge of foreign conquest not to be tolerated. Nevertheless, "*chevaux de frise*," "*hors de combat*," "*aide de camp*," "*dépôt*," "*état major*," "*brigade*," and a host of other locutions, have taken such root in our soil, that it were vain to murmur at the circumstance of their foreign growth. So it is with the manual of love: it is replete with the idiom of France; and there is no use in denying the superiority of that versatile tongue for the purposes of bamboozling the gentler portion of the creation. I might triumphantly refer to its effect as instanced in the visit of the *Fudge Family* to Paris, one of Tommy's happiest efforts at humour; but I intend returning to the subject in a fresh chapter.

Meantime, I think it but fair to make some compensation to the French for all the sentimental matters we have derived from their vocabulary; and I therefore conclude this first essay on the "Songs of France" by giving them a specimen of our own love-ditties, translated as well as my old hand can render the young feelings of passionate endearment into appropriate French expression:

WADE.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the light of the moon,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.
 O remember! be sure to be there;
 For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air
 If I want the sweet light of thine eyes.
 Then meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight was made for the gay, [free;
 For the thoughtless, the heartless, the
 But there's something about the moon's ray
 That's dearer to you, love, and me.
 Oh! be sure to be there; for I said
 I would shew to the night-flowers their
 queen.

Nay, turn not aside that sweet head—
 'Tis the fairest that ever was seen.
 Then meet me by moonlight alone.

If an English love-song can be so easily rendered into the plastic language of France by one to whom that flexible and harmonious idiom was not *native* (though *hospitable*) what must

ABBÉ DE PRÔUT.

Viens au bosquet, ce soir, sans témoin,
 Dans le vallon, au clair de la lune;
 Ce que l'on t'y dira n'a besoin
 Ni de jour ni d'oreille importune.
 Mais surtout rends-toi là sans faillir,
 Car la lune a bien moins de lumière
 Que l'amour n'en sait faire jaillir
 De ta languissante paupière.
 Sois au bosquet au clair de la lune.

Pour les cœurs sans amour le jour luit,
 Le soleil aux froids penses préside;
 Mais la pale clarté de la nuit
 Favorise l'amant et le guide.
 Les fleurs que son disque argenté
 Colore, en toi verront leur reine.
 Quoi! tu baisses ce regard divin,
 Jeune beauté, vraiment souveraine?
 Rends-toi là donc au clair de la lune.

be its capabilities in the hands of those masters of the Gallic lyre, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Delavigne, and Béranger. To their effusions I shall gladly dedicate another paper.

DINNER TO EARL GREY.

We intended to have given an article on the great Whig dinner in Edinburgh, but we find we are too late; our newspaper friends have already sufficiently dissected that fowl feast, and the Whigs are silent. As a political event it was wholly unimportant, except as a failure. The only point on which we wished any information was avoided carefully by the speakers. We knew already all the immense merits of the ministry in having carried Reform; we had heard of the opening of the China trade at least a hundred times; the emancipation of the blacks had been sufficiently forced upon our attention: it would be impossible to deny that the varied excellencies and humanities of the new Poor-law Bill have not been duly pointed out, by the most disinterested authorities, to the public: of law reform, a very adequate quantity has been already spoken;—in short, nobody can complain that any measure which my Lord Brougham and Vaux takes under his patronage is not talked about, and most bountifully bethumped with words: and we did not want to hear any more about these topics. On the other hand, we are not so unreasonable in our Toryism as to expect that the Whig actors would hint at

the ticklish state of our foreign relations—the agricultural distresses, all but admitted by their own packed House of Commons—the dilemmas of Lord Althorp—the blundering of Lord Palmerston—the indiscretion of Mr. Littleton—the failure of all attempts to pacify Ireland by the most unconditional surrender of every thing English or civilised; in short, we should not have called upon the spouters at the Edinburgh dinner to touch upon any of those public topics which would tell against their own politics: but surely there was *one thing* expected from the *abouchement* of Lords Brougham and Grey. The speeches of Lord Durham may be very fine, but though it was diverting enough to hear him contradicting his quondam colleague, the lord chancellor, in good set terms, and receiving for so doing the thanks of Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Ellice, who are still colleagues of that very noble and learned person, we do not find any thing in his oratory which we have not heard and read much better done, fifty or five hundred times already. It was not assuredly for the purpose of being served with repetitions of what we might have any morning or evening of the week, in any average Whig paper, for sevenpence,

that the whole of Scotland was swept to muster up a company at the Calton Hill dinner. It was not to hear Lord Grey lament that sudden access of old age, of which, as Cobbett justly remarks, we heard not a word six months ago; and the disease arising from which is so capricious as to permit him who suffers under it to travel speech-making throughout the country, while it incapacitates him from sitting quietly in Downing Street, folding and unfolding papers. It was not to hear Lord Brougham confirm or contradict (both are matters of equal easiness to him) what he had been spouting for weeks before in the various companies in which, whether drunk or sober, he had buffooned. This was not what we looked for—

“Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still!”

We expected that either Lord Grey or Lord Brougham, or both, would have done something towards explaining the reasons why Lord Grey left office—whether the rumours generally spread, and spread apparently on good authority, of his having been supplanted by treachery and falsehood, had any foundation—whether the charges brought by Lord Howick in parliament, and the stories current in every club in London, or other places where “men do congregate,” were true in whole or part. This was what was looked for, but this did not come. All that was said at the dinner was nothing better or worse than what might have been said at a Cambridge debating society, or any other aggregation of idiots. The most careless observer of the proceedings noticed that Lords Grey and Brougham were as cold to one another as the dinner which was set before them; or, rather, which it was intended should be set before them, for it was demolished before they appeared. And the most idle reader must observe that in their speeches, the only thing which could give interest to the feast

was but hastily alluded to, in a manner most vague and ineffective. They fairly kept shy of one another.

In this point of view, then, nothing could be of less consequence than the dinner. It was, however, to be of great importance, from the attendance of all that was valuable in Scotland. A vast assemblage was expected, and a vast assemblage came. But of those who came, where were the nobility of Scotland? Not half-a-dozen. The gentry of Scotland? Not fifty. The learned or educated classes of Scotland—those who reflect honour upon the country for science, literature, art? Not one. Who then were there? All the placemen that could be mustered—the expectants of jobs—the bailies from the towns within reach—the hungry writers of Edinburgh—the sweepings and offscourings of Whiggery—the dirty creatures that were supplied with eleemosynary tickets for huzzaing. A fouler congregation never rendered the air fetid than the congregation at the Calton Hill. All parties agree that their conduct in tearing the dinner to pieces before the arrival of their guests, and their brutally blackguard behaviour after the few gentlemen who ventured among them had departed, have set down this meeting as something below what we could conceive of the ordinary rabble of St. Giles's. There must, indeed be a great fund of low bestiality in Scotland, in spite of all that Sir Walter has written about the country; but then Sir Walter lived among its gentlemen, and was hated mortally by such rabble as those who assembled at the Calton Hill dinner.

Taking all this into consideration, we did not think them worth an article; but as a friend of ours has sent us a ballad, we do not see why we should not print it. It is doggerel; but we flatter ourselves it is quite as good as the occasion deserves. Here then follows

THE EATING OF EDINBURGH.

BEING A TRAGICAL BALLAD, SETTING FORTH HOW OLD GREY WENT TO DINE
WITH THE MODERN ATHENIANS, AND HOW THEY ATE THE
DINNER BEFORE IT BEGAN.

*Written in ballad metre by me, MORGAN O'DOHERTY, in the year of Grace
One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-four.*

God prosper long our noble Grey,
Our Brougham and Durham all!
But a woful dinner-match there did
In Edinburgh befall.

Kicked out of place, the erl-king took
From Downing Street his way —
The Greys may rue, that are unborn,
The kicking out of Grey.

“Wo with the hour, the fatal hour,
That e’er it was my doom
To sit within a cabinet,
Or e’en within a room,
In company with such a rogue
As that plebeian Brougham !”

And sweet Lord Howick said the same,
In his own delightful style ;
But Brougham he only cocked his nose,
And laughed out all the while.

“O once you offered me, Gaffer Grey !
Attorney for to be ;
And I shall do as kind a thing
Now you are of low degree :
For I shall offer you, my lord,
To be Privy-seal to me.”

So Grey he looked as blank and grim
As if he had seen that head,
Which, bloody and gory, looks on him,
Whene’er he goes to bed.

“I’ll go away to the faithful north,
And Durham he too will go ;
When in, I found him of little worth —
But now I’m levelled low,

And his Radical talk may buoy me up,
And plague those I left behind ;
And I’ll soap and butter, with civil speech,
Every man that may be kind.”

“Oh, ho !” said Brougham, “so Grey is gone,
A speaking tour to try !
He may think himself smart, but soon I’ll prove
He’s not so far north as I.”

So Grey he went, and Grey he wept,
And Grey he piped his eye ;
And he told all the people of the north
How he served them gallant-lye —

How he carried Reform by sap and storm,
In spite of Tory rage ;
And he was now a weak old man,
In the seventy-first year of his age.

And all the old women, where’er he went,
Wept to see old Grizzle weep ;
And the men, when they heard his woful tale,
In their nightcaps snored asleep.

But Brougham he ordered post-horses out,
And away to the north went he ;
And his tongue for a minute never stopped,
From Islington to Dundee.

He spoke, and he spoke the live-long length
Of the live-long Great North Road ;
And there was not a post-boy who did not feel
That the schoolmaster was abroad.

He talked to ostlers, he talked to cads;
With the circuit-bar he dined,
To whom he sung the "Pipe de Tabac,"
Being three sheets in the wind.

He talked to the hosts when he stopped to change;
He talked to the barmaids fair;
He talked to the waiters, he talked to the boots —
He talked it every where.

He talked to the folks of Inverness,
And much he praised the Lords;
But he talked to the folks of Aberdeen,
And ate up all his words.

The Lords they were, at Inverness,
On the Commons fitting check;
But when he came to Aberdeen
They were clogs about our neck,
And when he came to bonny Dundee
He would sell them by the peck.

So the Sawneys gazed, and the Sawneys glowered,
As the people at a fair
Will at the tricks of a juggler-man,
Who swallows ribands, stare.

So at the last it was agreed
That the conjuring pair should meet,
At Edinburgh, in September time,
To see who in sleights would beat.

And there was a routing in the town,
And the grunting went far and near;
And there was not a swine in broad Scotland
Who the summons did not bear.

For the summons flew south, and the summons flew north,
And the summons flew west and east,
To call to a dinner, on the Calton Hill,
Every Whiggish man and beast.

They did not summon the Scottish lords,
For the Scottish lords would not go;
And when they summoned the gentlemen,
Nine out of ten said, No:
But when they asked the bailies to come,
They all came in a row.

And there were writers from lofty flats,
Out of the old, old town;
And there were those who were flats themselves,
Though writers of renown.

And many a beggarly Whig was there,
Sore hungry for a job,
Who gave with a sigh, and tear in his eye,
The shillings from his fob.

And many more, who paid no score,
To the hoped-for dinner sped;
There to repay, by shout and huzza,
For the welcome meat and bread.

And a house was a-built near the Calton Hill,
 Of canvass and of board;
 For no mortal wight would let his home
 Be trampled by such a horde.

Some of the tickets they got were white,
 And some were coloured buff;
 But under whatever colour they went,
 The business they had was to stuff.

And, oh! what a rout Auld Reekie saw
 When the hour of the dinner came,
 And the hungry Scots with lengthened jaw,
 And thin and grumbling wame,
 Did to the place of feeding draw,
 With locks and looks of flame.

With clattering din they burst right in,
 And, under the gas-light's glare,
 You'd have deemed by the howling sound, as well
 As by the reek of the brimstone smell,
 That Satan's own court was there.

Oh, woful was that dinner's fate!
 For never before was one
 That had the misfortune to be ate
 Before it was begun!

"O shame upon you, gentlemen!
 O shame upon you! fie!"
 But vainly did the stewards sweat,
 More vainly did they cry,

For on table lay the cold, cold beef—
 There lay the pigeon-pie—
 There lay the chickens, roast and boiled,
 That in their youth did die.

There lay the fillet fair of veal,
 And there the tempting tongue
 (Less sweet are those of Brougham and Grey)
 Invited blade or prong.

The lobster in its salad-bed
 Slept near the blushing ham;
 The sheep supplied the juicy haunch,
 Its tender ribs the lamb:
 And could a man of all that rout,
 So placed, forbear to cram?

Some folks had fasted three days' space
 In honour of Lord Grey;
 And not a stomach in the hall
 Had breakfasted the day.

So fair, and soft—the stewards cried,
 But, oh! they cried in vain,—
 As vainly as John Gilpin tried
 His charger to restrain.

With open mouth and desperate tooth
 Upon the food they fell;
 "O wait you! wait, for grace, my lads,
 To sound your dinner's knell."
 But, oh! the awfu' sinners said,
 "Your grace maun gae to hell."

Dire was the clang of knife and fork,
Dire was the grinders' crash,
As through the dishes doomed to fate
They made their desperate dash.

Useless the sirloin's knightly pride—
Forgotten Moses' law,
Which flesh of porker has denied
To Jew-descended jaw.

With knife unwiped and hand unwashed
Did they their labours ply;
And many a horny knuckle smashed
The paste of many a pie.

Here might you see two feeders fierce
Tearing a duck in two;
"The right side is for me, my frien',
The left side is for you."

Here Glasgow's gander thrust his hand
Into a sister goose;
There a rent pigeon filled the throat
Of a Whig tailor spruce.

Here a whole host of hostile hands
Would a cod to pieces drag;
And there the entrails rich were torn
Out of the haggis-bag.

Wo to ye bannocks, wo to brose,
To crowdy and to kale,—
For few of ye that saw that day
Remained to tell the tale.

And still the stewards bawled out, "Shame!"
But it is wo to tell,
That they who made the loudest cry,
They ate the most themself.

Sore did they toil for three half-hours,
With mickle might and main;
And the sweat-drops fell upon their plates
Plash! plash! like the heavy rain.

And some took off their coats to work—
Some loosed their cravat-tie;
But no napkin on knee or chin
Was there that day to spy.

At last, the victuals all devoured,
Was nothing left but bone;
And then did the victorious Scots
Pause o'er their labours done.

And it was the bailie of Glasgow town
That spoke out wondrous sore;
For he stroked his hand along his paunch,
And a fearful oath he swore:
"Ochone, I have stuffed up to the neck,
And I can stuff no more."

Then loud arose a cry for drink,
To wash the dinner down,—
Just such a cry as mariners raise
When they're about to drown.

Then hurry, hurry, hop, hop, hop,
Went all the benches round
The hasty pot-boys with their pots,
Clanking in pewter-sound.

Some of them swallowed half-and-half;
Some of them swallowed stout;
And 'twas a pleasant sight to see
How the froth it flew about.

And the wine that came from the far far Cape
Was drunk from the bottle's mouth;
And wow! how Sir John Barleycorn
Went to slake their thirsty drouth.

And while they were thus, a sound was heard,—
“Here comes the Yerl of Grey;
Here's My Laird of Brougham and My Laird of D'rum
Come to dine wi' their array.”

Oh then the Glasgow bailie spake,
And he laughed loud laughs three;
“’Tis easy to say they're come to dine,
But whaur'll their dinner be?”

And then another voice it said,
“Ho! make for the minister place —
For the minister room, who is coming in
To say the holy grace.”

And the bailie from Glasgow stroked his wame,
And “That's a good joke yon!
He's a fule o' a meenester wha maks a grace
O'er a denner that's a' gone.”

So up the hill passed Grey and Brougham,
And they both looked right aghast;
Said they, “We were asked to come to a feed,
But we are come to a fast.”

For up the board and down the board,
And thwart the board looked they;
And nothing met the nose of Brougham,
Nothing met the eye of Grey.

Eaten, eaten was the meat,
And eaten all the fowl;
And eaten, eaten was the fish,
Even from the tail to jowl.

A fragment here and there appeared,
But it was nothing more;
The tables all the dismal marks
Of some rude convulsion bore.

As when in Maelstrom's greedy pool
Down goes a gallant ship,
'Tis smashed to atoms by the whirl,
From keel to mainmast-tip.

But o'er the boiling surge, at last,
Some shattered specks may float —
Specks just as few on the Calton Hill
Survived the Scottish throat.

Then spoke Lord Grey, then spoke Lord Brougham,
 Then Durham came behind ;
 But like the speakers, every speech
 Was only full of wind.

And to Grey the Glasgow bailie said,
 " Sit down, ye puir auld man !
 We a' can ken why ye're boune to fall,
 For an empty sack canna stan'."

[And Monsieur Arago next got up,
 And he spoke them all in French, sir ;
 Said he, " By Gar ! you shentlemen Scoss,
 'Tis you can clear de trencher !"]

But Campbell they did receive the best,
 When he said, mid loud huzza,
 " You may think it jest, but I do protest,
 That for your sakes the law of arrest
 Shall be quashed without more delay."]

Drunken, drunken were the rout,
 But their guests right hungry were ;
 And they swore that never again would they come
 To feed on Auld Reekie fare.

" You starved me once," said good Lord Grey,
 " You shall not starve me twice ;
 But I had the pleasure to look on Brougham
 With eye as cold as ice."

Brougham left the hill and swallowed a dram,
 And oft his nose he shook ;
 " There was never," said he, " such a company,
 Since the man in the book of Luke
 The itch-bitten beggars out of the streets
 To his wedding-party took.

But this I know, that ere I sleep
 I'll make the matter ring ;
 Because I'll do — what shall I do ?
 Why, I'll write off to the king."

So he wrote a letter to the king,
 And the king he oped it wide ;
 And then, as with such he always does,
 * * * * *

Several verses of this part of the poem are wanting, owing to some defacement of the MS. The conclusion is prosaic, or rather in the manner of ordinary ballad-mongers :

So God preserve our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all,
 And keep me from ever dining with
 The Whigs in Calton Hall.

*Expliceth the Ballant intituled the " Eating of Edinburgh," per Syr Morgan
 O'Doherty, Bnt., Anno V. Gul. IV., et Sal. M.DCCC.XXXV.*

God save the King.

AN AUTUMN IN THE NORTH.

CHAP. I.

IT is the month of August, and London pours forth from all its streets and squares, lords, ladies, senators, courtiers, ladies'-maids, and governesses, alike eager to breathe the pure air of the country. Parliament is up at last; and the hideous howlings of the Tail are, equally with Lord Althorp's twaddle and Hume's jargon, hushed within the walls of St. Stephen's. The courts of law are shut. From the line of Craven Street, even to the remote district of Furnival's Inn, not a wig may be discerned; and the attorneys are gone to gather what purity they may from frequent ablutions in the waters of Gravesend or Margate. Happy is the man whose family is now before him, snugly settled in a neat lodging near the sea—who, having no luggage to attend to, no fidgetty brats to watch, takes his bag under his arm, and walks with it from the cab which has conveyed him to the Tower Wharf composedly on board the Comet; and happier still the father of the merry group which has just been crammed into that open barouche, who, himself seated on the box, turns round from time to time, that he may the better contemplate the faces of his children, and listen to the shouts that tell of liberty anticipated. Blessings go with you, ye beauteous ones, whatever your destination may be! Though there be somewhat of pallor on your countenances now, the fresh breezes that await you will soon dispel it. There is health in the gale and vigour in the storm that sweeps over wood or water; and your cheeks, when we meet again, will tell a tale of pleasant hours spent upon the pebbly beach, or amid the shady bowers of your paternal residence.

And now that London is out of town, what are we to do with ourselves? To drag out a miserable existence here, in a wilderness of brick and mortar, baked or stewed or done brown first, and then plentifully peppered with dust—*forbid it, thou sky!* throughout which not one fleecy cloud is floating—*forbid it, thou sun!* that even now darest thy burning rays upon the street, causing the very pavement to crack as if fifty furnaces were glowing over it—*forbid it, cholera!* with all thine accompaniments, doctors, nurses, pills, potions,

undertaker, and prompt interment! We will follow the throng, too happy to escape, even for a brief interval, from the effects of that primeval curse which has doomed so many of the human race to spend their days in pent-up cities and heated manufactories. But whither shall we betake ourselves? Abroad? No. We are weary of the post-horse route from Dover to Calais, from Calais to Paris, from Paris to Geneva, from Geneva to Florence. Holland, with its eternal canals, hath no charms for us. Belgium is intolerable now that Leopold is king. Nor shall the Rhine itself tempt us to mix again with the smoky, filthy occupants of the Rotterdam diligence. To the sea-side? No, no. The ocean wearies us, with its ceaseless glare and unvarying expanse. And as to the libraries and other public resorts of a watering-place, to us they are an abomination. Whither, then, shall we betake ourselves?—whither but to the “land of the mountain and the flood”—of the land erst of true and loyal spirits, but now of reformers double-distilled—fiery as their own whisky—as their own whisky deteriorated in quality. Yet there are pleasant spots in Scotland, too—spots where the Bible is still read, and what is more, venerated, mechanics' institutions unknown, and newspapers eschewed. Away, then, and make ready; for the Monarch sails on Wednesday, and not for a thousand worlds would we lose our chance of performing the trip under the judicious care of our jolly and scientific friend, Captain Bain.

This is Monday, and we have yet a day and a half for preparation. Let us see—what shall we do in Scotland? No human being can take greater delight in field sports than we; and of all that lie open to us, there is perhaps none superior to grouse-shooting. What a sensation it is when, after riding your pony some eight or ten miles from the house, you find yourself upon your ground, the keepers waiting (there must be two to attend you), your gun in the hands of one, loaded and in order, your bag upon the back of the other, who at the same time holds the dogs in leash—a couple of brace of stanch setters, two sides of two separate mountains, with all the valley

between set apart expressly for your amusement; and the assurance from your marker that, if you be even an indifferent shot, fifteen brace at least must load his shoulders before noon is over. Let the foxhunter talk of his feelings at the side of the cover when the first hound begins to challenge, and the rest by ones and twos take up the note. Let the deer-stalker prose about the rapture of the sensation, when far off in the gorge of the pass a gallant buck presents himself, and on his own ingenuity in passing from rock to rock, and keeping the breeze well in front, his chance of a shot depends. We admit that these are exquisite moments. So is that which precedes the nobler game of war, when the column is formed in the grey of the morning, and all ears are open to catch the sound of the signal-gun. Yet we will not concede to any of them even an equality of delight with that which accompanies our first step upon the moor, when there is just air enough to carry the scent along, just dew enough on the heather to retain it, and dogs and men are alike fresh and vigorous. Still there are various inconveniences attendant on grouse shooting. In the first place, supposing you to possess no moor of your own, you must either hire one (a bad practice of modern growth), in which case you are sure to find plenty of heather, but no birds, or you must lay yourself under a serious personal obligation to some individual, who is very likely to place upon the favour conferred at least its full value. A third contingency does indeed remain. You may become one of what is called a shooting party; in other words, you may be the guest for a week of Lord Lick-the-ladle, living in a crowd at all hours, except when you are slaughtering his birds, and expected to pay for the hospitality of which you are the object by doling out clever things to the dull people about you. Now we have no particular fancy for playing the part of Punchinello; and as little are we disposed to ask favours for which we cannot make an adequate return. This season, therefore, we abjure grouse shooting, for the hills over which we have so often wandered are in the possession of a stranger, and we have not yet learned to feel at home elsewhere. What, then, shall we do in Scotland? Can we seriously put this question to ourselves? Not a whit.

We know what to do, and it shall be done.

There is a small shop in Bell Alley much frequented by anglers of every degree, because famous above its rivals for the excellence of the tackle which is there manufactured. Thither we bend our steps; and Miss Bowness, the most accomplished of fly-dressers, forthwith spreads out before us a treasure of palmers, backles, and other veritable copies from nature. Carefully we examine the heaps; for though not unskilled in the art of busking our own hooks, we love to open the campaign with such as female fingers can alone prepare. What a display is here! These red and black palmers—there is not a grilse nor a sea-trout in any lake or river of Scotland that will refuse them; and as to the brown-wing, with its red body and gold twist, we desire no other, at least no better, from Tweed to John O'Groat's house. No doubt the peacock's feather and the woodcock's wing are both excellent in their way; neither have we any particular objection to that huge light blue monster, provided the rains have swollen the streams to an inordinate extent. But delighting, as we do, in tackle which is fit for all weathers, we are content to choose only from the smaller class, rejecting every hook which passes an inch in length, and confining ourselves exclusively to a few standing colours: for we have no faith in the doctrines of those who recommend frequent changes of fly at the water's side. If the fish be disposed to rise, they will rise at any thing; if they be in no humour to be taken, you may try all manner of devices, and weary your arm into the bargain, but you will catch none. So we provide ourselves with few varieties—each, however, being good of its kind; and adding to them half-a-dozen casting lines, some of greater, some of less delicacy of texture, we place all carefully in our fishing-book, and depart.

Now look we to the rod and line, the former of which measures just eighteen feet in length; and being made by Phin of Edinburgh, is, though strong and tough, as flexible as a willow wand. The latter is of London growth; for there is no place under the sun to be compared with London in the manufacture of lines, as there is no maker in London to be named the same day with Bowness. Sixty fathoms of excellent

Indian gut are round our reel, which is not a multiplier; for of all the nuisances fishermen ever encountered, a multiplying reel is the most insufferable. There—we have fitted the pieces together, and the rod looks fresh and serviceable; the reel, too, turns to admiration; and our gaff, though it has lost something of its original brightness, is not less trustworthy than it used to be when, five-and-twenty years ago, we first learned to wield it. Therefore, seeing that the creel has suffered nothing from a twelvemonth's vacuity, we hold that we are indifferently well provided against every accident. Next comes the selection of apparel. Cotton shirts; trousers of the softest shepherds' tartan; a jacket moderate in its dimensions, and composed of the same material; a common blue bonnet or cap, fenced, however, in front with a peak; worsted socks and brogues—none of your waterproof boots for us. Thank God! we never regarded wet feet in our lives; and if we did, as nobody has yet invented boots of sufficient capacity to cover half the body, we cannot see of what possible use these waterproofs can be. We defy any man to fish the best of the Highland rivers without wading up to his middle. Take our advice, therefore, good reader, and get brogues: they are the most comfortable sandals in the world, and never harden from immersion.

So, here we are on board the *Monarch*, beyond all comparison the finest steam-ship and the best commanded that has yet cut her way through the ocean. In length she falls little short of an eighty-gun ship; in width across the beam she equals a first-class frigate. Her saloons surpass in splendour any thing that we ever beheld afloat, and as to her sleeping accommodation, it is superb. But, above all, Bain directs her movements, than whom a better fellow never exchanged the service of the king for that of the original and still the leading London and New-haven Steam Shipping Company. Away then we rush with the velocity of thought; fizz, fizz, goes the steam—rumble, rumble, go the paddle-wheels; and if the good ship do tremble from stem to stern, why it is no more than you have a right to expect, if you will travel at a rate of fifteen miles an hour. But never mind the trembling, she neither pitches nor rolls; and without pitching and rolling you cannot easily

become sea-sick. Besides, have we not on board the most agreeable set of people in the world, all of them as hungry as hawks, and all presenting themselves with the most praiseworthy exactitude at each of the five meals by which the passage of the day is noted. And then, when the captain's health is drunk after dinner, and he delivers himself of his customary oration while returning thanks, his stomach must be made of very delicate materials indeed who can think of sea-sickness after that.

But, God bless us, where are we? Rounding St. Abb's Head already. Why, six-and-thirty hours have scarcely passed since we quitted the East India Docks, and here we are at the mouth of the Forth. It is the work of magic. And see what a prospect opens before us! On the right lie the green hills of Fife, on the left Lothian's fertile fields, yet yellow with waving corn, and bounded far away by the bold outline of the Cheviots. Towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, shew themselves in rapid succession. North Berwick Law springs like a cone from the water's edge. The Bass Rock nods to Tantallon Castle, the May shakes her head at Kelly Law, Haddington and Musselburgh seem sweeping past us. And now, beneath the shelter of old Arthur's Seat, Edina rises on the sight, with her castle crowning the lower ridge like a coronet of masonry; and the Calton Hill, studded with monuments, characteristic, some of Scotland's miserable taste, others of her ambition and her poverty. Look at that splendid row of pillars, for example. Is that all that remains of some gorgeous temple reared long ago, and long ago fallen into decay? No, you are gazing now upon THE NATIONAL MONUMENT,—upon all that has yet been, upon all that probably ever will be, erected of the second Parthenon, which is to speak to future ages of the glories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and to record the names of the Scottish heroes who purchased these glories with their blood. Alas, poor Linning! With thee the project originated, by thy unceasing industry was it carried thus far; and now the unfinished pile stands forth no unfit emblem of thyself, of thy generous disposition, of thy broken fortune. But brighter days may yet shine forth on thee and on it; and sure we are, that if this cloud pass away

which now obscures the evening of thy days, not less earnestly than ever will thine energies be applied to the noble purpose which so long exercised them.

We have no desire to land at New-haven, captain; none whatever. We know every corner of Edinburgh already; and if we did not, being heartily sick of man's share in the creation, we wish to get as speedily as possible beyond it. What do you say; is that steam-boat bound for Stirling? Then, pray hail her, my good sir. Louder, louder! if you please. Here, lend us the trumpet. "Victoria, ahoy! Gentle, Captain Gentle!" Ah, we thought she would attend to us. There she comes, just as our anchor is dropped; she will be alongside before the Monarch has well swung to the tide. Our luggage! Bless you, we always travel light; the single portmanteau that stands in our berth, with the rod and creel, are all that we could think of encumbering ourselves withal. So don't trouble yourself farther than by handing them up. Good by, Bain! we will certainly contrive to return with you, if we return at all. Farewell, sir; farewell, madam; may all good fortune attend thee! for a gentler and a fairer dame it has not been our good fortune to meet since we beheld the dawning beauties of her who, though no longer the young and the laughing girl, is still dearer to us than all her sex besides.

A very snug, neat little vessel, yours, Mr. Gentle; not quite so commodious as the Monarch, to be sure; but, for river navigation, quite worthy to attend upon that mighty queen of the deep. The speed, too, is wonderful; and the scenery to which it introduces us exceeds in beauty all that the most fertile imagination could have conceived. The sun is verging towards the west, and casts down his golden rays upon the far-off Grampians. The Forth, now widening, now narrowing, assumes the appearance of a lake; of which the banks are overhung on either hand with the most luxuriant wood and the richest pasturage. Here lie the lordly seat and grounds of Hopetown, there the less magnificent, but scarcely less striking, residence of the Murrays. And now, as we advance, the Ochiels begin to push themselves forward on our sight—the green and beautiful Ochiels; while leftward the hills of

Combernauld and rearward the Lomonds place us within an amphitheatre of exquisite beauty. Rich, too, is the scene in legendary wealth: for there is scarce a promontory which does not support its ruined fortalice; while in the back-ground, all that remains of the Tor Wood waves to the breeze.

How glorious is that sunset! We are approaching Alloa. Clackmannan Tower is on our starboard quarter; the Ochiels, feathered to half their ascent, have closed in upon us; and right a-head stands Stirling's romantic town, sloping upwards as if to meet the castle, under whose protection it seems to lie. Rich and fertile fields are on either hand, through which the Forth winds her dark and tortuous course; and over the whole is poured a gush of mellowed light from the broad red orb, which seems to rest upon the summit of Benlomond. Talk of the valleys of the Tyrol, of the Lake of Geneva, of the Bay of Naples, or of any other continental scene! we tell you that we have seen them all, and never did our eyes rest upon a spectacle so magnificent as that which is now before us. The mountain-tops seem to be on fire,—a darker shade is cast upon the plain; see, the sun's disk is sinking. Onwards, onwards, that we may emerge from this screen of foliage which stands between us and his parting smile! Shall we not succeed? No, he is gone! and the sky, which was bright as burnished gold but a moment ago, has already assumed a darker and a purple hue. Twilight comes over us,—or, as the Scotch call it, gloaming, soft, sweet, exquisite gloaming,—rendering objects more and more confused, yet not diminishing aught from their beauty. How still is the air! there is not a breath moving, and the river before us is smooth as a mirror. What call you that, the Abbey Tower of Cambuskenneth?—all that fervent but rude hands have left of the once sumptuous abbey of Cambuskenneth! So be it. Theirs was a holy zeal which wrought that mighty downfall; albeit the men who reaped advantage from the deed may have been worldly, sensual, and devilish. The people desired to have their religion purified; the nobles grasped at the church's property, and they obtained it. Were the people benefited by this? Grant that the monks were but drones in their vocation, still the convent-door was

ever open to the wanderer and the houseless, while the poor found a ready alms as often as the oppression of their superiors drove them to seek it there. Where are the lands now of which the produce was thus devoted to charitable uses? In the hands, we trow, of men who have learned to feel that charity begins at home,—excellent men in their way, doubtless—high-minded and honourable thanes, who seek to wrong no one, and desire no more than to transmit their honours and their possessions to their children. Ay, there is the rub. An eager populace, cheered on by designing leaders, demanded the confiscation of the property of the church. The demand was acceded to; and lands and honours which formerly lay open to all—lands and honours unconfined by the customs of hereditary succession, and therefore free to be competed for by every man of Scottish birth, passed into the keeping of a few private families, which still religiously retain them.

Will history never teach,—will experience never convey knowledge? There is a cry abroad again that the churches of England and Scotland require reformation; that their priests are too wealthy; that they are supine in the great work of their calling. Of old the same cry was raised, but it was raised by those who really felt an interest in religion. Now we hear the complaint made either by such as have no religion at all, or by silly men, whose powers of thinking and reflecting cannot carry them beyond the influence of prejudice or of passion. Let us say a word to each class. Gentlemen of no religious principles whatever, what are your objections to a clergy endowed like those of England and Scotland? We presume that you scarcely carry your rancour so far as to entertain seriously the thought of extirpating Christianity from these realms. In the first place, you know that you cannot succeed in this; in the next place, if you be philosophers, as you would have us imagine, you cannot fail to be aware, that were it possible to emancipate the minds of the great bulk of mankind from the restraints of religious feelings to-morrow, no laws whatever, not even those of Draco, were they renewed, would suffice to preserve even the semblance of order in society. You cannot, therefore, even for your own

sakes, wish to see the faith of Christ abjured, at least by the multitude. Why, then, should you seek to plunder and degrade the clergy? Are you, each of you, individually to be a sharer in the spoil? or will not the spoil go again, as it went before, into the hands of a few state favourites? Suppose, then, your wish were accomplished, and the endowments of both churches confiscated, what would follow? Why, a few more aristocrats would be created out of the mass; and a property, the only species of property to which your son or mine may succeed, would be swept away. Take the church, as you of course take it, to be nothing more than a profession, would it be prudent in these times, or in any time, to cut off one from the comparatively few openings which present themselves to the exertions of young men not born to hereditary fortunes? Most sagacious philosopher, think twice before you repeat your condemnation of institutions which, even in your own wretched view of them, are pregnant with benefits to the public; and leave the two churches as they are, in the hope that one or other of your own descendants or relatives may obtain a competency out of them.

And now, oh! most weak, but well-meaning babbler, why art thou displeased? "It is unseemly that a minister of Christ should wallow in wealth. Christ's kingdom was not of this world; therefore the pastors of his church have nothing to do with political power. It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Therefore all endowed churches are impure churches." Good twaddler, stop one moment. Whether is wealth more usefully employed if committed to the keeping of such a man as William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, or intrusted to the management of any lay member of the House of Peers,—and we give you the choice of all, from the Lord High Chancellor down to the moral and amiable Lord Segrave. To wallow in wealth is indeed unseemly in any one, and above all in a minister of Christ; but we shrewdly suspect that there are very few of the clergy, however wealthy, who *wallow*. No man *wallows* who gives bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked; and we rather think that you will not join the idle and false cry

against the clergy as a body for neglecting these duties.

"But temporal authority, political power—at least the clergy have no business with that: My kingdom—" Yes, yes, dear twaddler—we heard you quote that sentence already; but do you understand it? Does our Lord's kingdom comprehend no other subjects than bishops and clergy? Why, our very worthy friend, if this be the case, thou thyself, who art neither a bishop, nor a priest, nor a deacon, but a most excellently-intentioned lay blockhead, art shut out. Now we do not believe this. "In my father's house are many mansions;" and thou, we trust, wilt find a home in one of them, even though it be, intellectually speaking, the most lowly. Besides, we have got upon new ground now. At least the Church of Scotland may be safe from thy virtuous indignation, seeing that she offers no political rank to her ministers; and if thou sparest her, we are not without a hope that her best sons will shew thee that, even for her sake, thou oughtest to spare the Church of England also.

Æsop was a clever fellow; and of all his fables, there is not one which more deserves the attention of this march-of-intellect-loving generation than that of the Dog and the Shadow. The great towsy beast had a substantial lump of mutton in his jaws: he saw the shadow in the water, and in attempting to grasp that lost the substance. What are the people doing in reference to church property? Exactly what the dog did with his lump of mutton. They cannot see that church property, kept as it is, is their own property—that it is to them and to their children that it passes—that each individual parson is one of themselves, who enjoys his share only for life; and

that on his demise that share is again thrown into the bag, to be raffled for by the whole community. They cannot see that the bishops and dignitaries are in a very great majority of instances men of humble birth, who retain their rank and their stations only for a season, and leave them, not to their sons, but to the many-headed monster. No mortal ingenuity could make *all* the people life-renters at the same time. But surely it is worth something to them to know that there is an institution which gives to each at least the chance of becoming a partner in the great property of the country; and if they were not besotted beyond all hope of enlightenment, they would see that there is one only. That institution is the church. Let them destroy it if they will; but as surely as they do so, their posterity will find out that their own fathers were their plunderers.

Holla, what place is this? The shore of Stirling; and, behold, the twilight is fast deepening into as much of night as is ever experienced at this season in so high a latitude. Well, well, we have had a most delightful sail, and not, it is to be hoped, altogether unprofitable. Our philosopher is silent; and worthy Twaddle looks as if he would willingly be convinced, were it possible to penetrate his thick skull except with a sledge-hammer. So we put ourselves under the care of your porter, Mr. Gentle, who will doubtless conduct us to a hostelry sufficiently commodious for our humble desires. Good night, friend! your river is beautiful. And to-morrow, being the Sunday—a day on which we never travel—it is our intention to devote it, first to the public worship of the Creator, next to a cursory examination of your ancient and renowned borough.

It will no doubt be expected of us, that we should say something of the affair in which Mr. Fraser has been involved with Mr. T. Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury. The facts of the case are, we take for granted, too well known to our readers to render it necessary that we should formally recapitulate them in our text; but as a few days make every thing in this good city to be either wholly forgotten or most dimly remembered, we give the report of what occurred at the police-office in a note,* which will rescue them from the oblivion to which all newspapers

* "MARLBOROUGH STREET.—*Duel Prevented.*—At the evening sitting, on Wednesday, before Mr. Dyer, Mr. James Fraser, bookseller, 215, Regent Street, the proprietor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE, came into the office, accompanied by two friends, and applied for a warrant against Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., the member for Finsbury, under the following circumstances:—

"Mr. Fraser said, about four o'clock that afternoon, a gentleman, who stated himself to be Lord Allen, came into his shop and presented a letter to him, with the intimation that he had been deputed by Mr. Duncombe to deliver it into his hands. On opening it, he found the contents to be as follows:—

" '13, Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1834.

" 'Sir,—Having this moment read a most *false* and *atrocious* attack upon both my public as well as my private character, in your Magazine for the present month, I call upon you either to give a contradiction to it, as full, as explicit, and as public as the calumnies which you have been the means of disseminating; or else that satisfaction which one gentleman has a right to demand from another who has so unwarrantably and falsely maligned him. My friend Lord Allen will deliver this into your hands, and receive your reply.

" 'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

" 'To James Fraser, Esq.'

" 'THOMAS S. DUNCOMBE.'

"Mr. Fraser proceeded to state, that having read the epistle, he told his lordship he had no answer to give, on which his lordship left the shop. Having made an affidavit to the effect that he (Mr. Fraser) considered the letter had been sent to him with a view of provoking him to a breach of the peace, by inciting him to engage in a duel, a warrant was immediately granted, and intrusted to Clement, one of the officers of the establishment.

"Yesterday, about twelve o'clock, Mr. Duncombe, who had been apprised of the proceedings of Mr. Fraser, came into the office, accompanied by the Marquess of Worcester, and in a short time afterwards the matter was called before Mr. Dyer, in the magistrate's private room.

"Mr. Dyer, addressing Mr. Duncombe, said he presumed Mr. Duncombe was aware of the nature of the charge against him?

"Mr. Duncombe replied he was informed of it by the officer, who had, at an early hour that morning, called on him to request his attendance at the office.

"Mr. Dyer said, in that case he had a straightforward duty to perform, which was, first, to order the deposition of Mr. Fraser to be read over.

"Mr. Fraser, who was accompanied by several of his friends, made oath to the truth of it.

"Mr. Dyer then required Mr. Duncombe to enter into sureties to keep the peace towards Mr. Fraser, himself in the sum of 500*l.*, and two sureties in 250*l.* each.

"The required sureties were immediately provided, and all parties then left the office."

"At Mr. Fraser's request we subjoin the following letter, addressed by him to Mr. Duncombe:—

" '215, Regent Street, Thursday, 2 o'clock, P. M., Sept. 4, 1834.

" 'Sir,—I am inclined to think that you will, upon reflection, perceive that the course which I felt it necessary to adopt in consequence of your note of yesterday, was the only one which, as publisher of the Magazine, I could have possibly pursued. You will at once see, that if I were to have replied to your note after the fashion you desired, I should have set a precedent which would of necessity subject me hereafter to personal annoyance from every body, high and low, who might fancy himself injured or offended in the publication. Having submitted these remarks to your consideration, I have to inform you that the pages of the Magazine shall be open to you next month for the explanation or denial of those charges which you have stated to be 'false and atrocious.'

" 'I have the honour to be, Sir,

" 'Your obedient and humble servant,

" 'Thomas S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P., Arlington Street.'

" 'JAMES FRASER.'

are destined. We select that of the *Morning Chronicle*, as being the fullest: there is otherwise no material difference between it and those which appeared in the other papers. We add Mr. Fraser's own statement of what occurred between him and Lord Allen to that which his lordship has already laid before the public.

In brief, we may say here, that Mr. Thomas Duncombe was offended (we

The following are the statements of Lord Allen and Mr. Fraser, of what occurred between them:—

No. I.

LORD ALLEN'S STATEMENT.

" 'Mr. Duncombe having asked me to be the bearer of a letter to Mr. Fraser, and to receive an answer to it, I had this day an interview with him at his house in Regent Street, and delivered it to him. Having read it, he declared that he could give no answer to it; but upon my pressing him for one, he said that the letter contained a challenge,—that he by no means approved of hostile meetings, and that he should immediately apply to a magistrate for a warrant against Mr. Duncombe, and bind him over to keep the peace. He acknowledged that he was the proprietor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE, which contained an article traducing Mr. Duncombe's character; and that he would have declined giving the name of the author had he been applied to for it.

' ALLEN.'

" 'Mount Street, Sept. 3, 1834.'

No. II.

MR. FRASER'S STATEMENT.

On Wednesday, Sept. 3, about four o'clock in the evening, Lord Viscount Allen entered my shop, and, addressing me, requested to see the editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE. I begged his lordship to step for a moment into my inner room, which he did, and in a few moments I followed. He then repeated his request, and I replied that the editor was not to be seen; but that if his business in any way related to the Magazine, by communicating it to me, I should take care that it was attended to. I added, that my name was Fraser. On hearing that, his lordship said that he had a letter for me, which he immediately presented. On opening the letter, I turned to the signature, and, seeing the name of Duncombe, said, "Mr. Thomas Duncombe, I presume, the member for Finsbury?" His lordship answered in the affirmative, and I proceeded to read the contents. Having done that, I said, "My lord, am I to understand from this note that Mr. Duncombe wishes me to fight a duel with him, and that he hereby challenges me?"

Lord Allen.—"You must, sir, either contradict what has been stated in your last Magazine, or else Mr. Duncombe demands that satisfaction which one gentleman has a right to demand from another who offends him."

Mr. Fraser.—"Let me distinctly understand, my lord, if I interpret this note rightly. Am I to consider this note as a challenge from Mr. Duncombe? I shall feel extremely obliged if your lordship will be explicit in this matter, that we may understand one another."

Lord Allen.—"Well, I suppose Mr. Duncombe does mean that; yes, the note does mean that. He has a right to be angry with your Magazine; for it has published of him what is false. Mr. Duncombe is not a 'partner' in Crockford's. He is a 'patron,' to be sure, of that establishment, but to his cost, for he has lost a great deal of money there."

Mr. Fraser.—"My lord, I have no answer to return to this note."

Lord Allen.—"No answer to return! That is strange!"

Mr. Fraser.—"No answer whatever, my lord."

Lord Allen.—"But I cannot return without some answer; I must have some answer."

I again repeated my refusal. He again insisted on the necessity of a reply. I then said, "If an answer be absolutely necessary, perhaps the most honourable and straightforward course will be for me to tell your lordship what line I mean to pursue; and I therefore will thank your lordship to take to Mr. Duncombe this message,—that Mr. Fraser, the moment Lord Allen leaves his house, will immediately step over to Marlborough Street police-office, and there take out a warrant against Mr. Duncombe, to prevent a breach of the peace."

Lord Allen.—"Surely, sir, you will not do so extraordinary a thing; you cannot resort to so strange a proceeding!"

Mr. Fraser.—"Indeed I will, my lord, the moment your lordship leaves this place; and no proceeding of mine can be more extraordinary than this of Mr. Duncombe

suppose, for really we are not quite sure which is precisely the passage of which he complains) by the following paragraph in our last Magazine, p. 257 :

" Now the Finsbury election presented this point in a simple and clear manner to them. It was not a question between two men of 'fashionable morals'—the one a Whig, the other a Tory ; nor was it a contest between two candidates of some religious rank—the one a Churchman, the other a Dissenter : but it was a competition between a man of spotless character for religion and morality, and one of infamous notoriety for every sort and degree of vice. In Mr. Pownall they had a man who was personally known to them, as actively engaged in every effort of religion or benevolence in which they themselves professed to be interested. In Mr. Duncombe they saw one whose fame had reached through all classes as a distinguished supporter of the gambling-house, the brothel, and every haunt of vice. But then, on the other hand, in Mr. Pownall they saw a Churchman,—in Mr. Duncombe they saw one who would willingly be their instrument in pulling down the Church. Every profession, therefore, was forgotten : all idea of Religion being of more value than Dissent was abandoned ; and the Dissenters of Finsbury, with a few honourable exceptions, came forth with zeal and alacrity as the supporters of the favourite of Madame Vestris, and the patron of (or partner in) Crockford's hell !"

Alarmed lest his moral character should be ruined by such imputations as these, Mr. Duncombe determined to shew that he was a proper representative of the dissenting piety of Finsbury, by challenging Mr. Fraser. Mr. Fraser not being inclined to this mortal arbitrement—perhaps not thinking that a question of religious morals was best decided by recourse to the pistol ; perhaps being a man of trade, not of war, and, however accustomed to "reviews," averse to being "paraded"—summoned the constable instead of a second, and removed the scene of meeting to Marlborough Street, where Mr. Duncombe was bound over to keep the peace ; and so stands the matter at present, except that Mr. Duncombe, we have been told, has threatened to bring the libel before a court of law—a course of proceeding which is quite consistent with the usual practice of lovers of the liberty of the press. We care not about it. He may do so if he pleases.

The press, London and provincial, took up the quarrel at considerable length. The *Times* said, that Mr. Fraser ought to have immediately expressed his regret that any such matter should have appeared in his Magazine : we beg leave to observe, that such is not the conduct of the *Times* itself on similar occasions. Would Mr. Walter, if asked by a gentleman sent on behalf of Lord Brougham to

in sending such a message to a man like myself, engaged in the pursuits of business, and not at all moving in fashionable life."

Lord Allen.—" You have, however, dined in company with Mr. Duncombe."

Mr. Fraser.—" It may be so, though I do not just now recollect that I had such an honour."

Lord Allen.—" Well, no matter ; the Magazine is yours, and you are the individual to whom Mr. Duncombe looks for satisfaction."

Mr. Fraser.—" There certainly can be no mistake on that head, my lord ; for the note is plainly enough addressed to me, James Fraser."

Lord Allen.—" Yes, the note is intended for you."

Mr. Fraser.—" Some strange proceedings have occurred in connexion with this Magazine from persons who have considered themselves aggrieved, and I have had to encounter them in various ways, but never was so called upon before. The usual course is to demand the name of the author, and with his permission I have been always ready to deliver it up ; but here I, who do not approve of hostile meetings, am called upon to go out and fight. With this letter before me, and with such a purpose declared, I must say, that even if your lordship did now demand the name of the author, I should refuse it."

Lord Allen.—" We look to you, sir. Do you intend to act as you said ?"

Mr. Fraser.—" Certainly, my lord."

Lord Allen.—" Good morning, sir."

Mr. Fraser.—" Good morning, my lord."

And, after a bow on each side, Lord Allen and I parted, never again, I trust, to meet on any business so foolish.

JAMES FRASER.

215, Regent Street, Sept. 5, 1834.

demand satisfaction for all the articles imputing vile conduct to the Lord Chancellor, have immediately declared that he was particularly sorry, and would next day appear in white-sheeted penitence in his own broad sheet? Mr. Walter, we rather think, would not, as Mr. Fraser did, have even offered as the vehicle of refutation of the offence that which had conveyed it. The *Herald* twaddled; which is, we regret to say, a common practice in that very respectable journal. The *Courier*, which, when all the circumstances connected with its present management are considered, ought to have been thoroughly silent on any subject connected with duels arising from political writing, was at once paltry and rancorous in its remarks; but they are not worthy of more extended observation. The *John Bull*, as was only to be expected, blamed that spirit of personality which mingles the details of private life with political quarrels; and, with a delightful degree of consistent decorum, was shocked at the introduction of the name of Madame Vestris. The peace-loving *Age* recommended conciliation; and the *Dispatch*, in spite of its prepossessions on that score, was favourable to the appeal to the police. The *Examiner*, perhaps, said the most sensible thing of the whole lot; for it maintained that, to make the matter equal, as Mr. Duncombe had called out Mr. Fraser for publishing another man's article, so Mr. Fraser should have called out Lord Allen for publishing another man's challenge.

The *Morning Chronicle* was somewhat rabid, and its observations may serve to hang upon them some commentaries on Whig notions of the press:

"Mr. Thomas Duncombe has been foully slandered in FRASER'S MAGAZINE for this month, in a review of 'The Past Session of Parliament.' Speaking of the Finsbury election, the writer in the Magazine lauds the Tory candidate, Mr. Powhall, as a man of 'spotless character for religion and morality.' This may be the case: indeed we have always heard that gentleman spoken favourably of in that respect; and we trust he will find in the consolations of religion sufficient compensation for the loss of the honour of representing Finsbury. The electors of Finsbury did not reject him because he was moral and religious, but because, judging of him by several previous exhibitions, and especially the noted expedition to Windsor, at the time of the passing of Catholic emancipation, they thought him a gentleman who must have a sufficient task on his hands to be able to take care of himself. But, in contrast with Mr. Powhall, Mr. T. Duncombe is represented as one of 'infamous notoriety for every sort and degree of vice.' Not content with this, the writer tells us that 'in Mr. Duncombe they saw one whose fame had reached through all classes, as a distinguished supporter of the gambling-house, the brothel, and every haunt of vice.' And as if this were not sufficiently intelligible, the Dissenters of Finsbury are described as the 'supporters of the favourite of Madame Vestris, and the patron of and partner in Crockford's hell!'

"That Mr. Duncombe may have participated in the follies of young men of his rank of life, is possible. We are not the apologists of follies or vices, and Mr. Duncombe himself has probably no great satisfaction in looking back on them. But if we are to tolerate inquiries into private life, and if youthful follies are to exclude a man for ever from public trust, how few would be able to encounter the ordeal! We have never heard that Mr. Duncombe had a greater share of vices than young men of his rank of life; and certain we are that no man is more generally beloved by men of all parties. It could only be from his being a general favourite that the very severe things he has often said in Parliament of his opponents have been so patiently borne. One would suppose from the description of 'his being notorious for every sort and degree of vice,' that some of the individuals who find it necessary to retire to Paris or Brussels are angels compared with him.

"However, the extravagance of the accusation may be said to defeat itself. There are people, however, who may suppose from his being described as a patron of (or partner in) Crockford's hell, that he really is something more than what the Duke of Wellington and most of the nobility and men of high fashion are—namely, a subscriber to Crockford's Club. The insinuation is, not only that he is an inveterate gambler, but that he decoys men to Crockford's hell to be plundered, and has an interest in the profits of the concern. There never was a fouler calumny uttered. These are not, however, imputations to be lightly thrown out! What would be said of us if we were to charge the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Queensberry, or

any other member of Crockford's Club (which we might do with equal justice) with being a patron of or partner in Crockford's hell?

"The steps taken by Mr. Duncombe, in consequence of the libel, led to some proceedings yesterday at Marlborough Street police-office. Mr. Duncombe gave Mr. Fraser the option of contradicting the libel, or satisfying him in another way; and Mr. Fraser declined both. We have inserted a letter from Mr. Fraser, written subsequent to the proceedings at the police-office. It would have been in better taste to have ascertained whether Mr. Duncombe would accept of the offer in this letter when Mr. Duncombe's friend waited on him. This is not an ordinary libel; and if Mr. Fraser's publication has been made the vehicle of so foul a calumny, the least he could do was to make all the reparation in his power to Mr. Duncombe, who was magnanimous enough to express his readiness to accept of a contradiction. If we had been betrayed into a groundless charge against any man, we can only say that we should have been glad to find so liberal a party to deal with. Before we had heard of Mr. Fraser's letter, we learned that legal proceedings were instituted against Mr. Fraser and another journal.

"We understand there is not the slightest ground for the charge against Mr. Duncombe of being drunk, and vociferating obstreperously while Mr. George Wood was speaking in the debate on one of the stages of the bill for admitting Dissenters into the Universities. We have heard an individual named as having distinguished himself by loud noises on that occasion; but that individual was neither Mr. Duncombe nor the other gentleman mentioned in FRASER, but an Ultra-Tory."

Before we say any thing more, we must here clear away a brace of falsehoods.

To lower Mr. Pownall, the *Chronicle* talks of his "previous exhibitions, especially the noted expedition to Windsor." But the *Chronicle* well knows that Mr. Pownall had nothing whatever to do with such expedition—that he was not in it—that, in short, it would be just as fair to connect with it the name of Mr. Duncombe, or of any other person!

To exculpate Mr. Duncombe, the *Chronicle* avers that it is untrue that he was a party in that uproar in the House of Commons, of which its own columns furnished so graphic an account. On this point we shall only call one witness, and that one from among Mr. Duncombe's own supporters—the *True Sun* of Friday, September 5:

"The *Chronicle* has understood that there is not the slightest ground for coupling Mr. Duncombe's name with this disgracefully drunken outbreak. No denial is offered in the name of 'the other gentleman mentioned in *Fraser*;' and about his share in the transaction we know as little as our contemporary does. But whatever may have been understood by others, we are bound for ourselves to say—and we say it with regret—that we 'understood' most distinctly at the time, from a gentleman with whom Mr. Duncombe's person and voice are old acquaintances, that the honourable member *did* occupy a post somewhere out of the Speaker's eye, and *did* lead or join in the disgraceful discord which the reporter in the *Chronicle* has found it impossible to describe."

Having got rid of this, we proceed to inquire of the *Morning Chronicle*, if the reflections on the "life and conversation" of Mr. Duncombe, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in the article complained of, appeared *there* for the first time? If he was in that article "foully slandered," had not these foul slanders met his eye a hundred times before; and why was he newly become so sensitive? We are not here inquiring about their truth or falsehood. They were neither more true nor more false in this Magazine, than they were where he originally read them; and it is nothing but hypocrisy—or, to use the more ordinary word, humbug—to pretend to believe that Mr. Duncombe, or his second (Lord Allen), or his bail (the Marquess of Worcester and Mr. Cosby), or any other of the gentlemen of the coteries and clubs in which they habitually move, feel any especial horror in being accused of "participating in the vices and follies of young men of their rank of life;" though, in plain truth, not one of them is a very young gentleman just now, unless Lord Allen should claim that distinction in the manner of Falstaff, whom he in one particular in no small degree re-

sembles, however his lordship may differ from the greasy knight in many others. The *Chronicle*, we suspect, intends a joke, though it is clumsily expressed, when it informs us that Mr. Duncombe has no great satisfaction now in looking back on the pleasures of his youth. But we wish to meddle with graver matters.

We pass by also an allusion which ought not to have been made, to ask the writer in the *Morning Chronicle* if his paper was not usually made the vehicle of charges against people of the Tory party, far more atrocious than any thing which here rouses its hypocritical indignation? How was George IV. treated? Was he never in the columns of the *Chronicle* foully slandered? Have there not been accusations, proved to be as false as hell, urged with a malignity of ceaseless growth against the Duke of Cumberland? What was the language addressed towards every man who opposed the mania of reform, or who doubted the propriety of surrendering the Protestant Church in Ireland? If it be an outrage to impute to Mr. Thomas Duncombe "fashionable vices," how does the *Chronicle* justify its constant allusions to the late Mrs. Arbuthnot? How defend the insinuations conveyed by a subscription-list, which it published not long before the article which now fills its sensitive columns with wrath? If we thought the matter worth the trouble, we should find, by turning over the files of the *Chronicle* for any year of the last forty of its existence, at least a hundred "libels" more "foul and slanderous."

"This," says the *Chronicle*, "is not an ordinary libel." Certainly not, as compared with the libels of the *Chronicle* itself. It is tame, quiet, and insignificant. "If Mr. Fraser's publication has been made the vehicle of so foul a calumny, the least he could do was to make all the reparation in his power to Mr. Duncombe, who was magnanimous enough to express his readiness to accept of a contradiction." Well! Mr. Fraser did express such a readiness. He has expressed himself quite ready to allow Mr. Duncombe or Lord Allen to write (if his lordship can write) any contradiction they pleased, and to insert it in his Magazine. Is it the theory of the *Morning Chronicle*, that when a person who is offended by a newspaper or magazine sends a threat of a challenge to its proprietor—to a man who, as every body knows, is not the author of the matter complained of—he is at once to be convinced, without further argument, that the offence was given or was taken unjustly? If it be, it is a charming theory indeed; but one which, we rather suspect, Mr. Easthope would not prefer seeing reduced to practice.

Lord Allen did not point out in his conversation, nor Mr. Duncombe in his note, what were the obnoxious parts of the article complained of. How then was Mr. Fraser to know, unless they were declared? Even now it is not easy to guess what Mr. Duncombe wishes to have denied. Did Mr. Duncombe mean that we should deny that he is a frequenter of the *coulisses*, or of the gaming-table? or if not, of what does he wish the denial to be made? We protest at once against some of the insinuations of the *Morning Chronicle*, as being what never for a moment crossed our imagination.

Not only did Lord Allen and Mr. Duncombe refrain from declaring what it was that offended them, but neither of them asked, directly or indirectly, the name of the writer. The insinuations of the *Courier* have no sort of foundation. The writer of the article is not unknown, nor, as the immense sale of his Tory pamphlets, extracted from this Magazine, will prove, is his influence unfelt. Mr. Fraser says truly, in his statement, that the practice is on such occasions to consult with the writer of an article complained of; and sure we are that the gentleman who wrote that which has called forth the anger of Mr. Duncombe would have instantly given Mr. Fraser authority to use his name. After the turn the affair had taken, Mr. Fraser insisted that nothing of the kind should be done;

but we have received from our contributor the following article, which we submit without further preface :

"The writer of a certain article in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, with some passages of which it has pleased Mr. Thomas Duncombe to be offended, cannot but feel it incumbent on him to say a few words, both with a view of setting himself right with the public, and also of correcting several errors into which Mr. Duncombe has undoubtedly fallen.

"Nothing can be clearer than this, that Mr. Duncombe must have read the paper of which he complains, in great haste, and without due consideration. The blunders committed by him in the matter of the challenge, put his 'more haste than good speed' beyond a doubt. But his whole conduct exhibits a tissue of hurry and misconception, as much with reference to the *substance* of the controversy, as to the mode of carrying it on.

"The leading error of the whole affair, for instance, was the fancying that some personal attack had been especially levelled against *him* ; whereas a second glance would have shewn him, in a moment, that the argument of the writer was levelled in a totally different direction, and that his name was only introduced *en passant*, as an illustration of the leading fact asserted ; which was the gross inconsistency of the Dissenters. So far, indeed, from there being any wish or intention to wound the feelings of Mr. Duncombe, the writer can unreservedly assert that no idea of the kind ever crossed his mind ; and that such a result, when it was seen to have been produced, was to him as unexpected as it was undesired.

"But perhaps Mr. Duncombe may demand what right any one possessed — even supposing him to be actuated by no malicious feeling — what right he possessed, merely because it suited the course of his argument, to take such liberties with the name and character of another, and to drag his private failings before the public eye ? In this question is involved the second of Mr. D.'s errors. In the first instance, he was wrong in describing the passages in question as constituting 'an attack' upon him, or as dictated by personal animosity. And now he errs in denominating them 'an attack on *private* character,' and a wanton invasion of the precincts of private life.

"That there was any thing wanton or gratuitous in the strictures put forth, is obviously untrue. There was no searching out or following Mr. Duncombe : he it was that brought himself fairly under notice, by throwing the gauntlet down before the nine thousand Finsbury electors. Can any thing be more obvious than the distinction between attacking a man who unobtrusively pursues his quiet path within the precincts of his private circle ; and offering fair and legitimate strictures on his general character, when he presents himself as aspiring to the honours of a public trust ?

"Mr. Duncombe, then, was spoken of as the candidate, and because he had been the candidate, for the borough of Finsbury. But it is next asked, why attack *private* character ?

"What is it to attack *private* character ? Were the daily invectives against the assumed avarice of Lord Eldon, which, during that nobleman's chancellorship, filled the columns of the *Times* and *Chronicle* — were these 'attacks on private character,' or not ? If they were, then such attacks, on the shewing of the *liberal* press, are sometimes allowable. If these were *not* 'attacks on private character,' then we know not what we have said that can fairly come under that description. If Lord Eldon's income, and savings, and penuriousness, and accumulation of wealth, were fair subjects of remark — were, in short, public topics — then, by a parity of reasoning, Mr. Duncombe's well-known and avowed habits of 'fashionable gaiety' must be equally open to observation.

"To cater scraps of in-door scandal, and to dwell upon particular instances of indiscretion or of vice, endeavouring thereby to fix a character upon a public man of which he is perhaps totally undeserving, is a hateful propensity, and a practice altogether intolerable. But the article complained of had not a particle of this criminality : it went no farther than Mr. Duncombe's well-known and notorious fame. That Mr. Duncombe has acquired for himself, like most other men of activity and vivacity, a sort of common fame, will not be denied. It was to this common fame, such as it might be, that the article complained of alluded. There is nothing in all this which can justly be called 'an attack on private cha-

racter; there is nothing, in short, which is not in daily practice among all classes, up to the most moral and the most honourable. In every-day conversation men do not speak of their fellow-men as mere abstractions, but they affix to every man the character which common report assigns to him; and in all this there is no necessary approach to scandal or to calumny.

"But we come now to the substance of the question. When we assigned to Mr. Duncombe a certain character, and quoted public fame as our authority for so describing him, did we speak truly or falsely? Is he commonly reported of, as we alleged him to be? This is the only really important part of the question.

"Now it is curious, that while Mr. Duncombe himself is content, in round terms, to call our strictures '*false and atrocious*,' without, however, specifying any one point in which the said falsehood can be proved, all his advocates of the press hold another tone. Not one of them has denied the substantial truth of the description; they only object to the plainness of the language employed. One says, that it would have been enough to have '*described him as a man of the world, mixing in the world's gaieties and dissipations*.' Now this would have been only a soft and sneaking way of saying the same thing.

"Another, who likewise objects to the explicit terms used by us, says that Mr. Duncombe is only a *roué*, which, in plain English, is a *profligate*! Did we ourselves say any thing more? But why should we use a French word or phrase, when our own language furnished sufficient variety of expression?

"We are not disposed, however, to deny that the language we employed was strong and explicit to a degree not usual; and which, perhaps, in ordinary cases, might with justice and propriety be softened. But our justification rests in this, that we were not writing for, or addressing ourselves to, Bond Street or the Clubs, but the Tabernacle and the Dissenters.

"Mr. Duncombe himself must be aware of the propriety and expediency of using language suited to the audience and the occasion. Should his constituents call on him to take the chair at a meeting of the Home Missionary Society, in Tottenham Court Road Chapel, he would feel this expediency most forcibly. He would find it quite necessary to adopt a totally different style of speech from that which is current at Crockford's or the green-room. And so we, speaking especially to the Dissenters of Finsbury, naturally used language suited to the habits of the frequenters of the Tabernacle.

"That, for instance, which is denominated a *folly* in fashionable society, is spoken of in the sober fire-side circle as a *crime*; or, at least, a gross impropriety. But in the pulpit or in the chapel you must go a step further: the only fitting term there is a *sin*. Thus it is that to say, in Pall Mall, that a man has mixed in the usual follies of the gay world, is exactly the same thing as to say, in Moorfields, that he is notorious for every vice. Had we been reasoning with the Clubs, we might have used their phraseology; but we were addressing the Dissenters, and therefore we preferred to adopt that which was customary among them.

"One more error must be adverted to, in which there might be some excuse for Mr. Duncombe in the ambiguity of our language. We spoke of him as '*a patron of, or partner in, Crockford's hell*.' He has chosen to call this an insinuation that he was in more than an ordinary way connected with that establishment; but in all truth and sincerity we can aver, that it implied merely our own uncertainty as to the real nature of his connexion with that nest of iniquity. We are not ashamed to confess our exceeding ignorance in these matters. We know not the nature of that establishment; we know not whether it is the property of one person, or of ten, or of five hundred; we have not an idea whether Mr. Duncombe's connexion with it is a whit more close than that of hundreds of others, or whether his visits are more profitable than theirs. It was in our ignorance of these things, and with no other meaning, that we designated him in those dubious words which we have above quoted: we spoke doubtfully, because we were in a state of doubt.

"In reviewing, then, the expressions supposed to be complained of, no room appears for that sweeping retraction or apology which Mr. Duncombe demands. A certain character was ascribed to him, as current in general society. It is still believed to be so current. That character may be described by a friend or

advocate, as merely involving 'a participation in the follies of fashionable life;' by a censor it may be called 'a notoriety in every kind of vice:' the two expressions meaning very much the same. A habit of promiscuous intercourse with all kinds of women, married or unmarried; a patronage of places where the youthful heir is often reduced to beggary and impelled to suicide; and a readiness to take any man's life for a misplaced word or a misconstrued look—these are the 'follies of fashionable life;' and these habits, whether you choose to call them *follies* or crimes, are by common report ascribed to Mr. Duncombe. As to any thing further, as to any such insinuations as are hinted at by the *Chronicle*, we altogether and unreservedly repudiate and put them from us. We endeavoured to speak plainly; and we meant exactly what we said, and neither more nor less."

We have nothing to add to this which would not weaken its effect, and we leave it to the patient perusal of Mr. Duncombe and his Finsbury friends. We may perhaps be allowed to say, that the M.P. did not shew himself very clearly conversant with the ordinary laws of duelling. Any one conversant with that code would have told Mr. Duncombe, that the first thing to be ascertained when a gentleman receives what he considers to be an affront is, whether there is any one with whom he *can* fight. Unless he ascertains this fact, and that most clearly, his demand of the combat is not much better than vapouring. Now Mr. Duncombe made no inquiry of the kind. He goes and at once writes a letter, not asking for the name of the party with whom he is angry, but challenging a Regent Street bookseller, who he well knew was no member of the fighting classes of society. Any body could have told Mr. Duncombe that our shopkeepers are not duellists, and that Mr. Fraser would infallibly act as Mr. Murray did, when challenged by Dr. Lyall for some reflections on a book of his in the *Quarterly*; or, indeed, as any other tradesman in the world would have done, if he had a desire to maintain a reputation for sanity.

This was the first blunder; but we may be told, that it was remedied by the name of the writer being demanded by Lord Allen. In the first place, Lord Allen made no such demand; on this point he was a mute instrument, a *still-organ*—like his title. But even if he had, it would have been too late. A challenge would have been here, too, held out, without any pains being taken to ascertain what we have laid down to be the preliminary step, viz. whether there was a person whom Mr. Duncombe *could* fight. The author of the article might have been a clergyman, a Quaker, a woman, a tailor—it might have been Mr. O'Connell, though, looking at its politics, that, to be sure, was not probable; and then what would have become of the value of Mr. Duncombe's challenge? Why, it would have been pure vapouring, and nothing more. Suppose that some Tory among us were annoyed with any thing appearing in the *Morning Chronicle*, should we sally forth pistol in hand, determined to shoot the writer at all hazards, even if the offender proved to be the Reverend Doctor Wade, or Francis Place of Charing Cross, or Miss Martineau, or William Howitt, or Frosty-faced Fogo, or Aby Belasco—all of whom, we believe, contribute to the *Morning Chronicle*, or its kindred journal, *Bell's Life in London*? Such a Tory would, by those who know any thing of what duelling is, be set down as a silly person without further question. The clear course for Mr. Duncombe to have pursued was, without any commentary whatever, to have pointed out distinctly and definitely the passage of which he complained, and demanded the name of the writer. If he had done this at first, there would, we imagine, have been no hesitation in informing him. That being ascertained, he then might have challenged the author if he pleased; but, after the note to Mr. Fraser, it is too late. Mr. Duncombe's conduct throughout was nothing but a continuous blunder, and it proves, that however skilful he may be in other pursuits, he has not acquired

more knowledge of the proper art of sending challenges than the *black-leg*, which is the crest of his coat of arms.

But if it be held that the publisher or proprietor of a magazine, or review, or newspaper, should be the target for angry opponents, we beg to draw the attention of the curious in duelling to the question of partnership. If one of us were aggrieved in the *Edinburgh Review* (which is still published, we understand), who is to fight? It belongs to Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman; are they to fight by the senior partner, or have they in the firm a partner specially for the fighting department? If not, are they to be paraded in single files, or in platoons, or in a hollow square, or in line, one, two, or three deep, with Brown and Green for colourmen? Are they to fire in volley, or running fire along the line, or irregularly like sharpshooters? How many seconds are they to have? One a-piece, or only one for all in their corporate capacity as Longman and Co.? The celebrated Paddy Holloway complained of the puzzling hardship of being second-man to two men; but second-man to six must be a post still more difficult sufficiently to fill. Again, is the duel to be decided by the death of one of the partners; or must it rage until the whole six be extirpated, and the house of the Longmans be blown, jointly and severally, out of the Row? In case of wounds, the matter is more troublesome. Is the honour of their antagonist to be satisfied by wounding one slightly, another seriously, and so forth; or must he wing them all, in such a manner as to justify the breaking off the duel? And apologies, too! If there be one refractory partner refusing to apologise, are the other five, who are not so bloody-minded, to stand their ground? In short, there is no end to the difficult and perplexing questions which Mr. Duncombe has started by his very novel doctrine, that he is to fight the owner of the property of a magazine, and not the writer of an obnoxious article in it. We consign the solution of the above cases to the attention of Mr. Vincent Dowling, in his weekly answers to his pugnacious correspondents. We confess that we should like to see a challenge, such as we have been imagining: "Gentlemen,—having this moment read," &c., and so on to "satisfaction which one squad of booksellers owes to a gentleman."—Addressed "To Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman."

It would be a curiosity in its way, but, in reality, not more absurd than Mr. Duncombe's note to Mr. Fraser. When the Duke of Wellington was angry with a letter in the *Standard*, he did not call out Mr. Charles Baldwin, of Bridge Street, nor did he hint to Lord Winchelsea that he had any hostile intentions against his lordship until he first had positively ascertained who his man was. Then he challenged him—most unwisely, in our opinion; but the manner in which it was done, shewed that his grace was as well versed in the laws of private as of public war. We cannot say the same for the member of Finsbury.

Enough of this. We cannot conclude without saying, that we thought the conduct of the Marquess of Worcester not very becoming, in volunteering to mix himself up so pointedly in a quarrel against a Tory magazine. We are quite sure that no Whig nobleman or gentleman would have so come forward, under any pretence, in a case in which one of the organs of Whiggery was concerned. When the marquess's uncle, the late Lord Charles Somerset, was "foully slandered" by the Whig papers, particularly by that *Morning Chronicle* which is now the principal defender of Lord Worcester's friend; when fraud, peculation, dishonesty, and dishonour of every kind, were most profusely and most slanderously imputed to his lordship; if Lord Charles had been bound over to keep the peace against any of his maligners, would he have been attended to the police-office by any Whig nobleman—by any branch, for example, of the Duke of Somerset's family? with which the *Chronicle*, by the way, used to confound Lord

Charles. Not he, indeed ! The Tory Governor of the Cape would have been left to seek for Tory friends ; and no Whig would have been there to hurl angry looks of defiance at the Whig publisher. It appears that some of the Tory aristocracy think differently — that the press of their party is to obtain no sympathy from them. Do they wonder, then, that their complaint of not being supported by the press, which we hear so often made by them, should have some foundation ? Lord Allen, too, describes himself to be a Tory ; he, therefore, might have left the business to other hands. It is only fair, however, to say, that he executed it with courtesy and good-humour ; and when we find him blazoning as his motto, "*Triumpho morte tam vitâ,*" we hope that his triumph in the former capacity will be long delayed.

We have occupied with this matter more space than we had intended, but we hope that our readers will bear with us. In the first place, we flatter ourselves that they will take an interest in what concerns us, after having so long travelled together on the roads of Toryism ; but if in that piece of flattery we are self-mistaken, we yet think it only due to our character to explain, as distinctly as we could, what has in some quarters been made matter of charge against us. We do not often transgress by obtruding on the public our personal concerns : in this case we fancy we see something of more importance. It is not, we think, to be allowed, that the same arts which were so mainly instrumental in carrying reform should be allowed to be still employed in preventing the expression of opinion on the manner in which that reform is working. Great authorities among the Reformers inculcated the necessity of selecting members of parliament in the election which was decisive of the bill's success, by the means of the brickbat and the bludgeon ; and the advice was, in numberless instances, most carefully carried into effect. Is it still to be the rule that similar methods are to be resorted to — that no one must dare suggest that a candidate is eligible or ineligible, under peculiar circumstances, without being exposed to the ordeal of the pistol ? This is a doctrine which comes with a peculiarly bad grace from a party which professes that it is to do every thing by pure argument — to make no way unless by reason and conviction, and under the diligent tuition of the schoolmaster running abroad. It is no precedent for them to say that other parties, in other times, resorted to such practices ; those times are now superseded by the empire of Reform. But if it be deemed necessary that duelling should be a weapon of political argument as in olden times, and that a mouth that cannot be silenced by tongue or pen should be silenced by sword or pistol, why then we have only to say, let the regulations which govern that mode of silencing be properly and duly observed. We have argued, and we think fairly, that Mr. Duncombe has been wrong all throughout this business ; and we add that, for the sake of the freedom of the press, we are as happy that he has blundered in his appeal to the code of arms as we were when his friend Lord Durham blundered in his appeal to the code of law. We might, if we pleased, extend our remarks on this subject much further, but we think it better to conclude by suggesting a different class of reflections, and asking the "Christian" Dissenters of Finsbury whether or not they approve of this conduct on the part of *their* representative ? for he is *theirs* — only for *them* he would not be now in St. Stephen's. If they do, they should, like honest men, follow out their principles to a legitimate conclusion, and set their ministers to work in preaching sermons in behalf of duelling, and instruct Mr. Wilks to bring into parliament an act to declare its legality.

Observe, we are now talking only to the Finsbury Dissenters ; other arguments may be adduced in other places.

September 25, 1834.

OLIVER YORKE.

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THE BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

BY MORGAN RATTLE.

EVERY body has heard of Burke's indignant exclamation touching the departure of chivalry from amongst the degenerate dwellers on the earth. It was true—it was just. At the time he wrote, chivalry was allowed to hold "a local habitation" in no bosom save his own; and its "name" exclusively belonged to other days, which it was alike the fashion with the cold-blooded statesman of finance and the wild disciple and advocate of revolution to deride.

Under the auspices of the second Charlemagne, chivalry did again appear; not, certainly, in the gorgeous pageantry wherewith it is invested as we contemplate it at the distance through the dim and specious vistas of romance, but in fact and in the essence. Witness Lodi, Arcola, the fields of Italy, thronged with historic memories—witness her broken barrier, the Alps!—witness for us, Englishmen, the primal ocean!

With chivalry the spirit of poetry had fled the cold world; with chivalry it returned. They are but seldom found to live apart. Both alike are nourished upon high excitement—both are symbolized forth in the expansion of self beyond the duties, objects, desires, interests, and feelings of the general world: In a state of society wherein there is a stagnation of the pure and lofty passionate thoughts that are wont to visit the mind of man in his nobler moods, neither can for a moment have a place.

But on the reappearance of Poetry amongst us, after her long and dreary

absence, she found a nation of worshippers, and a band of ministers worthy to take rank after those of her most glorious servants, into whose bosoms she delighted to breathe her oracles in the olden time, to be by them declared to the adoring children of men for all generations. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, were succeeded by Scott, Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Moore, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley. All these were living and pouring forth the full tide of their inspiration during the childhood and boyhood of all who, like myself, belong to the present generation. We, in recurring to the past, are too young to refer to the successive British victories, or to the aforementioned poets' earlier works, as prominent dates standing out in the waste of time like pyramids in the desert; but as each of the later works of certain of these poets was published it formed an era in our lives. With what intense anxiety was not the volume that had been once promised looked forward to from that instant—with what feverish, trembling rapture was it not received, and read or listened to by the boy—in nowise critical, but loving the whole mass of verses for their strain of melody—ever wondering and delighted at the new ideas which the genius of the poet caused to flash across his mind—and interested, heart and soul and senses, in the story, in the fate of the hero, the fortunes of the heroine. Alas! alas! these days, with the "feelings fresh and early," the pure, kind, loving feelings that belonged to

them, never can return; but their memory is sadly sweet, is solemnly delicious.

"No more, no more—oh! never more on me"

can poetry work its most potent spell, enwrapping the spirit in perfect illusion and enchantment, as it did when I made my first acquaintance with the several works of Scott and Campbell, and Byron and Moore; who are, in sooth, essentially the poets of free, and froward, and sensitive, and passionate youth. I name not now the other poets to whom I have alluded, for they, I consider, are the poets of our manhood. To understand, and so to relish and to feel, their compositions, we need experience; we require to have thought—to have communed with our own hearts—to have hived up knowledge both of men and books. It is only the universal poets, Homer and Shakespeare, that can continually delight and instruct us at all periods of our life, from youth to age; and this the more and more as our finer faculties are developed, and our minds are improved and enlarged, and so made more and more capacious of their innumerable excellencies. All other poets, whether of their own free will or not, are necessarily identified with their works. Nobody that ever breathed but Dante could have written the *Divine Comedy*—nobody but Voltaire could have written *La Pucelle d'Orléans*. Of all other poets, the peculiar character, disposition, temperament, the forms of feeling, the dominant passions—ay, even the successive changes in their mental conformation (or let me rather call them the successive passages in their psychological history), are bodied forth in their works. In a word, all other poets are men—Homer and Shakespeare are mysteries. In their works there is no touch of individuality, no touch of idiosyncrasy. There is nothing in common between the breathing men and the inspired poems; no more, at least, than there was between the divine oracles and the incapable substances from which, at his caprice, the King Apollo, god of prophecies, caused them to issue—now from the bosom of an oak, now from the recesses of a cavern, and now from the cold lips of a chiselled stone. The works of all other poets are partial in

their direction and extent: Homer's and Shakespeare's works are to our mental visions vast and illimitable as is the ocean to our physical view—the ocean, whereon we can ever gaze in mysterious delight, in mute, concentrated, incommunicable rapture, though all other familiar scenes that are finite, and present not a ceaseless variety of aspect, fail not to pall upon our eye. All other poets, too, being, as they are, "half clod, half soul," deal only partially with man, according to their own circumscribed powers, observation, and experience—deal, also, only partially with

"Nature's vast frame, the web of human things."

But the spirit that conceived such works as those of Homer and of Shakespeare must have been

"As broad and general as the casing air"—

the mind that dictated such must have been "one to comprehend the universe." Taking poet, indeed, in its primitive meaning, as creator, the only poets the world has ever known are Homer and Shakespeare.

I do remember having listened with intense admiration to some observations of Wordsworth's on the subject of poesy. It was upon the only occasion I ever had the happiness to meet him, and it was in the ungenial atmosphere of a ball-room. Some years have since passed away. I was then very young—a mere boy; yet I shunned the dance and the fair forms displayed in it, to inhale the oracular words of "the old man eloquent," as he descanted upon a science which had employed the dearest hours of his life. I was perfectly fascinated—my very soul was wrapt in ecstasy by the magic influences of his discourse. I was not at the time, it may be easily supposed, calm enough to reason touching the soundness of the positions he urged; and afterwards, to my mortification, I discovered that I had a distinct recollection of but a little of the much he said. I was oppressed with a feeling perfectly analogous to that aching sense one sometimes has of the beauty of a melody heard once only, and of which you can recall but a fragment. I remember well, however, that in speaking upon poetry, painting, and sculpture, the means they severally presented to the man of genius,

and the effects they might be led to produce, he to my amazement dilated with melancholy earnestness upon the advantages which the professors of the sister arts possessed over the votary of the muse. He contended that the painter or sculptor was happy in having the opportunity of holding forth to the eye of the world a work which must from the first command the admiration of all men, each in his kind and degree, according to his natural faculties, gifts, acquirements, sensibilities—from the individual with the use only of the animal and sensual properties of our nature, to the person of the nicest taste and of the most capacious mind. While, on the contrary, the poet's work was a thing unintelligible and incapable for the million: it was only for the few, for men of mind and knowledge, and not even for them at first, requiring, as it did, time and study and meditation, to bring its subtle combinations, its artful, perhaps quaint proportions, its complicated and weird harmonies, its deep and pregnant moral, fully into contemplation. This was the substance of the argument: the words have long escaped me. It is scarcely necessary to observe that I perceived that he excluded from the rank of poet the popular favourites of the day, whom I have heard he was wont to describe as "the ingenious writers of very pretty verses," and that the poets to whom he in fact immediately alluded were himself and his friends, Coleridge and Southey. In their case he was undoubtedly right; but, now-a-days, it certainly appears to me something strange that he should evince surprise or chagrin for that which, with a little consideration, he should have perceived must inevitably come to pass. As the constitution of our bodies is continually suffering change, so also is the constitution of our minds. Our spiritual tastes, appetites, fancies, aspirations, alter in like manner with our sensual. The mind of man is no more constant to the fond toys wherewith it was delighted in youth, than the mature palate is to the sweet things so admired by the boy. Now I apprehend that it will be acknowledged that in youth we most love that class of poems which may be styled melodramatic—such, for instance, as the works of Scott, Byron, and the grand fables of Dryden—poems which trouble not our light

hearts with thinking, but which vehemently affect our flippant senses—poems in which there shall be no abstractions—poems, above all, which have a *regular story* to keep our attention alive, and give us that personal interest in human beings to which we have been accustomed in our fairy tales. In after days, when the marble brow of youth has begun to get cleft with thought and care, we for the most part turn aside from our earlier idols—the many never to worship again at a poetic shrine—some to carry a pilgrim's homage to the temples of romance in foreign literature—some to become votaries at the humbler niche of the native songwriter—and others, the few, to addict themselves to the study of that lofty philosophic poetry which is wrought forth in profound meditation, and which can only be received into the soul of the reader through the like process. Now these must necessarily be few in number—"fit audience, though few"—such as Milton wished for, and has always had, except for his short poems. *Paradise Lost*, extending no sympathies to the heart of man, and bodying forth no pictures for his contemplation, never can be a favourite with the multitude. The few, admiring his gorgeous imagery, his deep harmony, his wondrous power—that serene power displayed from first to last in the march of his sublimest poem—*they* recur to passages and portions of his work as the solemn spirit might in its least earthly mood to the holiest strains of the organ: but these are the few. Milton "aspires the skies:" but the magician who would work a spell upon the children of the earth was always obliged to draw the large portion of the materials for his charm from the rude bosom of the common mother.

Few, likewise, must be the constant votaries of such a muse as Milton's, or, to descend, as Wordsworth's or Coleridge's; and this for various reasons. To feel with Wordsworth or Coleridge, either in their sublimity or simplicity, you must be "a scholar, and a ripe one." Those august compositions, *Dion* and *Laodameia*, are not for the million even of the so-called learned; they are only for him who is deeply imbued with classic literature and classic feeling. The same may be predicated of certain of Coleridge's smaller poems on the antique model;

though, parenthetically, I am bound to observe that none of them at all approach the two Wordsworthian poems I have named. Neither is the wild melody of *Christabel*, with all its witchery, its happiest shadowing forth of terrors supernatural, its woven spell of mystic words, a thing of fit pulsation for the vulgar ear, or matter for the mind that has not in some sort made itself familiar with the lore of "arts inhibited," and travelled into "the world of spirits." Nor is the exquisite "tale of tears," with its delicate pathos, its gentle moral, and its expanded sympathies, a poem for the multitude. They will be ever sure to shout with Byron, in high derision—

"The White Doe—Hilly-ho!"

The love-poems, likewise, of the one and the ballads of the other poet (I speak, of course, of the best of them) are only for the refined, and tender, and thoughtful soul. Wrought as they are with the most consummate art and the choicest impulses of inspiration, even as a melody of Beethoven, they yet wear an aspect too simple to act upon the coarse mind which for all its excitements needs something of noise or glitter. It is needless to add, that the long dramas and the long philosophic poems are completely "caviare to the general." Even the man of genius reads them but once: he stores up in his memory their wisest thoughts, and then abandons them for ever. The truth is, that we had all rather hear moral lessons, metaphysical, political, or philosophic lectures, in the prose of Dryden, or Bolingbroke, or Hume, or Burke, than in any verse that was ever written. No long poem, in which there is not a touch of the business of life, in which your senses and passions as a member of the human family are not strongly and directly excited, can ever find large favour in your eyes. It is in vain to employ the pomp of numbers, to use all the subtlest powers of the metrical art in producing a variety of the most delicious harmonies; you feel yourself constantly impelled to cry aloud to this *sonata* of vocal harmony, in the words of the philosopher, "*Que me veux tu sonate!*"

Sooth to say, then, the shorter poems of the school of abstract poetry are those only which can ever find a place in the heart or memory of man; and these, like the symphonies of the great

composer to whom I have before alluded, are only for the learned—and not even for all them; because, fully to appreciate the works of such poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even of my own especial favourite, Shelley, you must have lived long enough, and mixed sufficiently with the poets of different ages and nations, to have learned toleration for peculiarities of thought and diction, and to suppress the rising laugh at that which is even prominently ludicrous, when you find it accompanied with earnest feelings: you must have learned thoroughly to despise that slipshod faculty, the power of ridicule. Unfortunately, too, for the poets to whom I allude, at the period of life when peradventure you begin to read and understand them, and feel their force, they are necessarily brought into competition with the classics of Rome and Greece, and of modern nations, whose beauties and wisdom you are now also beginning to comprehend and relish.

All these things, then, being taken into consideration, it should surely be no matter of marvel to Wordsworth that the circle of his success has been so limited; nor is there the least analogy between his position as a poet and that of the great sculptor or painter.

The fact is, that to place the painter or sculptor in the position which Wordsworth assigned him, he must necessarily abandon the exercise of that prescriptive right which Horace declares doth equally belong to poets and to painters—the right of daring—of adventuring whatsoever he may fancy. If he go beyond those immodiments of his art which can be understood and sympathised with by the vulgar, he must in like sort with the metaphysical poet, the poet of subtle abstractions, be content with the small number of admirers and the multitude of scoffers. If the one attempt to convert a mountain into the statue of a monarch, or if the other fancy to paint in abstruse allegory referring to a set of conventional ideas, common only to a very small number of persons; if either, in short, attempt more than belongs to their cold powers of putting forth "in feeble imagery" a human being, or a group of human beings, at a particular instant of their existence, or a certain scene under one peculiar aspect, he is in no better situation than the poet Wordsworth.

Taking, however, any of our consummate works of art in sculpture or in painting, we shall find a strong analogy between them in their effects, according to their limited degree of power over the soul of man, and in those of the greatest poems. We shall observe, that in their several and proper gradations of power, the perfect works of the painter, sculptor, and poet, do excite from the first a feeling of admiration and pleasure in the heart of even the idlest spectator, who is capable of comprehending the general nature of the things presented for his contemplation. The blind man can of course derive no enjoyment from the painted canvass or from the chiselled stone; and so, in like sort, can the person who is not familiar with the Greek or English tongue find not the slightest gratification in gazing upon the verses of Homer or of Shakespeare. But suppose a man to be possessed of the ordinary elements for enjoying the work of consummate art, of just design, and surpassing beauty and delicacy of execution, that work will, from the very first, give birth to a pleasurable sensation in his mind; and the result of each succeeding examination will be to add to his delight.

Place the statue of the Apollo before the dullest country-girl that ever breathed, she will at once recognise in it the likeness of a man, and be pleased at the resemblance. Frequent observation would increase even *her* pleasure, by gradually bringing to light the more than mortal beauties in the harmonised proportions of "that poetic marble;" while to the damsel of finer sensibilities and richer feelings, continuing to gaze with the admiration of a worshipper,

"The god of life and poesy and light,
The Sun in human limbs arrayed,"

might at length vouchsafe to appear; or, at the least, she would learn with the poet's eye to contemplate, in "his delicate form,"

"A dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision."

So is it with the poems of Homer and of Shakespeare; if brought before the mental vision, they must from the first please: and the pleasure will be enlarged and enhanced by each successive moment of study. Or, to take a no-

bler object of comparison for these immortal works than things wrought by the hands of man, let us look to the human form, that most august of all temples to the Divinity. Here, from the first, in its mere outward show, we shall find abundant cause for wonderment and admiration in the grace and majesty of the outline, the exquisite harmony in the proportions of the most sublime of all structures, and the cunning combination of strength and lightness, of utility and beauty, in each and every part. But let us proceed yet further. Let us examine the mechanism of "this quintessence of dust," and how infinitely will not our admiration be increased! Let us observe the articulation of the joints, the play of the muscles, the current of the blood through its innumerable conduits, the operation of the vital organs, the subtle functions of the nerves, the mysterious construction of the soul-fraught brain, and we can scarcely fail to be impressed with the amazement of ineffable delight. The longer, the more attentively, and the more minutely we examine this perfect work, the greater will be our delight; for there is no limit to our researches: discoveries are perpetually to be made, and so, by consequence, additions to our knowledge and our wonder. The body of man is a world in miniature, and the secrets of its structure—the mysteries of its operations—its various phases of appearance under different influences—its multitudinous phenomena, are no more to be embraced and exhausted by the anatomist, physiologist, and pathologist, than those of the material world by the several species of philosophers who direct their attention to such like matters of inquiry.

Thus, I again say, is it with the works of Homer and Shakespeare: from the first they please all those who are in a position to contemplate them. There is no human being in whose composition the clod so far predominates over the soul that shall not, if you read to him any given rhapsody of Homer or play of Shakespeare, in the progress of the *story* find points for which he has sympathies—ideas that had lain slumberous in his own mind, but are now evoked to concur with their imbodiment that is brought before him—harmonies which he can appreciate—and affinities with passages in human life and external nature whereof he hath had experience. The more frequently

and the more closely, too, that he examines these works, the greater and greater will be his delight; the more curiously he scrutinises their structure, the more matter for marvel will he in like sort with the physiologist discover. Nor will he either find a limit to his researches: every day of study and reflection will serve to point out new and delicate wonders in the conformation of the poems; and he will, moreover, as in the living frame of man, be made conscious of the existence of a soul inspired and interfused through every portion of them—a soul that serves to keep them in vital freshness and force during all time.

I have already styled the ancient Greek and my countryman the universal poets; and here I used the word poet in its loose popular sense. Taking it, however, in its true meaning, I shall endeavour to shew how it is that they come to deserve the title. In my opinion (speaking of them relatively, be it observed, and in reference to the stunted understandings and limited faculties of all other men), they display the genuine attributes of a poet, or creator. Now the poet and the philosopher are inseparable existences, and they have in their works achieved that first duty and highest result of philosophy, self-annihilation. Their spirit is diffused through the universe, involving all things, and extending to all time. Here is one great attribute; and the fact of their being (I again guard myself, by saying that I speak in reference to us common men) all-knowing, furnishes forth another; and the eternal truth that pervades their compositions supplies yet another.

The works of the Scian and those of the Englishman were popular in their own day; they have been popular since; and will be popular for ever and ever. Next, I would say, that in Homer we find indications of all manner of moral knowledge and wisdom; in Shakespeare, a concentration of it. In the first we discover the germs of almost all the poetry by which the several nations of the earth have since been glorified. Our Shakespeare did not appear for centuries after all that was mortal of the divine bard had perished, and yet he too is original—he too is a creator. To Shakespeare, whatever idle stories we may hear about his want of knowledge, these very words of Shelley might apply:

“By solemn vision and bright silver dream
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound, from the vast earth and ambient air,

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips; and all of great,

Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew.”

In the Tale of Troy and in the Wanderings of Ulysses we find a series of the finest pictures of life and manners, and of human character in a thousand forms; and impressed by the action of almost every variety of impulse and of circumstance. We find sentiments the noblest and the most wise; maxims, for the guidance of human conduct, the most enduring and profound; feelings the tenderest and the most true,—all conveyed in words the most meaning and melodious. I find descriptions of inanimate nature and of human actions, which in full vividness set the scene before my eyes. We find a great number of “chiefs and ladies bright,” with all of whom, from the old moss-trooper Nestor to the godlike Achilles—from the withered Hecuba to the gentle Helen—we can conceive ourselves personally acquainted: we find touches of the deepest pathos and of the purest and gentlest chivalry.

All these, and more than these, we find in the plays of Shakespeare. He has portrayed human nature in a greater variety of aspects—he has considered the human mind in all its possible conditions, from healthfulness to the extremity of the most soul-searching disease—he has, with the fidelity of intuition, and with surpassing skill, apportioned and depicted the effects of each peculiar stage of mental malady to the natural passions of the heart, which are of themselves invariable. But both alike have, in their portraiture of the human animal, rigidly adhered to truth. They have each conceived it in its highest, its most inspired moods; but they never have idealised it above its humanity. All their heroes and heroines are men and women, children of clay, albeit of “the porcelain clay of human kind.” Even old Homer’s, however, are of the very first order. Braver and nobler gentlemen never yet breathed than Achilles and Patroclus, than Hector and Sarpedon; still, however, I again say, they be

mere men. Anger swells the bosom of the son of Thetis; Grief rolls his golden ringlets in the dust; Rage madens him into assaults upon the immortal gods, into deeds of foul shame upon the body of the Trojan hero: but has he not withal the gentler feelings of our nature? had he not "pity, and smiles, and tears, and tenderness?" Mark him in the very instant of savage triumph, while his foot is yet on the Hectorean corpse, ere the shout of vengeance fulfilled is cold upon his lips! Mark with what an agony of mindful tenderness he turns aside from his schemes of conquest to that remembrance, which chides even the rapture of revenge, and for aye forbids him to rejoice—

Κλῦται πᾶρ νήσσι νίκης ἄκλυτοι ἄλκιροι
Πατρόκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσεται οὐρανὸς ἄναξ

Ζεῦσιν μισῶν, καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ἐρείη·
Εἰ δὲ θανόντων παρὰ καταλήθοντ' εἰν αἰῶνα
Αὐτὰρ ἰγὼ κῆρυδι φίλου μνηστὴρ ἱταίρου.*

Mark, too, his whole behaviour to Priam, when the bereaved old man comes the wretched guest of a sorrow-stricken entertainer.

It is needless to touch upon the courteous and generous qualities of Shakespeare's heroes, or, still more, to observe that his men, even the best and most beautiful, are never exalted above humanity; their characters, like their fortunes (and, indeed, like unto all sublunary things), are represented as chequered with good and evil.

In reading Shakespeare, you are actually holding converse with human nature as it is, was, and ever will be; if it at times appear exalted above the ordinary standard, it is only upon

* This is one of the most exquisite pieces of metrical harmony that ever was composed. Each form of feeling that passes through the mind is bodied forth in the sounds. The first five words are evidently uttered with convulsive sobs; the next three, "Patroclus" included, are in the deepest strain of melody, wherein the most intense grief can find expression. This first part is analogous to the first part of an air, such as Beethoven might compose in his most solemn enthusiasm and wisest tenderness. The measure then changes, as the goddess-born, in a higher key as it were, in a more rapid succession of impassioned sounds, declares his unalterable determination never, so long as he shall be a breathing man, to forget his friend. But then again the measure changes. He reflects upon the certainty of death—he remembers that his life is to be but a brief career of agony and of glory—and he proceeds in tones of melancholy thoughtfulness: Are the dead to be unconscious of the love they bore to each other upon earth? The doubt, however, lingers not upon his soul. Love shall be stronger than death. His will shall prevail over fate itself. And, in a burst of harmony, he vows that even in hell he will remember his beloved companion. As none of the translations at all approach the original, I give one verbally accurate:

"Lies at the ships a corpse, unwept, unburied,
Patroclus!—But him will I not forget whilst I
With the living consort, and for me my precious limbs are moved.
And if the dead they do in sooth forget in hell,
Yet I even there will remember my beloved companion."

Pope felt the passage, and knew its music, the strain of which he has for the first four lines imitated. The rest is wretched. Sotheby's translation is nothing—*bad* Pope. He rarely comes much more near to the Greek than Pope, and his verses are not half so melodious. Pope writes:

"But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has sealed his eyes;
Unwept, unhonoured, uninterred he lies.
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last—mine undecayed
Burn on through death, and animate my shade."

Here is Sotheby's bald version of the passage:

"But why thus commune? Still Patroclus lies
Unwept, ungraced with solemn obsequies.
Ne'er, while I breathe, he sleeps by me forgot—
Ne'er, while remembrance mine, remembered not.
E'en in the dark oblivion of the grave
My soul with thine, sweet friend, shall commune have."

occasions when you encounter men sublimed by the action of those burning passions which, for the time, deify or demonise. But one of the strongest proofs I would advance of their knowledge of the heart and their chaste truth, is the drawing of their female characters. Homer and Shakespeare are the only poets who have ever depicted ladies. Many have invested angels of light in the female form, forgetful altogether of the Rabelaisian animal; others have depicted coarse-minded creatures, yahoos of beauty (all your German poets, for instance), who seem to have no thought except about eating, and those other arts which caused Alexander ever and anon to doubt of his divinity—who can only be regarded as mere machines for the pleasant propagation of the species. None, however, excepting Homer and Shakespeare, have given you portraits of ladies—of the very women that you might actually meet upon earth in the flesh, and with all the passions and weaknesses proper to it, and yet that you could love and cherish in your “heart of hearts.” When Shelley speaks of “a woman,”

“The wonder of this earth,
Where there is little of transcendent
worth,”

he goes on to conclude, in a phrase of the very highest praise, by adding that she was

“Like one of Shakespeare’s women.”

He might, with equal justice, have said

“Like one of Homer’s women;”

for the Greek’s importraiture of women, especially of the Lady Helen, is unsurpassed.

Next we find, that the longer we live in the world, the more experience we acquire; the more we enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge, no matter in what direction it may be, the greater the harvest of delight we shall reap from THE poets. We will continually discover that words, which we had before passed heedlessly by in cold ignorance, are, in sooth, magic epithets and expressions, which now electrify the frame as they flash upon the mind, and forthwith conjure up long trains of thought. As our senses become more and more acute, we shall likewise discover that in each play or rhapsody there is, albeit not always to be traced by us, some dominant strain of passion, thought, or feeling, which has the power of causality throughout

—which, like the theme of an opera, pervades the whole, and comes like the breath of an oracle, ever dimly intimating the decrees of Fate; but which to the vulgar is utterly unheard, unheeded, and unknown. Such, for example, is the strain of fatality “boding to all,” which winds darkly throughout the play of *Othello*. A black thread of superstition and witchery, and that fear which makes them fate, runs through the whole tissue of the plot. Iago unwittingly, but with the instinct of the demon, speeds it on; until at the last the noble Moor yields up the sacrifice of a broken heart before indomitable Destiny—

“Who can control his fate?”

Nothing sustains him further. From that moment, in his own words,

“That’s he that was *Othello*.”

But let me, in fine, observe the works of Homer and Shakespeare are poems which may be read at all times, and in all moods of mind. Independent of the intrinsic excellence of the ideas they embody, their mechanical structure is so artful, that they can never weary the attention or pall upon the ear. Homer, having at his command the most copious and harmonious of languages—one perfectly flexible, and which, by the use of elisions and that of the several dialects, might be modulated to any tone—never for a moment has to drag along in the trammels of the metre in which he sings. He could have been no more embarrassed in uttering his ideas in the verse he adopted, than he would have been in plain prose; and he had the full power, upon all occasions, of adapting the strain to the subject. He accordingly never wears the ear with a succession of dull harmonies, or offends it with inappropriately exalted harmonies. Our Shakespeare, too, has, notwithstanding the inauspicious tongue with which he had to deal, arrived at the same happy result, by doing that which D’Israeli (Benj.) congratulates himself upon having discovered as the wisest course of proceeding for an English poet in the conduct of a great work; namely, mixing prose and verse: by using prose where verse would be lost or injudicious, and by giving forth the sublime emotions of the soul in the genuine language of poetry, which, when uttered, they always approach in actual life, be they spoken by whom they may.

I do not apprehend that any of the positions I have taken in these gossiping remarks can be forced. It has been, however, contended, vehemently, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, that Shakespeare is not popular in England; nay, the reviewer declares, that to say he is, would be to promulgate a gross delusion. The writer of the article in which this occurs is certainly a man of strange opinions. He gives forth the scarcely credible nonsense, that Coleridge had no ear for music, because he could not sing (the italics are his own); and that, although he had not a natural ear for music, yet that he had a natural ear for metrical harmony,—just as if there were any distinction between the two, or as if there were any such thing possible as a natural ear for one or the other. His only attempt at an argument is taken from the stupid mutilation of Shakespeare by the players, for which they only are to blame, and the neglect of the performances by the public, for which the absence of all tragic actors and actresses of high talent may sufficiently account. In the days of Kean, the dramas of Shakespeare were not despised by the playgoers.* Our reviewer next, to eke out his argument, asserts broadly, that Shakespeare is only read by the very few, who have so much of the temperament of men of genius themselves that they can sympathise with the criticisms of men of

genius. Well, this may be all true. It does not in the least affect the truth of what I have urged, or the sound deduction of my conclusions. For the honour of Old England, however, I must observe, that although I have not had the good fortune to meet with very many men of genius, yet have I rarely known an English gentleman who was not well read in Shakespeare. But be this as it may, whether the writer—he being evidently a cockney himself—had only in his mind the gentlemen of Cockaigne, his sweet compatriots, or whether he really intended to assert that the English of Yorkshire, or of Berkshire, or of my own Kent, and so forth, for the remaining counties of England—did not read Shakespeare, I can only say that the English of Ireland do. There are not a dozen houses in the south of Ireland wherein you could find a Bible where you might not also see a Shakespeare. Every Anglo-Irish gentleman is familiar with Shakespeare from his childhood, without requiring in the least to be encouraged thereto “by the criticisms of men of genius.” Nay, hundreds of those words and phrases which the commentators attempt to explain, though they very rarely succeed in it, are of common household use amongst us.† For my own part, the first poetry I ever heard, the first lines I ever got by heart, as I stood at my father’s knee, were Shakespeare’s. Although, then, I by no

* It is proposed to place in Westminster Abbey, by subscription, a statue of this admirable representative of Shakespeare’s heroes. He will of course appear in character, as posterity can have no interest save in the actor only. A committee has been appointed—some subscriptions received. The character of Hamlet has been selected as fittest for the sculptor’s art—Hamlet contemplating the skull of Yorick. The work has been entrusted to John Carew, a sculptor of the purest classic taste, and with powers of execution which have been rarely equalled, never surpassed. He is, moreover—and let nobody presume to think it a matter of indifference to the public, respecting one whose works are put forth for their delight and the honour of our country—he is, moreover, a true-hearted gentleman, who is entirely beloved by every body who has the honour and the happiness of his friendship.—M. R.

† Commentators, in general, are sorry asses. They kick up such a dust about the author, that, on many occasions, it is with great difficulty you can see him at all. But the most disgusting donkeys that ever cut uncouth capers on the common of literature, are the commentators on Shakespeare. It is astonishing with what solemn self-complacency they give explanations of words and phrases which are manifestly ridiculous. For example: Othello says—

“Let housewives make a skillet of my helm;”

whereunto the commentator appends the following note: “Skillet, a small KETTLE.” To touch upon the outrageous absurdity of this definition is quite unnecessary. The fact is, that skillet means a small metal pot. Skillet is a familiar household word throughout the whole south of Ireland. The shape and size of the skillet are, as nearly as may be, those of an ancient steel-cap; which, in our early campaigns, was frequently made to serve the purposes of a skillet. Even the three small feet of the pot do not destroy the resemblance between the two articles, as similar projections may be seen in the morions of the Plantagenets, as displayed in the common prints of Cœur de Lion and the rest of them.

means agree with the assertion of the reviewer, yet I certainly do think that the Anglo-Irish are much more familiar with the Elizabethan poets—Shakespeare and Spenser—and that they love them with more complete singleness of heart, than their brethren of England-proper. I am also perfectly convinced that we love and relish the works of Homer much more than they do. We live in a more picturesque country, and in a more picturesque state of society. We are familiar with scenes, and circumstances, and deeds, and men, such as those described by the poet; we are acquainted with the extremes of civilised and of savage life; wild deeds and rude men have been known to us from our childhood. We are alike familiar with all the knowledge and refinement of the nineteenth century and the peculiar barbarism of the feudal times. Our scholarship occasionally enables us to catch all the finer inspirations of the poet, and our personal observation to appreciate his various pictures of society and manners. For myself, I would say that, in sooth, Homer and Shakespeare have always been “the oceans to the river of my thoughts.” But there be also other less vast sources, being, like the seas, circumscribed, from whence I have drawn, and still continue to draw, delight and knowledge.

At this present period of my life, the poems with which, after those of the master-spirits, I most frequently hold converse, are the works of *Æschylus* and *Shelley*. The weird words of the ancient Greek are to me a study forlorn, yet pleasing. He seems in my ear to breathe forth the earnest oracles of an earlier world, where all things appear in a sort of dimly-awful, abstract, incomprehensible reality. They are stripped of all accessories; they stand forth in the sternness of naked truth and of inexorable justice, stripped of the complication of laws, prejudices, recollections, the conventional arrangements of manners, and all the other countless links of the sinuous net which now circumscribes the life of man. It appears to me that one can scarcely avoid looking on the importunities of *Æschylus*—his *Prometheus*, his *furies*—without a feeling akin to that which might possess the mind while gazing on the skeleton of the mammoth; they are too dreadfully real not to have existed; but it could not have

been upon this earth of ours as we have known it,—it must have been in an antediluvian world.

As for *Shelley*, he must be sought when you are in a fond, imaginative mood, and withal something fantastical,—when you are anxious that your soul should wing its way in pilgrim-flight to “the land of dream.” Then will he discourse “most exquisite music,” which shall be moreover fraught with the deepest wisdom and most glorious whisperings of pregnant inspirations—things inaccessible to the research and denied to the worship of the mere cold earthly votary of the mystic poet—of the hierophant of Nature. For my own part, whenever I read *Shelley's* poetry in reverent guise, and with awakened soul, I always feel calmed, and raised into a species of dreamy elevation above all sublunary things, as I do in the physical world not unfrequently while gazing upon cloud-land. No poet, however, has conveyed to my heart those sensations of rapturous excitement which I drew in my boyhood from certain of the poems of *Campbell*, *Byron*, and, above all, of *Scott*. I have never read a line of *Scott's* poetry since,—I never will again. I will not disturb the recollections of my boyhood; I will not break the spell by looking on *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake* with the cold eye of criticism. Oh, well do I remember that long thrill of delight with which I dashed through *Marmion*, until I became engaged in the battle, and the enthusiasm of the full heart gushed to my eyes, and the large tear-drops swelled into magic mirrors—the printed letters grew into characters of gramerye—the room expanded—the walls crumbled into distance—and the field of Flodden was stretched forth beneath my view. And, oh, when *Marmion's* banner fell, I shouted, from my very soul, with *Blount*,

“By Heaven and all its host I swear,
I will not see it lost!”

And then the rapture, when

“The fiery youth with desperate charge
Made for a space an opening large,
THE RESCUED BANNER ROSE!”

But then the grief,

“Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk amidat the foes!”

And, oh, the agony for England!

“The scattered van of England wheels!”
And, lastly, the deep, deep sorrow for *Marmion*, for whose loss the happiness

of Clara and De Wilton could in no sort atone! Shall I ever forget those sensations? Never, never! Nor yet the tingling rapture with which, as I rode in chase, with heart elate and expanded nostril, these lines were wont to ring in my ears,—

“ But when the brig of Turk was won,
The foremost horseman rode alone,—
Alone, but with unabated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view;
Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game.” *

Oh, these are glorious memories! Scott will, in my mind, always be the poet of the young. Byron's tales and “O'Connor's Child” also affected me much, but by no means in the same degree. And now all these poets “that made the starlight of my boyhood” are mute,—some in death, the rest, to use the Homeric phrase, which is here no pleonasm—mute in silence. Their places are empty,—there be none to fill them. It is sad to think. For the dead, peradventure, we should mourn not; albeit fortune did prove lamentably adverse to them as mortal men; but as immortal poets their meed was won: and now,

“ After life's fitful fever, they sleep well—
..... nothing
Can touch them further.”

For the living, however, we may be well permitted to grieve. Who is there so hard of heart that would not feel sorrow-stricken at seeing a famous hunter, now in his old age, tackled to a scavenger's cart, or engaged in some other unwonted degrading labour? Who would not be bitterly indignant at the mean master who had abandoned

his ancient servant to rude men, ungenial toil, and the conditions of an existence of lingering misery—who would not despise him, for that he, unmindful of the many hours of delight he had derived from the generous exertions of his horse, neglected to provide for the animal a secure retreat, where he might tranquilly end his days, admired and respected for his former achievements in the field, and free even from the necessity of making those efforts in his old and honourable vocation which from his natural infirmities might perchance end in ludicrous failure—

“ Ne peccet ad extremum ridendus ?”

And if this be the case with respect to a horse, how much more should we be afflicted in seeing a fellow-creature who had proved himself a poet reduced to the condition of a mere literary hack! In truth, I consider it dishonourable to a nation that any one of its poets should be in other than easy circumstances, and disgraceful to it that any one who had made good his title to the sacred name should be compelled to win his bread by labour which degrades him. A poet should be regarded as an intellectual king, and, in like manner with our temporal monarch, should be supported at the public charge, if he do not chance to be provided with a sufficient fortune of his own. It should be remembered, that in devoting himself to poetry, he enters now-a-days upon the most barren of all possible employments. In any other avocation, the industrious and successful struggler may attain rank (that is, such as kings can give) and fortune—ay! even in the lower walks of literature, whereof a couple of bad magazine-writers, Brougham and Macauley, are signal examples. In poetry only is it that the man of highest genius can obtain no more than trifling emolument and empty fame; I say trifling emolument, because, notwithstanding the array of figures which

* How grandly this poetic *tableau* concludes! After the stag has disappeared in the Trossachs—

“ He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave round that hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks, that yelled again.”

It reminds one of a passage in Shelley's noble poem on the subject of a scene in Goethe's *Faust*. Here the rocks are most poetically made to “yell.” In the ride of the philosopher and Mephistopheles on the demon horses, the crags are made to snort and blow—

“ And the giant-snouted crags—ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow!”

might be marshalled against the declaration, I maintain that there is no labourer whatsoever so inadequately rewarded as the poet. He is not allowed for his productions the benefit of the ordinary standard of value. The price of all other commodities is enhanced by rarity; the diamond always fetches a price proportionate to the scarcity of the gem; the singer with the rare voice of a Sontag or a Tamburini is always enormously rewarded. But the poet, although to be produced only by the throes of time—although his inestimable works must necessarily be few,—the poet is not permitted to enjoy the advantage of a remuneration in the direct ratio of the scarcity of the article in which he deals; and this, notwithstanding that he gives you not an idle bauble which may be lost or stolen, or a fleeting effort of the voice, which shall put forth sounds of sweet music soon to perish in death's silence; but a woven spell of words which shall be ever potent, and which shall remain a possession of delight to your children's children unto the end of time. It may be said that it is the duty of the government to provide for all men of genius who have conferred honour and done service to their country. True, most true. But when did a mixed government, such as that of the British empire, ever act disinterestedly and generously? Despots have done so, and the people might well take example by them in this respect. Whoever enjoys the delight of reading the works of a poet, and is conscious the while that he who has supplied him with those pure and innocent means of happiness is in the shadow of misfortune, (as he needs must be when we see him toiling in an ungenial and unworthy occupation), should blush for shame. The neglect of the government is no excuse for him, nor is the personal conduct or character of the poet. A generous nation should, for its own honour, protect their poets against the consequence of their follies and improvidence.

These thoughts have been driven through my mind by the impulse communicated from certain books now lying on my table. An Oration on the death of Coleridge tells me that he died an object of private hospitality; and the *Quarterly Review* assures me that Campbell has published a *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, and declares, moreover, that it is a bad one. The facts are in themselves annoying. It is bad enough

in all conscience to have Tom Moore toiling at the biography of Sheridan, Byron, and the rest, which he has executed so ill; but it decidedly is too bad to have a living poet scribbling mandolin prose about a dead play-actress. I am much more annoyed, too, when I find that the review of poor Campbell's book is an excessively unfair one,—just such another as Macaulay's review of Croker's *Bonell's Johnson*. Now there is something excessively paltry in this. I have been all my life a Protestant, and a Tory; but I never suffered religious or political feelings to poison my judgment with respect to poetry, or to tinge my mind with the slightest touch of hostility towards the poet. I never sympathised in the cry of the pack of Tory critics against Byron and Shelley the poets, because one was a Whig and the other fancied himself an atheist. And now, when I see this virulent and cold-blooded attack upon such poor prey as this work of Campbell's, which every body must feel was wrought forth not from choice but from the mandate of hard necessity, there are thoughts and considerations which force themselves upon my mind, and make my bosom swell with indignant sorrow, to find that a Tory gentleman could descend to so low a style of warfare. I cannot help thinking the book may be a bad one; but then it was written for money, not for fame. Why then, should Mr. Croker condescend to endeavour to spoil its sale? Campbell may be an offensive and obnoxious man to certain people in society; but he is old—he is poor: this attack upon him, then, is most ungenerous and unfair. I cannot avoid remembering that the late secretary of the Admiralty has, at the least, his salary of 2000*l.* a-year, while the poet has but the pittance of 200*l.* (which, by the way, the rascally Whigs reduced), making not one half the wages of a state coachman. I cannot refrain from fancying that I see the one in his humble lodging anxiously awaiting the fate of his last poor venture, which shall, perchance, add to the comforts which his age requires, and perhaps, hope may whisper, enlarge their sphere into the region of those luxuries to which he has not been unaccustomed; while at the same time the other is seated in his splendid library, with a full command of all bodily enjoyments, and the assistance of every literary aid; and there he is labouring in paltry research

to convict a poet, whose necessities have driven him to act as a literary *chiffonnier*, of inaccuracy of dates, of certain trifling mistakes and worthless plagiarisms. I must recollect, too, that one of them, the rich man, is the author of *Talavera*, and of *Familiar Epistles* all about players and play-actresses,—pretty poems in their day, but now quite forgotten; and that the other, the poor man, is the author of “Hohenlinden,” and “Lochiel’s Warning,” and the “Battle of the Baltic,” and “Ye Mariners of England,” which will live as long as a plank of British oak floats upon the ocean floods, and the sounds of our land’s language continue to be breathed upon the earth.

There are two other books on the table about which I am anxious to say a few words—the last number of the *Irish Melodies*, and the last volume of the songs of Béranger. These works may be considered as terminating the poetical career of both the men. Béranger, from first to last, rejoiced in the title of *chansonnier*; Moore was always styled poet; but posterity will alter the designations, and speak of Moore the song-writer, and Béranger the poet. There is nothing of Moore’s which will live except his songs. Certain of his squibs and slang verses, it is true, are excellent, but they are by nature perishable things, and it would require volumes of notes to make them intelligible to a future generation. Yet it is a pity that Tom Crib’s Memorial to Congress should go the way of all flesh and paper. Of his prose works none will be read hereafter, excepting the *Life of Byron*; the lord’s part in which is so buoyant, that it will not be possible for Tom’s dull prosings to swamp it. The *Epicurean* is a piece of elaborated drivel, and exhibits, moreover, some instances of the most audacious plagiarism. Whole chapters are copied literally from an old romance, entitled *La Vie de Séthos*. His *Life of Captain Rock* is remarkable only for its laborious vapidity of style, and its wholesale falsehoods. The *Life of Fitzgerald* is well worthy the mischievous fool of whom it treats.

The *Life of Sheridan* the world has already declared to be, in every respect, shameful. Moore, however, will go down to “ages yet unborn” with the *Irish Melodies*.

Looking back now upon the ten numbers, a melancholy feeling, and in some degree “the remorse of love” towards the bard, steals over my heart. Every one of the melodies is associated in my mind with recollections sweet and bitter. The sounds or words of each bring back to me some particular scene, or person, or circumstance—

“The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead.”

The first music I ever heard was that of the *Irish Melodies*; it is still the dearest to my heart. At one period I over-rated Moore; I afterwards held him far too cheap in estimation. I think I can now judge him justly—*sine ira et studio*. I feel, moreover, that I once thought too harshly of him as a man; a loyal Protestant, I hated him as a rancorous politician on the rebel side; I despised him as a sycophant to the rich and great. Now, however, I regard him rather as a man misguided and unfortunate, than evil-minded and blamable for his career. In his youth he lived in a heated atmosphere of exaggerated notions and sickly aspirations after liberty, when it was difficult for a papist not to be betrayed into rebellion, active or abetting. Tom was always willing to play the Tyrtæus at a safe distance: I no longer regard it as a damning sin. I now believe him to be an Irishman meaning well to his country, but incapable of any grand views for her amelioration. Since the Union, he belonged to that most paltry of all parties, styled “Liberal Protestants,” who have been, I am delighted to say, trampled in the dust by the very first movement of Popish triumph. Moore, I believe, was sincere in the opinions he professed; and the objects he had in view were stated to their full extent, without the slightest mental reservation. In the last number of the *Melodies* he mourns his delusion in the following strains—perhaps the most beautiful in the book:

“The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o’er,
Thy triumph hath stain’d the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And e’en of the light which Hope once shed o’er thy chains,
Alas! not a gleam to trace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;

And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd!

Up Liberty's steep, by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah! better thou ne'er had'st lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane."

For the rest, Moore has committed that worst of all errors as a poet, in making himself the laughter-monger and humble friend of the great.

Πρὸς τοῦ τίτλαντος ἔστιν ἡμετέριονται
Κίνου ἐστὶ δουλὸς καὶ ἐλπίδιος μέλα.*

But this was a thing to be expected. Byron, a shrewd judge of human character, never uttered a truer observation than, "*Ay! Tommy does love a lord:*" but with him it is rather a superstition than designing meanness. He is a tuft-hunter by temperament. The key to his character may be found in the following passage; it is taken from his *Life of Byron*:

"It is said that the day after little Byron's accession to the title he ran up to his mother and asked her, 'Whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself,' a quick and natural thought. *But the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society by the simple addition of that word before his name.*"

Ay, forsooth, total and talismanic change! Ay, Tom, the simple addition of this monosyllable—

"*Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.*"

Ay, moreover, no two people in the world were ever more deeply impressed with this conviction than Byron and his biographer. Byron would much rather at all times have been a lord amongst wits, than a wit amongst lords. Tommy could not, in his affair with the peer, bring himself to believe that

"A lord against a man is but a man."

Moore's feelings, in few, on the subject of "lords," are quite obvious from the doctrine he puts forth.

Now this is precisely the doctrine held by the peers themselves. The stump of the fig-tree, the useless block

when turned into a Priapus, is not more intensely conscious of his deification, than is the stupidest, or most sottish, or vilest old commoner, of the ineffable height of his exaltation, when converted into a lord.†

For my own poor part, all Tory as I am, I have so little share in Tommy's feeling upon the subject, that I can scarcely comprehend how it can find a place in a man's heart. I entertain the most profound respect and the most sincere attachment to the House of Peers, and this upon the same principle with Burke; I regard the Lords as part and parcel of the constitution—as one twine of "the triple cord which no man can break:" but for an individual peer, otherwise than as a fellow-man and fellow-member of society, I care no more than I do for my lord the hunchbacked chimney-sweep. I can see no more in a single peer than a man adorned with a conventional rank, which entitles him, by the rules of good society, to the homage of a certain quantity of courtesy, which I most willingly accord. If I give any thing farther, it must be to the man himself, not to his title or possessions. He may chance to be merely an Osric, "spacious in the possession of dirt."

I have no affectionate reverence for a lord; on the contrary, if I have any feeling towards him distinct from those I entertain towards all other men, it is one of repulsion. I observe that our peers—one and all, I do believe—regard themselves, not as a distinct order of citizens, but as a distinct order of human beings. They are the richest, and at the same time the haughtiest—the most coldly haughty and "exclusive" nobility in Europe.‡ When they step out of their own rank for friends or confidants, they rarely choose a person who will not bow down to

* Thus translated by Sir T. More, if I remember rightly:

"Whoso goeth to dwell with a tyranne,
Though he came free, is made his bondman."

† "*Olim truncus eram ficulnus inutile lignum
Cum faber incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum;
Maluit esse Deum.*"

‡ I must except from this sweeping declaration a few noblemen who live on their estates, apart from politics and ambition, in the active exercise of hospitality, benevolence, and charity to all around them.

them with an eastern idolatry. In this Whigs and Tories are alike: it extends to their political relations. The Whig reposes on the exertions of the low demagogue; the Tory, flinging aside the independent man of truth and talents and consistency, selects for his *fidus Achates* some sneaking adventurer, some apostate Whig or Radical: not seeing, in their blind pride, that the poor man of ability, who has been through life a Tory, gives pregnant proofs of honesty and honour. He who has nothing to lose by a political convulsion, is yet a Conservative from principle; while on the contrary, peradventure, having the mind to conceive, the heart to dare, and the hand to execute, he were a revolution to take place, must rise aloft, while Whig and Tory peers would alike lie howling.

But enough of this: turn we to the *Melodies*. They are, undoubtedly, a great national work. A number of exquisite airs have been joined with harmonious words; but those melodies that held but a sort of precarious traditional existence, scattered over the various districts of Ireland, would not, as has been supposed, have been gradually doomed to perish, had it not been for the exertions of Moore and Stevenson. A far more rich and genuine collection of Irish melodies has been made by Mr. Bunting, a gentleman who, in his love for Irish music, has travelled all through the country, and taken down the veritable airs from the lips of the peasantry and gentry of the several counties. It is deeply to be lamented that a man who, like Bunting, has a superstitious regard for the old music of his native land, was not Moore's associate. Stevenson's part of the work is not well done. He has very frequently attempted to improve; and all his improvements, an Irishman might be permitted to say, are *improvements for the worse*. He has emasculated some of the finest airs, making that merely pretty which was originally beautiful. Take one notable example. Who would recognise the deep melody of "Oun ke shin den theshin na bonim shin Loe" in the finical emaciated tones of "They may rail at this life?" He has loaded many of the simplest airs, too, with elaborately pedantic symphonies and heavy accompaniments, which are intended to shew his science, but that only display his want of taste. The

very finest melodies, such as "Savourneen deelish," "Oonagh," the "Coolin," "Eileen Aroon," and so on, have been deeply injured by the mode in which they have been set, by stupid alterations in the measure, and by clumsily fantastic tricks. "Oonagh" is completely spoiled. And even in cases where he has given us a beautiful *aliter* air to an old melody—such as the "Last Rose of Summer"—is to the "Groves of Blarney," there are very few indeed who would not prefer the original.

As to Moore's share of the work, it has been, upon the whole, wonderfully well executed. With the single exception of Metastasio, he is the best songwriter that ever lived. The words are always harmonious exceedingly, and always well adapted to the music, unless in cases where he has utterly mistaken the true character of the air; as in "Oonagh," for instance, which is essentially a wild and lively melody, but to which he has set namby-pamby, sentimental words—Stevenson having made the measure slow.

The difficulties of Moore's task, it appears to me, have never been sufficiently taken into consideration. First, he made the words for the music; and was therefore compelled to the nicest management of his consonants, liquids, and open vowels. Byron, who wrote poetry possessing the utmost metrical harmony, yet failed to supply harmonious poetry to music; although the music was written for the poetry. Some of Shelley's small poems, though most deliciously sweet to read, do not sound well with the music to which they have been adapted. Nor, I am convinced, would any of Coleridge's, if set—not even that poem on Love; which is, nevertheless, in itself all music. Now, another, and the greatest difficulty against which the song-writer has to contend, will be seen to be that he is of necessity confined to the use of a small vocabulary. Baretti states, that out of the Italian vocabulary, which contains upwards of 50,000 words, Metastasio was limited to the use of some 8000 words. And surely if this be the case with respect to the language of music, how very small indeed must not Moore's vocabulary have been of words from our cartilaginous English tongue, as it has been called—"Our harsh, northern, grunting, guttural, Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and splutter all."

These difficulties he has gloriously overcome. Burns, the author of several songs exquisitely adapted to the music, had not the same difficulties to contend with. He wrote in a very impure dialect of English, with which he took all manner of liberties, in the way of creation and elision, to suit his purposes. If, then, we take Moore's words apart from the melody, we should be sure in fairness to recollect the difficulties against which he had to contend. We should remember that the music must be in the multitude of instances to the words what the soul is to the body. Why, then, should we criticise the impossible favour of the dead? The melody is the vital principle. That gone, we ought not to wonder that the songs have all the remoteness of metaphysical abstraction, without its depth. They are out of the way of the

ordinary sympathies of all men. Who is excited by the cold jingle of loves and doves, and so forth? or who cares for the shadowy adventures of ancient Celts, or of modern rebels, duskily given forth? Many of his songs, however, do not need one grain of allowance; they are exquisite little poems. All the songs relating to Emmett—that most touching scene in Mary Curran's life—many of those founded on graceful sentiments of love and friendship, several of the more sportive effusions about mirth, and love, and wine, would fall under this category. He appears to have fine sympathies with external nature. How truly and enchantingly is that feeling of holy calmness which we all have felt in gazing on cloud-land, or on the ocean from the summit of stupendous cliffs, or on the sunset, expressed in these exquisite verses:

"How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vespersigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!"

Not one of his songs, however, rises to the dignity of the ode. He is utterly deficient in that dramatic power, so conspicuous in Pindar among the ancients, and in Béranger among the modern lyric poets; a power which Burns, too, displays in a very high degree, in his song, "When wild war's deadly blast was blown," and in his master-work, "The Jolly Beggars." In none of Moore's songs, although he attempts it, have you a story well told; nor do you ever meet with one of those magic epithets which flash on the brain and set it thinking. There is no profundity in his songs; the meaning lies upon the surface: a single reading shews you all; there is nothing left to be hereafter suggested to you.

They are unlike his earlier compositions, by the way,—pure, chaste things—verses for youths and maidens. Moore is a superficial scholar. He is certainly a plagiarist; but he has not, as has been said, stolen much from the minor Greek poets, and other recondite sources. His larcenies are chiefly from the French. In Little's poems, there are some curious instances of this. "The Catalogue" is taken from a chanson by Medard de St. Just, called "Mes

Quinze Premières Années dans le Monde." The lines "To a Sleeping Maid," which I shall not quote entire, but which end with

"Sleep, my girl, or seem to sleep," are clumsily and dully taken from the following song of Du Fresnoy:

LA DORMEUSE.

"Réveillez, vous belle dormeuse,
Si ce baiser vous fait plaisir;
Mais si vous êtes scrupuleuse,
Dormez, ou feignez de dormir!"

But Tom is a cool hand at those matters. Speaking of the first song in his *National Melodies*, he says, in a note, "The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called 'La Statue de l'Amitié;'" the fact being that he has quietly given a free and extremely bad translation or adaptation of the French song; a feat that any body having the faculty of rhyming might have performed—Harfieldo Heavystern the Dutchman, or Miguel Nugent the "Portogee." But why dwell upon this? In the *Irish Melodies*, he has not, I think, had much assistance—unless, perhaps, in some cases from translations of the Irish. It is strange though, by the way, to remark that he has failed signally in the attempt to put

words to melodies like "Savourneen Deelish," to which we had English words before. And, as one more general observation, I may state that he has passed over, altogether without allusion, the most picturesque passages of Irish history—those which occurred after the English conquest—the rebellions of Desmond, O'Neill, &c. &c. His historic songs are all directed either towards events that occurred and persons engaged in the last rebellion, or else to the ludicrous fables of the ancient Irish kings and their glories.

The number now before me is scarcely worthy of its predecessors: a better selection of airs might have been made from the stores at his command.* He has at last put words to that fine old melody, "Cruiskeen Laune;" but they are a complete failure. The verses were doubtless suggested to his mind by Curran's wildly beautiful song, "If sadly thinking." And in one of the verses intended to be most pathetic, he was not unmindful of Byron's gladiator—

"There were his young barbarians all at play."

"To-morrow, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning-star is up,
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff ere we go, boy, go!
We'll take another quaff ere we go!

• • • • •
But daylight's stealing on—
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us at play;
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But, no matter—grasp thy sword, and away, boy, away!
No matter—grasp thy sword, and away!

• • • • •
Let those who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then for Erin and her cause hurra!"

He has also written words to another of the Planxytes, Planxy O'Reilly. They are amongst the very best in the number.

"What life like that of the bard can be—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mounting lark that o'er him sings;
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes—
A fount that for ever flows!
The world's to him like some bright ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod,
So when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!
Oh! what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us that, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found:
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.

* I have lately heard Mr. Morgan (the very best professional singer of Irish songs now in London) sing some "rebelly songs," as they were called, which were new to me, and are extremely beautiful. There is no doubt, from Tom Moore's political associations, he must be in possession of the airs.

Then would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim —
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life—this life beyond ;
 And fix them high in Poesy's sky,
 Young stars that never die !

Then welcome the bard where'er he comes ;
 For though he hath countless airy homes
 To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still from time to time he loves
 To light upon earth, and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how fleet, how far he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes —
 Such signal fires as here are given —
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth."

There is a fine strain of melancholy, and deep truth, too, in the following stanzas. Even in youth, men have their lorn feelings. What must it be in age ?

" Alone in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone,
 Which voices dear and eyes beloved
 Shed round us once, where'er we roved ;
 This, this the doom must be,
 Of all who've loved, and lived to see
 The few bright things they thought would
 stay
 For ever near them, die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng,
 Their smiles to others all belong,
 And want that light which dwells alone
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.
 Where, where the sunny brow ?
 The long-known voice, where are they
 now ?
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain —
 The silence answers all too plain."

The number is, as usual, disgraced by those foolish songs of Celtish triumph over Saxons and Danes. Here is a specimen :

" Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
 O'er the valley of Albin lowering ;
 While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
 That banner of Erin, towering.
 With the mingling shock
 Ring cliff and rock,
 While, rank on rank, the invaders die ;
 And the shout that last
 O'er the dying pass'd
 Was " Victory ! " was " Victory ! " — the Finians cry.

This modest note is appended : " The palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster, built on the Hill of Allen, co. Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated national militia of Ireland, which this chief commanded. *The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.*" One would be inclined to hint to Tom, that Finian is mistaken for Fenni—gentlemen to whom Tacitus's description of their namesakes might apply : "*Fennis mira feritas, fada paupertas,*" &c. &c. The fact is, that the "beating, and bobbing, and thumping" was all the other way. When the English first landed in Ireland, every town and village, every lake and navigable river, was in

the possession of the Danes. The famous battle of Clontarf was not, as Tom represents it, a fight between the Irish and the Danes ; it was a battle between the army of Munster and the army of Leinster. Danes fought on either side. The object of the campaign on the part of the Munster men, Danes, and Irish, was to enforce the payment of a tribute which Munster had imposed upon Leinster, in consideration of having supplied the Lagenians with food during a famine ; but which Leinster men, Irish, and Danes, now well fed, refused to pay. I hope Tom will learn something about these matters as he goes on with his history of Ireland.

Now for Béranger ! — But I will write about him in the presence of the ocean.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WITHOUT controversy, this is an age of extraordinary events,—an age in which the whole world, its nations, their principles, and their practices, are undergoing most amazing changes. We might call it the age of an intellectual and political deluge, in which old things are swept away, and new things, of various shapes and tendencies, are made to appear on the earth, struggling through the storm. But this deluge has its ark also, in which we trust the best principles of our forefathers, headed by loyalty to God and his declared laws, are yet preserved amongst us,—an intrepid little band, of a sound faith and unwavering perseverance, who, in their high commission, like the second patriarchal family of mankind, will come forth above the wrecks of the flood, to replenish, and fructify, and beautify the emerging scene. We say, a little band. It does not require multitudes to give great impulses. The whole testimony of history shews the determined *few* to be the original directors of the *many*, whether to maintain, to destroy, or to restore; and according as those *few* of superior faculties move the many whom the law of such influence places under their power, they make themselves the blessing or the curse of the generation they propel. Nay, by an admirable moral necessity, “what they sow they reap,” either to their own perpetuated honour, holding the people they lead in a well-disciplined guidance to each purposed beneficial end—for the proof of real improvement in nations is submission to just laws—or, on the reverse, when only the demagogues of a vain glory, they pamper the ignorant wills of the crowds at their beck; and seeking popularity at the expense of true patriotism, the natural consequence ensues,—the flattered mob become a host of lawless tyrants, against whose capricious dictates they have left themselves no appeal; and, exaction growing on what it feeds, the very hand that sets it loose becomes an object of contempt, because it has no more to give; and sometimes even a worse fate than disgrace drives the mischievous benefactor, with howling derision, from his seat of fatally misused power.

British annals display a thousand instances of the sway of mind over ani-

mal force and mere personal interest, until it gradually perfected our national constitution into that glorious form of stability and grace which, like the material Pyramids of Egypt, appears to be as inimitable as it is admirable. All the world has admired it, and yet, by a strange destiny, the model so extolled has never been represented by any correct copy. But let us quit history, and at once approach our own times; where we may say, that within the short space of less than half a century, every species of human influence from man on man has been tried—some to great good, others to mighty evil, and on the widest scales. “The cup of trembling has been put into many a brave hand! The kingdoms of the earth have received it, and drank of it to the dregs!” In short, men of courage have quailed, and nations have come down from their high places, because both one and the other had ceased to lean upon truth and probity. When private ambition, or finesse in compassing even a public welfare, take the seats of disinterested service and an honest manner of fulfilling national trust, suspicions between the governed and the government must arise; and that interest is soon by both parties split into two which, by the order of God, like that of marriage, was ordained never to be separated. Then is the time when evil spirits, afloat in such an atmosphere, alight to persuade men into dark and devious paths,—leading, not to the temples of light to which they seem to point in the distance, but to gulfs which lie between, and where many a noble heart and generous head have sunk to rise no more.

We have seen dynasties rise and fall like bubbles on the sea; we have seen republics become empires, and empires shattered into as many shapes and titles of division as may be found in the dictionaries of rule or misrule. We have also seen, that in proportion as these changes have been made from the moral and eventful necessities of the case, and were carried forward on just principles by the successive great men of the state where they were effected, has been and will be that state’s transitory existence or fixedness and prosperity.

These reflections were suggested to

us by an important event which has lately taken place in the new republic of Venezuela, in South America,—we mean the toleration of Protestant worship in that long darkly benighted Roman Catholic country. The usual effect of selfishness and ignorance acting upon a ritual rather than a spiritual principle of religion, having for more than three centuries shut up that portion of the new world from us of the old, it was left to the quick but noiseless growth of a few gracious seeds, wafted thither from our genial soil about a dozen years ago, to ultimately spread a real moral culture over that friendly coast. Its justly celebrated liberator, Simon Bolivar, on rescuing his country from its Spanish bondage, in giving it the name of Colombia, restored it by that honourable appellation to the memory of its renowned discoverer; at the same time his noble and comprehensive mind, which knew of Raleigh as well as of Columbus, gladly received and sowed in the land he had redeemed from the basest vassalage the germs of a British character. The British partisan-soldier sat down in its valleys with his sword transformed to a ploughshare; the English merchant spread his stores on the welcoming strand; and British principles and British practice were revered and imitated.

The principle of the Venezuelan republic is in no way that of a levelling democracy; it is that of gentlemen by birth and station, and of men whom improving education and correspondent conduct may gradually elevate from the humblest ranks to sit in the senate, or finally take the chair of the first magistrate. The principle is to raise talent and virtue, not to degrade existing dignities; hence we cannot but hope that, in effect, if not quite in form, this steady principle may in the course of years establish a national constitution in that country similar, in stability at least, to that of our own, which time and experience have dovetailed, as it were, into our island-rock—the hearts of our people! even as Smeaton delved deep his lighthouse into the Eddystone rock, and no storm has been found to prevail against it.

We shall now advert to the events which induced these observations.

The darkened state of the Spanish Roman Catholic religion while under the cloud of its fearful Inquisition is

fully known in Europe; and that the obscuring volumes of such a test spread a similar night over the vast shores of the Atlantic which owned her sway, we need not take any trouble to evince. During that reign of terror and of gloom, and of a most heart-withering excluding of all real fellowship between the disciples of the Inquisition and the believers of Christ in any other manner of devotion, the latter might indeed be admitted to dwell amongst the sons of the Roman creed; but only as “the beasts that perish” are allowed abiding places with man, because they are useful in their various species to the general service. But those foreign settlers—foreign by their original countries and by their religious creeds—were permitted no spot for their worship of God. If ever performed at all, it must be done in seclusion and secrecy; and when any of them died, no sod in that land of the *auto-da-fé* was allowed to cover the remains of a heretic? They were buried by stealth under their house-floors, or beneath the pavement of their back-yards: silence and night saw them interred—“sown, indeed, in dishonour!” while the embittered tears of sorrowing relatives, bewailing the intolerance that denied their dead a hallowed grave, looked alone for comfort to the awful day of final retribution.

The time, however, drew quickly on for a morning of consolation to rise over those dismal scenes. Nearly five years of peace, and of constant communication between the Venezuelan state and people and our Protestant England, have done their work, in mingling mind with mind, opening heart to heart, and establishing in the confidence of both countries a thorough conviction of a responsive good-will in each. And in consequence of this happy understanding, we find an act from the senate of Venezuela has lately been issued, decreeing liberty of religious worship throughout the republic; and in that liberty all attendant religious rites are liberally included.

This announcement was preceded in the gazette that declared it by the following explanatory exordium, which we translate from its original Spanish; and that its sentiments and words, of the most extensive toleration, should be found to breathe something of the boundless and romantic regions of the wild nature where its chief enactors

first drank the streams of life, may be a matter to excite a double interest in its language; especially, too, when we may consider it to be the honourable as well as curious document of a united race, sprung from ancestors formerly as hostile in faiths as in arms,—the sun-born Incas of the new world, and Spanish cavaliers, rich in the Gothic and Moorish blood of the old!

"TOLERATION AND FREEDOM OF
WORSHIP.

"Let religious persons amongst us not be alarmed, nor those who call themselves liberal reformers flatter their expectations, from the title of our announcement. Some of our propositions may at first appear in an offensive aspect to the extreme of opposite parties; but we do not doubt to readily convince men of candid reflection of the substance of a question, the simplicity and virtue of which short-sighted or perverse persons have sought to render complicate, and lead with difficult, fanciful results.

"The fatal combination of vanity and ignorance, when brought in opposing contact with a disinterested zeal for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, has ever been found to irritate the passions of that inflated ignorance, and all connected with it, to a blind hatred of any ameliorating measures proposed; also, by spreading the contagion of its diseased notions amongst the better meaning of our compatriots, it is found to so mislead them, as to make those very persons irreconcilable with regard to the measures for a public good, who indeed would gladly meet the same intended end, though they demand it by totally opposite roads. By thus straining every body to the same standard—by not allowing that other men may see things differently from ourselves—that the mental eye, as well as the physical eye, may understand that to be one colour, which another apprehends to be of a contrary hue, or at least with some shades of variety,—our own senses become confused on matters for clear judgment. We stumble, as it were, at noon-day, at shadows of our own creation: and whether it be civil or religious objects to which we move, we continually mistake the way or the objects themselves; at one time viewing them with complacency, in the dazzling brightness of an exaggerating imagination; at another, conceiving them to be metamorphosed into the most horrible apparitions of boding danger. But still such self-blinded men cannot stop the regular progress of those who are content to walk fairly on, according to the light that expands before their steps. Superstitious fanatics cannot avert the reign of universal brotherhood, when

its day arrives from the mandate of the Most High; neither can the extravagant *Liberal* precipitate great changes, before they are ordained to come to pass in the order of Providence; nor can he in any case impede the decrees of Heaven in bringing about a necessary event: which law of necessary events, proud Infidelity would rather denominate 'the course of nature' or 'the law of fate,' than own any dependence on the God who made us.

"In times of devastating war, men have little leisure to consider these subjects. We act, rather than think. But when people find themselves at rest from the tumult of such scenes, and the passions which agitate them, they meditate on objects of peace, on the stability of mutual welfare, on the best means of promoting and diffusing public happiness. They then understand the truths of the Christian sage's remark, that *the greatest affairs of this world are but as boys' play; compared with the noble objects of the immortal soul*. And when, in harmony with these impressions, we announce that our clergy and senate of Caraccas are now occupied in forming a decree to allow *liberty of worship* to every order of Christians in our land, we cannot but add the English poet's exordium: 'If it be well done, it were well done if it be done quickly.' That time is worse than lost which delays a benefit. But that it may be a real benefit, to be blessed in its issues by the Father of all mankind, it must be freedom to the different sects to worship in their own way that it grants; not a declaration that all doctrines and modes of worship are equally the same in the estimation of our republic. We know that some intemperate zealots in behalf of religious liberty would be glad to welcome to our shores so many schismatics and heretics, and with an indiscriminate approbation of their various creeds, that the true sons of our ancient Catholic Church (inherited from our ancestors, and in which we trust our descendants will live and die) could not possibly be distinguished in the multitudinous population of crowding sects.

"On the other hand, there are persons who deprecate any contact whatever with a fellow-creature, who, by birth or other circumstances, is a stranger to our venerable church. These our rigid devotees would rather that our country should degenerate into savage ignorance, and reap only the rank weeds of superstition, indolence, and every attendant wretchedness, than admit the enlightened Protestant foreigner, with his lessons of the most valuable import, to find a home on our shores. They would have us send back from our now flourishing fields and opening marts the laborious and talented

stranger, living in peace with our own citizens, and practising every civil virtue, because he worships God in a different manner from ourselves—worshipping him, indeed, with a homage which speaks more to the understanding than to the senses.

“ Both these parties, the liberal and the bigot, are wrong in their views of the object, and the consequences of the proposed toleration. Let us ask these speculators, what population has Venezuela, which would require her to erect temples, maintain ministers, and support the public worship of Protestants of all shades of belief, from Wickliffe to Calvin, and Luther to Zuingles? Where are the Jews and Mahometans, who want synagogues and mosques amongst us? In fact, the population of our land are of the old established faith of our fathers. The followers of the religions above-named are comparatively few amongst us—travellers from afar; and some of them, like the wandering sages of ancient days, fraught with wisdom gathered from many a distant shore. If the ports of our commonwealth are held open to receive such men, the lights of civilisation and national improvements which they bring along with them—and which, in the progress of this age, have illumined with an extraordinary universality the whole world—will gradually, by a reasonable and divine effect, sink all religious disputes into the beneficent oblivion of universal peace and unrestricted fellowship of benefits.

“ We hail this dawn; gratefully considering, that as it appears the God of goodness and of mercy has chosen our era to be the epoch of such welcome fraternity, the epoch of general Christian charity, we should not be amongst the last of his people to gather the healing fruit of his most holy revelation, which, alas! for so many preceding generations of men, their blind passions have perverted to grievously opposite purposes. Let us be amongst the first to put an end to religious persecution—to stop the bloodshed of the martyrs—to throw down the funeral piles of the victims whom human violence brands with the name of heretics. Let us bear in mind, and act upon its principle, the heaven-inspired injunction of the beloved disciple, John the Evangelist, and which he never ceased repeating to the believers in the primitive church, because it was the last precept given by his Divine Master before the awful event of his crucifixion: ‘ Little children, love one another: as I have loved you, do ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.’—*St. John*, chap. xiii.

“ In this era, in this age, when the

relative progresses of all that have gone before have come to so self-evident an issue, we should lose time—as it were lighting a candle to guide us in the face of the sun—were we to go on disputing about what was or was not decreed from eternity. Why will man continue measuring the Infinite God by his own limited comprehension? Let us look to the evidence of facts. Let us read, and see, what Divine and human testimony teach us—what civilisation and the commerce of nations, the communion of the families of the earth with each other in mutual dependencies, inculcate. Is it not the lesson of brotherhood? the tolerance of all manners of worshipping the Almighty Father of mankind?

“ It is not possible, without shewing ourselves most superstitiously ignorant, to assert that man's relations with God, with regard to his conscience, are under the dominion of the Church of Rome, or under the authority of any Protestant government. What is the power on earth, who is the person charged with the commission, to snatch a penitent Catholic from the place of propitiation, a devout communicant from the altar of the blessed sacrament? Further, who is the daring zealot who pretends to disturb in any place of Christendom the pious Protestant, who, in the retirement of his chamber, or the congregation of his temples, shall nourish his soul with the comforts he draws from reading the holy Bible? Nay, for the same reason, who will be so rash as to arrogate a right to break in upon the self-imposed austerities of the devoted *Faquier* in the midst of his sacred wood? or who will attempt to use violence, in order that the sincerely impressed Mussulman should not prostrate himself, and cover his face, to adore the beneficent Creator of all before the sepulchre of the Great Prophet, according to his belief? The times for those deeds are now gone by. We in Venezuela acknowledge no sympathy with their spirit. We know that the God whom we worship is the same Creator whom Arabia adores; that the God of the Christians is the God of the Brahmins. *God is one!* This is the universal creed, when investigated to its source; this is the dogma of reason and the doctrine of revelation; this is the only truth which materialists, and even atheists, prove in the delirium of their idolism, when they are obliged to admit the existence of an independent and operating Being. Our religious belief teaches, besides, that the true Christian church is, and always will continue to be, one—*unam sanctam Catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*; and at the same time commands us not to seek to compel

those who may not yet have heard or accepted her holy invitation to enter her doors. We should draw such persons with the cords of love ; and, while peaceably regretting their being, like wandered sheep, far from the right fold, pray for them, as for ' heathens and publicans,' to be at last led into the blessed way. That such was the practice of the apostolic fathers and their disciples, is revealed to us in these words, *Si ecclesiam non audierit, sit tibi sicut ethnicus et publicanus.*

" We must therefore leave it to the Spirit of God to bring all these jarring elements of men's disputes into the beautiful creation of his one undivided faith. And, meanwhile, let each present professor of different creeds seek to prove the truth of each, by the especial virtues of their individual practice. With regard to the policy of our senate's act, we see that such is occurring in all the nations where extent of territory and numerous population renders such toleration necessary to the amity and well-being of their inhabitants. For instance, France, whose monarch is distinguished by the epithet Most Christian, no longer makes war on its Huguenots, but grants permission to all Christian persuasions within its borders to worship as they will. The United States, in the north of our continent, are also an example of this concord, by having admitted Catholic bishops, and Catholic churches to be built, in the midst of a country inhabited by a people of perhaps every Christian dissenting sect under the sun. Then, again, the Protestants of England, with the established church of that great people, shew the same spirit of an universal conciliation ; having granted equality of rights in every way to the Catholic subjects of her empire.

" Therefore, the question of worship and tolerance seems hardly to bear any further discussion. The approving answer has been made by an almost universal assent from one side of the inhabited globe to the other ; and it only remains that men should manifest their just gratitude for the peace it brings to their own bosoms, by sincerely considering all around them as their brethren by the same creation and redemption ; and in whose temporal as well as eternal welfare it is their duty to be honestly interested ; and to promote both to the utmost of their power, in whatever country, and with whatever people, it may have been the disposition of Providence to lead them to belong."

To this exordium in the *Venezuelan Gazette* succeeded the publication of the act of toleration, in these words :

" The Senate and Chamber of Representatives of the republic of Venezuela, assembled in Congress, considering,

" First, That our constitution, by its article 218, invites foreigners, of whatever country, to settle in Venezuela ;

" Secondly, That religious liberty is an essential part of civil liberty, which the same constitution insures to the native Venezuelans, and to the foreigners resident in our republic ;

" Decree, in a single act, that liberty of worship is not prohibited in Venezuela."

This decree was dated " Caraccas, 17th Feb. 1834, the fifth year of the law, and the twenty-fourth of the independence ;" and is undersigned by all the ministers of government, at the head of whom is General José Antonio Paez, president of the republic.

Within a week after the promulgation of the decree, as if the voice that announced it could have been heard from the brow of the Andes to the shores of the Caribbean Sea, his Britannic majesty's frigate *Forte*, bearing the pennant of Commodore Pell, and having on board Dr. Coleridge, Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, came to anchor off La Guayra, the chief eastern port of Venezuela. The bishop landed, on the invitation of the British consul, who resided at Caraccas, a distance from that port, by ascent of the mountains, of about twenty miles. His two chaplains, and the commodore, accompanied the bishop. We believe him to be the first Protestant bishop who ever set foot on the shore of Roman Catholic South America. We are sure he was the first who came thither on the errand that brought him to consecrate a chapel and a cemetery there according to Protestant rites.

Some time previous to the public discussion of the act of toleration, the British consul had sought and obtained permission from the chief authorities of the state to purchase and enclose a piece of ground near to the city of Caraccas, for the purpose of interring with decency and security the bodies of his Protestant countrymen who died in that land. We have already remarked, that, before this was effected, the remains of such aliens from the Church of Rome were obliged to be consigned to any convenient spot, however liable to future accidents or contemptuous desecrations. Sir Robert Ker Porter, the worthy representative of his country on this occasion, added to the British residents' subscription for the burial inclosure, a small chapel within its walls, to shelter the attendant

mourners from the heat of the sun, or the violence of the elements in the rainy season, during the celebration of the funeral service; which, indeed, belonged to his own official duty to perform, there being no Protestant clergyman in the republic. This little Christian temple and its adjacent churchyard were hardly finished, when the welcome decree we have mentioned came under consideration of the senate. It was speedily decided on and announced. And as a first-fruits of the sincere, liberal, Christian spirit which brought it forward, our English bishop of the nearest coast was invited over to hallow the English burial-ground.

On his arrival, he became the guest of the British consul; and was waited on immediately by the chief counsellors of the state, and other persons of the highest dignities, civil and military. He reached the city of Caraccas on the 22d of February; and on the 26th he performed the important task for which he came. General Paez, the president of the republic, and its chief authorities, were present; as also were the consuls and other ministers from foreign countries, with the British commodore and a train of fourteen of his officers. Besides these, all the British merchants and other Protestant settlers, with numerous ladies and respectable citizens of Caraccas, were arranged to witness the new and solemn ceremony; the large quadrangle of the cemetery receiving the more numerous spectators, which the modest dimensions of the chapel could not contain. We shall present a more detailed description of this interesting scene, by translating the account of a Venezuelan and Catholic spectator, who then saw a Protestant bishop, and heard Protestant worship, for the first time.

"The Lord Bishop of Barbadoes, followed by two of his officiating priests, presented himself fully robed at the gate of the cemetery, where a great concourse of people were assembled to pay the reverend stranger their respects. Within the walls of the extensive inclosure, all the great authorities of our republic then at Caraccas had disposed themselves, to do the occasion honour. From the gate of entrance to the chapel at the head of the spacious field, the lord bishop and his priests walked solemnly between the lines of cypress-poplar which forms the avenue, repeating the twenty-fourth psalm; and when he reached the episcopal chair in the chapel, which had been prepared for him on a platform covered

with rich cloth, he kneeled down as if in silent invocation. He shortly rose; and having taken his seat, the secretary of the British consulate read a petition from the consul, Sir Robert Ker Porter, and other resident Protestants, to his lordship, begging that the cemetery in which he stood, and which they had purchased and enclosed for the purpose of burying their dead, might be consecrated by him according to the rites of their English church. In reply to this, the lord bishop, with his two priests, recited many prayers, imploring the Divine assistance on the present solemnity, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They then walked out of the chapel into the cemetery ground, making a procession all round it, and putting up prayers as they went. The sacred train returned to the chapel; and resuming their places as before, the ceremony concluded with an impressive discourse by the lord bishop, and which could be heard at a considerable distance in the cemetery field, the front of the building being entirely open, like a colonnaded portico. The greatest possible silence and attention prevailed, from the highest individual present to the most simple negro. The sermon opened with a history of cemeteries, from the patriarchal times, when Abraham bought the field of Hebron from the sons of Heth, to bury Sarah his wife; and the subsequent examples his lordship gave of the reverence all nations have paid to the remains of the dead, shewed much learning and devout application to his subject. He beautifully closed that part of his discourse, by calling those consecrated resting-places dormitories of the dead, where the bodies of the saints, undisturbed by the violence of ungodly men, may rest in peace—*requiescant in pace*—until the trumpet of the angel shall awaken them into light and life. But perhaps there was no passage in his sermon more striking than the following:

"When I consider, my brethren, who and whence we are, and where and for what purpose assembled, out of almost every nation under heaven—inhabitants of the Old World, standing in the midst of their brethren of the New, in the very central plain of that New World—I cannot but offer up a fervent prayer to God, that men may in all the earth feel more and more the connecting tie of religion—that as God has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, so may all men, every where, trust more and more in one blood, even the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and be united together under him in one universal church, or body of faithful people, throughout the whole world; necessarily distinguishing themselves, for

order's sake, into particular or national churches; but as branches of the same spiritual tree, agreeing in all essentials, without presumptuously taking away or superstitiously adding thereunto: thus enabling all Christians to communicate with one another in the same scriptural worship; having one hope of their calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.—*Ephes. iv. 4—6.*

"At the last the lord bishop prayed to God for the life and welfare of the president, and for the happiness and prosperity of the republic; concluding with his solemn benediction on all present, in the name of the Holy Trinity.

"His lordship's vestments were remarkably plain; no gold nor embroidery on any of them; nor did he wear a mitre on his head, or carry a crosier. His vestments were merely an *alb* of very fine white linen, with transparent large sleeves of the same unspotted hue; and an ample cassock of black satin, half covering the *alb*. At one time he wore a small black tasselled cap, but at others he stood bare-headed, making a very venerable appearance with his grey hairs and broad clear forehead; his stature being tall, and his aspect altogether full of dignity."

So far our transatlantic correspondent. And we make no apology for the length of this article, because the events it commemorates must be considered by all reflecting persons as an epoch of the greatest importance to the moral and religious improvement of that portion of the New World. The decree insures the continuance of its own established church, to be maintained in its priesthood and other ordinances by guardian laws of the state. And that such establishments are necessary checks to the perverse and selfish natures of men, experience every day shews; for many would rather be without any place of worship, than voluntarily charge themselves with an expense towards one. It seems not to be understood how it can be, and yet it is the fact, that "to Him to whom we owe all the days of our lives, and all the goods that bless us in them," many of us grudge "to give one day to His service, or a mite from our treasures to lay upon His altars."

But while these altars are surely preserved by the reservation of maintaining an established church, in any country which allows liberty of worship to all consciences within its bounds, every thing is granted that reasonable

men of different rituals can desire. And thus we wind up the beautiful picture of general concord, in the words of the Bishop of Barbadoes, drawn on the spot:

"The legislature of the land has said unto us, as did the pious and kind-hearted King of Egypt unto Joseph of old, 'Go up and bury your dead.' The chief magistrate of the land has given the weight of his presence, attended by 'its elders, a very great company,' at once to grace and sanction this our pious undertaking. Our own government has lent its name and aid. Those of the inhabitants whom it chiefly concerns have shewn their sense of its importance by the readiness of their contributions. And in the piety, munificence, and unremitting personal assiduity of the representative of our sovereign, it has found, under God's blessing, its present accomplishment."

A description of the consecration service, and a copy of the bishop's discourse, were printed at Caraccas, not only in the English language, but translated into the Spanish, to be made public amongst the natives of the land, and has accordingly been liberally distributed throughout the whole of Colombia. It has, even in so short a time, travelled across the continent to Peru; where Colonel Belford Wilson, the British consul and diplomatic resident there, following an example so happily consummated in Venezuela, has set on foot a subscription for a similar foundation.

We will not trespass farther on the attention of our readers, by dwelling on the hope of what they must themselves foresee may be the blessed effects of this peaceable landing of the best principles of civilised man on those widely peopled shores. For, let men dispute as they please about links of amity, whether in private life or in public compacts, there is no staple foundation for such bonds of reciprocal prosperity, but that which rests on the Rock of Ages, the religion of peace.

We cannot leave the subject without remarking, to the honourable memory in times to come of the two great compatriot generals of Colombia, Simon Bolivar and José Paez, that each opened a glorious epoch to their country and their continent;—the first gave civil liberty to his country; the second bestowed the freedom of the Gospel.

MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—The object of the satirist is to shew that the evil-doer has no solid satisfaction in his evil-doing, however profitable it may have been to him in a worldly sense. The true comfort, and the only true comfort to the unfortunate, must be derived from revelation. The money-getters, traitors, peace-disturbers, and robbers of every kind, are of necessity atheists, as living without God in the world. In this class of practical infidels must be included those who insult princes and violate charters, as well as those who fritter away their existence in fashionable levities. The present is contrasted with simpler times, when expediency was not the rule of conduct to governors or the governed; and Wisdom was not yet put to the blush by the sect of Utilitarians. The interest excited by malefactors of the worst kind is commented on. The ravages of an evil conscience are exhibited, as simply revenging the injured on the injurious. Infidelity accompanies philosophy, falsely so called; the barriers of law are thrown down; the oppressors work their iniquities with unceasing alacrity; Anarchy advances with rapid steps; while to the believer, shocked, sickened, and having his worldly hopes shattered by the mischievous policy of dreaming Utilitarians, there remains no refuge for the misery seen and tasted, or it may be drunk to the dregs, but in the unseen world, where “the wicked cease from troubling.”

OLIVER YORKE.

SATIRE IX.

THE evil that men do themselves repent,
 Their own ill conscience their first punishment.
 Himself the judge, the villain guilty pleads
 To plots of mischief and nefarious deeds;
 Although mob favour cries him up a god,
 And on his trespass Justice seems to nod.
 For that from thee blind Fortune turns away,
 What years have gathered scattering in a day;
 Or that thou art the victim of misrule,
 Stabbed by a bill—the folly of a fool;
 Thy bills protested, and thy credit sunk,
 That his black brethren may be freely drunk.
 Wilt thou take sorrow so much to thy heart,
 And sink when thine should be the manly part?
 Thy case is common; many must sustain
 The same reverses, with whatever pain.
 Say to Despair, “Aroynt thee, hag!” nor fear,
 Old man! to live thy last-appointed year.
 It is not seemly to achieve the grave
 By bullet, razor, hemp, or flowing wave.
 Shall one, who wrote himself a bearded man,
 Before his Erse yet heard of royal Dan,
 Start in amazement at the tricks of state,
 And groan because himself misfortunate,
 Look back upon the past with mad regret,
 Then hang himself—so paying every debt?*

* Juvenal begins his thirteenth satire with the declaration, that the evil-doer has no satisfaction in his evil-doing; and that in his own judgment he anticipates all other punishment for his delicts.

Several instances of suicide that I know of have occurred in the case of ruined colonists. There may have been many more. It is proper charity to suppose, that most of the persons who commit this extreme case of lese-majesty are demoted. In former times, and now amid the heathen, a man may persuade himself that he has a right over his own life; but those who have any real faith in revelation could not, while in their senses, perpetrate this dreadful act. The barbarous and silly custom of duelling, which combines the offences of murder and self-murder, at once shews the pride of man, and his folly. If the law adjudged stone-breaking on the roads as the punishment for every duel, fatal or not,—for a year or two if not fatal, and for life in the case of murder, to the survivor; and the judges rigidly enforced the sentence, I opine that duels would soon be put an end to in this country.

It will not help thee, therefore please to live,
 Laugh at the fools, and, if thou canst, forgive ;
 Bid sorrow hang, and wisely have no care
 For huckstering statesmen, and their brittle ware.
 Their little day will very soon be past,
 And aged Whiggery must breathe his last.
 A nation's curses, and the devilish scorn
 Of the suborned for traitors who suborn —
 The mockery of fiends, who scarcely stay
 For the last breath to clutch their promised prey,
 Can bring no comfort to the wretched crew,
 When through the dark vale they their course pursue.
 Great is that Wisdom which makes Fortune bow,
 And shews the future better than the now ;
 Which in the sacred books those precepts gives,
 By which who lives for ever blessed lives.*
 Those we judge happy who behold their end
 With hopeful vision, and think death a friend ;
 Content to be, while 'tis the Master's will,
 Life-tenants only on earth's green-patch bill ;
 Yet looking onward to the shoreless sea,
 Shoreless as yet to them — Eternity !
 What day so festive that no ill is done ?
 No web of crime, vice, state-craft, treason, spun ?
 Honour and Faith, poor prostituted names !
 Each mouth in May Fair or in Smithfield shames.
 The Holiest Essence glibly glides along
 The lying tongue. Can Blasphemy be wrong ?
 Not when the huckster swears to clench a lie,
 Or chancellors to vamp democracy.
 What lets to take the sacred name in vain,
 Or sacred things, for idleness or gain ?
 He hears not and He sees not, otherwise
 Men would not bravely mock His ears and eyes.
 Poor worms ! whose tongues, deeds, purposes, defy
 The wakeful scrutiny of Deity.†

He nothing knows, who knows not the delight
 Of monies got by traffic or by sleight :
 What was another's is of greater price,
 However won, by barter or the dice.
 The knowing world laughs at the moralist
 Who would upon his golden rules insist —
 " Nothing too much," and " safest is the mean ;"
 " Let your pure bosom like a glass be seen ;"
 " Sometimes the half is better than the whole ;"
 " Neglect the body, and adorn the soul."
 Does the proud merchant ever give a sigh
 For others spoiled by his prosperity ?
 Do those who work steam-engines think upon
 Vice-ruined souls, and families undone ;
 On bankrupt rivals, and the thousand pains
 To thousand sufferers from their cruel gains ?‡

* Magna, quidem, sacris quæ dat præcepto libellis Victrix Fortunæ sapientia.

† It is said that men must give an account for their idle words. Those who lead others to sin incur the deepest guilt. What will the legislators say, when examined thereupon, who have increased blasphemy and every other species of vice so fearfully by their patronage of " blue-ruin ?"

‡ Wherever there is great gain to any party there must be great loss somewhere to some other. The mechanical improvements introduced into our manufactures have transmuted artisans into gentlemen, and senators in some instances. Immense fortunes have been obtained by individuals, but at the cost of the comfort, and health, and morals of thousands.

The competition in the various branches of manufacture, as well as in the different

The thriving barrister the briefless scorns ;
 His book the author with his face adorns :
 The smile of calm contempt becomes him well,
 Who cares for none whose writings do not sell.
 The woo'd, won, flattered beauty, loves to slight
 The less successful : for the bridal night,
 The party only good, bestows the power
 Of having many a dear tormenting hour :
 " Dearest ! I cannot praise your morning looks ;
 Jane ! the ape-leader has you in his books.
 She marry ! Who would marry her ? Her taste
 In dress is horrid ! What a foot and waist !"
 It matters not her friend or sister hears,
 'Tis triumph to make drop some natural tears.
 When Alfred gladly ate the simple cake
 His rustic entertainer made him bake,
 And gently bore the housewife's angry tongue
 For burning hers ; or, as a minstrel, sung
 In the foe's camp, conning their forces o'er,
 While dinning them with legendary lore,—
 Manners were simple, simple was the time,
 For then frugality was not a crime ;
 Nor wealth was deemed the only corner-stone
 Of greatness ; then the nation was not grown.
 The milk of honesty, that feeds content,
 Was used by people young and innocent ;
 But older stomachs crave a stronger food ;
 What had for them been bad, for us is good.
 Expediency and riches made and make
 Us what we are ; nor these will we forsake.
 Old Honesty may starve ; it will not do
 Now for the nation, or for me, or you.
 Virtue might suit the panoply of steel,
 Or the fair breeders of the common-weal,
 When bows were weapons, and upon the green
 The marks of fairy feet might yet be seen ;
 Or in the reign of gentle Robin Hood,
 The moon's sweet minion, monarch of the wood.
 Then kings were honoured, nobles of account ;
 And steep the steps to honour's arduous mount.
 A brother of the throne stood high, and safe
 From insult, when plebeians chose to chafe ;
 No churl was gentle for his gold-filled bags,
 Though gold was deemed of greater price than rags ;
 But now it is a prodigy to see
 Peasants uncap to those of high degree ;
 Money exalts her votaries to the sky,
 And any Freke may be a Carbery.*

trades, has generated a spirit that is more of a kin to the devilish than the heavenly. England, as a manufacturing country, is to undersell the Continent ; each huckster, great or little, is to do the same good office by his competitors in his particular line of business : the ruin of his neighbour is his good. This system contains in itself the elements of its own destruction. " It is not, nor it cannot, come to good."

The national credit was once sustained by the national faith, as well as by the stability of the government. The faith of the nation is now as a smoke, and the government is about as stable as a house long tottering to its fall. Any serious interruptions to the ricketty wheels of government would at once occasion a national bankruptcy. There are those who maintain that the national debt is a positive good ; it strikes me that the people would rather be excused from paying taxes, and that they have discovered that the making a " rasa charta " of the debt is the speediest mode of their obtaining this exoneration.

* The legend of Alfred is generally known. " Expediency " has been the word of power used for long by our men in office. It is a disgraceful principle. The right

While yet a mighty tract of forest spread
 Over the land, dry leaves the peasant's bed,
 The hospitable rights were duly shewn,
 And guest and host in common used their own;
 For thus e'en painted savages approve
 The holy customs of the Xenian Jove.
 While from the clouds, on forest, hill, and dell,
 For weeks, the fleece of silent waters fell;
 And blazing logs a genial heat dispensed,
 No hedge of frost obdurate manners fenced.
 But now if some good baron gives a beef
 And cask of ale for poverty's relief;
 Or on his tenantry his dame bestows
 Soup, physic, counsel, blankets, breeches, hose,—
 It is a portent! ready types are set,
 Earth rings applause, and heaven must not forget!^{*}
 But if we find one faithful to his trust—
 At once chaste, pious, generous, and just—
 The heaven-descended marvel of our earth—
 Him we compare to some prodigious birth;
 To fish or flies embedded in a stone,
 Before the huntsman built the earliest throne;
 Or to the breeding-boy, or eke the twins
 Grown one where Nature's stewing-pan begins;
 Nor less our wonder than if woven silk
 O'ercanopied the river, running milk.†

has been invariably made to give way to the expedient; and that expedient must, from the nature of the case, be generally determined by men quite incompetent to form a right opinion. Nothing can be expedient, in the strictness of truth, which is not right; and nothing can be right, in doctrine or in practice, which is opposed to the plain letter of that Scripture which Christian Europe pretends to make the standard of morality and government.

The Duke of Cumberland was wantonly, and therefore flagitiously, insulted by one of his majesty's servants; yet that servant continues to be employed by his master.

Titles have been bought again and again. It is not bad policy in the republicans to cheapen the nobility. When the peerage shall be made no longer hereditary, and the bishops sent from the House of Lords, there will scarcely be any difficulty in passing from a king to a president with 10,000*l.* a-year.

* Hospitality is one of the distinguishing features of the ruder society. Selfishness is ever an attendant on luxury. The degree of civilisation may be predicated from the want of true hospitality, which makes no favour of sheltering the weary and feeding the hungry. The Xenian Jove, or the hospitable god, was held in high reverence in the earlier ages. The Cretan and Lacedæmonian polity, from which proceeded the civil law of Europe, considered property as common. It is curious enough, that while this law was in force the Lacedæmonians invented keys.

Martial applies to snow this beautiful expression,—

“Densum tacitarum vellus aquarum.”

“Who sendeth his snow like wool.”—*Psal*m cxlvii. 5.

Nothing can be more absurd than the fulsome compliments paid in the journals to those who, out of their abundance, give annually a dole to their tenantry. From the manner in which any instances of beneficence are lauded, it is reasonable to conclude that, while public charities abound, most of our gentry have deficient organs of benevolence.

† In the earlier ages men were, probably, first brought together into societies from the necessity of mutual assistance against wild beasts. The first great hunter is in this manner indicated as the first monarch.

The breeding-boy,—a case of super-fetation of which I have read somewhere, and which the many supposed to have been what I call it. It occurred in London, and I believe not very long since.

The Siamese twins were joined at the breast-bone. The old notion of the stomach was, that it served the purpose of a digesting or stewing-pan. (I suppose it does.

Whatever good is done is done by most
 For shew; 'tis talked of, though they make no boast.
 The venal hirelings of a venal press,
 Fame's midwives, swaddle any nakedness;
 Pay but the price, then stand on thy renown,
 Till some foe pays—to have it shivered down.*

Some trace to chance whatever man befalls,
 Whatever charms, delights, afflicts, appals;
 The marks of forecast, order, and design,
 Stamped on the brow of Time by Power Divine;
 The march of planets, progress of events,
 Matter and thought, themselves—are accidents.
 Many in fact, if not in word, deny
 The Mighty One, or think He sits too high—
 Too far apart, to see the things they do;
 His vengeance, else, would swift the wrong pursue.
 Or grant that judgments upon vices wait,—
 Their good is present, and the sentence late.
 Who in his senses would not gladly swell
 With fortune's gifts, and take—the chance of hell?
 Live while ye live,—the rest may never be;
 This life is yours, all else uncertainty.
 There is no Ruler, else, judicial awe
 Would better vindicate His moral law.
 Two traitors! mark, the justice visits them,—
 This gets a halter, that a diadem.
 At first the culprit trembles at his thought;
 Again—he trembles less,—the deed is wrought.
 The next offence is easier; greater skill
 In doing fortifies his practised will;
 Suspect him, seize him, hale him into court;
 He smiles, and jests, and makes it all a sport;
 Robber, incestuous, or with blood deep-died,
 Reckless he fosters to the last his pride;
 And, while applauding shouts offend the skies,
 A saint, a martyr, or a hero dies!†

* I presume no one will deny that the journals of the day, with a few honourable exceptions, are only the blow-pipes of the different factions. If every editor of a newspaper who blew hot and cold on the same person, and boxed the compass of politics, crying out and proclaiming as a right and steady course every change in the direction of the state vessel, or of the mob fire-ship, according to his party, had a satyr to deal with him, such as school-boys read of, which of them would escape kicking? It would be as easy to count those who escaped as to tell the number of premiers in the present reign.

Those who are initiated understand the system of puffing and detraction. One of the papers opens its columns at the arbitrary price of its dictators: they charge what they please for praise or calumny. I suspect that the mischief done by the gentlemen of the press exceeds their good by a very considerable amount.

† "Faith is the evidence of things not seen;" the advantages obtained by money can be seen, touched, tasted. The theoretical infidel is not unfrequently a moralist: every individual whose life is regularly irregular, who makes self-aggrandisement, by whatever means, his sole object, who delights in bargains, and is a busy body; whoever, in short, habitually breaks the two commandments, reverence for his Taskmaster, with the thought of his perpetual presence, and love for his neighbour, is a practical infidel. This infidelity may and does accompany the highest profession of godliness. No nation that I am acquainted with from observation or history has incurred the guilt of practically denying Providence to a greater degree than the English of the present day. With greater advantages than any people was ever endowed with, they shew their gratitude for these rare gifts and extraordinary privileges by manfully dashing themselves against the bosses of the buckler of the Almighty. The contest will be found rather unequal. The Autocrat will manage his affairs in his own way, despite the most vigorous efforts of the English to take the administration out of his hands.

Fond man! who mournest for thy altered state,
 Calling thy ruin an unhappy fate;
 Art thou so sad because the wretched tools
 Of factious knaves and honourable fools
 In thy fair island-home must fill thy place,
 Whilst thou must crouch with poverty's disgrace?
 Think not, because no mildew blights their green,—
 Thunder nor Thunder's sister heard or seen,—
 That sleeps the vengeance sure, though lingering long,
 For injured weakness on the injurious strong.
 Honest thy grief; for who suspects the wo—
 The genuine tears which for lost money flow?
 Yet 'tis a trifle, when 'tis duly weighed;
 What is thy loss, to the whole state betrayed?
 Let aged Belisarius beg for pence;
 'Twill be the same a hundred summers hence.
 Console thyself, and cheer thy useless gloom;
 Thine but anticipates the nation's doom.
 The heartless prayer will in turn be prey,—
 The glorious bankrupt of another day;
 Who wonders at the wretched Cretin, where
 A field of snow makes white the dazzling year?
 At bearded women, where the Tagus flows;
 Or at the three-inch feet which China shews?
 At breasts of Meroë, where Dart and Teign
 Include the riches of the Devon plain?
 Why wonder that a Whig robs, plunders all?
 It is the nature of the animal.†

"And shall there be no fitting punishment
 For those by whom, in rude disorder blent,
 The right and wrong are so perplexed, that we
 Who would do right the right way cannot see?"
 Suppose them hanged and quartered, does this mend
 Thy state, or hunger from thy brood defend?
 "Well, it is right that traitors still should bleed;
 Revenge would dull the agony of need."

With very few exceptions, in comparison of the number of executions, a man that is hanged makes his last appearance on any stage in one of these three characters—a saint, a martyr, or a hero. Cook was a saint, Thistlewood a martyr, and Thurtell a hero. This being the case, there must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

* By Thunder's sister is meant Lightning. Æschylus calls Smoke the flickering sister of Fire. Peele, in the drama *David and Bethsaba*, which Mr. Campbell has praised for the versification, calls Lightning twice in one passage the spouse of Thunder.

"At him the Thunder shall discharge his bolt;
 And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
 Sit ever burning on his hateful brows."

†

"Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? aut quis
 In Meroë crasso majorem infante mamillam?"

The Swiss disease is called the goitre. The Cretin is an idiot of the same country. It is said that snow-water produces Cretinism, as well as the goitre. The women of Devonshire are remarkable for the same mammary exuberance which distinguished the ladies of the Æthiopian Saba.

The "date obolum Belisario" is a striking commentary on the emptiness of human greatness, when it is remembered that he was the greatest man of his day—the conqueror of kings. Another instance is furnished in the history of Gelimer, king of the Vandals, who surrendered to Belisarius after a desperate struggle. "When the royal captive accosted his conqueror, he burst into laughter. The crowd might naturally believe that extreme grief had deprived Gelimer of his senses; but in this mournful state unseasonable mirth insinuated to more intelligent observers that the vain and transitory scenes of human greatness are unworthy of a serious thought."—See Gibbon's *Hist.*

This is the language of some barbarous clown,
 Who for a word would burn a farm-house down.
 This Chalmers would not say, nor Benson,—taught
 To know, that man left to himself is naught.
 Revenge bespeaks a little grovelling mind;
 It pleases women and the monkey-kind.
 Let them then live; the punishment is theirs
 Of guilty conscience, and its hell of cares.
 They, like the serpent-brood, that impious feeds
 Upon the matrix which their substance breeds,
 E'en in their pride of lust shall helpless die,
 Surviving only in their infamy.*
 In their own breast the tell-tale witness speaks;
 On them the spectral night its vengeance wreaks.
 For meditated ill,—for wrongs achieved,—
 An injured nation and a monarch grieved,—
 For laws thrown down and trampled into dust,—
 For violated honour, oath, and trust,—
 For rapine, sacrilege, lust, treason, pride,—
 Their man exalted and their God defied,—
 For all the vilest Whig can think or do,—
 They one and all at last must dearly rue.
 They have no pleasure in the bed of state;
 They feel their wretchedness; they know their fate;
 Upon their house-tops furies wave their hands;
 While murdered children glare in gathering bands; †
 They see the murdered in their thirsty sleep;
 Their morning eyes are red; they cannot weep.
 Their own misdeeds oppress them day and night;
 Their thoughts life's sweetest charities affright.
 The father fears to trust his hopeful son,
 Whispers his plot—then thinks himself undone;
 The husband fears to sleep beside his wife;
 All is discomfort, wretchedness, and strife.
 Nor odorous ledanon, nor opiate drink,
 Can make the wakeful conscience cease to think; ‡
 They start at shadows, and dread visions see,
 And walk upon the edge of jeopardy.
 Let them but feel a pain that marks disease;
 Though fever burn them, they with terror freeze;
 What would they give, while tossing on their bed,
 To call up Baillie from the peaceful dead? §
 If yet he lived, by his prevailing art
 He from their sides might draw the clinging dart;
 They dare not on the true Physician call;
 The sheet that covers them they think a pall.
 In thought they see grave, coffin, hearse, and mutes,
 And Folly's figures dressed in sable suits.
 But, ah! the after-dreams of that last sleep,—
 The fearful plunge,—the deeper deepening deep,—
 The sulphurous cauldron of the dread abyss,
 Whose waves for ever bubble, boil, and hiss,—
 Undying torments, and unending life,—
 There, there avails not bullet, bowl, or knife;
 Now, now they feel their souls they cannot slay —
 The rushing spirit leaves its house of clay.

* For a description of the serpents alluded to in the text, see Herodotus, lib. iii. ch. 109.

† The classical reader will remember Cassandra's language in *Æschylus*. The children here spoken of are those of the factories.

‡ The ledanon is a product of Arabia.

§ Dr. Baillie, the most celebrated physician of his day, brother of the poetess.

When 'tis too late, the dying wretch lives o'er
 The life of guilt his latest hours deplore.
 He jumps "hereafter" in his act of crime;
 Denies eternity, believes in time.
 But when that time, life's certain thief, is run,
 He feels his being is but just begun;
 The parting spirit finds his doubtful fear,
 "End-all" unended, and hereafter here.
 None at the first intends his after-guilt;
 "Am I a dog? by me shall blood be spilt?"*
 He spills his victim's blood; then to the score,
 More hardened, adds a hundred murders more.
 From small beginning mighty crimes ensue;
 Remembered treasons pave the way for new.
 The demagogue first oils his slippery tongue;
 The birth of freedom is by patriots sung;
 Degrees are hateful; all are equal born;
 The church a pest; nobility a scorn;
 A monarch is a very worthless thing;
 A block, an axe, a mask—that was a king!
 Yet deem not 'tis a triumph; live and learn;
 Look on with patience, nor for vengeance yearn.
 The doddered oak and rotten Whig must fall;
 Vengeance is His—the Judge will settle all.

* I have done little more than illustrate Juvenal in this passage, with the addition of the apprehensions following from the belief of a future state, which he implied rather than expressed. From this and some other passages in the Roman satirist, one is half disposed to believe that he was a Christian.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is a question that would be asked, in spirit if not to the letter, by any person just beginning his career of vice and infamy, if told by one he respected that he would probably commit murder, or be a traitor.

The executioner of Charles I. wore a mask.

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay." The murderer is conscious of guilt. Some traitors labour so hard to persuade others, that they at last persuade themselves they are patriots. Oliver Cromwell and Joanna Southcote began as hypocrites, and ended as fanatics. I can just imagine a downright Whig believing himself to be honest: he has talked so much of his being so, that he has at last converted himself to believe it. It is a dangerous faith.

No. LIV.

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

AY! there's the end of it! We all know what Dr. Radcliffe said to Queen Anne, when she asked him what brought on the gout. There sits James Smith, with his foot pressing a soft cushion, his elbows propped by the arms of an easy chair, his hand resting on a crutch, his hair departed from his head, his nose tinged with the colours of the dawn, and his whole man in a state of that repose which indicates that he has had much work in his way while sojourning in this world, and that, like Falstaff, he is taking his ease in his own inn, the Garrick—a club of gentlemen which in a great measure would answer the description given by that worthy knight of his companions in arms, as being principally composed of “gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus—discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen.” Among them sits James Smith, regaling them with jokes, which, if they are not quite as good as those of Falstaff, have at least the merit of being at least as old.

The name which he bears has excited some rather elaborate wit in *Don Juan*—

“ ‘Mongst these were several Englishmen of pith—
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith;”

and so forth. It is, in spite of this and many other jokes of the same kind, one of the most honourable names in the world. It is derived directly from Tubal Cain. As old *Verstegan* sings, after some far older authority—

“ From whence comes Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith who workéd in the fire?”

And what descent can be more noble? The Smith has, however, not been especially famous in our literature; and in the present case is distinguished only by some cleverly hammered out jokes. Whether James or Horace were the principal hammerman, is a question in doubt among the critics who employ themselves in discussing matters of such moment. We incline to those who think that any thing of value in the *Rejected Addresses* is to be attributed to the pen of James. But as Horace (Flaccus, not Smith) remarks, “*grammatici certent*”—we shall not dogmatise on the subject. It is certain that James lays no claim to the novel-writing honours of his brother. With respect to the *Addresses*, he is content to “partake the triumph;” but he has no notion that he is called upon to “pursue the *Gale*”—no, nor the *Reuben*, nor the *Brambletye*, nor any thing that is his—viz. Horace’s.

James Smith was an attorney, and is a pleasant, twaddling, pun-making, epigram-manufacturing, extempore-grinding, and painstaking elderly joker. He made one hit, and that was a good one; on the strength of which he has lived ever since, as indeed he deserved to live. We cannot recollect that he wrote any thing in the book line except his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses*, unless he had a hand in such stuff as *Jokeby*, or *Horace in London*. His magazine papers in the *New Monthly* were rather monotonous; and his continually quoting of them for years afterwards has contributed in a great measure towards getting him, so generally as he is, considered to be a bore. But let him have his praise. His single talent was a good talent, and there is no reason why he should wrap it up in a napkin. We have already alluded to the universal diffusion of his name among us English folk, and its trite and ordinary sound in our ears. It is perhaps more congruous on that account with the station which he has chosen to hold in our literature. His place there is of the Smiths, Smithish. In his own magazine essays, it was a favourite pastime to represent Mr. Deputy Higgs of Norton Falgate aping the great, and very much disparaged for the parody. To Scott, to Southey, to Wordsworth, to Byron, Smith is what this Norton-Falgatian is to the gentlemen of White’s. He is, therefore, well named; and let him not repine at his “compellation,” as in former days, when, walking in Oxford Street with Wilson Croker, he observed over a shop door “Mortimer Percy, tailor,”—“Is it not too hard,” said James, then fresh from all the honours of the *Rejected Addresses* about him, “that two such grand and aristocratic names should be the lot of a tailor, while two wits and gentlemen are moving about the streets afflicted with the names of Croker and Smith?”

No—the name is right—

And may the Garrick hail with loud acclaims,
For many a year, the gouty jokes of James.



Yours faithfully
James Smith

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES".

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SPANISH LEGENDS.

LEGEND THE FIRST, THE LAYING WASTE OF AURIA.*

A voice of lamentation and dismay—one loud and woe-fraught voice—was heard from universal Spain! From the rock of Gibraltar to the farthest recesses of the distant Asturias, desolation, mourning, and woe! The kingdom was departed from the Goths, the throne of Roderick was cast down, and haughty Spain was destined to wear the yoke of the Mahometan invader. It was a fearful sight for Christian eyes to see! the old and the miserable—the weak, the infirm, and the defenceless—the mother with her infant in her arms—the devotee with the rescued crucifix—the young man and the virgin—the husband with his half-fainting wife,—all thronged the highways, fleeing from their long-cherished homes to the walled cities, to escape the sword of the merciless unbeliever! Since the “eight† days’ conflict,” the terrible enemy had marched furiously on, “from conquering to conquer!” The fiery Arab and the relentless Saracen were linked to the remorseless sons of Africa. One faith had made them brethren; one spirit of fierce religion and enthusiastic ambition had made them conquerors. No barrier stemmed, save for a moment, the rapid rolling tide of their victories; it swept alike over villages and cities, overwhelming by its force stronghold, and tower, and fortified place, with undistinguishing desolation! “The land was as the garden of Eden before them—behind them it was a barren desert!”

But not with ignominy did the Gothic empire fall; no heritage of shame was bequeathed to the children of Spain: by treachery of traitors and apostates was the kingdom of Roderick lost. Yet there was long and desperate fighting for the noble prize: the Gothic armies shrunk not; they were cut down—they perished utterly! but not till the plains of the south were drenched with Moorish gore,—not till the waters of Xeres flowed red with the blood of the children of the Pro-

phet! And even then, when the armed hosts of Spain and her chieftain were no more, in the neighbouring plain of each tower and town there was a deadly battle to be fought and won: from the snow-crowned range of the Nevada Mountains to the valleys of the Pyrenees lay one vast battle-field for the advancing Moors.

It was a woful time for Spain!—it was as if some mighty torrent should rush unnaturally from the deep-worn channel which it had kept for ages, and overwhelm with frightful destruction the unsuspecting villages scattered upon its ancient banks; so mighty was the desolation, and so strong! Nay, it was as if a new cataract had leapt from every mountain-top and deluged every valley; so unlooked for, so resistless, was the sudden devastation!

Fair Andalusia was the first victim. From sea to sea, and from the southern rock to the Alpuhara hills, the cities were burnt with fire—the temples were desecrated, and holy men cast forth—a whole population was exterminated by the sword, and even the once-beautiful fields and verdant vales were withered beneath the scorching feet of the African and the Arab! And what Andalusia then was, all Spain was destined to become! * * * *

From the watch-tower on the battlements of Auria there went the startling cry, “The Moors! the Moors! they come! they come!” and it was echoed by a thousand tongues, from tower to tower, from battlement to battlement, from palace to palace, from home to home,—“The Moors! they come! they come!” And there was no sound of trepidation, nor thought of quailing—no noise of the preparing army—no hurrying to and fro—no haste—no terror; all was ready. Nine days had the gates of Auria stood open, from sunrise to sunset, to receive within its walls the wretched fugitives who crowded thither from the country round, fleeing at the approach of the fierce Mussul-

* Now called Orense. It was utterly destroyed—“*depopulavit usque ad solum.*” — *Old Chronicle.*

† The battle lasted eight days and nights, in which the kingdom of the Goths was overthrown.

mans ; nine days did the walls of Auria offer their transient asylum, and then the massy gates were made fast, lest all might die of famine ; for increasing multitudes, now daily, hourly, poured in—and scarcely had the sound of the closing portal reverberated in the ears of the men on guard, before that thrilling cry went forth from the watch-tower,—"The Moors ! they come ! they come !"

One hour elapsed—an hour of patient unquivering resolve—gathering intensity each moment ! It passed, and the gates of Auria were besieged—not by the Moor ! not yet by the Moor ! but by the frantic host of the country population, who clamoured wildly for admittance ! An hour more, and the augmented myriads might alone have peopled a city ! In vain were they told that Auria was thronged already ; each word of parleying was an attempt to pacify despair, and their clamour grew the fiercer and the louder ! Each moment the terrible enemy drew near ; the imploring looks of the women and their passionate cries had proved too powerful artillery to be withstood by the soldiers who looked down from the fortified height (though they had been deaf to the taunts and imprecations of the men). But the chiefs were unmoved from their resolve ; with stern faces, though with hearts wrung with poignant anguish, they refused to open the gates,—foreseeing well, that then immediate destruction must come on all. But those implements of defence that could be spared were thrown from the walls ; and the men without had hardly time to muster as a rampart around their wives and children, ere their pursuers appeared. The soldiers of Auria would fain have sallied forth to their help, but the gates at such a crisis could not be opened ; it had been mad heroism to attempt it. And now with outcries loud, and with a wild ferocity, the Mahometans rushed on their prey ! At first, the reckless Goths, with iron front, stood still,—then, as if by one instinctive impulse (though with such scanty arms), they charged their foes with a daring fury that gave them a vivid knowledge of the reception they were to receive at Auria, and taught their countrymen, who looked ghastly from the battlements, the lesson that Leonidas and his three hundred once taught the men of Greece. The re-

sistance, desperate and ineffectual, was quickly over ; then came a horrible slaughter of the old men and the infirm—a savage butchery of the women—and then a pause ! It was night !

The conquerors rested one day from their work of blood—haply to take breath, haply to await the coming up of fresh hordes of their sanguinary brotherhood, who were fast hastening on. No capitulation was asked, no terms were offered ! The third day came and went by ! The besieged Christians grew indignant at the forbearance of the infidels. A thousand of the bravest prepared to go forth against them, and Alonzo was at their head—a noble chief !

Bent on the lofty enterprise, the heart of Alonzo leaped exultingly within him, and he urged on his gallant steed with a keen delight. He had been absent from the fight of Xeres, warring in other lands. The rumour of his country's overthrow had reached his ear full soon : the fearful progress of his country's foe was no concealed, no doubtful, hidden thing ; it was an astonishment and a fear to the nations of Christendom ! a thing gazed at from far,—a prodigy before which men trembled, as if a comet, unknown before, had made sudden appearance in the sky, and with a lightning swiftness was sweeping on towards the devoted earth ! Alonzo had soon heard the victory and triumph of the Mahometans over his native land, and hot indignation and thoughts allied to self-reproach glowed within him. Surely, he needed not the knowledge that Elfrida, his betrothed, was in the land devoted to the destroyer, to give wings to his returning speed !

When last he stood in his palace-hall, his thoughts, his day-dreams, were but of glory and pleasure. His shame for the bitter reverse had been as a scorching fire within him, and now it was about to blaze forth ! Elfrida had found refuge in Auria ere Alonzo had arrived ; for not till the ninth day did he reach the city : a numerous armed train came with him.

When the long flowing standards of the Mahometans were first seen in the distance advancing, the warrior and his betrothed were alone, looking forth from the rampart-tower.

"Far, far away," said the chief, "where the standards of blasphemy now are flying, lies our beautiful do-

main ! Ours ! no, 'tis a weak vanity which prompts that word ; it is *not* ours, *will not* again be ours, Elfrida ! Even now it is trodden down beneath the hoofs of the infidels ! Methinks, too, they move but slowly on ; I have watched them this long time now, and yet they seem to advance not."

Elfrida's flushed countenance was turned towards him, but she grew not pale with fear. As the warrior looked on her,—"They will not murder you," (he said) Elfrida ! they *could* not murder you !" and then pausing, he added, in half-doubtful, half-serious tone,— "What think you—may you not yet become a Moorish bride ?"

She started at his words, as if unholy sounds had then first reached her ears ! "And is it Alonzo ?" she asked abruptly ; "is it Alonzo ? Does Alonzo demand if Elfrida has an apostate's heart ?" Her voice, her gesture, her face of beauty distorted into horror, amazed the Chief ; but ere he could reply, that voice, that gesture, that horror had changed ; the large tear glistened in her eye. She leaned her forehead upon his arm : "O, Alonzo ! could I forget the days of infancy and youth through which we were trained up side by side, even from the time when we first were taught together the same sacred prayer of childhood ? Could I forget ? Could I lose memory of the hours of delight to me that later years have brought, when we roved together in our pleasant evening valleys ? Could I forget *this* hour ?" and she stopped, for her full emotion choked all articulate sound ; while the chief replied with hurried words,—"Yes, forget *this* hour ! that moment of it, at least, forget, in which so unworthy a thought found utterance !" But lifting herself up, and looking on him, the lady said, with firmer tone,— "Now hear me, Alonzo ! and forget not hereafter what now I say. I charge you, devote not your life to speedy destruction ! not for *my* sake, not for *your own*, but for Spain, I bid you do it not ! Wait awhile, and when Auria is no more, and we poor women are honoured with so proud a tomb as these demolished towers, then stay not for vain, passionate revenge, but fly to the farthest Asturias ; for many a warlike knight still lingers there ; and be it yours, Alonzo, with them, to redeem our country from these unbelievers !" She ceased. Wondering, yet delighted,

Alonzo exclaimed, "Lady mine ! I consecrate this sword to Spain ; but *you* shall not perish here ! I may not be sparing of my life ; if *Heaven* shall be so, we will not be parted, Elfrida ! and I ask of *you* one pledge. 'Tis given. "If the infidel prevail against Auria, you will meet me *HERE* ! Now, we must part !"

Day closed not before the foe arrived.

* * * * *

Since the Mussulmans had encamped before Auria three days had passed ; and now Alonzo and his troop were leading on the impatient sally. The city gates are closed behind them—and now they join the enemy !

Such furious encounter the astonished invaders had never known ! Each Gothic arm was raised for deadliest vengeance, and long time the conflict seemed but a miserable havoc of Moorish life and limb. Before the Christian band the unbelievers fled apace, as though they deemed that fiery Eblis with his attendant demons, was taking vengeance for their three days' delay ! The thousand men of Auria long hewed down their foes with unrelenting rage. Many a hecatomb had they offered up for their massacred countrymen, and they themselves were yet unscathed. But at length the battle thickened round them. Alonzo recalled the heroes ! The Mahometans had arisen in their numbers and their might, and there was a frightful carnage of the Goths !—while fighting their way back to their city four hundred fell. But prayers and thanksgivings were made in Auria when the six hundred returned with their chief.

No more delay was known in the army of the exasperated invaders. There was no respite now, no mercy, for the Goths ! yet day by day they baffled the Moors, though even the solemn hours of night (night, that wretched and toil-worn men so often long for !)—the hours of appointed rest for them—brought no repose ! but the war-cry of the Moslems and the clash of assailing scimitars—the noise of turbaned desperadoes up-mounting some new breach, or rolling headlong from the precipitous summit, with the high-rejoicing shout of the Christians as they fell,—such sounds of stirring strife startled the nightly echoes of the silent city, and ceased not from evening fall to morning dawn ! *

* * *

There was wailing in Auria, such as had not been heard before ; and groans of long-suppressed despair burst from the wide city, as from one voice ! **FAMINE WAS COME !** The old men and the chief of the people were gathering together instinctively—a natural senate—and expectation beat insufferably in every bosom ; but none spoke of yielding to the hated conqueror. Then one rose up to speak. He was an aged man, majestic, and prophet-like, though his sword was at his side. His head was uncovered, and his long, thin, snow-white hairs hung down upon his shoulders ; but his voice was deep and clear, unbroken by his age or his miseries.

“ Let us not yield ! ” he began ; “ let us not yield ! Heaven yet may send deliverance ! ” The old man looked round on the famished multitude, and then he lifted his eyes to heaven. Again gathering all his energy, he broke the silence : “ Which of us is there who hath not already faced death a hundred times ?—and who fears it now ? For myself, I am resolved. I am old—too old ; I have lived, alas ! too long ; therefore I will not henceforth eat the bread that is daily brought to me. I leave it for the youthful and the strong ; and many others will do the same most gladly. This, then, is my counsel. There is food enough in Auria to serve you sparingly for nine days more, even if all partake ; but now cast lots, and divide the city : thus the half of you may hold out for eighteen days more against these godless Africans. Heaven yet may send you help. Let the other half of the people take their lot with me ; let us retire to the east part of the city, and meet our fate of famine now—it will be but claiming our martyr’s diadem some ten days earlier ! Or, those who will, let them dash forth against the enemy, to die, or make escape to the mountains ere they are cut off.” The old man disappeared—there was a stillness like death !

Oftimes there are heard the stifled and underground rumblings, that go before and tell the coming earthquake : and thus low muttering voices began, at length, to move among the multitude—half-murmuring unspeakable things ; and rapidly they grew to louder signs of agony, though at intervals an awful silence chained every tongue !

And now, “ The Moors ! the Moors !

fly ! fly ! ” rang from the battlements. The assembled throng stood paralysed—each sword was drawn—they stood unmoved ; for whither could they fly ? The remorseless infidels had prevailed—their camp girded the walls—their infuriated hosts were pouring in ! Auria was lost !

It was near the close of day, and the sun went down in darkness ; but all night long the stubborn Goths maintained the contest : their ranks growing thinner, their resolution firmer, every hour ; and when morning dawned, they were astonished at their diminished numbers. Soon they were cut down, as ripe corn that waits for the mower’s sickle : man by man they fell, till not one remained to lift up sword against the destroyer.

Alonzo, with twenty of his faithful followers, had turned moodily from the unequal contest ; and where was now Elfrida ? The tower where he had appointed to meet her was half in ruins, and as he rode towards it, he saw that it had been resorted to as a refuge-place by a crowd of his wretched countrywomen, who were still defended from the barbarians, with a leonine fierceness, by a band of their unyielding brethren and fathers, now wrought up to more than madness—goaded to a savage valour.

Alonzo and his troop charged at full speed through the hostile ranks, and with one effort gained the tower. The phalanx of Goths opened to receive him, and shrieked as with a frantic joy when they saw their chief still lived. The pledge he had received from Elfrida was redeemed ; she was there, and the warrior’s fire-flashing eye fixed instantly upon her. Not a word was said. He turned his foaming horse, which leaped ungovernably forward, “ And now, by the holy cross ! ” he cried, “ these God-aborred heathen shall have no easy victory ! ” Not long was it ere the Mussulmans saw and remembered that crested helmet, that long sword of power, which they first had known in the battle before the walls of Auria (and which, since that slaughtering day, they had grown familiar with), meeting them at every breach, among the foremost to repel them. They had been held at bay some time by the hardy Goths, who fought more like demons than men, and now they retreated precipitately. This was the crisis ; and Alonzo, seeing

many of his countrymen driving the fugitives before them, seized the moment. He hastened back to the tower; some others, too, came with him on like errand; and ere half an hour had gone, Elfrida had passed from Auria, whose palaces now flamed from heaven, and at her side rode Alonzo and his twelve remaining men.

Three days of unsparing carnage, three days of devouring fire, and Auria was laid low in the dust—each home a sepulchre! the smouldering ruins of each shattered palace, as a monument of death! each remaining tower, with its tottering walls, a charnel-house, heaped full with human bones!

Alonzo, as he rode on, looked back upon the fallen city; the out-streaming flags of Moslems were following distantly, and arms were gleaming in the sun-rays. He was pursued! The Mussulmans had not yet slaked their thirst for Christian blood: to let but one victim escape was a generosity they knew not; rather, to them (the votaries of a Moloch-creed) all mercy seemed impiety. The fugitives pushed on their anxious flight, over a plain all strewn with signs of rude destruction. They fled for the north, but the Moors came on with a whirlwind swiftness; and while yet in the precincts of Auria, the horse on which Elfrida rode dashed on a broken helmet, and fell. It was fatal. Alonzo shouted to his men, "Turn! turn! we must meet them!" and they had hardly obeyed his command, and reseated the fallen and scarcely conscious lady, when their pursuers were with them. Not a moment was there for deliberation; the multitude of Moors surrounded the heroes, and such battle between such combatants could not long endure. All covered with his bloody wounds, Alonzo fell; Elfrida saw, and threw herself from her horse to die. Yet, midst the rude turmoil, no welcome hand was raised to strike her; the wild war-horses harmed her not; and in an hour she was a captive in the tents of Islam.

A faithless Goth, who had abjured the cross, was guardian of the prisoners. Elfrida was not the only Christian there—three others of the daughters of Auria were with her; and this wretched man's was the only human face they saw for many days. So that among a strange people, whose language they under-

stood not, even his face they became glad to see, and marked the times of his periodical return. He was their sole interpreter whenever orders came from their enslavers, and (but at such times) rarely did he speak. Yet they learned to long for the sound of his coming feet; and even that recreant voice was not abhorred, for it spoke their dear native tongue! All, save these three, had perished; and for them was reserved the choice of death or black apostacy. Yet it was no hard imprisonment that they endured; and only for the strict surveillance and vigilant confinement, could theirs be called the captive's lot. They were all young, all beautiful, all orphans; before their eyes their fathers, mothers, kindred, lovers, friends, had all been slaughtered, and they (oh, depth of ignominy!) were only spared to satiate the lust of some of the barbarous conquerors. Soon came the hour when they must choose between life with dark dishonour, and death with deathless fame. The fallen and haggard face of the withered old Goth was blanched as with fear while he spoke his dreadful message—"Die! or reject the faith of the Crucified!" Not with unquivering voice he uttered it. His frail prisoners knew not the tremblings that he knew. With them there was no timorous lingering in suspense, no clinging love of life struggling for the mastery. They paused not, but looking all their bitter scorn at the apostate, made their quick choice of death; then singly were led forth and died! Elfrida's turn arrived: erect she moved, and thoughtfully. With calm voice, turning to the Goth, she asked, "May I have time to think upon my choice?" By him the question was soon put to his masters, and answer was returned, "Twelve hours you may have; *then* your decision must be given!" And many a Moslem eye, dazzled by her radiant beauty, followed the queen-like captive while her guards led her back to confinement.

The third hour came, and the interpreter arrived; for at such intervals he was commanded to return, and only at such intervals, on pain of death. He essayed not as usual to speak to his prisoner, for Elfrida did not turn to look on him as he entered. He departed.

The sixth hour came, and with it again came the Goth.

"Lady, I have good tidings!" he said; "Abdelazim, a noble Arab of our camp, has sent me to you; for he condescends to say he loves you. Now surely, lady, you will not deem it a hard fate, to live and be his favourite bride! But listen, and I will tell you more. It was Abdelazim who raised you senseless from the ground, when you had else been trodden underfoot on the fields, not far from Auria. It was he who saved you from the sword of his companions who overtook your flight, and brought you hither in security."

"Methinks," asked the haughty lady, "he had a nobler turban and richer raiment than his fellows?"

"He had," the Goth replied.

"Then it was he, too," she exclaimed, "who smote down Alonzo, the bravest chief of all that fought at Auria! Now hear me, Goth! I, too, have a message to deliver. Doubt not I have resolved to die! think not I fear it! A thought had haunted me, through all last night, that Heaven had spared me for some other fate, and soon would shew forth its all-quelling power to help me. Think not, then, it was weak hesitation made me ask this twelve hours' respite; I deem that I have weighty business yet to live for. Ay, nor will I go down to the grave till it be accomplished! Bethink you, now! What are you here?—a despised apostate, that even these barbarians half mistrust; and in some fit of jealousy they will take and slay you. Would you be rich? Would you have titles of pomp and greatness that wealth may buy in other lands? Answer me, Goth!"

The astonished man shrunk beneath her fiery gaze, which scorched him to the inmost soul; and he stood speechless before her, as before one inspired. Elfrida saw his amazement, and, ere he could answer, continued, in a lofty tone:

"I have riches, such as your golden dreams never pictured to you: they may be yours—Goth! they shall be yours! and with them you may fly hence to some safer country. Even this hour, and on this spot, I will give you such earnest of your riches as you will not doubt. Only, for this I demand of you one thing: that with fidelity you work my will for seven days hence—my will, and mine alone. Pause not! a change of service is not

so new to you. You have revolted already from the noblest cause to the vilest, and is it now too much to change back again from bad to good? And further know, the service I demand shall not be hazardous to you; you shall be safe: but *serve me well!* Remember, I fear not to die; nay, have resolved on death. Your perfidy can only ruin you. You are motionless? Go! think on this one hour—not more!—and then return to me."

She turned proudly round—her guard disappeared.

Elfrida could scarcely, at first, restrain her exultation at having thus ensnared the Goth. Never did time drag on so lingeringly as did that hour which followed his departure! It had not expired, when her anxious fear prompted her to believe that the wily apostate meant not to return; but at the time he came.

"Lady!" he said, "I have thought on all the words you spoke, and I cannot heed them. I do pity you, beautiful lady——"

"Pity me!" she interrupted him, half suffocated with passion; "pity me! Man! wretch! pity yourself! You are in my power! What is this daring? What means this homage paid to me? You call me 'beautiful!' Methinks I comprehend full well the meaning of your flattering, soft-sounding words. Abdelazim shall know how faithfully you have fulfilled his love-commission! Your Arab master shall hear that thus you tried to supplant him, and seize me as your prey!"

The apostate stood aghast, but almost instantaneously, with quickly summoned confidence, returned, "Weak woman! and who shall tell that Arab lord the touching tale of your interpreter's presumption?"

"Who! say you?" cried Elfrida, with the loud accent of half-baffled rage; "who! say you?" She paused, yet scarcely a moment's space. "Who! Even you! yourself shall tell him, and in fetters! Ho! Are there no guards without? Is this the hour for you to dare thus clandestinely to enter your captive's abode? Ho, guards! Old man! has the stated hour of your appointed time of watch returned? Methinks it is hardly the ninth hour yet. Ho! guards——" and she was rushing forward.

"Stop! stop, lady!" shouted the terrified Goth.

"Speak now! now!" cried the maddened Elfrida, in her loudest voice. "Speak! speak! or you die for entering here. Stay not! kneel! say you will be my slave but for those seven days I spoke of, and life and riches shall yet be yours." Her hand was stretched toward the Goth, and seeing him irresolute from stupefaction, she plucked a dagger from his side that hung next to his scimitar, and was in act to burst toward the door—when the old man was prostrate before her! "Swear to me now, by Heaven!" she said; and as he lay, the humbled recreant swore.

Elfrida was calm, and in a short time her self-possession returned. "Go now to Abdelazim!" she ordered; tell him my name is Elfrida: what more than that, shall not be known. Go, say I will be his bride!" then drawing forth a jewel which she had concealed about her, she gave it to him, continuing, "Take you this jewel, the promised pledge of your wealth (she saw his glistening eyes): though if a Moor should see its value you will not have it long; nay, they will say that you ravished it from your captive! and I shall not give back this steel of yours; henceforth 'tis mine! it shall bear witness against you, if you serve me falsely. Take heed, then; I will command you more hereafter. Now go to Abdelazim; I will see no other than he!" The thunder-struck apostate staggered from her presence. She was alone!

* * *

It was evening, and *such* an evening as makes existence joy! calm, peaceful, tranquil,—such as might teach the hearts of men to be in love with holiness and pure serenity; an evening without spot or blemish,—the heavens unsullied, the earth seeming glad, the air, one full delight—either when gentle winds made soft and delicious music, or when all was hushed to the tingling silence of repose.

Such was that evening! and in another, a more sumptuous abode, arrayed in the full pomp of imposing beauty, Elfrida awaited the coming of her new lord. Gorgeously bedecked with robes of splendour which the Moslem had sent for his bride—bright sparkling gems (that *had been his*) now crowned her dazzling brow, and circled her stainless bosom. A crowd of mute

strangers were waiting as her slaves. There was a long unbroken silence in that stately chamber—so long and deep, that the solitary Elfrida had sunk into a reverie of burning thoughts, and was again startled into consciousness by the strong audible sigh that escaped from her, telling of the tumult of agony within her breast! It passed, and her mind resumed its activity, her eye its fire. Her resolution rose regenerated. Each moment that delayed the fulfilment of her unwavering purpose was as an age of torment unspeakable; each distantly heard footstep that deceived her listening ear was as fuel freshly cast into the living furnace of her heart. She was *CHANGED*—oh how *CHANGED*! She, who had been lovely and loving in her life; she, who had been ever pure, and good, and kind—her gentleness was gone! that soft, love-darting eye now shot forth an unnatural brilliancy; all mild and sweetly smiling grace was gone! Her beautiful form seemed inwardly convulsed, as by some preternatural working, which yet (not quite uneffectually) she strove to hide. And now—the noise of a coming train of attendants told that Abdelazim was near. As he entered, the Goth was near him, and Elfrida rose up. The Arab seemed smitten with astonishment at her majestic mien; while she, looking towards the interpreter, and seeing him about to retire, addressed him in the language her strange lover knew not: "Haste, Goth! let two fleet horses be waiting near; then in good speed return; I shall be ready!" Abdelazim looked amazed at her tone of authority, and with quick suspicion turned towards the Goth; but Elfrida's countenance was lighted up with a faint timorous smile which disarmed his doubts. He addressed him, a few minutes, in his Arabian tongue, and then commanded him—"Depart! dismiss the attendants! I may remain here long!" He was instantly obeyed.

Elfrida knelt lowly as the Arab drew near. Her long white veil falling from her brow shrouded her whole form. The courteous barbarian bent gently over her, as if to raise her, and, as he uttered the soothing words the interpreter had taught him—"Fear not, lady!"—Elfrida's dagger was buried hilt-deep in his bowels! He fell! She was once more alone!

With the gory steel clenched fiercely

in her hand, Elfrida went forth. Quick of step, and noiselessly—yet with flushed brow and beating heart, she was passing from the abodes of the Mussulman. She met the coming Goth, who was hastening to her. Either from fear or avarice (or from better returning feelings for his abandoned faith and country), he had proved true. Yet now he saw her wild and altered form he was horror-stricken!

"Abdelazim is dead!" she said, and the old man shook with affright; "but you, Goth, have done your duty well!" Then, tearing off her jewelled robe,—
"Take that accursed thing!" she cried; and for your promised wealth, haste now to Auria; it will be found in caves beneath the ruins of the noblest palace that stood there!" But little more was uttered. She turned the horse she now had gained, and fled, as for the hills of the north.

Alas! for she knew not that Alonzo lived! and he knew not the actings of her love unquenchable! The plains of Auria were no death-couch for him: with wounds all streaming he had arisen from a swoon; for he had lain exhausted among the dead and dying men with whom he fell; and soon the Moslems learned that yet he lived! But where was he on that woful night when Elfrida, alone and unfriended, was fleeing from the abodes of the infidel?

The dwellers in the nearest valley told, that on that night the frantic Elfrida was heard shrilly shrieking as she passed by their lonely abodes, and then urged her fleet steed up the inaccessible mountain-side! Her voice of mad laughter was borne on the wind from afar; but she was seen no more! A horse with costly harnessings was found straying near their habitations, and many said it was *hers*; but others deemed that hers was never found, and that Elfrida long lived, a solitary outcast, in far-away mountains; whence she returned at times, alone, on her wild steed, to sojourn in her loved home, in the dark winter's nights; thence fleeing when men appeared!

And oft even now, at evening fall, the mystery-loving peasants say, the mournful ghost of Elfrida will haunt the plains of Auria! Old men, too, tell that they have seen her spectral form in years gone by, though not of late; and young children have shuddered as they heard distantly at dead of night her loud wailings of sorrow! Such sounds of restless spirits are ominous of ill fate to those that listen! When the nightly voice of the Lady of Auria is heard, then every maiden prays her holiest prayer!

A BERKELEIAN.

LEGEND THE SECOND, OF THE APOSTASY.

ALAS for human life! alas for all things human! For is there one among the myriad forms of earthly being that wears not a saddened aspect to man? All things around him seem but brought into being to thirst for happiness, and to perish of that thirst unslaked. Even the green earth, with all its loveliness, its fields of beauty, its haunts of seeming pleasure and laughter-loving joy, its sunny hills, its fragrant valleys—alas! they suit not man—they satisfy not. Wofully is he gifted with a mysterious power of extracting ill from every good, and of appropriating that ill. The tumult of the gay world, the noise of the busy city, the stupid mock-contentment of the rustic, the light-hearted whistling noise of the labourer, going once more to fulfil his destiny of toil—or even the deep retirement of silent groves and bowers of peace (with the gentle and harmonious sounds of birds and all things animate, near or

afar off, softened into melodious chorus)—oh! all, all things, whatsoever they be, jar with utter solitude and loneliness of heart—all speak a language which the miserable man interprets with dark and ominous import. A dim sense of joyless destiny overshadows all things bright and fair. It is a blighted world. Alas for human life! alas for man! For, of the thousand thousands who every day teem into existence, how many are there who, while they look up and behold the clear lustre of the uprisen sun, and the unsullied glory of the expanded heavens, yet feel it almost a mockery of their misery, and heave from their breast the over-burdened sigh of spontaneous agony—uttering a feeling akin to the daring wish, THAT THEY WERE NOT? Who shall count their number?

"Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage," was the dying summary of his life given by an old man

and a saint, a prophet, a favourite of Heaven. And who that has lived and thought will not sympathise with that old man's death-lament—and join to it the heart-deep wailing of the sacred bard, "I am a stranger and sojourner on the earth, as all my fathers were?"

For what is life? A sense of want and weariness. And hath it been ever thus? and shall it, *must* it, be for ever? Alas for man! His history—that fragment of it which survives—what is it? A most scanty and defective index to the countless cumbrous volumes of inarticulate wo, writ, by millions of the wretched, in characters of blood, from the day of the primeval curse to this last hour. His poetry—what is it? The earnest aspiration of high-souled visionaries after an unrealised, unattainable ideal of beauty or goodness, of which they have presentiment within them—or, oftener far, the passionate breakings-forth of a despairing spirit, hungering and thirsting for happiness. His philosophy? Alas, what feeling in the dark! And yet in man's breast still lives, as of old, the ever disappointed yet undying hope of arriving at light through the avenues of philosophy's dark chambers; and every damp and noxious vapour that ignites is hailed as a beacon, or a glimmering, or a reflection of the celestial light of Truth. But greatest of all man's mysteries (ay, greatest of his woes, if it be not his highest happiness) is man's Religion! Let it be thought upon, in silence—let it not be spoken of. It is a theme for deep and quiet musing. Great is the mystery. *Essence—existence—thought—man—life—death—the "afterwards"*—all, all is mystery! Yet may we not gather, from the unsatiating nature, the emptiness, the nothingness of this world, and from the capacities of man's soul, and from the benevolence of his God, that there remains a stupendous portion in reserve for him, nobler and more satisfying than his philosophy ever aspired after, purer and fairer than poetry ever imaged forth—more real, more sensible, more enduring, than all the miseries which the weighty catalogue of man's history can recount—ay, in comparison with which the accumulated agonies of a groaning universe shall be deemed but "light afflictions which endured for a moment?"

* * *

There was a time when fearful hosts of unrelenting men burst like ten thousand thunderbolts on as fair a portion of this earth of ours as the sun shines on in his course. If there had been no God in heaven, or a demon of essential malignity had wrested from him his sceptre of sovereignty, scarcely could darker deeds have been done. Peace, truth, and virtue were smitten down, exterminated, in Gothic Spain, in retribution for her crimes. Violence, falsehood, and wrong, were dominant alone. But at length there came a reckoning day, though it tarried long; and while it tarried, that land, full oftentimes, was purified with baptisms of tears and blood.

A noble warrior, who, with his valiant compeers, had refuged in the Asturias, after they had well maintained their country's cause in unsuccessful conflict with the invaders, passed from his father's land with a brave and faithful train, to do battle for the cross beyond the boundaries of the Pyrenees, whither the hosts of the Mahometan invaders were hasting on.—It was Alonzo, the daring chief of Auria. His country had become a field of blood; and from among the myriads weltering in the slaughter Alonzo had risen up. Thrice, since the terrible overthrow of his native city, he had been left as dead on fields of murderous conflict, and thrice he had been restored, and again, beneath the banners of the cross, led on a fearless band of Goths. But for lost Spain there was now no hope. No valour can achieve the work of years. The very population was extinguished. There seemed an unseen avenging hand stretched over that fair peninsula, executing wrath for crimes unconfessed or unatoned. In the caves and the mountains alone there lingered a scattered seed, destined in future time to spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold: but now, all was desolate!—dark desert years were allotted. Even the tide of Saracen conquest was checked in its advance beyond the Pyrenees, as if only to roll back its billows to settle in Spain, as in their proper channel!

WHEN the chief of Aquitania, with the victorious leader of the Franks, gave battle to the infidels at Tours,*

Alonzo was there. Years had passed, long, long years, since the deadly deluge had set in upon his country, yet, untired by constant war with the enemies of his faith, and deeply imbued by long habit with the relentless valour of an age untaught in arts of mercy, Alonzo hastened to the battle with fresh and enthusiastic zeal; and on that dreadful field three hundred thousand men were offered up—a huge sacrifice (for such it seemed) to atone for desolated Spain. Even Alonzo's arm was weary of the slaughter—his hand had stiffened round his sword-hilt, glued there with Moorish gore. Again his brow was flushed with a conqueror's pride. But 'twas enough.

Thus hath man ever laboured to work the wo of his fellows. As if the natural ills of his estate on earth were not great enough, he must heap up new miseries for himself. Oh that the annals of the warrior's systematic outrage, oppression, and slaughter, were faithfully written! Might it not hasten the time when the wronged world shall have respite from her sufferings—when men "shall learn war no more?"

Alonzo, with a new and unwonted exultation uprising in his breast, was returning once again to his country's mountain-caves, through many a Pyrenean pass and defile, with but one faithful soldier (rather his comrade than his vassal now) at his side. Night had closed round them; yet they paused not to rest, though weary and faint. It was a calm and solitary night, such as had power to soothe the veteran's breast. There was a holy quiet in the air, which the reverberating sound of his horse's tread alone disturbed. There was a solemn majesty in the deep blue sky. The undying star-fires once more were lighted up in that everlasting temple. There were the eternal mountains lifting their dark-peaked summits to heaven. And through the clear unobstructed atmosphere there came at intervals soft silvery sounds of far-off life, or music, as if the very spirit of repose had summoned from their airy dwelling-places a mystic melodious choir of nightly voices, to soothe with charmed sounds the slumbers of the resting world.

For long time silence chained their tongues, while they rode slowly on, Alonzo and his attendant. Thoughts that warriors may not cherish were beginning to crowd thickly and fast

upon the veteran's softening mind. Having advanced farther than his comrade, he was alone, and halted for his coming up. He was startled with the near-clattering sound of horsemen—perchance a troop of mountain banditti, pursuing or pursued. He paused. Again he listened: and it seemed to die away, gradually and more gradually, till it was heard no more, as the attendant rode up to Alonzo.

"Hurtzwann," cried the chief, "heard you that noise of horsemen?"

"I did," replied the soldier; "a noise of robbers at their nightly work: but it was not near to us, as in truth it seemed; for in these echoing valleys, and most of all at this still hour, sounds from far, fall on the ear distinctly, as if the causes could not be very distant. But let us not go through this valley till the morning. Methinks I saw a light glimmering far down the steep ravine, as we entered on this pass; and there, too, I stopped before a holy cross fixed firmly in the mountain side, which I have remembered well these many years, as I have passed these valleys." He would have ceased; but encouraged by the chief's attentive look, he continued: "No man has ever known the hand that placed there that crucifix; but Heaven hath guarded it well, or the infidels had rooted it out ere this. But let us follow up that light I saw. We shall be safe; for evil men would never choose their dwelling near the holy cross: and I have heard that in these parts a hermit has his cave, and it might serve us well for resting-place until the morrow."

Alonzo, over-wearied, was not ill pleased to resign himself to the guidance of his faithful Hurtzwann. But short time had elapsed ere they were descended to the spot where first the glimmering light had been seen. They stood still one moment, for the light was no longer there. A human voice was distinctly audible. "Surely," exclaimed the chief, "that sound cannot be far distant." Again they listened, and again those tones were heard yet more plainly. Alonzo's ear caught the familiar accents—'twas his own native tongue—'twas the voice of prayer and penitent confession. They hastened to pursue the sound ere it should cease; but it ceased almost instantly.

"Hurtzwann," said the chief, "we will not pass from this place to-night,

but make strict search in every avenue of this dark valley ; for doubtless we have a countryman near us, and, if I err not, a holy recluse man; who hath offered many a prayer for Spain and her good cause; and we will not depart till we have taught him that Heaven hath not been deaf to all those prayers—till we have gladdened his heart with the tidings of the vengeance we have dealt out to the infidels."

Scarcely had Alonzo ceased, when he perceived a figure in the distance, which seemed (although the night was dark) slowly and alone advancing towards them. Instantly they rode forward. It was indeed an aged man, who was but little dismayed by the dark looks and loud voices of the horsemen who accosted him. His withered tottering limbs seemed with difficulty to sustain him; and at frequent intervals he stopped and leaned, restingly, upon his thick short staff, breathing fast, and trembling beneath the weight of years :

"And round his neck there hung the cross—

The cross he loved so well!"

"Strangers," cried the reverend-looking man, "I know ye not; but whatsoever your faith, or name, or nation, if ye will rest with me to-night, ye shall have welcome."

The warrior and his attendant followed the old hermit slowly to his home—a desolate, dreary cave, hard by. The old man paused and bade them enter, adding, with bitter emphasis, "At this hour I have a vow upon me that I must not violate. I shall ascend this hill-side alone—follow me not. I go to the Cross of the Valley, and ere long I shall return."

He turned to depart, and the way-worn travellers entered his lowly dwelling and awaited his return. Few objects were there, in that lonely retreat from the noisy world, to invite the stay of a passer-by. There were the gleaming embers of a dying fire, and a block of wood for a resting-place by day. Dry heaped-up leaves were on one side—the only couch for the holy man's night-rest, oft to be broken by saintly vigils—

"Obedient slumbers, that must wake and weep."

And over the entrance of this drear abode there hung a small dark image of a dying Christ. There was a trick-

ling noise of water near, but they saw not whence the sound proceeded; and, though parched with thirst, they sat down to wait the return of the hermit. Sleep weighed down their eyelids; from which they were startled, ere an hour had gone, by the echo of the coming steps of the hoary world-exile. They stood up as he entered in silence and tottered to the solitary seat. The trappings of their horses were enough for the strangers to recline on.

"Good father," began Alonzo, "methinks we have tidings that will fall not unpleasingly on your ears:" and as the hermit's eye was raised inquiringly, he quickly added, "the armies of the Cross have had fresh encounter with the infidels, and the plains of the north are covered with the dead foes of our faith!"

The unaccustomed and long-forgotten sound of martial fierceness woke slumbering feelings in the old man's breast, and the gleeful wild flashing look of Alonzo relighted the fire of the hermit's eye. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "then I should have been there—on such a field I ought to have died!"

"No," replied the chief: "would to Heaven that all our foes had found their sepulchre there! but surely enough of the blood of Spain hath been shed already. Why should yours, too, have flowed?"

The old man was silent, as if he heard not; nor did he give answer to the many questions that Alonzo asked, save by an inward sigh, or a cold, stony stare. At length, turning to the strangers, he bade them take repose, adding, "Heed not me—at this hour I may not sleep."

"Nor I," echoed Alonzo, "until I know somewhat of the mysterious fate that hath guided a worn warrior to this retreat. You! you! I mean, old man! for surely that eye of yours hath flashed in fierce fight ere now: ay, by the holy Cross, I swear that sinewy arm hath wielded well a Gothic sword!"

"Good friend," exclaimed the aroused old man, "I had thought to keep silence before you, and bear in secret to my grave the story of the fate that hath led me to this outcast spot." He sat more erect as he spoke, as if summoning his whole remaining energies. He continued, with firmer and clearer voice: "You are not a careless youth, all inexperienced of this world's vicissitudes, or I would not tell to you a tale such

as mine. It might make this earth appear less lovely in your view, and man's estate below more sad—or even human nature itself a darker thing than it were good for youth to deem it. These now feeble, decrepid limbs that you look upon, have borne me near a hundred years on my pilgrimage. Now, it must soon be over: I loathe it—I would not live always."

"Old man," cried Alonzo, with emotion, "I would exchange my warrior's pride—I would lay down for ever (most gladly!) these habiliments that deck me forth as a destroyer—this sword, this helmet, and this mail (alas, my country!)—yes, I would forsake for ever the riotous revelry of the soldier's carousal-hall, and all therewith that hath been joy to me, and I would even now assume that simple dress and simpler fare which have contented you, could I therewith assume those surer signs of inward peace, that holy calm, that serenity of soul (graven in clear characters on that aged brow), which you have known so long."

"So long!" interrupted the hermit, with passionate expression, "so long! That word is ill suited to me; and holy peace and pure serenity of spirit are there only known 'where the weary are at rest' for ever. It is in such a solitude as this that true misery is felt; for here, without intermission or interruption from the noise of the world, corroding thought doth eat as a canker into the heart of man. Think not such peace is mine—such 'heavenly, pensive contemplation' as visionary vestals dream of. Believe me, stranger, the deep retirement of the saintliest cell will not command that 'eternal sunshine of the spotless mind' which poets have loved to portray. The human heart will prey upon itself, even if it have no culture thoughts to prey upon it. The vanity of all things will make the lonely spirit sicken in the contemplation even of itself. And if it raise a wish to Heaven, how nearly will it subside into a murmur. Its very humblest prayers, spring they from piety or from despair?"

Alonzo restrained not his astonishment at the hermit's melancholy strain; but the eloquent old man, as if determined not to be interrupted, regarded it not,—seeming now resolved to unburden his overflowing mind to his guests. Hesitating at times, and at times pausing to take breath, he con-

tinued his story, almost till the morning sunbeams streamed down the mountains; and then, exhausted, he sunk to sleep.

"Friend," he began; "it will not much concern you to hear the tedious narrative of my early days; and, indeed, my worn-out memory retains not on her tablets a legible record of them. Twelve summers had not passed over my head, when my father had destined that I should wear an ecclesiastic robe, and succeed to an heritage of mock sanctity which generations of hypocrites had bequeathed to my native land. Mistake me not; I had no thoughts but of reverence for the name of Jesus! but rarely did the priests of Spain do honour to that holy name, save here and there a God-devoted man, who was the victim of his brethren's scorn and bate, and yet with whom alone in all our land dwelt piety and truth. My young heart recoiled from the thought of linking myself for ever with the priests of my father's choice (with whom alone I was acquainted)—the very best of them cold worldly hearted men! I resisted, but in vain; and ere twenty years had passed from my first entering on this world of sorrow to escape my doom, I left the halls of my fathers. From my boyhood, I had been well trained up with the noble youth of the kingdom; for my father was of high-born race, and held many a dignity in our realm; and, boastful of his old royal descent, he had named me at the baptismal font Gesalric, to perpetuate the name of our regal ancestor. Now, at this moment, scenes of my childhood are fitting before my vision, as if recalled by supernatural power! My mother's face—it is more than fourscore years since I beheld it—I cannot well recall; but her voice,—methinks I hear it now! Oh, they were sunny days! Now, in the retrospect, they seem to me, what all life then seemed in prospect, a drama of unmixed joy, acted on a theatre radiant with gorgeous light! Is *all* our life delusion? Is joy for ever distant? Surely we imagine it when far off, but at our approach it recedes.

"Many years sped rapidly after I had escaped from my father's home, and from Spain, and in many lands I wandered. Some chance or destiny at length impelled me to cross the straits of the south, and pass into the land of

the Moors. Count Vamba had been placed by his king to guard all access to our southern frontier; and in the Gothic fortresses on the African shore (opposite that ominous steep now called 'the Rock of Tarif') he kept a kingly court. There were many chiefs—nobles and warriors—in that court, and among them was a stern, tall, strong old warrior (who retained a stately soldier's bearing), who was accompanied ever by a lean and meagre-looking priest. From the first moment I made overture to the count to join his troop, and was accepted, I was brought into daily converse with those men. The first, though at times he excited in me a kind of awe somewhat akin to reverence, was chiefly the object of my fear and suspicion; the latter, of my most recoiling abhorrence. No one had known from whence they came, but that they were Goths. We deemed that they were exiled from their home for some foul offence, and sojourned with us in secret for a while. They were ever holding dark consultations together; they would absent themselves from our station for a time, and then, no one knew whither they had gone, or what was their errand, or when they would return. At sunset, I was accustomed to ride forth from our fortress in the cool evening air, and once I wandered listlessly farther than I was wont. At a distance I saw two fleet horsemen scouring across the plain; presently they drew nearer, and I found they were Arabs, and from their few hurried words soon learned they were in pursuit of two bandit-ruffians, who had carried off the only daughter of the noble chief of their tribe. I had known kindness oftentimes from the wild generous Arabs, when I had wandered in their own wild deserts in former years; and therefore with readiness I instantly joined the horsemen, to assist them in their pursuit. Not long were we in suspense; let me not delay to speak it; we overtook the robbers; they were—**THAT STERN OLD WARRIOR AND HIS PRIEST!** As I seized the mane of his foaming horse, the old man's ungovernable passion, that glared forth from his fiendish eyes, would have smote me to the earth; but the horsemen who were with me averted the stroke of his heavy sword; and when he saw that he *must*

lose his prize, the virgin daughter of the Arab, he drew forth his dagger, to plunge it in her breast! Then, Oh, Heaven!—while in the act to strike—I severed his right arm with one blow of my sword! My heart smote me, I knew not why, when I had done the deed, though my conscience approved it. The mean-souled priest had instantly fled. My comrades took up the fallen Arab virgin, who had struggled from the one-armed grasp of her ravisher, whose single hand now seized me by the throat with a demoniac strength! With difficulty I extricated myself; for I had a repugnance to use my sword again (or my enemy's fallen dagger)—a repugnance I could not overcome: I had cut down many an enemy without remorse in merciless combat, but I *could* not take that old man's life. I essayed to address him, but he sprang towards me like a wounded tiger—savage and untamable! My Arab companions seemed astonished at my forbearance; indeed, I understood it not myself; but they followed my example, and forbore.

"'Christian!' they shouted, 'we may not tarry; follow us.' And, freeing myself from my antagonist, I obeyed,—giving rein to my gallant steed, and leaving the maimed and astonished man alone on the wide plain.

"O the joy of the restoration of the beauteous Selima to her Arab sire! I shall never forget that day; it is still one of the happiest, brightest recollections of my long, long life! I was hailed as a friend, a benefactor, a saviour! and many an after-day of joy and festival I tarried with that simple, generous tribe. That passed. Yet, as I rode from the tent of the Arab, a fresh-woven garland from the hand of Selima was the well-valued prize that I gained. But I will not linger thus on such scenes as these. Time tarried not; when I regained once more my allotted station in our Gothic fortress, the fame of my exploit had gone before me; and Count Vamba, I imagined, frowned proudly upon me. The old warrior and his priest had been there before me, and had again departed. They returned not, as formerly, at stated times; and methought there was occasionally an air of mysterious veiled satisfaction on

the face of the Count; for, doubtless, they had never been favourite guests with him.

"From henceforth had the intercourse of our people with the tribes of the desert grown more frequent and familiar, and in our neighbourhood those tribes were multiplied manifold. With the tribe of Selima I sojourned so often, and so long, that I at length became far more an Arab than a Goth.

"Returning to our fortress at the close of evening, after a day of unmingled happiness in the home of the Arab, I was suddenly surrounded by three turbaned horsemen, and fled for my life. My fleet horse alone preserved me, for one only of the disguised murderers was able to follow my flight closely. I turned at length to meet his attack, finding I could not avoid him; it was my *old inveterate foe*, whose right arm I had severed! Though his left hand now wielded his sword, it was with an iron energy. 'Die! die!' he shouted, gnashing with his teeth, and plunging against me. His companions were now in sight, following rapidly. Heaven knoweth the pang it cost me! I sheathed my dagger in his heart! As he fell, the two remaining ruffians rode up—the priest, and a hired assassin! They turned to fly, seeing the old man had fallen, but first halting a moment, and gloating on me with his horrid eyes, the lean and haggard monster shrieked aloud—'GESALRIC, YOU HAVE SLAIN YOUR FATHER!' and fled.

"I was as one thunderstruck! stiff, motionless, almost, as my dead father by my side! Ay, it was *HE*! I doubted it not one moment. But that accursed priest—how knew he *me*? Did he not call me by my name, when I had deemed that it was known to none in the wide world?"

The hermit paused an instant, as if he would have made an end of his narration for a while; but Alonzo's eye was riveted on him, and he resumed.

"In after-years, I stood beside the death-couch of that priest. His very soul seemed dyed through and through with guilt; his very essence saturated with the consciousness of enormities which the blood of savages might have curdled at! Yet died he a raving infidel, exulting in the evil he had wrought on earth; recounting each superhuman crime with a foul-souled fiendly relish that tortured the listening

ears even of his associates in malignity. From his own lips I learned what now in other words I speak.

"My saint-like mother was the first victim of his hate. She was pure and good; therefore he hated her. I was the object of her warmest love, therefore he hated me. Lust and avarice engrossed him. My mother was a living rebuke to all impurity, and he was my father's chosen friend. By *HIM* was my mother poisoned, when the bloom of her youth had scarce passed! Yes, with his own hands he mixed the deadly potion—those very hands which in my babyhood had baptised *me* in the holy font! By *HIM* I was driven forth from my wretched home; by *HIM* my father had been instigated to an unsuccessful treason against his king; by *HIM* were my father's coffers plundered, when he was banished; and with *HIM* did my father join his fate for life! The remorseless monster tracked *my* steps too; wherever I went his keen eye followed me; and the highest pinnacle of his earthly hopes had been attained, if he had seen me murdered by *my own father's hand*! From the hour I left my home my father had never known me; nor knew he, till the moment of his death, whether his son yet lived: but that old priest had led him to the shores of Africa, resolving that he should murder *me*! Time had much changed me, and he knew not my face or form. That priest soon taught him to hate me with a perfect hatred, which was but too deeply sealed by the rescue of Selima; and when the monster saw my hand had slain my father, it was a joy almost as great to him as if I myself had fallen; and he hurled at me his parting shout, as an arrow to rankle in my breast for ever, 'GESALRIC, YOU HAVE SLAIN YOUR FATHER!'

"Friend," continued the old hermit, with a heavy sigh, "let me not grow tedious or wearisome to you. Pause with me but a little longer on these my earlier days. I never knew—one never—one hour's enjoyment, but I suspected, and found, it was but the prelude to some bitterer pang. The happiness I had known in the Arab's tent was destined to cease. I had loved the young Selima with a full overflowing heart-love! It would ill beseem me, a feeble old man verging on my grave, to recall such thoughts as

men too often cherish beneath the outraged sanctity of the name of love; but that spotless Arab virgin will be ever present in my mind (while that mind is conscious of existence), the sole ideal of stainless purity that my thoughts can attain unto. Surely there never lighted on this sphere a form so spiritual—a spirit so unearthly! Her dark eye sparkled with an angelic innocence; she was like the morning star—harbinger of radiant peace and hopes of glory! Had I then sacrificed my Christian faith, she had been mine for ever; but I did it not. Her incensed haughty sire forbade me to return again, or be ever found among his tribe. I need not say how well I heeded his mandate; that very night I was again alone with Selima, ‘that child of love and light!’ I was seized by the vigilant attendants of the chief, and in his presence, in that same hour, condemned to die. That condemnation, to the utmost, had been executed on me (‘spite of the ties of hospitality which once had bound us), since I was now deemed a traitor; but my young virgin bride (for we in heart were wedded, and had sworn eternal love) defied her unbending father to the deed of blood, and made him know her passionate resolve, to outlive me not an hour. I have never seen her form, since that dark day of separation; but she delivered me!

“I was first sent, an abject slave, to a distant Moorish camp, though there I staid not long; yet for long years I saw no friendly face,—I heard not once the language of my country. Hard was the servitude that I was made to feel, and I had passed the vigour of my years. At length a noble Arab chief became my master—by what transition I never knew. His name was Abdelazim. He made the yoke of slavery lighter far than I had ever known it. The armies of the Mahometans were now advanced to the heart of Africa, and visions of universal conquest gleamed before their leaders. Abdelazim, with his warriors, were foremost in the armies of the prophet. He addressed me at this time in generous accents when standing in his presence: he said, that he was about to make farther incursions, to spread the faith of Allah; but no Christian captive would be suffered to advance with him. If I retained my faith I must be left to other masters; if I would

follow the standard of Islam, and renounce the Cross, I should be raised to honour in his tribe, and be his chief attendant. Stranger, marvel not; I yielded! I, who in my youth had resisted the strength of love, in my grey hairs, worn down by slavery (O how immeasurably had I sunk!)—the fear of harder servitude was inducement strong enough to vanquish me! Yes, I yielded! . . . I will not palliate the rank offence of black apostacy. From that hour have I loathed my own base soul. But I had deeper yet to sink in infamy. I lived—yes, I—to be deemed a zealot for Mahomet!

* * * *

“Old Vamba was dead. The keeping of the Gothic fortresses on the African shore was at this time committed to Count Julian. Methinks I need not recount to you his story and his fate; all Europe hath rung with the fame of it! King Roderic did him deadly wrong, and Julian took desperate revenge. He called on the invading Musselmans; he gave them help (he and the nobles that were with him); and our king and our kingdom are blotted out from among the nations.

“I well remember the early gathering of the clouds that burst at length in that terrific tempest. There were nightly meetings of the Arab chiefs, at which many Gothic nobles attended, with Count Julian. One by one they renounced their faith in Christ, and swore to exterminate from the earth the creed of Nazareth. Many were my misgivings of heart, when first this treachery began to work: it spread with quick contagion throughout the camp of the Christians. The priests and people vied with each other in emulative eagerness to abandon the faith of their fathers. There were midnight conclaves of the chiefs, and gloomy, moody meetings together of the people, as if some deed of darkness were preparing. I watched it in its progress from first to last—from the hour of the stirring anger of the unforgiving Julian, to the day of wo which saw all Spain laid waste. The seeds of apostacy had long been sown, for the Mahometans had mingled much, of later years, with the Goths of the frontier; and the Christian priests were monsters in iniquity. For a long time those Goths had retained but a nominal allegiance to their faith: it was openly

debased and abused before their eyes ; and at length they boldly revolted from a creed of humility and self-denial which was belied by its very oracles, and embraced a standard more accordant with their fiery natures, which promised glory and victory in this world, and a 'world to come,' such as mere sensual souls could revel in the prospect of.

"I saw Count Julian on the morning of the day on which he had pledged himself to the Mahometans. As he walked stately amidst his warriors, the malice of a thousand fiends was concentrated in his fiery eye. Not till then had he seemed himself to know the depth of his resolve. Now the die was cast for ever. For a long time he had concealed it in his own bosom ; gradually (by degrees so slow that the Mahometans began to doubt him) the treason was whispered among the Goths, and most gradually, even then, was the full scheme revealed ; till at length it burst forth, and the smouldering sparks became one sudden flame. Not one hand was uplifted to defend the faith of Christ !

"As when a lurking and insidious plague hath fixed upon some death-doomed wretch in an over-peopled city, it may be hidden for a time—to none but himself may his foul malady be known ; but ere long, upon another, and another wretch, will the plague-spot be found, and anon the tainted air, the corrupted breath of life, will breed the invisible destruction ; and the early murmur of half-formed fear will rise to the unsuppressed howl of irremediable despair, while the restless foe bursts mercilessly upon the mass of fated men. So secret, so malignant, and so sure, was the progress of Count Julian's treason.

"To you, stranger, methinks I need not recount the dark events that followed those days of infamy. The armies of the Prophet swept on from conquest to conquest. Our Spain hath fallen—(shall she rise no more?)—and I was with her enemies ! Then was I at the lowest abyss of degradation : lower I could not sink. I had followed with my Arab lord, Abdelazim, over many a sanguinary field. The bones of my countrymen, bleached by the sun-rays, whitened the plains we had passed ; and before us fled the frantic hosts of my people, scattered over hill and valley, 'as sheep having

no shepherd.' The noble kindness of Abdelazim had attached me to him, and (whether from my age, my misfortunes, or my faithfulness to him, I know not) I was his favourite attendant. Yet, oh ! how gladly (*how* gladly, high Heaven is my witness) would I have escaped from the festivity of the conquering Arab's tent ! but I knew not what course to pursue, wealthless, friendless as I was—an old worn-out man. Of the cities overthrown, of the millions massacred, why need I speak ? The once countless population of our land, where are they now ? Blood ! blood ! a nation's blood, calls out to Heaven ! and with a voice of penetrating eloquence cries now for VENGEANCE. Beneath each turf, beneath each sod, through this wide territory, our brethren lie sepulchred ; and surely as Eternal Justice rules the nations, so surely the God of our fathers shall avenge the blood of Spain !"

Here he seemed to think that he had finished, and, much wearied, was about to recline himself awhile ; but suddenly recollecting himself, he once more summoned his failing strength, saying :

"But still, stranger, to you the mystery is unsolved ; how came I here in this lone hermitage ? I had not thought to hold you thus long my listener, but few words more shall suffice me now.

"When the infidel standards had been borne forward after the hard-gained victory of Xeres, no barrier seemed to resist the onward march of the invaders. City after city fell ; province after province was ravaged ; and in the festal camp of the conquerors there seemed to be exhibited the very Saturnalia of hell. At length they received a check. We arrived (for I was with them still) before a well-walled city, whose name, our captives said, was AURIA."

"What !" burst forth Alonzo, darting wildly forwards towards the startled hermit, "said you AURIA ? AURIA ! were you there ?"

"Peace ! peace !" returned the old man. "What means this passionate emotion ? I was at Auria." Then, extending his hand significantly towards Alonzo, he continued, in a feebler tone, "Hear me but a little longer, stranger ! then, if you will, speak on. Auria fell ! a city of heroes or of martyrs. Never had the infidels received

such stern resistance as they met with before that glorious city; even the enthusiastic fire which their fierce faith had kindled in their bosoms seemed half-extinguished. 'Have we to war with men,' they cried, 'or with demons?' Yet Auria fell! Its palaces and towers, its homes, its sepulchres, its men, women, children—all, all exterminated utterly! It was a savage triumph! Scarcely, methinks, one solitary Goth escaped.

"I saw three captive women only in all the camp. They might have lived, for they were passing beautiful; but they rejected the false creed of Mohammed, and they were doomed.

"I was the guardian of the captives, and sole interpreter with them and with their Arab masters. I beheld the unmanly murder, in cold blood, of two of those virgin queens. Even now I have before my mind's eye the dazzling lustre of their beauty, heightened by a seraphic holiness, when, dedicate to death, they stood in the fearless might of innocence before their executioner; and he—that demon Moor! his scowling, inward-shrinking eye—his bare, shrivelled shape—his lank, greenish, bony hand. He grasped their unstained loveliness like one well-trained in hideous deeds. I saw them unwavering die. Oh, would that I had died!"

His voice grew still weaker, and more quivering, as he pursued. "The third of my captives had asked for respite, to revolve within herself the choice of life or death. Far, far did she transcend even her fellow-captives in the majestic power of her overwhelming beauty. The barbarians who gazed upon her, quailed beneath the penetrating purity of her radiant eye; they seemed abashed, as if they stood before a descended goddess.

"Abdelazim beheld her. Soon he commissioned me to be the messenger of his love to my captive, if she would now abjure the Cross. She feigned submission to the Arab's love; yet at that time, with well-wrought artifice, she sealed me as her slave to work her will. She upbraided me, when in her presence alone, with keen reproaches of apostasy that smote me to the heart. She said she scorned the proffered love of Abdelazim. Instantly—all unawares—she leaped towards me, and plucked my dagger from my side, shrieking aloud that I had striven to seize her as

my prey. I was astonished beyond power of utterance. She paused not; she bound me by promises of wealth, and again she threatened vengeance with her wild voice. I stood, smit with sudden stupefaction; I had tarried with her beyond the allotted time. It was death: I was in her power. She kept my dagger; it should bear witness against me, she said, if I betrayed her. Hastily I vowed obedience, and departed. She was that night led to the bridal tent of Abdelazim.

"As he entered where she awaited him, I was at his side as his interpreter. She cried out, in our Gothic tongue (which they understood not), 'Depart! and bring hither instantly your fleetest steed!' I obeyed, leaving Abdelazim with her alone. As I returned, I met her. In her hand she clenched tightly the dagger stained with gore: she had stabbed the Arab!

* * * *

"She seized the steed I had brought by its rough mane, and seating herself firmly, with the clenched dagger pointed towards me, she directed me to a part of the ruined city where riches were concealed. She fled, frantic, wild, ungovernable. I have not seen her or heard of her since that awful night. Instantly my resolve was taken: to linger a moment was destruction. In the tent of the Arab I should be deemed, as doubtless I still am, the murderer of my lord, the ravisher of my captive. I hasted. The wealth I found in Auria I escaped with to this mountain-hermitage, here to atone for my apostasy and my crimes. And now——"

"Why—why?" interrupted Alonzo, with almost inarticulate wonder, "why was that deed of vengeance wrought by your beauteous captive? Methinks my heart recoils that a woman's hand should be thus familiar with blood, even though that blood were infidel's."

"Revenge all-daring, love unquenchable!" returned the hermit. "Abdelazim had cut down, on the plains of Auria, one of the noblest of the chiefs of Spain—the famed Alonzo; and she——"

"Her name! her name!" shouted the maddened warrior, with half-suffocated voice, and convulsively clutching the arm of the affrighted hermit; "know ye her name? Speak! speak!"

His eye was lifted towards the war-

rior's with a half-prophetic, half-recognising gaze. New thoughts seemed to flash on his mind: his whole frame shivered. Convulsed by strong and warring emotions, he struggled to speak. The shattered old man's voice gave an inward choking sound; his lips moved noiselessly—again—again! It was past—he was dead!

The morning light streamed through the cave; the tremendous silence of death was all around, and Alonzo and his companion were composing the old man's shrunk limbs for their narrow solitary tomb. They took not from his neck the cross that he had worn in all the years of his penitence, but by its side there lay, within his garment-folds, a massy jewel they had never seen before. Thereon one single word was graven, and Alonzo's eye beheld it—ELFRIDA!

The faithful Hurtzwann was at his

side, or he had fallen to the earth. On the seat where the once apostate hermit had lately rested, now sat that Christian chief of unblemished faithfulness to his country and his faith, now bearing within his breast a weight of wo unspeakable, "too deep for tears," destined to be sole tenant of his lone spirit for ever. And there before him lay the dead apostate, his body marked with many a sign of penance most severe!

Hurtzwann alone prepared his last resting-place, ere he and the chief departed from the dreary hermitage for ever. There, at the gaping portal of that vaulted cavern, hard by the solitary, leafless, branchless trunk of a blasted tree, lies the unblest grave, whereon no tear of piety, or love, or reverence, hath ever fallen: "the lone couch of the long-enduring sleep" of Gesalric the apostate Goth.

A BERKELEIAN.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

CANTO SECOND.

Now gentlest, purest of thy race,
One other diary deign to trace,
And countenance the fond bequest
Of thy enamoured journalist.
Eventful is the love-sick lay,
And fraught with anguish and dismay;
As every tale of love must be,
If told with due simplicity.
But this is only to supply
Memorial of the times gone by;
For here romance I cannot store,
As all was known to thee before.

I went for four long years and more
To the abodes of ancient lore,
In apathy and blight to drone,
Poring o'er words, words, words alone;
Which I was never more to say
Or hear until my dying day.

There, though induced by nobles gay
To wander in a devious way,
And in some levities to vie
That scarce can bear Reflection's eye;
Still to the maid I left behind
I clung with pure unbiassed mind,
And from each rouse and revel came
With new additions to my flame;
While all my visions of delight,
And all my dreams of day and night,
Of babbling brooks and valleys green,
Were only with my rural queen.

She too had left her native grove,
 In circles of respect to move ;
 And then such tales came to mine ear
 Of gifted lovers far and near—
 Of lords and knights of high degree,
 And keen contested rivalry.
 But no resource before me lay ;
 I sat and pined from day to day :
 And longed to shed, 'gainst right and law,
 The blood of those I never saw.

But let us pine or bathe in bliss,
 Rejoice or writhe in wretchedness,
 Time never lowers a flagging wing
 From everlasting journeying.
 There's one old adage often said—
 And one more apt was never made,
 More suiting golden locks and gray—
 That " Human life is but a day ;"
 A day of evil and of sorrow
 To those who hope not in the morrow.
 And whatso'er the evening be,
 The morn is verified in me.
 I well could such a system frame
 Of this old beauteous apothegm,
 A diluent so sweet distil,
 As would embalm my moral quill ;
 But dread the exercise too soon,
 For terrors of the afternoon.
 Its morn, a very trivial braid
 Of thorns and roses interlaid—
 Of sun and shade a rapid chase,
 That daily o'er our mountains race ;
 Its noon, a fume of fierce turmoiling
 Of towering hopes and passions boiling ;
 But so o'erglossed with gilding bright,
 As still to leave a line of light.
 But trust me, dearest, and take note—
 For this survey is worth a thought—
 That all life's roses and its thorns,
 Its gleams of light and shadowy bourns,
 Have had their wild impetuous source
 In youthful love's impassioned force.

Time with his wonted speed flew on,
 Till from the halls of hum and drone
 I was released, again to fly
 Back to my rural deity ;
 For all the time I'd absent been
 I never once her face had seen.
 With lightsome step away I strode
 To the dear place of her abode,
 Repeating boldly all the way
 The brilliant things that I would say,
 And meant profoundly to proceed
 In lauding learning's fountain-head ;
 And then to raise enraptured eye
 With scholar might and majesty,
 And own in life's sequestered glade
 What more improvement Beauty made.

Yes, I had planned no action less
 Than conquest by superb address ;
 I was to talk with tranquil ease,
 And air that might an empress please ;

And after sentence terse and brief,
 Pull out perfumed handkerchief,
 And seem unconscious as the wind
 Of all my mighty powers of mind ;
 While admiration was to sway
 The hearts of all that heard the say.

I came—I entered—made my bow ;
 Saluting all with " How d'y'e do ?
 I hope you're well. How have you been ?"
 Was all the greeting passed between.
 Mine eye was seeking One alone :
 She was not there—my speech was gone !
 And all my smartness passed to gloom,
 Though beauty blazed around the room.
 The lightsome form I could not spy,
 The pale-rose cheek and falcon eye—
 And what cared I for all beside ?
 My college petulance and pride
 Were sent to rest ; and for relief,
 The odoriferous handkerchief
 Came forth with unavailing swing—
 The only air, the only thing
 That I could muster or evince
 Of all my studied excellence.

Oh, wo is me ! I was so sped,
 So sore-benumbed, so ill-bested—
 That I began in courteous chime
 Saluting dames a second time ;
 Not knowing I had strained my lore
 In learned compliments before :
 The simper and the smile from thence
 Were very much at my expense.
 Alas ! when manhood backward looks
 To days of youth, how ill he brooks
 The recollection of those scenes
 Where reckless folly intervenes.

At length one came, as if to chide,
 And set herself down by my side.
 " Why are you absent and so glum,
 So daunted, doitrified, and dumb ?
 Are these the airs of learning sage,
 Of men the wonders of the age ?
 Or, must I dread you have in sooth
 Forgot the comrades of your youth ?"

" Indeed I have not ; trust me, ma'am,
 I'm glad to see you—faith I am.
 I hope I meet you well and gay,
 And blithe as when I went away ?"

" Yes, so so. But I grieve to see
 This want of gallantry in thee,—
 This affectation and grimace
 To those who looked for other grace,—
 Some trace of recollection bland,
 And kindlier greeting at thy hand.
 I hope 'tis affectation's game,
 Else something I dare hardly name."

I was dumbfounded—quite inane,
 From shoe-latch to the addled brain ;
 I ne'er in all my life had seen
 A maid of such enchanting mien,
 Or form of such a comely grace ;
 But not one lineament of face,

Or voice, or air, or brow erect,
 Could all my efforts recollect;
 No, not one feature, were I sworn,
 Had I beheld since I was born.
 I stared and stammered, blushing blue —
 Pulled out my handkerchief anew —
 Spoke Latin in my own behalf,—
 Then made a vain attempt to laugh.
 The lovely group, put to the blush,
 Held up their fans, and all was hush;
 While she, not knowing what to say,
 Arose, and lightly tripped away:
 Straight to her gilded harp she paced,
 And rang the chords in ruth and haste,
 Then raised the melting song on high
 Which I had loved in times gone by.

My heart was pierced, and owned the lay
 Which only one on earth could play,
 So as to steal my soul from me
 By music's thrilling melody.
 In that sweet strain and song inspired,
 So often heard, so oft admired,
 I recognised my bosom's queen,
 Which my two eyes could ne'er have seen;
 My girl was vanished, lost to me,—
 But here a perfect prodigy
 Of every beauty, every grace,
 Addressed me in the elfin's place.
 Never was mortal so transfixed,
 With wounds of pain and pleasure mixed;
 A quaking in my veins began,
 A chill through all my vitals ran,—
 My head began to swim amain,
 My blood seemed rushing to my brain;
 Till, tumbling o'er with eldritch moan,
 I died with a scholastic groan.

Great was the stir, as gossips said;
 For me, I sojourned with the dead,
 And carefully was borne away
 By comrades trembling with dismay;
 While surgeons, parents, sisters—all
 Hasted to the funereal hall.
 "Poor youth! so lately brisk and boon,—
 So fair a flower cut off so soon!"

The surgeon was a man of note,
 And said there was no antidote
 (Indeed, for death had he devised
 One, he might have been canonised),
 But recommended ataraxy,
 And cupped me for an apoplexy,—
 Draining my veins to the last rill
 Of purple tide they would distil.
 His sapient head could not approve
 The thought that I had died of love;
 Yet so I had—I died outright,
 And slept in death a summer night;
 The first, perhaps, from death's domain
 Who e'er returned to love again.

Night with its visions passed away,
 And life returned at break of day;
 But reason tottered on her throne,
 Till many days had come and gone;

So deeply love had fixed his dart,
And the keen surgeon played his part.
But still I saw with fancy's eye
A beauteous phantom hovering nigh,
That trod the chamber to and fro
With step as light as snow on snow ;
And oft I saw her face so near,
As down she stooped with listening ear,
For fear the youth so erudite
Had slept the sleep of death outright,
So near to mine, that late and rath
I felt her mild and balmy breath.

One time I weened—it might be so —
I cannot vouch to yes or no —
I felt, by chance or by design,
Her glowing cheek depend on mine ;
But, true or false as it might be,
The trial proved the same to me.
Again a tremour seized my frame,
And all my veins were wrapped in flame ;
The lights went dancing to and fro,
And sore I dreaded I would go ;
I cried aloud with stifled breath,
And by the bed-clothes held like death.

Again we sat in bower of bliss,
In perfect love and happiness ;
My trembling arm by hers embraced,
Or twined around her slender waist ;
Her cheek, as on a former day,
Still touching mine, as if in play ;
And her sweet breath, with sob and vow,
Playing around my burning brow ;
While her light locks would heave as boon
As amber clouds around the moon ;
Then would I wake in feverish pain,
And try to sleep and dream again.

My love-memorial thus far said,
Thy constancy of soul to aid,
And teach thy youthful mind to bear
Stern disappointment's frown severe,
On this my second strain so bland
I set the seal with trembling hand ;
And, moved by sob and falling tear,
Inscribe a name to me so dear.
Is it not strange that true love can
Make such a ninny of a man ?
Farewell, beloved, I'll write once more
Before I leave the British shore.

METROPOLIS WATER SUPPLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

THE peculiar disposition of the English people, and the distinguishing characteristic of their government, are both alike remarkable and *sui generis*. The many-headed public are oftentimes headstrong, but always fitful; they are called into action by impulses, yet it is unjust to charge them with changeableness of character in their political opinions; the body of the people are obtuse, but they are fraught with energy when they think they understand a question. Propound one of state policy to them: they are either totally apathetic or raving mad upon the subject. If they take the latter course, treat them as lunatic. Let them say, hear, and read all that can be said upon its merits; they then, however firmly their opinion may be rooted in favour of the measure, fall asleep over it, leaving posterity to take it up, and to persuade or enforce the government by remonstrance to adopt their views. It will, however, sometimes occupy half a century to make them comprehend the most palpable and simple truth affecting the vital interests of the whole community.

On the other hand, it is a truism, that the British government leave all great national questions to be mooted and discussed for years outside the doors of the Parliament House, before they are heard of within it.

The press is the organ of communication between the rulers and the ruled; she collects and gives utterance to the wishes of the people, who always know their own wants. It is probably for this reason that the legislature of England never thinks of troubling itself about the internal affairs of the nation, until the wants or sufferings of the people are laid before the members of which it is composed every morning with their breakfasts. There are no people in the world who better understand the political necessity of subordination than the people of England. For these reasons it becomes necessary that all questions connected with the interest of the community should be frequently agitated.

Among the Greeks and Romans, it was considered a policy to make it the especial duty of their rulers to take

upon themselves the responsibility of proposing and superintending the execution of every great work of national importance, particularly questions which immediately affected the health, taste, morals, and habits of the great body over whom they ruled. Hence the erection of numerous splendid buildings for the congregation and general meeting of the people, whether for purposes of business or pleasure—their stupendous aqueducts, and their gymnastic games for the promotion of health. The charges for their public works of utility were defrayed by the public from the national fund. The poor and the rich drew their supply of water from the same source, without any charge to individuals; and in their time no expense or labour was spared to obtain the best possible supply, both in quantity and quality. Confining ourselves to large towns, it may be said, that in England, light, air, and water are luxuries to the poor, as these essentials to health and life cannot be obtained without money.

The first question for the consideration of any government, in a country where there are large towns densely populated, next to preserving the cities from foreign enemies and internal civil commotion, should be to provide the inhabitants with a supply of pure and wholesome water. But with us, this and similar duties of national importance are left to be performed by individuals or chartered companies, which but too frequently are converted into monopolies, and made to operate against the welfare of the community. It may be advanced, that in all human efforts to effect a good, some evils will ever insinuate themselves. True. When, however, they affect a whole nation, they are much more easily remedied, when the measures which have given rise to them are under the immediate control of government, than when premiums are given to four or five thousand influential men and their dependents, to perpetuate a system of error, and disguise or distort the truth.

Up to the year 1828, when a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to examine witnesses, and to inquire into the quality of the water

supplied to the inhabitants of this metropolis, our legislators in no way interfered regarding this important question, except occasionally listening to a speech from one of their own body, who was probably deeply interested in procuring a privilege for a company—whose only object was private gain, not public benefit.

The committee was formed, I believe, at the instance of Sir Francis Burdett, if not upon his motion: he, however, sat as chairman. At this period the whole town was in convulsions, under the notion that they should be poisoned with filthy water. Meetings were called, and held at Willis's Rooms and other parts of the metropolis, where microscopic entomologists attended and exhibited specimens, either from nature or in large drawings, of the many frightful hydra-headed and millepede insects taken out of the water-cisterns of the metropolis. After which they were placed in the windows of the picture-shops throughout the town, in order to drive the few remaining water-drinkers to the public-house for a beverage of gin and beer.

At the period of exacerbation, when alarm and fright and ire against the water companies was at its highest, the committee was appointed; when, as it were by magic, all was peace again. It is enough, say they; our voice is heard; we have compelled the government to take it up, and we have done our duty. They then withdraw from the field, cease complaint, and sit down as contentedly as if nothing had ever been said about the matter, to drink their fetid solution with as much satisfaction as if it were the purest and finest of crystal waters. There is in this much generosity of character. When the people think they have proved their case, and got the best of the argument, they feel that justice being on their side she will prevail, leaving the legislature a fair opportunity of timing the measure to the exigencies of the case. John Bull has but one error; he is too apt to do things in a passion, and afterwards forget the action or the cause which moved him to it. Whenever this gentleman shews symptoms of uneasiness, and looks a little wild about the eyes, the state physician generally prescribes an anodyne or a soporific; but knowing what an antipathy he has to physic, the artful doctor gives his nostrum into

the hands of a committee to administer, and then rock the patient to sleep. Upon the water question, the medicine must have been strongly infused with the drug nepenthe, John having totally forgotten that the subject ever came across his mind, although it is upwards of six years since he took the alarm, and the water every day from that time has been decreasing in its purity. It is a question problematical in its nature, whether a hundred persons in the metropolis ever took the trouble to read the report of the committee; which, by the way, was very slovenly performed, and for which they apologise to the public, by stating that the lateness of the season prevented their pursuing the inquiry further. It is very much to be regretted that a committee appointed on such an important question should have commenced its sittings so late in the session: the first examination bears date "Veneris, 4th die Julii, 1828." The futile operations of seventieths of the parliamentary committees may be attributed to the same cause. The following is the substance of their report: "Taking into consideration the various circumstances to which we have now adverted, together with the details of evidence by which they were proved and illustrated, and also the facts derived from our own observation and experience, we are of opinion that the present state of the supply of water to the metropolis is susceptible of and requires improvement; that many of the complaints respecting the supply of water are well founded; and that it ought to be derived from other sources than those now resorted to, and guarded by such restrictions as shall at all times insure its cleanliness and purity."

The committee say that they did not consider themselves called upon to give any opinion as to the best means of obtaining a better supply of water, but merely to declare whether that which is at present served to the inhabitants of London is wholesome and fit for use, or otherwise. They, however, recommend that Mr. Telford, a civil engineer, should be employed to seek for a better supply. In this recommendation is contained the strongest declaration, by inference, of the unfitness of the waters now used. Upon this occasion, as in all others where great and influential bodies are concerned, the committee dealt very tenderly with their subject; evidently

thinking less, in all their examinations, of the public than of those belonging to their own class, and who were interested in opposing any innovation upon their charters.

The remarks contained in this paper have been called forth in consequence of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury having, at the suggestion of the "Metropolis Water Committee," employed Mr. Thomas Telford to seek for other sources for the supply of water, on the north and south sides of the Thames, than those from whence it is at present derived. Mr. Telford made his report, which was published in February last by order of the committee, together with three maps, illustrative of his views, and explanatory of his wonderful discoveries; namely, that there are other streams of water and rivers, besides the Thames and New River, which may be brought to London, and served out from reservoirs for the public use. When Mr. Telford was employed, it was to find good and pure water; by which, without doubt, was meant as near an approximation as possible to that aqueous fluid which chemists say is composed, and is the result, of the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen; two parts of hydrogen to fifteen of oxygen by weight, or two of oxygen to one of hydrogen by bulk, free from all adventitious substances, whether animal, mineral, or vegetable.

Now, almost every schoolboy knows that such a fluid is nowhere to be found on the terraqueous globe, except only at the mouth of certain springs; and that the farther we recede from their source, the more deteriorated and the less transparent will the water become. All pure spring- or well-water, very soon after it is exposed to the influence of the atmospheric air, imbibes impurities, and is in a state of incipient turbescency. It may, when stagnant or in motion, part with its earthy properties; but then it uniformly takes up animal and vegetable matters, which, being under the process of decomposition, impregnates the water with gaseous impurities, destructive to the health of all who use it, either for culinary purposes or as a beverage; generating a variety of complaints—in the opinion of Dr. Kerrison, principally those of the viscera, such as enlargement of the liver, dyspeptic complaints, &c. &c. The same gentleman, in his evidence, stated it was his opinion,

that if the quantity of water consumed in London could and should all be filtered before it was used, the result would be the impregnation of the air with a malaria dangerous to the whole population of the town. Yet this very matter, which it was proposed to separate from the water by filtration, and which it is apprehended would be so terribly destructive in its effects were it thrown upon the land, is now swallowed by human beings in a state of solution with the water we daily drink. It is curious and interesting to observe the manner in which palpable truths are frittered down, and become lost to the public, by the ingenuity and disingenuousness of scientific men, when called upon to support particular interests. They deal with axioms and facts as if they were hypothetical, and with hypotheses as if they were facts, just as in turns it serves their purpose.

There are eight water companies, including those in Surrey, all of which have their supply from the Thames; excepting only the New River Company, and they have an engine at Broken Wharf to work water out of the Thames when they are short of it at their own reservoir; and one other has erected steam-engines to draw water from the river Lea, for the supply of the inhabitants at the north-east part of the town. It is calculated that 6,810,000 gallons, or 1,089,000 cubic feet, of deleterious and poisonous water is served out daily to the inhabitants of this metropolis on the north side of the Thames; and that 2,964,000 gallons is the supply for the south, or Surrey side.

As there are (excepting only in some peculiar instances) very few places in England where a good and an abundant supply of water may not be obtained, if diligently sought after, even for any number of inhabitants which may settle there, it offers one of the most extraordinary cases of the perverseness of human nature and obstinacy in error ever recorded, that the engineers of this metropolis will not direct their attention to raising the abundance of good and wholesome, nay delicious, water which is every where under our feet; and in such quantities that we may calculate upon whole seas of it, as I shall indisputably prove from the best of evidence.

But first let me dispose of Mr. Telford and his plan, which we are

seriously in danger of having carried into effect, and that, too, at the public cost, without emancipating us from the hands of the companies. This gentleman says he has traversed the country on each side of the valley of the Thames, examining the streams which fall into that river in the vicinity of London. At length he selects the river *Verulam*, near Watford, to supply the northern district, and the river *Wandle*, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, to supply the south side of the Thames. These streams he proposes to bring to London by means of covered aqueducts, and a series of reservoirs, at the enormous expense of 1,177,840*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* The probability is, however, that the cost would be nearly double this amount, notwithstanding the nicety of the calculation to the odd 16*s.* 5*d.*; and it is certain, that when completed, his majesty's subjects would be in as great danger as at the present time of being poisoned. Our engineer, in his anxiety to carry his point, has taken the precaution to send specimens of the waters to Doctor Bostock, who, of course, forthwith analyses them, and reports favourably of their qualities: so, also, would he of the New River water, were the sample taken from the springs; but what would he say if the specimen were taken out of the reservoir at Pentonville? In this difference the merits of the whole question are involved. No water can be considered pure which has been conveyed by a stream, and agitated in its passage over various soils, exposed at the same time to the effects of the atmosphere, which is ever dropping vegetable impurities upon its surface.

The New River, which supplies some districts with water, is a shade better in quality than the Thames; it has its rise from two springs in the valley of Lea, in the neighbourhood of Ware. These springs are described as being singularly copious, and to issue from the foot of the Chalk Hills; the upper, and greater, is named Chadwell Spring; the other, which is below the town of Ware, the Amwell. Both give water of good quality, and of great transparency. The inhabitants of the metropolis cannot, however, drink and collect their daily wants from the fountain-head; they can only obtain it after it has gone a long journey, and has travelled over a diversity of soils, —when it has become the natural home

and residence of that world of animalculæ which is always found accompanying the changes which animal and vegetable substances undergo in resolving themselves into the purer elements of which they were composed. At the Ware end we find water pure, in the general acceptation of the term; at the Pentonville reservoir it is an heterogeneous solution of refuse which the waters have picked up in their course. The farther up the stream the angler takes his fish the better he finds them in quality—an unerring test of the sweetness of water. A fluid surcharged with those gaseous impurities which is ever the result of animal and vegetable decomposition, and which by a wise ordination it is the peculiar properties of water to take up and imbibe, again to deposit them in beds for specific purposes which nature or nature's God designs to accomplish, must ever be pernicious to use as a beverage for man. No water is fit for our purpose but that which nature has prepared by a different process, namely filtration through strata of gravel, sand, &c. &c.; and of this she has not been sparing, if we would "*take the good the gods provide us.*" Man was condemned to labour, to which he is stimulated by rewards: the deeper we delve for our water, the better we find it; occasioned, without doubt, by its having been filtered through a thicker strata of purifying beds of mineral materials, which deprives it of adventitious substances. And in this, again, have the people of London reason to rejoice and be thankful; the substrata of the town and its environs are composed of the most likely materials for the production of abundance of water, of the best quality: in the places where it has been obtained, although it comes up clear and sparkling, it is soft, and fit for all purposes of household uses, as well as for drinking.

River water, as before observed, must ever be impure; and it may (and will, at no very distant day) be noted down by writers as an extraordinary pertinacity of this improved age, that we should have persevered in its use; more especially with the powerful machinery we have at our command. The farmer cuts a channel in his land to drain it; the water oozes through the mould from the surface, bringing with it many lighter particles of which the superstratum is composed, as it

percolates and makes its way into the drain. Suppose we turn a pure transparent stream into such a course, will it not become turbid and thickened with the drainage from the land on either side? Precisely thus it is with the New River: the operation above described has been going on from its banks ever since the channel was cut, until its bottom is one mass of mud. We also know this to be the effect with canals, which require constant cleansing and drainage of mud even to keep them in a fit state for navigation.

Dr. Bostock says, in his evidence before the committee, that "The water of the Thames, when free from extraneous substances, is in a state of considerable purity, containing only a moderate quantity of saline contents, and those of a kind which cannot be supposed to render it unfit for domestic purposes, or injurious to health; but as it approaches the metropolis it becomes loaded with a quantity of filth, which renders it improper to be employed in the preparation of food, &c." Now, I ask, is not this foolery, or something worse? Why, all water is in a state of considerable purity "when free from extraneous substances." What is such evidence worth? and is it not a profligate waste of time either to give it, or for the committee to sit to hear such trash? But what does the doctor mean by the Thames water? His object throughout, I consider, was to clothe his evidence in ambiguous terms: Does he mean the water at the Thames' head, near Cirencester, or that found at Gravesend, including waters within a distance of upwards of two hundred and fifty miles? What, we may reasonably ask, could induce a gentleman, standing high in his profession, to blink a question of this importance? It would have been much more creditable if a straightforward and manly course had been pursued. Why not at once have said, that the water taken out of the Thames at or near London was unwholesome, and unfit for the people to use? Why make an attempt to soften down the matter, and to hold up the interest of a set of capitalists and monopolists, to the serious injury of the public? for he is, at last, compelled to declare it *unfit for use*.

The generation and death of insects peculiarly incident to the banks of rivers, together with rats and other

amphibious and aquatic animals and reptiles, will ever render all water-courses, whether covered or otherwise, foul. This fact is as clear as that the sun affords us light and heat, or that it animates all nature. But, says Mr. T. Telford, my courses shall be covered up. Be they so: will that prevent deposits? Can he keep the atmospheric air from it? and will not insects generate upon its surface, and at the bottom? Again, will they not die? In short, does he not know that it is as natural for water to collect these impurities as it is for weeds to grow upon a plot of newly-turned earth? A water-course receives more animated matter, after it has parted with life, than it seems "is dreamt of in the philosophy" of Mr. Thomas Telford; but I will tell him that his water-courses will, in a very short time, be little better than a metropolitan sewer. The plan first contemplates preparing an aqueduct, about two miles above Watford, to receive the waters of the Verulam; and the engineer says, "the valley of the river Verulam affords a commodious situation for extensive reservoirs of water, and for allowing it to settle, if such should hereafter be needful." Mark! it is to be a mud deposit before the water commences its journey to London. "From this place a covered aqueduct may be made to descend, with a uniform inclination of eighteen inches per mile, to Primrose Hill, terminating in a set of extensive receiving and distributing reservoirs, at the height of a hundred and forty-six feet above high water, Trinity datum standard, in the Thames." Mr. Telford may be addressed in the language of Butler:

"He has long endeavoured to reduce
Those things to practice which are of no
use;
And strives to practise things of *speculation*,
And bring the *practical* to contemplation:
And by that error readers both in vain,
By forcing nature's course against the
grain."

In the present state of things, the public could not be supplied with water without reservoirs; but in regard to the quality of it, they are a great nuisance. In these places, the water is rendered more unwholesome than before it was let in from the river. It is said; that the reservoirs allow the water to settle before it is passed into

the service-pipes : it certainly does part with some of the earthy matter, but I will ask if they are any thing but immense cauldrons of slush, more or less in a continual state of fermentation from an accumulation of vegetable and animal deposits ? The larvæ and animalculæ, which are brought into the reservoirs in such immense quantities, both living and dead, make a solution as disgusting as that concocted by the witches in *Macbeth*. The matter contained in them would taint whole seas of pure water, were it allowed to pass over it ; yet from such reservoirs are the public to be supplied, under the proposed new plan of the engineer, and that, too, with river-water. But let us hope for better things, and that the merits of the question will again be fairly argued and laid before the public, ere any ulterior measures for carrying so preposterous a scheme into effect are adopted. The better course will be to pay the surveyor and burn the plans ; after which the proposition may be buried in oblivion, and the public relieved from the terror of being constrained to bear the expense of such an outrageous job.

The advantage the public would derive from a good supply of sweet water is so universally felt and appreciated, that it is quite unnecessary to dwell at large upon the subject ; on the other hand, it is my opinion, that the unwholesomeness and pernicious effect of the water now served to the inhabitants of the metropolis, considered in a sanatory point of view, and the influence it has upon the habits and health of the people, have never yet been duly estimated. Water is deemed a sober drink, but it is remarkable that there are no people in the world who drink less of it than the inhabitants of London ; their objection to it amounts to an antipathy : and so it will be with all their posterity *ad infinitum*, until we can tempt them to the use of it by offering water of a pure and wholesome kind. It is a matter of astonishment that the temperance societies, and the committee which sat to inquire into the cause of drunkenness, should not have seen, that the attachment of the people to malt liquors and spirits is nothing more nor less than the result of habit, which commences with the infant at the mother's breast. With all Londoners there is the prejudice of education against the use of water as a

drink : if a child take up a cup of it, or is seen going towards the cistern, the mother exclaims, " Oh, my dear ! don't drink water ! don't drink that filthy stuff ! " If a visitor from the country, when at his friend's house in town, ask for a glass of water, his host or hostess makes it a point of hospitality and duty immediately to set a guard over him, and see that he does not swallow the same until a due portion of spirits be infused into it ; while the whole family of children turn their eyes towards the strange gentleman who wants to drink water.

When we consider the flexibility of our natures, and the effects of habit upon human beings, it is not to be wondered at that the people of London should be subject to inebriation. For many years the entire body of the faculty combined in one opinion, and prohibited the use of malt liquors ; no matter what the complaint might be, the patient was never parted with, but the injunction not to drink malt liquors was enforced. I observe, however, that this Esculapian prejudice is fast dying away. They never, at any time, vouchsafed us any valid reasons for their prohibition ; nor did they condescend to provide their thirsty patients with any efficient substitute for beer, excepting only that of a toast put into water previously boiled. Why the water should be boiled, in the present hour remains a secret, as also does the use of the toast ; if asked, probably they might answer, to " destroy the animalculæ contained in it." Now, if by the process of boiling the animalculæ could be evaporated, I should applaud their judgment ; but when it is known that it is a portion of the water which will go off in vapour, and that the remaining quantity the longer it is boiled the more strongly will it be impregnated with those deleterious properties the physician in his wisdom sought to destroy, what can be said in support of their dietetic advice ? Besides insects and their larvæ, water which comes from the river (especially from the Thames) is strongly infused with other animal and vegetable matter, highly injurious to the health of those who may drink of it : by boiling such water you have a decoction, and the longer you continue the process the more concentrated and powerful in its effects will it be. Take any quantity of hellebore root, boil it in water, and

when at the boiling point pour out a wine-glassful of the liquor; continue boiling, and at intervals, as the quantity decreases, pour out more of the decoction. In the end, on examination, it will be found that the specimens will have increased in strength, precisely in proportion to the quantity of water evaporated. In this way might a virulent poison, in all probability, be got from Thames water, if boiled in a sufficient quantity, and the process continued long enough. The notion of improving any water by boiling is a fallacious one, which cannot be too generally made known. Regarding the toast, it would puzzle the most philosophic of our medical men to assign any rational cause for its use: bad water it cannot improve; good, sparkling, fresh spring-water it may spoil, by depriving it of its grateful freshness and rendering it mawkish to the palate. A draught of good water acts healthfully upon the coats of the stomach, and promotes an increase of appetite; it is also the best solvent in nature for the food taken into the stomach: its efficaciousness, however, in both cases, depends upon its freshness, which is its stimulating property—a property totally destroyed by immersing a piece of toasted bread into it. Like many other modern customs which are become fashionable, “it would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.” Although water when boiled is rendered less fit for use (as is also every kind of water when distilled), yet I would not recommend the use of that which comes direct from the river, or a metropolitan reservoir; it is impossible to say how far the numerous diseases with which the inhabitants of London are afflicted may be occasioned by our bad supply of that one great essential to the healthful existence of all animal creation, water. Instances have occurred of serious constitutional disturbance in human beings from *larvæ* finding their way into the stomach.

Natural institutions for the care and relief of the poor, when afflicted with disease, are no where more plentiful than in London: the common aphorism that prevention is better than cure may, however, be appositely enough applied to many of our charities. The medical works abound with cases which go to prove that numerous diseases are caused by the quality of certain waters, and that the patients on

discontinuing their use have speedily been restored to health. Some constitutions bend more easily to an evil than others; hence it is, that there are many persons who never have their health in London: of such it is usual to say the air disagrees with them, but if the question were properly inquired into, and experiments made, I have good grounds to affirm that, in three cases out of five, it is not the effect of air but water, which makes invalids of residents in London.

Professor Brande states, that the waste water from the gas-works consists of sulphuretted hydrogen and ammoniacal gases dissolved in the lime-water, and a portion of bituminous oil, or coal-tar, which is seen to float on the surface; and he adds, that this waste water flowing into the Thames renders it unfit for use. The evidence given before the committee further goes to prove that the water, when it has been subjected to the process of filtration, is also improper for use.

Respecting the charges to the public, made by the several water-companies for the present supply, and their management generally, the evidence given before the committee leaves the most unfavourable impression on the mind. First, it is stated that, through the management of the water-companies, there is no probable hope that the public will ever be supplied with water of a better quality. 2dly, That the public are without any protection, even against a further extension of demand from the companies; and that in cases of dispute there is no tribunal but the board of the companies themselves to which individuals can appeal. 3dly, The committee recommend that the companies should be compelled to submit their accounts annually to parliament, in order to throw light upon the question. 4thly, That the rates of 1821, which included the increase of twenty-five per cent upon the rental of 1810, was sufficient to remunerate the various companies at that period; but, they add, an inspection of the present returns shews that a gradual increase has taken place, amounting to no less than 44,000*l.* per annum to those companies who draw supplies from the north side of the Thames. And lastly, that the companies' charges are not regulated by distance or quantity, and that no two companies appear to agree in a remunerating price.

The indifference which is shewn by these monopolising bodies to the quality of the water, was strikingly illustrated in the evidence given by Mr. James Mills, civil engineer. This gentleman states that the Grand Junction Company, in order to save the expense of working their steam-engine, for three or four years served the public with water from the Paddington Canal, letting it out under the road at the top of Praed Street into their reservoir, for the purpose of distribution. This, however, is not quite the correct version of the affair. Under the pretext of furnishing the consumers of water with that which should be drawn from actual springs, the Grand Junction Water Company contracted with the Canal Company for a supply from their basin at Paddington, situated only a few yards from the reservoir, in the same parish. By the way, it is worthy of notice, that the company have a tolerable correct notion of the gullibility of the English public, which could be made to believe that they were, in the common acceptation of the term, served with *spring-water* from a navigable canal. By parity of reasoning, stagnant ditch-water is spring-water; as, by possibility, every globule or particle upon or running through the earth may once have had its course downwards in purifying itself, and has again found its way up, to enter into combination with extraneous matter.

When the Regent's Canal was cut, it was discovered that they had not water enough for its navigation without drawing it from the Grand Junction; but as the company could not supply them and the water-company too, and as they were now sure of a permanent customer, the compunctions of conscience whispered that the fluid at their command was better suited for floating barges than passing into the stomachs of his majesty's liege subjects. Having come to this determination, the water-suppliers to the people were sent back, under an arrangement between the parties, to pump their water from the Thames as heretofore. If we were to inquire how far any or all of the eight water-companies have served themselves, as compared with the public, a good-sized octavo volume might very usefully be written upon the subject: the objects of this paper do not include any wish to prove or discuss any of their delinquencies, although

they unavoidably form no unprominent feature in the question. Upon the present system, they cannot give us better water. The charges against them are, that they know their supply to be bad—nay, destructive to health. This fact has been proved so often, that none can pretend ignorance of it. 2dly, That their charge for the water they do supply is most enormous, and oppressive upon the poor classes; the probable average to each house throughout the metropolis being from 3*l.* to 4*l.* per annum. 3dly, That they know there is a better and as ready a supply at hand; but from a principle of monopoly which actuates all their measures, and from the all-absorbing motive of gain, they oppose every attempt for improving the supply, although it may tend to remove a vast number of diseases, and promote the longevity of the London operatives especially. These are serious charges, all of which are more or less substantiated by the evidence adduced before the committee; but I must confine myself to the objects I have in view, viz. to prove the unfitness of the water supplied by all the companies, either for culinary purposes or that of drinking, and to shew that we have the means of immediately obtaining a cheaper and better supply.

When speaking of the many causes which conjointly and co-operatively unite to render river-water at all times unfit to use as a common beverage, I might have mentioned the electrical influences of the atmosphere, which are continuously in action, although only apparent to our senses when the phenomena of nature are presented in a striking view. There is a long glass vial containing a mixture, covered over with a piece of bladder perforated with small holes, sold in most optician's shops, called a thunder or storm-glass; the mixture is made by pulverising, and then dissolving in two ounces of proof spirits, two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of purified nitre, and half a drachm of muriate of ammonia. In calm, temperate weather the liquid in the vial is bright and transparent, but for a considerable time preceding a thunder-storm, when we may reasonably suppose the circumambient air to be in a positive or surcharged state of electricity, the white deposit or sediment which lies at the bottom gradually becomes disturbed, rising up to the top of the vial as the storm in-

creases, until the whole of the fluid is rendered opaque, assuming somewhat the appearance of milk diluted with a small portion of water. The disturbance of this sediment is evidently occasioned by the attraction of the electrical fluid contained in the air; in the same manner is the mud raised from the bottom of rivers and lakes whenever they become negative as referred, or compared to the state of the air which is in contact with them, or is influenced by other super-strata, where the positive electrical condition of the atmosphere is more apparent to the common observer by the effects of lightning. The ever-changing effects of the weather upon water is well known to all observers of nature, and especially to the skilful angler. The sudden turbescency of water is generally attributed to rains, either upon the spot or at a distance, which washes down the soils from the hills; but the preponderating cause is electrical attraction, as above stated; and for this reason it is added to all the others before enumerated, that every attempt to obtain pure water from any other source than by a shaft in the earth must fail. Busy, money-getting muck-worms do not pause in their mad career of commercial speculations to consider these things; although every householder in London has an apparatus upon his premises—a water-cistern—in which he may daily study the reciprocal feelings subsisting between the water and the atmosphere, or rather the particles which are held in suspension by the water.

Within these few years our medical knowledge has been much enlarged; yet but little advance has been made in ascertaining the generating causes of diseases,—plenty of theory, but no facts. We have increased our nosological nomenclature, and can give the derivation of our new terms, but are unable satisfactorily to trace old or new diseases to their source. And least of all can we explain the nosopoetic effects of atmospherical changes, independently or in conjunction with the operations and chemical changes which are going on upon and in the bowels of the earth. Some broad facts, however, we have snatched. We know that a peculiar quality of the air, good food, and sweet water, are the grand essentials of health. Now as we are deprived of the latter, and as diseases are very prevalent, and are always more so

in the metropolitan districts at the autumn of the year, when the water in the rivers is not only frequently disturbed by electrical influence (whole masses of mud being stirred up from the bottom), but is otherwise polluted with vegetable and animal refuse so abundant at that season, may we not, I ask, without drawing largely upon speculation, attribute much of the disease so peculiar to London at this season to the poisonous nature of the water now in use? In this inquiry it should be remembered, the complaints which afflict the people are almost universally those of a visceral nature, such as ever attend an improper aliment. The velocity of a stream increases with its distance from the source, and so does its impurity from the numerous drainages it receives; the farther it runs the fouler the water; but enough has been said to prove the unwholesomeness of river-water as a drink for man.

It would be out of place here to discuss the medical problem of the cholera morbus; I say the problem, for it unquestionably has not yet been proved that the Asiatic disease bearing that name has ever visited this country. At the fall of the season we have, for time out of remembrance, been afflicted in the metropolis with the diseases designated by our forefathers dysentery and diarrhoea, the mortality from which has most seasons been great; it is, however, remarkable, that in the year 1832, when it was introduced to the public notice under the name of cholera, and spread a general panic throughout the country, there were fewer deaths than in the preceding one. But let the profession, who are not only the godfathers but frequently the fathers of disease, christen the monster as they may, how is it, I ask, that with the recorded opinion before them of some of their most scientific brethren, that the water used by the inhabitants of London was highly deleterious and injurious to health, they, when, sitting in conclave in the character of a sanitary board, did not institute an efficient inquiry into the subject, and adopt such experimental measures as might have satisfied the public upon this important question? Had they done this, it would at least have been offering us some equivalent for the sums of money drawn from our pockets, which was not given for the purpose of frightening us out of

life, but to appease our fears. It is never too late to be honest; I hope, therefore, upon this hint, banishing all fear of the water-companies, that they will assemble once more, for the useful purpose of adding their testimony to mine of the poisonous nature of the water which, under acts of parliament, we are constrained to drink.

Having endeavoured to shew the bad quality of the water now in use, and that the projected plan of bringing it from other rivers for the supply of pure water would be futile, I proceed to consider what are our resources nearer home. The substrata of the site on which the metropolis stands is principally composed of clay and gravel, the very best materials for piercing when seeking for water. This in itself is favourable, were the question one of speculation; but the proofs of there being abundance of water are now before us,—that there is (if I may be permitted the expression) a lake of the finest quality under us. In whichever direction we travel from St. Paul's to either extremity of the town, pumps may now be found which have never yet been known to fail in giving water; it is true that the average depth of them is upwards of three hundred feet, but this is rather an advantage than otherwise, the supply in dry seasons being less liable to fail—a fear which will suggest the main argument against relying upon wells for a supply; but this apprehension, upon a full examination of the subject, will be found to be groundless.

Mr. Henry Francis, civil engineer, strongly recommended this mode of obtaining water to the committee in 1828; it has however, occupied my attention for upwards of twenty years; and Mr. Robert Paten, of Paddington, has many years taken infinite pains to make himself master of the subject, and is now about to submit to the borough of St. Marylebone a plan and estimate for supplying the district independently of water-companies connected with river-service. As there is every hope, when the plans are sufficiently made known and their practicability established, that this borough will cause them to be carried into effect, an experiment of the first importance to the inhabitants of London will be made; and, if I may be pardoned a pun, some fatal shafts thrown at the monopolising joint-stock companies: indeed, it is

quite time that the public should be alive to the entire infamous system of joint-stock and trust abuses. All roads, canals, and water-services, as they are for public use, should be in the hands of the public, and managed by the superintendence of public officers; no individuals or bodies corporate should be allowed any privileged control, under grants or charters, whether of ancient or modern origin, over any portion of road, or railway, or canal, river, or water-course. It is evident that the public cannot have the accommodation of good roads for internal communication or intercourse, or pipes laid for water-service, without paying for materials and labour; but every government which does its duty will see, that when the people have done this, they are not called to pay more; that they shall not, because they want water, and roads to travel upon, besides paying amply for their cost, be, under the juggle of a joint-stock company, compelled to support the whole of the splendid household establishments in Portland Place and many of the squares in London, under the humbug of paying interest for capital. The people have a capital from which governments have, when in want of money, helped themselves pretty freely at times. From this source, therefore, when great national works were considered needful, might money always be drawn; or it might be borrowed, and added to the national debt, when the extent of the expense would be seen at once in figures. This would be an improvement upon the plan of consigning the whole of the metropolis over into the hands of mercenary money-jobbers, who ever afterwards plunder them under the specious pretext of receiving interest for capital. To illustrate this, I will state, that it is calculated, if the inhabitants of St. Marylebone borough can take upon themselves the management of their own supply of water, they will be able to pay good interest for the capital required, and serve the burghers with real good and wholesome water at two-thirds less annual charge than the company now does.

With regard to the supply of spring-water in a sufficient quantity to the metropolis, I am aware that the generality of my readers will be very sceptical: there is, however, unquestionably and beyond all controversy, at our command a perennial source of water,

which may be rendered available, and supersede the necessity of using river-water for any purpose whatever. Mr. H. Francis says, that wherever excavations have been made, there has always been found water in unlimited quantities; and he mentioned that when the shaft was sunk for the commencement of the Thames Tunnel, the diameter of which was, when he saw it, about thirty feet, and when the depth was only seventy, there came from it a never-ending supply of water; that it would have afforded from twenty to thirty thousand barrels per day—and this, too, at a time when every endeavour was used to repress its flowing. He also stated, that when the excavations were going on for St. Katherine's Dock, that at the depth of thirty feet it employed three steam-engines kept regularly at work, each engine pumping from twenty to thirty thousand gallons in the twenty-four hours; that at Tottenham, water has been found at six feet below the surface of the earth, in great abundance. These, however, are all land-springs, unconnected with our great natural reservoir, three hundred feet deep.

The unaccountable apathy or unwillingness of people to seek for water in and near London, I have frequently had occasion to notice. In the year 1821, I entered into a negotiation for some premises situated at Streatham, Surrey, near the church. The party (a broker, resident on the spot) who shewed them me, said he felt it his duty to inform me that the only supply of water I should have would be from the pond in the garden, which must daily be pumped up into a cistern for the use of the house, and that there was not in the village any drinkable water to be had. As the premises suited me, I took them; and the first week after I got possession I employed my man-servant in digging a hole in the cellar. As he commenced the work in the morning, I went to town; and on my return he shewed me an excavation, which he had got a bricklayer then on the premises to brick round, about five feet deep by two and a half in diameter, containing abundance of water, which turned out to be of the finest quality. I resided in the house seven years; and although I was considerably annoyed by the neighbours coming to draw from my *petit* well, it never once failed. It is further stated that Mr. Smart has bored at Lambeth,

and always obtained a supply: some of his openings are still running. At Tottenham, one bore gives fourteen gallons per minute, and rises six feet high. At Tooting there is a bore which has been running for nearly twenty years, and now gives water as freely as it did the first day it was drawn.

Mr. Henry Francis brings us his very valuable evidence from the mining districts to further illustrate the subject. He says that where he has been engaged professionally, he has seen very small excavations give a never-ending supply of water; and instances a large mine on the estate of Earl Dudley, at Hart's Hill, which produced thirty thousand barrels, or 1,080,000 gallons per day. The further we pursue the subject, the greater is the number of concurring facts which tend to support our belief that we have an inexhaustible reservoir of spring-water provided by the hand of Nature, which, when brought up for our use, will complete that desideratum which has been hitherto the only drawback upon the eligibility of the site of London for a metropolis.

Upon inquiring into the depth of the wells already sunk in and about the metropolis, and making allowance for the several elevations and depressions of the land where the earth was first broken open upon the surface of it, the water is found to be all nearly of one quality, lying upon a slightly inclined plane; taking in those which are at Hampstead—at Jack Straw's Castle, for instance—and many others which have been dug upon elevated spots of ground. At Barrow Hill, near Primrose Hill, there is a well of excellent water, which is now in the hands of the West Middlesex Water Company, and which they formerly worked with a steam-power of three or four horses, without being able to make any sensible diminution in the height to which it rose in the shaft. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood, who are acquainted with this fact, say that the company purchased the well only with a view to shut it up, lest the public should become too generally informed of the truth, viz. that parishes may supply themselves with water.

It is calculated that two wells, with one steam-engine of small power to each, will supply the borough of St. Marylebone with water,—twenty-seven thousand houses, besides mews, &c. For this purpose reservoirs must be

constructed; but as the water will come immediately from the well into them, and be at the same time running into the service-pipes, there can be no apprehension of any impurities tainting it. Such a mode of deriving our supply of water might, by the system of boring, be rendered ornamental, and otherwise beneficial to the town. Suppose bores to be made at all the main openings,—Charing Cross, at the east end of St. Clement's Church in the Strand, Farringdon Street, &c. &c. &c., with *jet d'eau* pipes, constructing an arched reservoir beneath, from which all persons in their immediate neighbourhood might at their own expense lay on pipes connected with their houses and obtain a supply. In this way might one-half the town be served; while the jets would add to the beauty of the town, and in summer cool the air, generate refreshing breezes in our sultry season, even in the purlieus of Seven Dials, if the poor wretches may be allowed to share in such a luxury.

From all the facts which I have collected, there can be no doubt of the whole of the town, west of Temple Bar, being forthwith supplied with spring-water from the sources already open, were proper measures adopted for its distribution. But there is no want of pumps in the city; and the excavators with whom I have conversed inform me that they as frequently meet with an *earth-bourne** there as at the west end of the town. There is scarcely a town in England that does not derive its main supply of water in the way I am recommending to the inhabitants of London; but the value of time, and other inconveniences, interpose to preclude the use of public pumps in London. If, however, means were taken to serve it in the same manner to the inhabitants as the filthy water is now served them, the water-companies' premises would be converted into old-iron shops for the sale of their useless pipes, unless they will dispose of them as they lie for the more wholesome supply.

The certainty of there being a perennial supply of good spring-water at our command, cannot be better proved to the readers of this article than by referring and calling their attention to a spot where there was a spring, near Bayswater, in the parish of Paddington.

Until very lately this spring was running from under the door of a small building, erected at the expense of the city in the year 1624; but, in consequence of some excavations in the neighbourhood, it has been diverted into another course. At one time it supplied half the city of London by means of leaden pipes, and had run from time immemorial. Some years since, before iron pipes were brought into use, an attempt was made to carry a greater body of this water into the city through a newly-invented clay pipe, which was dried in the air without baking. The projectors of this scheme had the weakness to suppose, that because the pipes became hard in the sun and air, they might with safety be laid down for a water-conveyance. In this foolish speculation, I am told, upwards of 20,000*l.* was lost. The London Water Works ultimately supplied the city; and the spring was abandoned, not for want of water, but because they laid down dried clay pipes, which in a short time became soft and useless: thus did the citizens give up their wholesome water for a solution of mud.

The service of water to the public is a great national concern: it ought on no consideration to be intrusted to any individual, or company of individuals. The tables of quantity served, profits of money received, &c. &c., of all the companies, are too voluminous for insertion here. Some notion of their general business may, however, be collected, by stating that one company, in the year 1827, received for service of water 24,702*l.* 5*s.*, while their expenditure was 10,674*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*; leaving a net profit of 14,027*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* upon the year. This is their own statement.

In conclusion, I advise those engineers who, in giving their evidence, adduced instances of certain openings effected by boring having, after a time, failed in giving a supply of water, to disconnect themselves from the water-companies. If they will do this, become free agents, and exercise their professional skill in the absence of any warp of the judgment, they may readily furnish the public with many reasons, mechanical and others, rather than any deficiency in the quantity of water, for the occasional disappointments which are said to have occurred.

* A river under ground.

AN AUTUMN IN THE NORTH.

CHAP. II.

AN extremely comfortable and commodious hotel, Gibbs' Inn. We never desire better attendance, better *cuisine*, or a cleaner or more gratifying bed. And, by the way, it is no more than justice to the Scottish publicans to record, that in the matter of clean linen, as well for the couch as for the board, they need not fear competition with any in the trade. We have seen something of most of the countries of Europe; and of Scotland we must be permitted to assert thus much, that whatever the fare may be with which her provincial Bonifaces entertain you, there is small hazard indeed of your ever being turned into damp or filthy sheets. This is a great deal more than can be certified of their neighbours, our own dear countrymen.

It is the Lord's day, the holy Sabbath, and already are the bells sending forth their summonses to attendance on Divine worship. What a hideous clangour they make — toll, toll, toll ! No chime, no bob major or minor, no melody in their tinkling ; but clang, clang, clung, at random, as if the worthies that stood by each rope were set there to pull one against another for a wager. Whence does this arise ? The Scots are a musical people. They *have* a style, as it is called, which, if not strictly their own, is shared with them only by the Irish and the inhabitants of the Basque provinces. But they have no ear whatever for the melody of bell-ringing, than which, in its way, we know of nothing more harmonious. Take, for example, the effect of a village chime, heard afar off in a still summer's evening. The village — we will suppose it to be in the south of England — stands in the gorge of a fertile valley ; it is composed of a blacksmith's forge — a carpenter's shed, with its neat yard fenced round with white posts — the bailiff's residence, somewhat assuming in its structure, and dazzling the eye with the bright red of its brick walls — the shoemaker's hovel, with its window always open, whence the sound of the hammer on the lasted sole is continually vibrating — and, above all, the shop in which every thing necessary for the convenience of civilised life may be procured, from a pound of tea down to an ounce

of small shot. All these, with half a dozen peasant's cottages, scattered irregularly along the line of a deeply rutted road, form, with the long tithe barn which confronts them (the great tithes are in lay hands, and therefore rigidly exacted), what is called the street. At one extremity, towards the east, is the church, a fine old pile, with Gothic buttresses, tall arched windows, and a broad tower, surmounted by a leaded steeple. The churchyard is extensive, surrounded by a low wall, and crossed by two diagonal walks, in addition to the wider path that leads to the south entrance. Across the way, and begirt by its hedge of mixed black and white thorn, lies the glebe, a meadow containing some two or three acres ; within which, again, is the little vicarage-house, tiled, white-washed, and embowered amid the foliage of its own unpretending garden. Such is the village upon which, from the brow of a sloping hill, yellow with the stubble of the newly-gathered harvest, you look down. The scene is one of perfect repose. Green fields, over which the sheep are browsing — hedge-rows of pollarded beech or willow — a small stream, which winds its way, now unseen amid the overhanging branches of a copse, now dancing in the open meadow, — are the only objects that meet the eye ; while the variegated leaves speak to you every where of the glories of the year gone by, and lead you, almost in spite of yourself, to moralise. You call in your dogs ; and placing your gun against the trunk of an old oak, lie down under its shadow. Hark ! a single bell tolls out : it is a prelude to the chime which soon commences ; and which, as the notes come up upon the breeze, softened by distance, call into play feelings such as may be experienced, but can never be described.

" Those evening bells, those evening bells —

How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and hope, and that blest time
When first I heard their evening chime ?"

" Mr. Binnie is an excellent preacher, and Mr. Cupples also." So much the better for the good people of Stirling, and so much the better for the reverend gentlemen themselves. But we happen

to be members of the Church of England; and therefore, though entertaining a very high respect for the Scottish Presbyterian clergy, we would rather attend Divine worship, at least one part of the day, at the Episcopal Chapel.

There it is—a neat, plain building, surmounted at one extremity by a cross of iron, at the other by a belfry, in which hangs a single bell. Nor does the interior belie the expectations which a view of the exterior had excited. Here are no marks of splendour, no specimens of elaborate taste; but an air of honest, and unpretending, and humble devotion, which cannot fail to gladden the hearts of such as are in earnest. And well, too, because mildly and impressively, does the clergyman perform the service. His voice is low, but not unmusical; his manner subdued, yet not wanting in self-respect. He cannot claim to be a genuine Scottish Episcopalian, for his orders are of English growth. No matter; he must be a consummate hypocrite if his bearing elsewhere than in the desk and pulpit be any way unworthy of the lowly, yet pure and respectable body, of which he is now a member.

And there, in a pew by himself, sits one whose aspect and general deportment carry you back in imagination to the days of the apostles themselves. The weight of eighty years has not much bowed him down; and his countenance, mild and thoughtful though it be, is indented by none of the harsher lines of old age. That broad and lofty forehead, too, is unwrinkled; and the eye, "the large grey eye," which is from time to time lifted up, can, or we mistake it greatly, change its expression at will. There is indeed an air of abstraction about him, which sufficiently points out where Time has wrought its main damage. He is manifestly deaf, for his very devotions are internal: he makes no attempt to follow the reader: and when he rises, it is with difficulty, as if the limbs had lost a good deal of their wonted vigour. Yet, in spite of these symptoms of acute infirmities, it is impossible not to feel that the latter days of the venerable man are happy, because they are consecrated to the work of weaning his affections from a world with which his business is at an end, and preparing for a better. Nor have his days, early or late, been spent in vain. Neither

useless nor unnoticed has been the career of Bishop Gleig, albeit his lot was cast in a sphere politically humble. As a scholar, as a divine, as an able writer, his name stands high among the men of a former generation; and even by the younger aspirants after literary distinction, the language of his experience is not disregarded. If there be a bench in heaven set apart especially to the members of the Episcopal order, we suspect that the position allotted to him will not there be the meanest.

Of all the branches of Christ's church with which we happen to be acquainted, there is none which seems to us to make more pressing demands upon the veneration and sympathy of the religious world than the Protestant Episcopal Church of Scotland. Her career has been, almost from the first, one of suffering and of patience. Faults she has doubtless committed, especially during the brief era of her supremacy—faults which have, however, been grossly exaggerated by her enemies; but if the error of one generation can ever be compensated for by the meekness and pious endurance of many, the Scottish Episcopal Church has long ago blotted from the book of fate the recorded crimes of her earliest rulers. You doubt us, sir—do you? Very well. Listen, and we will give you a brief outline of the history of this interesting communion, from the dawn of the Reformation down to the very time at which chance has brought you and us together.

We are not going to trouble you with any detailed account of the circumstances which led, in Scotland, as in the sister country, to the downfall of the ancient hierarchy. Enough is done when we state that one great cause of the unpopularity of the Romish clergy is to be sought for in the fact, that while in their personal habits and accomplishments they far outstripped the age in which they lived, they still persisted in inculcating, as religious truths, matters against which the public mind had begun strongly to revolt. Again, the Romish clergy—at least the dignified clergy—were, at the era of the Reformation, taken for the most part from the higher ranks of society; and being the only body in Scotland which could boast of even a moderate share of learning—a consciousness of mental superiority, carried a great deal too far

—operated, in conjunction with the pride of birth, to separate them entirely from the people. In like manner, the nobles looked with a jealous eye upon churchmen, who scrupled not to compete with them for the possession of secular offices, and whose superior qualifications rendered them, in a countless majority of instances, successful in the strife. Thus had the hierarchy ceased in Scotland—more, perhaps, than in any other European country—to rest on the solid rock of public veneration; and hence the arm of the state no sooner became unable to support it, than the hands of the people were stretched out to pull it down.

The Church of Rome fell; but it fell not till after a struggle which left popular prejudice not less violent than before, with something like its original grounds on which to rest. In England, the king, and some at least of the bishops, led the way in the Reformation; in Scotland, Protestantism found, both in the regal and episcopal palaces, persecutors, and persecutors only. The names of Latimer, and Ridley, and Cranmer, are still dear to the memory of the pious, and associate themselves with a long series of events which will always prove interesting to the genuine lover of civil and religious liberty. In the reign of James II., also, when the religion of England was menaced, and her constitution in church and state had well nigh perished, the earliest victims of royal oppression were churchmen; while the first symptoms of popular indignation were manifested in favour of the prelates, who set the example of resistance to the king's tyrannical humours. It is impossible to calculate the amount of advantage which these occurrences have conferred in all ages upon the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, by enlisting in her favour the best affections of a people, jealous, above all that ever lived, of their personal liberties. But in Scotland the reverse of all this happened. With one solitary exception, no bishop there abjured his creed; nor was there a single Protestant bishop who found a favourable opportunity of opposing himself to the illegal proceedings of the sovereign. Hence there was nothing connected with the episcopal order which did not carry the recollections of Scotsmen back to times when, among the instruments of papal or royal oppression, bishops were the

most active; and episcopacy became so inseparably connected, in the minds of the uneducated Scottish people, with ideas of persecution and intolerance, that every attempt to disunite them proved abortive.

It has been generally asserted, and very generally believed, that the opposition displayed by the people of Scotland to the modified Episcopacy which succeeded the overthrow of the Church of Rome, is attributable to the harsh measures which were unwisely employed to enforce conformity with the established worship. A more egregious error never obtained popularity. We do not mean to assert, either that the Protestant Episcopal Church was judiciously constructed at the outset—for the government still adhered to the pernicious system of promoting only men of hereditary rank to the bench—or that the church was backward in enforcing compliance with its discipline by every method, not even excepting occasional persecution; but while the former of these arrangements unquestionably kept alive the prejudices of the humbler classes against Episcopacy, the latter, even had it been carried a great deal further than it was, would not have weighed, and did not weigh, as a feather in the scale. The fact is, that the early reformers, whether Episcopalians or Presbyterians, neither understood nor affixed any importance to the meaning of the term toleration. Had not other causes, therefore, produced in the Scottish peasantry an abhorrence of the new establishment, the mere fact that it was intolerant would but have attached them to it the more warmly. Let the sentiments of John Knox himself on this head be recalled to mind. A standing text with him, and indeed with all the immediate disciples of Calvin, was that passage in the 13th of Deuteronomy, in which the Israelites are warned touching the conduct which it would behove them to pursue, should they be tempted, even by their nearest of kin, to follow the idolatrous practices of the heathen. "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee, saying, Let us go and serve other gods; &c. &c., thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him, neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine

hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people."—"Such, therefore," says Knox, "as solicit only to idolatrie (Popery) ought to be punished with death, without favour or respect of persons. The punishment of such crimes as are idolatrie, blasphemie, and others, that touch the majesty of God, doth not pertain to kings or chief rulers only, but to the whole body of the people, and to every member of the same, according to the vocation of every man, and according to that possibility and occasion which God doth minister, to revenge the injury done against his glory. To the same law, I say, and covenant, are the Gentiles no less bound than were the Jews, whensoever God doth illuminate the eyes of any multitude or people, and putteth the sword in their own hand, to remove such enormities from amongst them as they know before God to be abominable." It would have been wonderful had men who could write thus, or their followers who imbibed such opinions from their teaching, put its true value on toleration in matters either of belief or of worship.

It was not, however, by the single generation to which Knox and Melville preached that intolerance and bigotry were esteemed essential ingredients in religion. In the reign of Charles I., and more especially during the commonwealth, so fierce was the spirit of persecution among the leading Presbyterians, both in England and Scotland, that they pertinaciously refused toleration to every other class of Christians. "Certainly, the worst feature of Presbyterianism at this time," says Orme, in his *Life of Dr. Owen*, "that which excited the greatest attention, and which ultimately ruined the body, was its intolerance, or determined and persecuting hostility to liberty of conscience. The most celebrated Presbyterian divines, such as Calamy and Burgess, in their discourses before parliament, represented toleration as the hydra of schism and heresies, and the flood-gate to all manner of iniquity and danger; which, therefore, the civil authorities ought to exert all their energies to put down." It was indeed with this view that Edwards produced his *Gangrena*, as well as his *Casting down of the last and strongest Hold of Satan; or, a Treatise against Toleration*; while, not to speak

of Borthwick, and Paget, and Vicars—even Principal Bailie of Glasgow, and Professor Rutherford of St. Andrews—both of them men of the highest character and learning, fought stoutly in the same unchristian cause. The former, throughout his *Dissuasive*, condemns vehemently the "monstrous imagination;" the latter, in his huge quarto *Against pretended Liberty of Conscience*, speaks of it as "the Trojan horse, whose bowels are full of warlike sectaries and weapons of destruction;" as "the fabled box of Pandora, the opening of which would let loose upon the world all the ills which ever afflicted our race;" as "the Diana before whose shrine the motley groups of Dissenters and Presbyterians make their prostrations." Take, however, the following nice specimen of logic from Edwards's *Gangrena*. "A toleration is the grand design of the devil,—his masterpiece and chief engine he works by at this time to uphold his tottering kingdom. It is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil. It is the most transcendent, Catholic, fundamental evil that can be imagined. As original sin is the most fundamental sin—having the seed and spawn of all sin in it—so toleration hath all errors in it and all evils. It is against the whole stream and current of Scripture, both in the Old and New Testament,—both in matters of faith and manners, both general and particular commands. It overthrows all relations, political, ecclesiastical, and economical. And whereas other evils, whether of judgment or practice, be but against some one or two places of Scripture or revelation, this is against all,—this is the Abaddon, Apollyon, the destroyer of all religion, the abomination of desolation and astonishment, the liberty of perdition; and therefore the devil follows it day and night, working mightily in many by writing books for it, and other ways,—all the devils in hell and their instruments being at work to promote a toleration."

We think, sir, that these recorded opinions of the leading Presbyterians themselves will convince you, if any thing can, that if the people of Scotland had found no other cause of offence against the Protestant Episcopal Church as first established, they never would have objected to it on the mere ground of intolerance.

"But what say you to the conduct of the Episcopalians during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.? Was it not brutal and harsh in the extreme; and may not the overthrow of the church, and in some measure the expulsion of the house of Stuart, be mainly attributed to the church's cruelties?" Stop a bit, good sir, and listen to the tale which not your traditions but authentic history tells. We very much doubt whether it would be possible to exhibit, under any government, greater lenity and forbearance than were shewn for a while to Dissenters under both Charles and James. So long as the Presbyterians kept quiet, their ministers were permitted, in numerous instances, to occupy even parish-churches, without being required by any act of canonical obedience to acknowledge the authority of the bishops in whose dioceses they officiated. But no extent of toleration could satisfy the more rigid and fanatical of the people; on the contrary, they execrated, as you well know, such of the ministers as availed themselves of the indulgence with a deeper animosity than they ever expressed towards the Established Church. The covenant was in their estimation a solemn contract between God, the king, and themselves; and they required no other warrant to justify them in taking up arms—ay, and in the still more atrocious course which they publicly adopted of giving over Charles Stuart, his family, and advisers, to the pains of hell. The truth indeed is, that mankind had not yet learned that charity, when applied to religious matters, is a Christian virtue. Difference of opinion was a damnable sin; a difference in modes of worship was idolatry, punishable with death at the hand of the civil magistrate, or, according to Knox, at the hand of "any multitude, when God doth illuminate their eyes and put the sword in their grasp." Now don't mistake us, worthy representative of the hill-folk. We are not seeking to justify, or even to extenuate, the cruelties of Claverhouse, or of the privy council. It was bad policy, as well as bad morals, to seek the conversion of a parcel of poor peasants by letting loose among them regiments of dragoons, or subjecting them to the boot and the halter. But remember that the men who fought at Pentland Hills and Bothwell Bridge were not only rebels against the civil govern-

ment, and dissenters from a church established by law, and professed by a large majority of the population, but they were in arms against religious toleration and liberty of conscience. These privileges they would not accept in their own case, and the solemn league and covenant to which they had subscribed bound them, under the penalty of eternal torments, to refuse them to others.

You ask us how then we can account for the turbulence and disaffection which prevailed, in many parts of Scotland, both before and after the Restoration? We have not time to answer the question in full, but we may state generally, that the distracted condition of the country during the civil war, the habits of rapine and pillage to which many of the people were inured, the absence of employment, and the secret intrigues of not a few in the higher ranks, who dreaded nothing so much as the restoration to the church of her ancient property and privileges,—all of these causes contributed to produce the seditious humours which from time to time burst forth into insurrection among the inhabitants of the western and south-western counties. It is certain, indeed, that a large proportion of the population of Scotland had become miserable, and of course factious, in the extreme. Fletcher, of Saltoun, no mean authority, calculated that there were in his day at least two hundred thousand sturdy beggars threatening the property and disturbing the peace of the kingdom; and recommended, as you are doubtless aware, the introduction of domestic slavery as the best remedy for so grievous an evil. Now, surely, it is making too great a demand upon our credulity to expect that we should give these two hundred thousand sturdy beggars credit for acting upon pure motives of religious feeling throughout the many tumults in which they played a part. Religion was doubtless the pretext—in some few cases it may have been the just pretext,—but in ninety-nine out of a hundred, it had just as much to say to the outbreaks in Lanark and Ayrshire as it has now in stimulating the Liberals forward to their mad attacks on the established churches both of England and Scotland.

In considering this question, it is too much the fashion to forget that the return which was made at the beginning of the reign of Charles II. to the an-

cient form of church government was not at all disagreeable to the majority of the people of Scotland. They had suffered so much during the twenty-four years of civil strife which preceded it, that they were well disposed to hail with thankfulness any kind of ecclesiastical constitution that held out to them a prospect of peace and quietness. The consequence was, that the more moderate among the Presbyterians cheerfully attended Divine service and communicated in parish-churches—between whose observances indeed and their own, in faith, in worship, and even in discipline, there existed then but little outward distinction. The old confession of faith, for example, drawn up by the first reformers, and ratified in 1567, had all along been the received standard of doctrine with both; though latterly the Covenanters had added to it the Westminster Confession. After the failure of the well-known attempt to read the new service-book in Edinburgh, no liturgy or appointed form of prayer was used in the established churches. Many, indeed, of the episcopal clergy compiled forms for the use of their respective congregations, taking some petitions and collects from the English liturgy; and all concluded their devotions with the Lord's Prayer, the singing with the doxology. But though the more rigid denounced these observances as superstitious and formal, they found in the mode of administering the sacraments nothing with which they could find fault. Neither Episcopalians nor Presbyterians knelt at the one, or signed with the sign of the cross at the other. In like manner the discipline of the Established Church differed very little from that of the Presbyterians. She had her kirk sessions; she had her presbyteries, over which some experienced ministers presided, at the bishop's nomination. She had her diocesan synods, in which the bishop himself took the chair; and she might have had her general assemblies, had the civil government judged it expedient to summon or permit their convocation. In one word, we can discover little, if any thing, except the titles of archbishop and bishop, in the Scottish establishment of Charles the Second's age, which is peculiar to an episcopal church; so that every real stumbling-block was removed out of the way of an universal conformity among all

classes of Christians. Yet while Calamy, the distinguished English Presbyterian, was exclaiming, "What would our brethren of Scotland be at, or what would they have,—would to God we had these offers,"—at that very moment the old Covenanters in the south and west were denouncing all connexion with such as accepted the indulgence, and declaring, even by proclamation, against "Charles Stuart, the Duke of York, and their adherents;" and announcing their intention "to reward those that are against us as they have done unto us, as the Lord shall give us opportunity." For God's sake let us hear no more of the monstrous intolerance of the Episcopal Church, or of the Christian meekness, fortitude, and long-suffering of the disciples of "worthy Maister Muckle-wrath."

There is no doubt that, in many respects, the proceedings of Charles, and, in many more, those of James, were unwise and iniquitous. They neither of them gave any steady countenance to the Established Church; indeed, the means devised by both, as often as some fit of mistaken zeal seized them, for the purpose of strengthening her foundations, were uniformly so injudicious, that the enemies of ecclesiastical order gained a triumph. Enough was done, and no more than enough, to irritate opposition. The consequence was, that on the abdication of James (or, to express ourselves more correctly, on his expulsion from the throne) a new order of things took place in the spiritual concerns of Scotland; and a long series of disputes and confusion was brought to a close by the transference of the sanction of parliament from the episcopal to the presbyterian polity.

But does not the last fact go far to prove that, in speaking of the majority of the Scottish nation as attached to the Episcopal Church, you went too far? Am I to believe that the Scottish people would have sought as a boon the degradation of that church to which they were, most of them, attached?

Gently again, dear Gowkthrapple! We never asserted that the majority of the Scottish people were *attached* to either of the churches. We merely related a fact, that at the date of the battle of Bothwell Bridge a vast majority of Scotchmen conformed to the Established Church; and we defy you

to prove the contrary. But the hints which we have thrown out touching the fears of the aristocracy, ought to have drawn you to conclude that we gave them, at least, very little credit for sincerity, one way or the other. The Scottish aristocracy were then, generally speaking, a rude, selfish, mercenary, and illiterate race. They had gorged on the plunder of the church, and were ready to sacrifice all creeds that ever were drawn up rather than give back the booty. As long as princes so weak as Charles and James filled the throne, they felt pretty confident that the Episcopal Church would never be in a condition to demand the restoration of her property. The civil government had contrived to place her in such a position, that she could not afford to quarrel with even a lukewarm supporter: she had too many open enemies for that. But William was a crafty and a strong-minded man; let him take her up in earnest, and he would find ways and means of doing her justice: it was, therefore, a matter of sound policy to prejudice him against her. And, fortunately for them, the unbending principle—mistaken, if you please, but still worthy of respect—the unbending principle of the Scottish bishops supplied a ready handle. Perhaps you have never heard, or may have forgotten, what passed between William and the Scottish prelates, immediately after his arrival in London. In either case, it will do you no harm to be instructed. So we will read to you a letter from Bishop Rose, of Edinburgh, “a sweet-natured man,” as Keith calls him, and “of a venerable aspect,” who was one of the prelates sent up in 1688 by the episcopal body to London; and who gives to his friend, the honourable Archibald Campbell, the following quaint but interesting account of his mission:

“*Edinburgh, October 22, 1713.*”

“When, in October 1688, the Scots bishops came to know of the intended invasion by the Prince of Orange, a good many of them being then at Edinburgh meeting together, concerted and sent up a loyal address to the king. Afterwards, in November, finding that the prince was landed, and foreseeing the dreadful convulsions that were like to ensue, and not knowing what damages might arise from thence, both to the church and state, they resolved to send up two of their number to their king, with a re-

newed tender of their duty; instructing them also to wait on the bishops of England for advice and assistance, in case that any unlucky thing might possibly happen to occur with respect to our church. This resolution being taken, it was represented by the two archbishops to his majesty's privy-council (in which the Lord Perth sat as chancellor), and was agreed unto and approved by them; whereupon at the next meeting of the bishops it was not thought fit, even by the archbishops themselves, that any of them (though they were the men of the greatest ability and experience) should go up, as being less acceptable to the English bishops from their having consented to the taking off the sanguinary laws against papists. And so that undertaking was devolved over upon Dr. Bruce, bishop of Orkney, and me; he having suffered for not agreeing to that project, and I not concerned, as not being a bishop at that time.”

Accordingly the good old man sets out, but his companion falling sick, he travels alone till he reaches London.

“The very next day after I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury (to whom I had the honour to be known some three years before); and after my presenting and his grace reading of my commission, his grace said that matters were very dark, and the cloud so thick or gross that they could not see through it; they knew not well what to do for themselves, and far less what advice to give to me; that there was to be a meeting of the bishops with him that very day, and desired me to see him the week thereafter.”

Then follows a description of his interview with Dr. Stillingfleet, bishop of St. Asaph, “a good man, but an angry man;” with Dr. Burnet, “who told me that he did not meddle in Scots affairs;” with Compton, bishop of London; the Viscount Tarbet; and others.

“And thus the whole time of the convention passed off, except what was spent in necessary duties and visiting our countrymen, even until the day that the dark scene opened by the surprising vote of abdication; on which very day I went over to Lambeth: and what passed there betwixt his grace and me (being all in private) it is both needless, would be very tedious, and, perchance, not so very proper, to write it. In the close I told his grace that I would make ready to go home, and only wait upon his grace once more before I took my journey.

“While I was making my visits of

leave to my countrymen, I was surprisingly told that some two or three of them, attempting to go home without passes, were, the first stage, stopped on the road; and that none were to expect passes without waiting on the prince. Whereupon I repaired again to Lambeth, to have his grace's advice; who, considering the necessity of that compliment, agreed to my making of it. Upon my applying to the Bishop of London to introduce me, his lordship asked me whether I had any thing to say to the king (so was the English style then)? I replied that I had nothing to say, save that I was going to Scotland, being a member of the convention; for I understood that, without waiting on the prince (that being the most common Scotch style), I could not have a pass; and that without that I must needs be stopped upon the road, as several of my countrymen had been. His lordship asked me again, saying, 'Seeing your clergy have been and are so routed and barbarously treated by the Presbyterians, will you not speak to the king to put a stop to that, and in favour of your own clergy?' My reply was, that the prince had been often applied to in that matter by several of our nobility, and addressed also by the sufferers themselves, and yet all to no purpose; wherefore I could have no hopes that my intercessions would be of any avail: but if his lordship thought otherwise, I would not decline to make them."

The result was that the bishop, attended by Sir George Mackenzie, proceeded to the palace.

"Whereupon the bishop (of London), leaving us in a room of Whitehall, near adjoining to the place where the prince was, stayed above a full half-hour from us; and upon his return told us that the king's answer was, that he would not allow us to come to him in a body, lest that might give jealousy and umbrage to the Presbyterians; neither would he permit them, for the same reasons, to come to him in numbers; and that he would not allow above two of either party at a time to speak to him of church matters.

"Then the bishop, directing his discourse to me, said, 'My lord, you see that the king, having thrown himself upon the water, must keep himself a-swimming with one hand; the Presbyterians have joined him closely, and offer to support him; and therefore he cannot cast them off, unless he could see how otherwise he can be served. And the king bids me tell you, that he now knows the state of Scotland much better than he did when he was in Holland; for

while there, he was made believe that Scotland generally all over was Presbyterian, but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for episcopacy, and 'tis the trading and inferior sort that are for presbytery: wherefore he bids me tell you, that if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the church and order, and throw off the Presbyterians.'"

A more attractive proposition than this, to men circumstanced as were good Bishop Rose and his brethren at that moment, cannot be conceived. But a stern sense of duty prevailed.

"My answer to this was, 'My lord, I cannot but humbly thank the prince for this frankness and offer, but withal I must tell your lordship, that when I came from Scotland, neither my brethren nor I apprehended any such revolution as I have now seen in England; and therefore I neither was nor could be instructed by them what answer to make to the prince's offer. And therefore what I say is not in their name, but only my own private opinion; which is, that I truly think they will not serve the prince so as he is served in England, that is (as I take it), to make him their king, or give their suffrage for his being king. And though as to this matter I can say nothing in their name, and as from them, yet for myself I must say, that rather than do so, I will abandon all the interest that I either have, or may expect to have, in Britain.' Upon this the bishop commended my openness and ingenuity, and said he believed it was so; for, says he, all this time you have been here, neither have you waited on the king, nor have any of your brethren the Scots bishops made any advances to him. So the king must be excused for standing by the Presbyterians."

This is a curious narrative, and the sequel to it is not less so.

"Immediately upon this," continues the writer, "the prince, going somewhere abroad, came through our room; and Sir George Mackenzie takes leave of him in very few words. I applied to the bishop and said, 'My lord, there is now no further place for application in our church matters, and this opportunity of taking leave of the prince is lost; wherefore I beg that your lordship would introduce me for that effect, if you can, next day, about ten or eleven in the forenoon:' which his lordship both promised and performed. And upon my being admitted to the prince's presence, he

came three or four steps forward from his company and prevented me, by saying, 'My lord, are you going to Scotland?' My reply was, 'Yes, sir, if you have any commands.' Then he said, 'I hope you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England.' Wherefore, being somewhat diffculted how to make a mannerly and discreet answer without entangling myself, I readily replied, 'Sir, I will serve you as far as law, reason, or conscience will allow me.' How this answer pleased, I cannot well tell; but it seems the limitations and conditions of it were not acceptable, for the prince, without saying any more, turned away from me, and went back to his company."

What the king's intentions were in this brief interview, no one can now doubt. He would have pledged himself to the support of episcopacy, had the bishops transferred their allegiance from their old masters to him. So likewise thought Bishop Rose at this moment.

"And I am the more confirmed in this," continues he, "that after my down-coming here, my Lord St. Andrews and I took occasion to wait on Duke Hamilton; his grace told us a day or two before the sitting down of the convention, that he had it in especial charge from King William, that nothing should be done to the prejudice of episcopacy in Scotland, in case the bishops could, by any means, be brought to befriend his interest; and prayed us most pathetically, for our own sake, to follow the example of the Church of England."

But the Scottish prelates were not to be moved; they replied —

"By natural allegiance, the laws, and the most solemn oaths, we are engaged in the king's service; and we are, by God's grace, to stand by it in the face of all dangers, and to the greatest losses."

It was this frank and honest declaration, then, and no decided predilection of a majority of the Scottish people for presbytery, which induced King William to set aside one establishment and erect another; and we think, worthy Mr. Gowkthrappe, that even those who may be inclined to curl the lip at the simplicity of the prelates, must at least give them credit for disinterestedness. Remember what the oath of allegiance then was; and bear in mind, that the doctrine of the violability of oaths is not yet many years old in Great Britain. Each of the bishops of 1688 had

sworn, "I do promise to be true and faithful to the king and his heirs, and truth and faith to bear, of life, and limb, and terrene honour; and not to know or hear of any ill or damage intended him, without defending him therefrom." They were thus bound to be faithful, not only to King James, but to his heirs; and though the convention had voted that James himself, by maladministration and abuse of power, had forfeited his title to the crown, the bishops may be excused for continuing to believe that they were still bound to James's infant son, who had certainly done nothing by which his rights could be forfeited.

Episcopacy was now fallen in Scotland from its palmy state; and the passage of a very brief period sufficed to make manifest the kind of use which her enemies were disposed to make of their power. It is true that King William, in a letter to the first general assembly, informed them, that "he favoured their government, because he was made to understand that it was agreeable to the inclination of the people; and that he would have them to be very moderate in their proceedings, and not to do any thing that might displease their neighbour-church." But by far the larger proportion of the now established clergy having subscribed the solemn league and covenant, which bound them to extirpate not only popery but *prelacy*, any mere recommendation to respect the prejudices of the Church of England could not be supposed to have much weight with them. They had, which was of infinitely more consequence than the king's letter, an act of parliament to fall back upon; and they proceeded, in full reliance upon such support, to set the letter at naught. Every episcopal clergyman who failed to appear before them, and abjure prelacy as an un-Christian usurpation, was forthwith ejected from his living; and though in the counties north of the Tay this was not always practicable, because the majority of the people were there strongly attached to the ancient hierarchy; still, good care was taken, that to those who retained their benefices for life no successors should be appointed.

During the reign of William various statutes were enacted, of which it was the tendency more and more to place the unhappy episcopalians without the protection of the law. Such as refused

to swear allegiance to the Prince of Orange as king, were denounced as non-jurors, and forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to exercise any clerical function; while a new oath, that of abjuration — the most perfect compound with which we are acquainted of fiction and folly — necessarily increased the numbers of the delinquents. But William died at last, and his successor seemed, for a while, disposed to alleviate the sufferings of a body, which, unlike the Covenanters, had borne oppression patiently. The consequence was, that very many of the deprived clergy, touched, in part, by gratitude, in part, looking upon the queen as her brother's regent, prayed for her by name; and gathering around them once more their faithful congregations, performed to them Divine worship in open day. There occurred, indeed, a brief interruption to this harmony while the act of union was in progress; for the Presbyterians became alarmed for their establishment, and to appease them, all the episcopal chapels in Scotland were suddenly shut up. But no sooner was that great measure carried, than the Episcopalians obtained from it decided advantages; for on the 3d of March, 1712, was passed by the British parliament an act, which granted to them as full a toleration as they could reasonably desire.

The death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George I., were sad events for the Episcopal Church in Scotland. The Tories, who had greatly favoured them, were driven from power; and the Whigs, their successors, lost no time in issuing a proclamation for putting the laws against papists, non-jurors, and disaffected persons, into execution. Such a measure could only be understood to denote, that henceforth the royal favour would be shewn but to one-half of the nation; and its effects were to hurry on those insurrections in behalf of the exiled prince, which came to an issue in the battles of Dunblane and Preston. Attainders, confiscations, and executions, followed, in which the laity, of course, mainly partook; while in 1719 an act of parliament passed "for making more effectual the laws appointing the oaths for the security of the government, to be taken by ministers of churches and meeting-houses in Scotland." By that act, every episcopal minister performing

Divine service in any meeting-house within Scotland, without having taken the oaths required by Queen Anne's toleration, and praying for King George and the royal family by name, was to suffer six months' imprisonment, during which period his meeting-house was to be shut up; and every house where nine or more persons, besides the family, should be present at Divine worship, was declared to be a meeting-house within the meaning of the act.

Severe as this law was, it does not appear to have operated to the serious injury of the religion against which it was directed. The nobility and gentry of Scotland, whose apprehensions on the score of church-property had subsided, were now sincerely attached to the faith of their fathers; and the countenance which they gave to the episcopalian clergy, protected them generally from molestation. The latter began, too, in many instances, to cool in their zeal for the exiled house; and though King George was not prayed for by name, it is certain that a denial of his right to the throne which he filled was no where looked upon as a qualification to communicate in their chapels. Nay, there were many among them who abjured the doctrine of undefeasible hereditary right; and who, holding that allegiance and protection are, to a certain degree, convertible, would have willingly sworn obedience to the reigning house, had not the absurd oath of abjuration stuck in their throats. But the house of Hanover had other enemies than the Episcopalians of Scotland. It was the unwise policy of the two first Georges, and no hankering after popery or prelacy, which induced so many, both of Englishmen and Scotchmen, to turn their eyes to St. Germain's; and which, when Charles Edward entered upon his romantic expedition in 1745, drew around his standard most of those who joined it. We know that the Highland clans were swayed by a different principle. Theirs was, indeed, the romance of chivalrous feeling; the chief of their chiefs was the representative of the royal Stuarts, and they followed him rather in that character than as their sovereign. But in the low country, both north and south of the Tweed, neither religious prejudice nor a belief in the Divine right operated half so effectually in making Jacobites, as an abhorrence of the un-English manners

and un-English policy of the Hanoverian monarch.

The Whigs and Presbyterians of Scotland had beheld with no kindly eye the state of comparative repose which the Episcopalians were so long permitted to enjoy; and they eagerly took advantage of the events of 1745 and 1746 to break in upon it. As if none but Scottish Episcopalians had joined the prince's standard, the fury of the soldiers and of the mob was let loose exclusively upon them. Their chapels were burned to the ground; or, where it would have been dangerous to apply fire, shut up and demolished. Their ministers were hunted like wild beasts to the hills, their houses plundered, and their families subjected to the worst insults; while, on the return of what was called order, the legislature took up the business of oppressing them. An act was passed in the summer session of parliament, which provided, "that from and after the 1st of September, 1746, every person exercising the function of a pastor or minister in any episcopal meeting-house in Scotland, without registering his letters of orders, and taking all the oaths required by law, and praying for his majesty King George and the royal family by name, shall for the first offence suffer six months' imprisonment, and for the second, be transported to some of his majesty's plantations for life." It is worthy of remark, that every house in which five or more persons assembled for purposes of worship, was declared to be a meeting-house; and that no letters of orders were received for registration, except those conferred by some bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland.

Harsh as this act was, it proved but the beginning of troubles. Persons frequenting Divine worship in an episcopal meeting-house were required to give information within five days, on penalty of fine and imprisonment. Peers who should have attended twice in a year, were deprived of their political privileges; commoners, under similar circumstances, of their qualifications to sit in parliament, and their right of vote. But the climax came in 1748. It was then enacted, "That no letters of orders, not granted by some bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland, should, from and after the 29th of September, be sufficient to qualify any pastor or minister of any episcopal meeting in Scotland, whether

the same had been registered before or since the 1st of September, 1746; and that every such registration, whether made before or since, should, from and after the said 29th of September, be null and void." Here was a blow levelled directly at the religion of the Episcopalians. It was not their political principles that were objected to; it was no condition, such as praying for the king by name, or taking the oaths, that was proposed. No; this was a statute in the genuine spirit of the solemn league and covenant—a statute for the extirpation of Protestant episcopacy from Scotland; for we need not tell you, friend Gowkthrapple, that according to the faith of all Episcopalians, the sacraments—the badges of the Christian covenant—can be administered only by persons canonically ordained. Compare this with the worst persecutions to which the hill-folk were subjected. They had only to pray for the king and take the oath of allegiance, and no human being would have molested them. But neither swearing nor praying could obtain for the Episcopalians a sanction from the state to worship God in their own way. This was a persecution for conscience' sake with a vengeance!

Amid all these discouragements and difficulties, the Episcopal Church continued to discharge its functions,—humbly, indeed, and in the strictest privacy, but still without faltering. The canonical succession of bishops was kept up; and in private apartments, with doors closed, or far away in remote villages and hamlets, the faithful met together to celebrate, under their auspices, Divine worship. But there were no meetings among them, with arms in their hands—there was no giving over of the Elector of Hanover, his family and advisers, to hell—there was no solemn oath taken for the extirpation of Presbyterianism—no war levied against the powers that were. And do not suppose, worthy Mr. Gowkthrapple, that the Episcopalians abstained from active resistance only because they wanted numbers wherewith to resist effectually. We tell you that in 1748, and for some years afterwards, the counties north of the Tay swarmed with Episcopalians; and that the Gordons, the Oliphants, and the Ogilvies were at least as prompt to grasp the sword, and as able to wield it, as the conventicle-frequenting broad

bonnets of Gladsmuir or the Kirk of Shots. The Episcopalians were of a different temper from the Covenanters. To endure persecution for the truth's sake they were both willing and able; neither would they have been reluctant to join once more the standard of the Stuarts, had it been fairly unfurled. But their religion had taught them that there was nothing either manly or Christian in keeping their native country in a constant ferment, or in shedding their own blood and the blood of others in the name of the Most High.

All this while the bishops and clergy—from whom the remnant of what had once been the property of the church was taken away—found a precarious and scanty subsistence in the voluntary contributions of their bearers. With that, however, they were content; for a long course of adversity had effectually delivered them from the influence of worldly ambition; and they looked for gilded mitres only in heaven. A more single-minded race never lived. Yet were there many among them eminent for their literary and scientific acquirements. The names of Sage, Falconar, Campbell, Rattray, Gillan, and Rait, are not unworthy to be enrolled in the same catalogue with those of our own ablest divines, to whom, in respect of piety, disinterestedness, and devotion to their Master's interests, ecclesiastical history records none superior.

Time passed, and there at length came to the throne a prince who, born and educated in this country, made it his highest and freest boast that he was an Englishman. George III. was indeed the father of his people; and no portion of his subjects had greater cause to rejoice in his elevation to the regal dignity than the Episcopalians of Scotland. It is true that the penal laws still remained upon the statute-book, and that peers and lay gentlemen who frequented Scottish Episcopal meeting-houses continued to be deprived of some of their most valued political privileges; but to officious informations against the clergy no encouragement was given, and several of the chapels which had been shut up were re-opened. Had this wise and generous policy been carried a little farther, and the absurd oath of abjuration repealed, as there is good reason to believe the monarch wished it to be, a few years would

have seen the extirpation of Jacobitism from Scotland, and the king every where prayed for by name. But the Episcopalians could not take that oath so long as the grandson of James VIII. of Scotland survived. They therefore continued to exist as a proscribed body, whose peaceable deportment, and pious and unobtrusive conversation, caused the very ministers of the laws to shut their eyes as they passed by them.

Such was the condition of the Scottish Episcopal Church, when an event befel, of which, as it first brought her rulers out of the obscurity into which the penal laws had cast them, we are required to take notice. At the close of the American war, and the final separation of the thirteen colonies from the mother country, all political connexion between the Episcopal churches of America and England necessarily ceased. But as an Episcopal church could not exist without a bishop or bishops, the clergy of Connecticut sent over one of their body, the very respectable Dr. Seabury, to be consecrated by the English hierarchy. Dr. Seabury's character being known and justly estimated in London, the primate and his colleagues were well disposed to comply with the wishes of the Connecticut clergy; but there stood a difficulty in the way, which they felt themselves unable to overcome. The consecration service, according to the ritual of the Church of England, requires that the oaths of allegiance and supremacy shall be taken by the bishop elect; and these oaths an American bishop was of course precluded from taking. No doubt, an act of parliament might have been procured, to dispense with the oaths under the peculiar circumstances of the case; and, if we recollect right, advances were actually made to obtain such an act. But the American clergy were unwilling to incur the necessary delay; and Dr. Seabury was in consequence advised to apply to the Scottish bishops. He did so; and a correspondence ensued between the Archbishop of Canterbury and his spiritual brethren north of the Tweed, which drew towards the latter—somewhat tardily, indeed, but effectually—the attention of the Church of England. The result was that Dr. Seabury was consecrated at Aberdeen, on the 14th of Sept. 1784, by Bishop Gilgour, primus, and Bishops Petrie and Skinner; so that the humble and op-

pressed Zion in Scotland has had the honour to found that great and flourishing church, which now includes within its pale a large proportion of the inhabitants of the United States.

The eyes of the English hierarchy being now directed towards Scotland, a negotiation was set on foot for the purpose of removing from the Episcopalians those severe legal disabilities under which they laboured. While this was in progress, the unfortunate Charles Edward died; and the last serious obstacle to the transference of even a Jacobite's allegiance to the house of Hanover was set aside.

Accordingly, on the 25th of May, 1788, his majesty, King George III., was publicly prayed for in the terms of the English liturgy, which for many years had been exclusively used in the episcopal chapels of Scotland. Still there were jealousies to smoothe down, and prejudices to overcome, ere the friends of civil and religious liberty, in the best sense of the term, could accomplish their purpose; and for the space of four years longer, the most loyal and orderly class of the king's subjects north of Tweed were liable to fines, imprisonments, and even to transportation, at the will of every worthless miscreant who chose to act the part of a public informer. But, in 1792, a bill was at last carried through both houses, and sanctioned by the king, which put an end to this disgraceful state of things. The Episcopalians received the open protection of the law; of which, so long as even a remnant of the monarchy remains, they are not likely again to be deprived.

From that era down to the present day, the Scottish Episcopalians have mainly distinguished themselves by their unshaken loyalty to their sovereign, and their steady devotion to the constitution as by law established. Poor their bishops and clergy are, and always have been; for, with one or two exceptions, their maintenance is derived exclusively from the benefactions and subscriptions of their respective congregations; and, though some excellent individuals undertook, early in this century, to procure for them donations from the wealthy and well-disposed, the profits of that fund have not been such as to materially improve their condition. It is true that an occasional grant used to be made to them from the privy-purse. During

the administration of Lord Liverpool, a *Regium Donum*, amounting to 1,200*l.*, was divided among them; and the Duke of Wellington, besides continuing the gift, was, we believe, inclined to make some regular provision for the wreck of the old establishment out of the crown's share in its plunder, called the bishops' rents. But the Scottish Episcopalians are a peaceable and an orderly body. They are no lovers of change; they do not patronise political unions; they are content to remain poor and lowly themselves, rather than take the chance of reaping advantage from a convulsion. They are not, therefore, the sort of persons on whom those will look with favour who have corresponded with Mr. Attwood and flatter Mr. O'Connell; neither do they covet the favour either of the king's ministers or of the king's ministers' master, the mob. The main article in their creed—the Shibboleth of their political and religious faith—is that sentence which tells them “to fear God and honour the king;” and they are too much in earnest to think even of coquetting with those whose ultimate designs tend to effect neither the one object nor the other. Consider, we pray you, what has been their course of late. As a body, they have studiously held aloof from the strife of sects and parties which has shaken the land to its centre. Though not unmindful that the present Established Church rose to its eminence on their ruin, they have not only rejected with becoming dignity the invitations of the Dissenters to join them in a crusade against the Establishment, but they have addressed the throne, and petitioned both houses in favour of the existing institutions in church and state. If ever, in modern times, an example has been set of Christian forbearance in the oblivion of wrong, the Scottish Episcopal Church has displayed it. Nor can we wonder at this. A body which counts among its leaders such men as the venerable Bishop Gleig, Bishop Walker, Bishop Jolly, and, though last not least, Dr. Russell of Leith, is not likely to lend itself to the unholy purposes of a Hough and his associates.

We detracting from the merits of the Established Church of Scotland! We seeking to represent its ministers as a tyrannical and overbearing body! Dear Gowkthrapple, you mistake us quite. Of what the Presbyterian church once

was, when it consisted exclusively of Covenanters, we have indeed our own opinion; but of what it is now, and has been for many years back, no human being can think more favourably than ourselves. We know that its clergy are, generally speaking, pious, conscientious, and learned; that its constitution is well adapted to the temper of the people among whom it is placed; and that its endowments, though respectable, are not, God knows, too ample. Were it overthrown, therefore, we do not believe that a more grievous misfortune could befall the land. Why then should you suppose that we, or the men whose history we have been sketching, entertain any other feeling for that church than the most profound respect; nay, we will convince you that, Episcopalian though we be, we have no possible objection to join our Presbyterian brethren in their devotions. Let us go together to the High Church. Hark! what sound is that? The opening psalm. How like a burst of thunder it rises; how the voices blend and mingle; here is no choir thrilling forth its sweet harmony, no deep-toned organ pealing beneath the vaulted roof, but all—men, women, children, old, young, pouring forth, in rude but not unharmonious music, songs of glory to the Most High. Surely there is nothing which tends more to excite the feelings, and to carry them even to God's throne, than the well-managed singing of an entire

congregation; there may be false notes here and there, but we cannot discern them; there may be mockers and hypocrites among the melodists, but we cannot detect them. From rafter to rafter, and from aisle to aisle, the song of praise is wafted, while the bosoms of the most cold have learned to glow with at least a momentary enthusiasm. Let us enter. Call you this bald? No doubt we miss the altar, and these noble pillars are sadly obscured; but if the spectacle of crowded pews and of galleries that groan beneath the weight of assembled hearers can reconcile any one to the absence of that chaste and simple ornament which gives its peculiar charm to an English parish church, he will find it here. To be sure, the Geneva cloak is not attractive to our eyes; neither are we carried away by the eloquence of that long extemporaneous prayer, to which, however, those around us listen with deep attention. But the sermon is a good one, and delivered with much energy, as if the speaker felt the importance of the subject which he is discussing, and desired others to feel it also: we hold your Established Church in the highest possible respect.

Thank you, sir, but we would rather not visit the castle to-day: to-morrow we will gladly put ourselves under your guidance; but for the present we adjourn to our inn, and so, good evening.

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WIFE, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY, PROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

(From the Prout Papers.)

CHAPTER II.—WOMEN AND WOODEN SHOES.

"Nell' estate all' ombra, nel inverno al fuoco,
Pinger' per gloria, e poetar' per giuoco."—*Salvator Rosa*.

Cool shade is summer's haunt, fireside November's;
The red red rose then yields to glowing embers:
Drawings of cork and "Croquis" place before us!
And let old Prout strike up his Gallic chorus.—O. Y.

THIS gloomy month is peculiarly disastrous in northern climates. Indeed, our brethren of the "broad sheet" are so philosophically resigned to the anticipated casualties of the season, that they keep by them, in stereotype, the long-accustomed annual announcements, which at this time never fail to be put in constant requisition; viz. "Death by Drowning," "Extraordinary Fog," "Melancholy Suicide," "Serpentine River," "Felo de se," and sundry such doleful headings, borrowed from Young's *Night Thoughts*, Ovid's *Tristia*, the *Newgate Calendar*, and other authors in the dismal line. There is method in our spleen, and punctuality in this periodical recurrence of national melancholy. It certainly shewed great considerateness in that much-abused man, Guy Faux, to have selected the fifth of November for despatching the stupid and unreformed senators of Great Britain: so cold and comfortless a month was the most acceptable, in fact, which he could possibly have chosen for warming their honourable house with a few seasonable fagots and forty-eight barrels of gunpowder. Philanthropic citizen! Neither he nor Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity—nor Friar Bacon, the original inventor of "villanous saltpetre"—nor Parson Malthus, the patentee of the "preventive check"—nor Dean Swift, the author of *A Modest Proposal for turning into Salt Provisions the Offspring of the Irish Poor*—nor Brougham, the originator of the new reform in the poor-laws—nor Mr. O'Connell, the Belisarius of the poor-box, and the staunch opponent of any provision for his half-starved fellow-creatures—will ever meet their reward in this world, nor even be appreciated or understood by their blind and ungrateful fellow-countrymen. Happily, however, for some of the above-mentioned worthies, there is a warm corner reserved, if not in Westminster Abbey, most certainly in "another place;" where alone (God forgive us!), we incline to think, their merits can be suitably acknowledged.

Sorrowful, indeed, would be the condition of mankind, and verily deplorable the November chapter of accidents, if, in addition to other sources of sublunary desolation over which we have no control, Father Prout were, like the sun, to obnubilate his disk, veil his splendour, and withdraw the light of his countenance from a gloomy and disconsolate world.

"Dùm caput obscurà nitidum ferrugine texit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem."—*Georgic. I.*

Then, indeed, would unmitigated darkness thicken the already "palpable" obscure; dulness would place another padlock on the human understanding, and knowledge be at one grand entrance fairly shut out. But, no! such a calamity, such a "disastrous twilight," shall not befall our planet, as long as there is MS. in "the chest" or shot in the locker. Generations yet unborn shall walk in the blaze of Prout's wisdom, and the learned of our own day shall still continue to light the pipe of knowledge at the focus of this intense luminary. We are thoroughly convinced, so essential do we deem the continuance of these periodical essays to the happiness of our contemporaries, that were we (*quod Deus avertat!*) to put a stop to our accustomed issues of "Prout paper," forgeries would instantly get into circulation; a false paper-currency would be attempted; there would arise *ψευδο*-Prouts and *ψευδο*-prophets: but they would deceive no one, much less *the elect*. Every one knows how that great German chemist, Farina of Cologne, is constantly obliged to caution the public in the envelope of

his long glass bottles, against all spurious distillations of his wonderful water: "Rowland," of Hatton Garden, has found more than one "Oliver" vending a counterfeit "incomparable Macassar;" and our friend Bob Olden writes to us from Cork to be on our guard against an illegitimate "Eukeirogeneion," for he swears by the beard of the prophet, that there is no shaving cosmetic genuine unless it bear *his* most illegible signature. Now, following the example of these gentlemen, we give fair notice, that no "Prout paper" is the *real* thing unless it have a label prefixed, signed "OLIVER YORKE." There is a certain Bridgewater treatise now in circulation, said to be from the pen of the Blarney Doctor; but it is a sheer hoax: an *artist* has also taken up the name, but he must be an impostor, not known on Watergrasshill. Let it be remembered that, owing to the law of celibacy, "the Father" can have left behind him no children, or posterity whatever: therefore, none but himself can hope to be his parallel. We are perfectly aware that he may have "nephews," and other collateral descendants; for we admit the truth of that celebrated placard, or lampoon, stuck on the mutilated statue of Pasquin, in the reign of Pope Borghese (Paul IV.):

"Cum factor rerum privaret semine olerum,
In Satanas votum successit turba nepotum!"

"Of bantlings when our clergymen were freed from having beives,
There next arose, a crowd of woes, a multitude of *nevies*!"

But should any audacious thief attempt to palm himself off as a son or recognised representative of the venerable pastor of the most barren upland in the county of Cork, let him look sharp, or Terry Callaghan, who has got a situation in the London police (through the patronage of Feargus O'Connor), will collar the ruffian in the most inaccessible garret of Grub Street: to profane so respectable a signature, the fellow must be what Terry calls "a bad mumber intirely;" what we English call a "jail bird;" what the French denominate a "*vrai gibier de grève*;" termed in Latin "*corvus patibularius*;" and by the Greeks, "*κακὸν κακῶτος κακὸν ὄν*."

We have nothing further to add in this introductory proluision, only to acknowledge the receipt of the following communication from Germany, referring to our last batch of "Songs of France." It is from the pen of a staunch friend of old England, and an uncompromising disciple of *Розина*—the sterling patriot, the eloquent lawyer, and the facetious knight, Sir Charles Wetherell. Great men's peculiarities attract no small share of public attention: thus, *ex. gr.* Napoleon's method of plunging his fore-finger and thumb into his waistcoat-pocket, in lieu of a snuff-box, was the subject of much European commentary; and one of the twelve Cæsars was nick-named Caligula from a peculiar sort of Wellington boot which he happened to fancy. (*Vide Suet. in viid.*) Some irreverent poet has not scrupled to notice the distinguishing feature in our learned correspondent's habiliment, stating him to be

"Much famed for length of sound sagacious speeches,
More still for brevity of braceless b——s."

a quotation, by the by, not irrelevant to the topic on which Sir Charles has favoured us with a line.

"*Aix-la-Chapelle, Octob. 7.*

"DEAR YORKE,—I've just been paying my devotions to the tomb of Charlemagne (the pride of this *ci-devant* metropolis of Europe), and on my return to my hotel I find your last Number on my table. What the deuce do you mean at page 473, by giving a new and unheard-of version of the excellent song on "Le bon Roy Dagobert?" Instead of "*avait mis sa culotte à l'envers*," all good editions read "*de travers*;" which is quite a different sense, *lectio longè emendatio*: he wore the garment, not inside out, but *wrong side foremost*. Again, it was not of Austrasia that he was king, but of "Gallia braccata." Let me not meet any similar blunders in the subsequent songs, my old cock!

"Yours in haste,

C. W."

Wishing him a pleasant tour through the Germanic confederation, and hoping it may be long ere he reach that fatal goal of all human pilgrimages, the *diet of Worms*, we bow to the baronet's opinion, and *stand corrected*.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Nov. 1833.

"*ILLE ego qui quondam*," is an old Latin formula, first used in the reign of Augustus, to connect the epic cantos of the warlike Æneid with a far more polished and irreproachable poem, its agricultural predecessor. Virgil (something like Lord Althorp when he indulges in a day-dream, and thinks posterity will forgive the blunders of the budget in consideration of his excellent breed of cattle) sought thus to bolster up the manifest imperfections of his heroic characters by a cunning reference to the unexceptionable Melibœus, and to that excellent old Calabrian farmer whose bees hummed so tunefully under the "lofty towers of CEBALIA." This is an old trick: it is a part of the tactics of literature, well understood by that awfully numerous fraternity, the novel-writers, who never fail, on the title-page of every successive production, to mention some previous performance of glorious memory, adroitly reminding the public of their bygone trophies in the field of literature, and of some fortunate hit already made in the chance-medley of modern authorship. Now, in venturing to refer to a previous paper on the "Songs of France," my object is not similar: my thoughts are not their thoughts. Totally unknown to my contemporaries, and anxious to cultivate the privilege of obscurity, it is when I am mouldering in the quiet tomb where my rustic parishioners shall have laid me, that these papers, the offspring of my leisure, shall start into life, and bask in the blaze of publicity. Some paternal publisher—perhaps some maternal magazine—will take charge of the learned deposit, and hatch my eggs with all the triumph of successful incubation. But—and this is the sole object of these preliminary remarks—let there be care taken to keep each batch separate, and to keep each brood distinct. The *French hen's* family should not be mixed up with the chickens of the *Muscovy duck*; and each series of "Prout Papers" should be categorically arranged. *Series junc-turaque pollet* (*Hor. art. Poet.*). For instance: the present essay ought to come after one bearing the date of "October," and containing songs about "wine;" such topic being appropriate to that mellow month, which, from time immemorial (no doubt because

it happens to rhyme with the word "sober") has been set apart for jollification.

I have called these effusions the offspring of my leisure; nor do I see any cause why the hours not claimed by my sacerdotal functions should be refused to the pursuits of literature. I do not think that Erasmus was a discredit to his cloth, though he penned the *Maxims Exemplares*. The sonnets of Francis Petrarca were not deemed a high misdemeanour at the papal court of Avignon, though written by a priest. Nor was Vida a less exemplary bishop in his diocese of Albi, for having sung in immortal verse the labours of the silk-worm (*Bombyces*, Bâle, 1537) and the game of chess (*Schiaccia ludus*, Roma, 1527). Yet I doubt not (for I know something of mankind) that there may be found when I am dead, in some paltry provincial circle of gossips, the chosen haunt of dulness and all uncharitableness, creatures without heart and without brains, who will industriously malign my motives, and try to stigmatise my writings, as unbefitting the exalted character in which I glory—that of an aged priest (however unworthy), and a humble joint in the hierarchy of the venerable church of Rome. To them I say that my zeal for the character of "*my order*" was not less than theirs; and that, while their short-sightedness I deplore, their rancorous malevolence I contemplate not in anger but in sorrow. Their efforts can only recoil on themselves. When a snake in the island of Malta entwined itself round the arm of Paul, with intent to sting the teacher of the Gentiles, he gently shook the viper from his wrist; and he was not to blame if the reptile fell into the fire.

But to return to the interesting subject of our literary researches. Full gladly do I once more resume the pleasant theme, and launch my simple skiff on the wide expanse of song—

"Once more upon the waters; yea,
once more!"

The minstrelsy of France is to me an inexhaustible source of intellectual pleasure, and it shall not be my fault if I do not carry the public with me in the appreciation I make of such refined enjoyment. The admirers of what is delicate in thought or polished in expression will need no apology for

drawing their attention to these exquisite trifles: and the student of general literature will acknowledge the connecting link which unites, though unseen, the most apparently remote and seemingly dissimilar departments of human knowledge. "*Omnes enim artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent habent quoddam commune vinculum,*" sayeth Cicero (*pro Archia poetâ*). But in the pleasant province of legendary lore through which I propose to make excursions, there are certain local and national features of attraction peculiarly captivating. To what class of Englishmen, since the conquest of this fair island and its unfortunate sister by the chivalrous Normans, can the songs of that gallant race of noble marauders and glorious pirates be without thrilling interest? Not to relish such specimens of spirit-stirring poesy, the besotted native must be only fit to herd among swine, with a collar round his neck like the Saxon serf of Cedric, or else be a superficial idiot, like "Wamba the son of Wit-less the jester." Selecting *one* class of the educated public, by way of exemplification, where *all* are concerned,—to that most acute and discriminating body, the bar, the language of France and her troubadours cometh in the character of a professional acquaintance, to be carefully cultivated; and most happy shall I deem myself if, by submitting to their perusal these gay and amusing ballads, I shall have reconciled them to the many tedious hours they are doomed to spend in conning over what to them must otherwise appear the semi-barbarous terms of jurisprudence bequeathed by William Rufus, with the very structure of Westminster Hall, and coeval with its oak-roof and its cobwebs. In reference to the Gallic origin of our law and its idiom, it was Juvenal who wrote that inspired verse (*Sat. xv., v. 110*),

Goldsmith.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

"*Gallia cauidieos docuit facunda
Britannos;*"

and in that single line he furnished an incontestable proof that poetry is akin to prophecy, and that the "eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," can discover even the most improbable future event in the womb of time.

A knowledge of the ancient vocabulary of France is admitted to be of high importance in the perusal of our early writers in history, as well as in legislation; its aid may be felt in poetry and prose, as well as in Chancery and Doctors' Commons. An old song has been found of consequence in elucidating an unintelligible clause or a disputed construction; and, singular to relate, the only title-deed the Genoese can put forward to claim the invention of the mariners' compass is the lay of a French troubadour.* Few are aware to what extent the volatile literature of our merry neighbours has pervaded the mass of British authorship, and by what secret influences, of imitation and of reminiscence, the spirit of Gallic song has flitted through the conquered island of Britain. From Geoffrey Chaucer to Tom Moore (a vast interval!) there is not one, save the immortal Shakespeare perhaps, whose writings do not betray the secret working of this foreign essence, mixed up with the crude material of Saxon growth, and causing a sort of gentle fermentation most delectable to the natives. Take, for example, Oliver Goldsmith, whom every schoolboy knows by heart, and every critic calls an *eminently English* writer of undoubted originality; now place in juxtaposition with an old French song two of his much-admired fugitive pieces, the *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, and the *Panegyric of Mrs. Mary Blaise*, and judge for yourself if I have not a case in point:

Le Troubadour La Monnoye.

Messires, vous plaist-il d'oûir
L'air du fameux La Palisse?
Il pourra vous réjouir,
Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.

Il était affable et doux,
De l'humeur de feu son père;
Il n'était guère en courroux,
Si ce n'est dans sa colère.

* A ballad entitled *La Bible*, from the pen of Guyot de Provins, dated A. D. 1190, and commencing, *De nostre père l'apostole*. I don't give it, because it attacks the pope.—PROUT.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
Onquès, tant était honnête,
Il ne mettait son chapeau,
Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête.

So much for this Islington model of a gentleman according to "Oliver," who, it clearly appeareth, borrowed every idea, in that sort of pleasant ironical commendation, from the French "Roland," his predecessor. As to poor

Mrs. Blaze, I regret to say that her virtues and accomplishments are all second-hand ; and that the gaudy finery in which her poet has dressed her out, is but the cast-off frippery of the La Palisse wardrobe. *Ex. gratiâ :*

Goldsmith.

The public all, of one accord,
Lament for Mrs. Blaze ;
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

At church, in silks and satins new,
"With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has followed her
When she has walked before.

Let us lament in sorrow sore ;
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

Le Troubadour La Monnoye.

Il brillait comme un soleil,
Sa chevelure était blonde ;
Il n'eut pas eu de pareil,
S'il eut été seul au monde.

Monté sur un cheval noir,
Les dames le minaudèrent ;
Et c'est là qu'il se fit voir,
A ceux qui le regardèrent,

Dans un superbe tournoi,
Prest à fournir sa carrière,
Quand il fut devant le roi,
Certes il ne fut pas derrière.

Il fut, par un triste sort,
Blessé d'une main cruelle ;
On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,
Que la playe était mortelle.

My readers will, no doubt, feel somewhat surprised at the flagrant coincidence manifest in these parallel passages ; and I can assure them, that it is not without a certain degree of concern for the hitherto unimpeachable character of Goldsmith, that I have brought to light an instance of petty larceny perpetrated by him : he is one for whom I have a high regard. My friendship is also very great for Plato ; but of *Truth* I am fondest of all : so out the cat must go from the bag of concealment. Why did he not acquaint us with the source of his inspiration ? Why *smuggle* these French wares, when he might have imported them lawfully by paying the customary duty of acknowledgment. The Roman fabulist, my old and admired friend Phædrus, honestly tells the world how he came by his wonderful stock in trade :

"Æsopus auctor quam materiam reperit,
Hanc ego polivi versibus senariis."

Such is the sign-board he hangs out in the prologue to his book, and no one can complain of unfair dealing. But to return to the connexion between our literature and that of France.

Pope avowedly modelled his style and expression on the writings of Boileau ; and there is perceptible in his didactic essays a most admirable imitation of the lucid, methodical, and elaborate construction of his Gallic original. Dryden appears to have read with predilection the works of Corneille and Malherbe : like them he is forcible, brilliant, but unequal, turgid, and careless. Addison, it is apparent, was intimately conversant with the tasteful and critical writings of the Jesuit Bouhours ; and Sterne is but a *rifacimento* of the vicar of Meudon, the erudite Rabelais. Who will question the influence exercised by Molière over our comic writers,—Sheridan, Farquhar, and Congreve ? Indeed, our theatre seems to have a prescriptive right to import its comedies from France wholesale and duty free. At the brilliant and dazzling torch of La Fontaine, Gay humbly lit his slender taper ; and Fielding would be the first to admit his manifold obligations to Le Sage, having drank deep at the fountain of *Gil Blas*. Hume the historian is notorious for his Gallicisms ; and, perhaps owing to his long residence abroad, the pompous period of

Gibbon was attuned to the melody of Massillon. If I do not mention Milton among our writers who have profited by the perusal of continental models, it is because the *Italian* school was that in which *he* formed his taste and harmonised his rhythmic period.

But, to trace the vestiges of French phraseology to the very remotest paths of our literary domain, let us examine the chronicles of the Plantagenets, and explore the writings of the incomparable Froissart. His works form a sort of connecting link between the two countries during the wars of Cressy and Agincourt; he was alternately a page at the court of Blois, a minstrel at the court of Wincelras in Brabant, a follower of Charles VII. of France, and a *sui vant* of Queen Philippa of England. Though a clergyman, he was decidedly to be classified under the *genus* troubadour; partaking more of that character than of any ecclesiastical peculiarities. For, lest I should do him injustice, by giving of his life and opinions a false idea to my reader, I shall let him draw his own portrait:

" Au boire je prends grand plaisir,
Aussi fais-je en beau draps vestir :
Oir de ménestrel parolles,
Veor danses et carolles ;
Violettes en leur saison,
Et roses blanches et vermeilles.
Voye volontiers, car c'est raison,
Jeux et danses et longues veilles,
Et chambres pleines de candelles !"^{*}

Now this jolly dog, Froissart, was the intimate friend and boon comrade of our excellent Geoffrey Chaucer; and no doubt the two worthy *clerks* cracked many a bottle together, if not in Cheap-side, at least on this side of the channel. How far Geoffrey was indebted to the Frenchman for his anecdotes and stories, for his droll style of narrative, and the pungent salt with which he has seasoned that primitive mess of porridge, the *Canterbury Tales*, it would be curious to investigate; here I merely throw out the hint for D'Israeli. With my sprat *he* will doubtless catch a whale. But it is singular to find the most distinguished of France,

England, and Italy's contemporary authors met shortly after, as if by mutual appointment, in Provence, the land of song. It was on the occasion of a Duke of Clarence's visit to Milan to marry the daughter of Galeas II.; a ceremony graced by the presence of the Count of Savoy and the King of Cyprus, besides a host of literary celebrities. Thither came Chaucer, Froissart, and Petrarca, by one of those chance dispositions of fortune which seem the result of a most provident foresight; and as if the triple genius of French, English, and Italian literature had presided over their re-union. It was a literary *congress*, of which the consequences are felt to the present day, in the common agreement of international feeling in the grand federal republic of letters. Of that eventful colloquy between these most worthy representatives of the three leading literatures of Europe, nothing has transpired but the simple fact of its occurrence. Still one thing is certain, viz. that there were then very few features of difference in even the languages of the three nations which have branched off, since that period, in such wide divergency of idiom.

" When shall we three meet again !"

Chaucer has acknowledged that it was from Petrarch he learned, on that occasion, the story of Griseldis; which story Petrarch had picked up in Provence, as I shall shew by and by, on producing the *original French ballad*. But here is the receipt of Chaucer, duly signed, and most circumstantial:

" I wol you tell a tale, the which that I
Lerned at Padowe, of a worthy clerk,
As proved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now dead, and nailed in his chest,
I pray to God to geve his soule rest.
Francis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Hight was this clerk, whose rhetoricke
so swete

Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

Prologue to Griseldis in Cant. Tales.

We learn from William of Malmesbury (lib. iii.), and from various contemporary sources, that the kings of England, immediate successors of Wil-

^{*} 'Tis a pity that the poetic works of this eminent man should be still locked up in MS. in the Biblioth. du Roi; but a few fragments have been printed, and these are so characteristic and racy, that they create a longing for the remainder. Whoever has the care of that department in Paris, has not done his duty to the public in withholding the treasure. Such a selfishness might be expected from a churlish collector of rarities here at home; for in England the garden of MS. is kept "by a dragon;" but in France, *proh pudor!*—*PROUT.*

liam the Conqueror, brought over from Normandy great numbers of learned men, to fill the ecclesiastical and other beneficial employments of the country, to the exclusion of the native English, who were considered dunces and unfit for office. Any one who had the least pretension to be considered a *sçavant* *clerc* spoke French, and disdained the idiom of his fellow-countrymen. In the reign of Henry III. we have Robert Grossetête, the well-known bishop of Lincoln (who was born in Suffolk), writing a work in French called *Le Chateau d'Amour*; and another, *Le Manuel des Péchés*. Of this practice Chaucer complains, somewhat quaintly, in his *Testament of Love* (ed. 1542): "Certes there ben some that speke thyr poysy mater in Ffrench, of whyche speche the Ffrenchmen have as gude a fantasye as we have in hearing of

Ffrench mennes Englyshe." Tanner, in his *Biblioth. Brit.*, hath left us many curious testimonies of the feeling which then prevailed on this subject among the jealous natives of England. See also the Harleian MS. 3869.

But the language of the troubadours still remained common to both countries, when, for all the purposes of domestic and public life, a new idiom had sprung up in each separate kingdom. Extraordinary men! These songsters were the favourites of every court, and the patronised of every power. True, their life was generally dissolute, and their conduct unscrupulous: but the mantle of poetic inspiration covered a multitude of sins. I cannot better characterise the men, and the times in which they lived, than by introducing the ballad of Béranger, the "Dauphin:"

La Naissance du Dauphin.

Du bon vieux tems souffrez que je vous parle.

Jadis Richard, troubadour renommé,

Avait pour Roy Jean, Louis, Philippe, ou Charle,

Ne sçais lequel, mais il en fut aimé.

D'un gros dauphin on fêta la naissance;

Richard à Blois était depuis un jour.

Il apprit là le bonheur de la France.

Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour !

Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour !

La harpe en main Richard vient sur la place :

Chacun lui dit, "Chantez notre garçon !"

Dévotement à la Vierge il rend grace,

Puis au dauphin consacre une chanson.

On l'applaudit; l'auteur était en veine :

Mainte beauté le trouve fait au tour,

Disant tout bas, "Il doit plaire à la reine !"

Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour !

Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour !

Le chant fini, Richard court à l'église ;

Qu'y va-t-il faire ? Il cherche un confesseur.

Il en trouve un, gros moine à barbe grise,

Des mœurs du tems inflexible censeur.

"Ah, sauvez moi des flammes éternelles !

Mon père, hélas ! c'est un vilain séjour."

"Qu'avez-vous fait ?" "J'ai trop aimé les belles !"

Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour !

Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour !

"Le grand malheur, mon père, c'est qu'on m'aime !"

"Parlez, mon fils ; expliquez-vous enfin."

"J'ai fait, hélas ! narguant le diadème,

Un gros péché ! car j'ai fait — un dauphin !"

D'abord le moine a la mine ébahie ;

Mais il reprend, "Vous êtes bien en cour ? —

Pourtoyez-vous d'une riche abbaye."

Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour !

Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour !

Le moine ajoute : " Eut-on fait à la reine
 Un prince ou deux, on peut être sauvé.
 Parlez de nous à notre souverain :
 Allez, mon fils ! vous direz cinq Ave."
 Richard absous, gagnant la capitale,
 Au nouveau-né voit prodiguer l'amour ;
 Vive à jamais notre race royale !
 Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour !
 Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour !

The Dauphin's Birthday.

Let me sing you a song of the good old times,
 About Richard the troubadour,
 Who was loved by the king and the queen for his rhymes ;
 But by which of our kings I'm not sure.
 Now a dauphin was born while the court was at Blois,
 And all France felt a gladness pure ;
 Richard's heart leapt for joy when he heard 'twas a boy.
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

So he went with his harp, on his proud shoulder hung,
 To the court, the resort of the gay ;
 To the Virgin a hymn of thanksgiving he sung,
 For the dauphin, a new "*rondelay*."
 And our nobles flocked round at the heart-stirring sound,
 And their dames, dignified and demure,
 Praised his bold, gallant mien, and said "*He'll please the queen !*"
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Oh, sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

But the song is now hushed, and the crowd is dispersed :
 To the abbey, lo ! Richard repairs,
 And he seeks an old monk, in the legend well versed,
 With a long flowing beard and grey hairs.
 And " Oh save me," he cried, " holy father ! from hell ;
 'Tis a place which the soul can't endure !"
 " Of your shrift tell the drift ; " "*J'ai trop aimé les balles !*"
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

" But the worst is untold ! " "*Haste, my sonne, and be shriven ;
 Tell your guilt — its result — how you sinned, and how often.*"
 " Oh, my guilt it is great ! — can my sin be forgiven ?
 Its result, holy monk ! is — alas, 'tis a DAUPHIN !"
 And the friar grew pale at so startling a tale,
 But he whispered "*for us, sonne, procure*
 (She will grant it, I ween) *abbey land from the queen.*"
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

Then the monk said a prayer, and the sin, light as air,
 Flew away from the penitent's soul ;
 And to Paris went Richard to sing for the fair,
 " Virelai," sonnet gay, and " carolle."
 And he mingled with joy in the festival there.
 Oh ! while beauty and song can allure,
 May our old royal race never want for an heir !
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

It does not enter into my plan to expatiate on the moral conclusion or political ~~corruption~~ which this ballad suggests, and which the sarcastic ingenuity of Béranger has so adroitly insinuated. It is in fact a lyrical epigram. The

vein of thought is deep and serious, if dug by the admirers of hereditary legislation or the defenders of the divine right of kings. To the venerable owls who flutter through the dark Gothic purlieus of the Herald's College,

this *new light* may be intolerable; still it sheds a quiet ray on the awful sublimities of genealogical investigation, and cannot but edify the laborious and hyperpanegyric *Mr. Burke*, the compiler of peerages and pedigrees for each and all of us. Excellent man! may his subscribers be as numerous as the leaves of his book, and his gains commensurate with the extent of human vanity! Béranger's ode on the Dauphin's birth-day may serve as a commentary on the well-known passage of Boileau (pilfered unceremoniously by Pope), in which the current of princely blood is said to flow with proverbial purity "*De Lucrèce en Lucrèce*;" and such is the recognised truth of the commentary, that I understand an edition of the song has been published by order of the university of Prague, in Bohemia, 'tis imagined, *in usum Delphini*. *Vive Henri Cinq!*

On all matters in which the character of the ladies may be involved, I recommend constant caution and most scrupulous forbearance to both poets and historians. The model of this delicate attention may be found among the troubadours. I more particularly allude to the *Norman* school of French poësie; for I regret to state, that in Provence there was not always the

same veneration and mysterious homage paid to the gentler sex, whose very frailties should be shrouded by the poet, and concealed from the vulgar gaze of the profane. In Normandy and the adjacent provinces, the spirit of chivalry was truly such as described by our hot-headed Irish orator, speaking of Marie Antoinette, when ten thousand swords should leap from their scabbards at the very suspicion of an insult to the fair. This instinctive worship of beauty seems to have accompanied that gallant race of noble adventurers from their Scandinavian settlements beyond the Elbe and the Rhine; for we find the sentiment attributed to their ancestors by Tacitus, in his admirable work *De Moribus Germanorum*, where he writes, as well as I can recollect, as follows: "*Inesse quietiam faminis sanctum aliquid et providum putant.*" The ballad of *Griseledis*, to which I have made allusion in talking of the *Canterbury Tales*, and which I then promised to give in its original old Norman simplicity, finely illustrates all that is noble and chivalrous in their respect for female loveliness and purity. My English version, to harmonise with the French, runs in the old ballad idiom, as nearly as I can imitate that quaint style.

Griseledis.

Ecoutez icy jouvencelles,
Ecoutez ausy damoiseaux,
Vault mieux estre bone que belle,
Vault mieux estre loyal que beau!
Beauté passe, passe jeunesse,
Bonté reste et gagne les cœurs;
Avec douceur et gentillesse
Espines se changent en fleurs.
Belle, mais pauvre et souffreteuse,
Vivoit jadis Griseledis;
Alloit aux champs, estoit glaneuse,
Filoit beau lin, gardoit brebis;
N'estoit fille de hault parage,
N'avoit conté ny joyaux d'or,
Mais avoit plus, car estait sage —
Mieux vault sagesse que trésor!
Ung jour qu'aux champs estoit seulette,
Vint à passer Sire Gaultier,
Las! sans chien estoit la pauvrette,
Sans page estoit le chevalier;
Mais en ce siècle, où l'innocence
N'avoit à craindre aucun danger,
Vertu veilloit, dormoit prudence,
Beaux tems n'aurez pas du changer!
Tant que sommeille la bergère,
Beau sire eust le tems d'admirer,
Mais dès qu'entr'ouvrist la paupière
Fust forcé de s'en amoureux;

Griseledis. A Ballad.

List to my ballad, for 'twas made expresse,
damsels, for you;
Better to be (beyond all loveliness)
loyall and true! [while,
Fadeth fair face, bright beauty blooms a
soon to depart;
Goodness abyde; aye; and gentle smile
gaineth y^e hearte.
There lived a maiden, beautifull but poore,
gleaning y^e fields; [moor
Poor pittance shepherd's crook upon y^e
or distaff yields!
Yet tho' no castel hers had ever been,
jewells nor golde, [I ween,
Kindnesse she hadde and virtue, thyngs,
better fowr folde!
One day a cavalier, Sir Walter hight,
travelled that way; [knight
Nor dogge y^e shepherdesse nor page y^e
hadde on that day.
But in those tymes of innocence and truth,
virtue alone [sooth,
Kept vigil in our land; bright days, in
where are ye gone!
Long on y^e maiden, as she slept, he gazed;
could gaze for months!
But when awaking, two soft eyelids raised,
loved her at once!

"Belle," dit-il, "seres ma mie,
Si voulez venir à ma cour !"
"Nenny, seigneur, vous remercie,
Honneur vault bien plaisir d'amour !"

"Vertu, dit-il, passe noblesse !
Serez ma femme dès ce jour—
Serez dame, serez comtesse,
Si me jurez, au nom d'amour,
De m'obeir quand devrai, meme
Bien durement, vous ordonner !"
"Sire, obeir à ce qu'on aime
Est bien plus doux que commander !"

Ne jura pour estre comtesse,
Mais avoit vu le chevalier ;
A l'amour seul flat la promesse :
Puis monta sur son destrier.
N'avoit besoin de bienséances
Le tans heureux des bonnes mœurs ;
Fausses étoient les apparences,
Nobles et vrais estoient les cœurs !

Tant chevauchèrent par la plaine
Qu'arrivèrent à la cité ;
Griseledia fust souveraine
De ce riche et puissant comté !
Chascun l'aima ; sous son empire
Chascun ressentit ses bienfaits :
Beauté prévient, douceur attire,
Bonté gagne et fixe à jamais !

Lives there one with soul so dead as not to admire the genuine high-mindedness of these primitive times, expressed in this pleasing record of what was no romance, but matter of frequent occurrence in the days of chivalry ? The ballad has got into many languages, and is interwoven most industriously with the traditional recollections of many a noble house ; but the original is undoubtedly the above. Tom Moore (whose rogueries are infinite) has twisted it into a thing which he calls a melody, "You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride;" and he has tacked a *note* to the stolen ditty, wherein, with his usual tuft-hunting and toad-eating propensities, he seeks to connect the story with "*an interesting tale told of a certain noble family in England.*" Unfortunately, the lays of the Norman troubadours, like the government ropes in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, have in their texture a certain inimitable twist and a peculiarity of workmanship, by

"Fair one, a knight's true love canst thou
with golden store !" [despise,
"Sir Knight, true love I value, but I prize
honor far more !"

"I, too, prize honor above high descent
and all beside ;
Maiden, be mine! yes if thou wilt consent,
be thou my bride !
Swear but to do y^e bidding of thy liege,
faithful and fond." [allege
"Tell not of oaths, Sir Knight ; can't love
a better bond !"

Not for his castel and his broad domain,
spake so y^e maid, [Love fain
But that she loved y^e handsome knight.
would be obeyed. [redde,
On y^e same charger with her knight she
so passed along ; [were good,
Nor blame she feared, for then all hearts
none dreamed of wrong !

And they rodde on untill rose on y^e sight
his castel towers ; [knight
And there that maiden lived with that good
in marriage bowers,
Diffusing blessings among all who dwelt
within that vale :
Goodnesse abyedeth aye—her smile is felt
tho' beauty fail !

which they are recognised at once when they get into the possession of thieves.

These Normans were a glorious race ! No, neither the sons of Greece in their palmiest day of warlike energy (*εχλας Αχαιων*), nor the children of the Tiber, that miscellany of bandits and outlaws (*turba Remi*), could stand a comparison with the splendid tribe of enterprising Northerners, who, in the seventh, eighth, and subsequent centuries, afrighted and dazzled the world with the splendour of their achievements. From the peninsula of Jutland, their narrow home on the Baltic, they went forth to select the choicest lands and the fairest provinces of the south for their portion : the banks of the Seine,* the kingdom of Naples, the island of Sicily, the Morea, Palestine, Constantinople, England, Ireland, they conquered in succession. The proudest names in each land through which they passed glory in tracing up a Nor-

* Such was the terror with which they inspired the natives of France before Duke Rollo's conversion to Christianity, that there is in the office of the Parisian Breviary a hymn, composed about that period, and containing a prayer against the Normans—

"Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus," &c. &c. ;

which remains to this day a memorial of consternation.

man origin ; and while their descendants form the truest and most honourable aristocracy in Europe, their troubadours still reign paramount, and unsurpassed in every mode and form of the tuneful mystery. The architectural remains of that wonderful people are not more picturesque and beautiful than the fragments of their ballads and their war-songs ; and Béranger himself (by the by, a Norman patronymic, and an evidence of the poet's excellent lineage) has but inherited the lyre of that celebrated minstrel who is thus described in a contemporary poem on the conquest of this island by William.

Taillefer ki mult bien cantout,
Sur ung cheval ki tost allout,
Devant le host allout cantant
De Karlemain e de Rollant.

Dan Tallyfer, who sang right well,
Borne on a goodly haridelle,
Pranced in the van and led the train,
With songs of Roland and of Charlemaine.

But I venture to say, that never was Charlemagne sung by his ablest troubadour in finer style than the great modern inheritor of his iron crown and tremendous sword, anointed like him by a pope, and like him the sole arbitrator of European kingdoms and destinies. List to Béranger.

Les Souvenirs du Peuple. Béranger.

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien long-temps,
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois
Dire alors à quelque vieille ;
Par des récits d'autrefois
Mère, abrégez notre veille :
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le revère,
Oui, le revère.
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère !
Parlez-nous de lui !

" Mes enfans, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois il passa,
Voilà bien long-temps de ça :
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
A pied grim pant le côtéau,
Où pour voir je m'étais mise ;
Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingote grise.
Près de lui je troublai,
Il me dit ' Bonjour, ma chère !
Bonjour, ma chère ! '—
Il vous a parlé, grand'mère !
Il vous a parlé !

" L'an d'après, moi pauvre femme,
A Paris étant un jour,
Je le vis avec sa cour :
Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.
Tous les cœurs étaient contens ;
On admirait son cortège,
Chacun disait, ' Quel beau tems !
Le ciel toujours le protège.
Son sourire était bien doux,
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
Le rendait père ! '—
Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère !
Quel beau jour pour vous !

Popular Recollections of Buonaparte.

They'll talk of him for years to come,
In cottage chronicle and tale ;
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail !
Then in the hamlet's honoured chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown, and villager,
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise ;
But he was all our own !
Mother ! say something in his praise—
O speak of him always !

" I saw him pass : his was a host,
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings !
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day.
He wore, for near to him I stood,
Cocked hat and surcoat grey.
I blushed ; he said ' Be of good cheer !
Courage, my dear !'
That was his very word."—
Mother ! O then that really occurred,
And you his voice could hear !

" A year rolled on, when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame.
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And O ! I wept for joy !
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blest th' imperial boy ?
Never did noonday sunshine out so bright !
O what a sight !"—
Mother ! for you that must have been
A glorious scene !

"Mais quand la pauvre Champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers,
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
Un soir, tout comme aujourd'hui,
J'entends frapper à la porte;
J'ouvre, bon Dieu! c'ÉTAIT LUI!
Suivi d'une faible escorte.
Il s'assoit où me voilà,
S'écriant: 'Oh, quelle guerre!
Oh, quelle guerre!'—
Il s'est assis là, grand'mère!
Il s'est assis là!

"'J'ai faim,' dit-il, et bien vite
Je sers piquette et pain bis.
Puis il sèche ses habits;
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,
Il me dit: 'Bonne espérance!
Je cours de tous ses malheurs
Sous Paris venger la France!'—
Il part; et comme un trésor
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,
Gardé son verre."—
Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère!
Vous l'avez encor!

"Le voici. Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui, qu'un Pape a couronné,
Est mort dans un île déserte.
Long-temps aucun ne l'a cru;
On disait: 'Il va paraître.
Par mer il est accouru;
L'étranger va voir son maître.'
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère.
Fut bien amère."—
Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère;
Dieu vous bénira!

Such songs embalm the glories of a conqueror in the hearts of the people, and will do more to endear the memory of Napoleon to posterity than all the efforts of the historian. Can it be believed, however, that the government which lately disgraced France—that of the imbecile Charles X.—had the folly to pick a personal quarrel with this powerful master of the lyre, and to provoke the wrath of genius, which no one yet aroused and got off unscathed by its lightning. Béranger was prosecuted before the tribunal of the *cour d'assises* for a song! And nothing,

Le vieux Drapeau. Béranger.

De mes vieux compagnons de gloire
Je viens de me voir entouré;
Nos souvenirs m'ont enivré,
Le vin m'a rendu la mémoire.

"But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders single-handed he achieved.
Such general ne'er lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'TWAS HE! Of warriors few
He had a toil-worn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'*Quelle guerre! oh, quelle guerre!*'—
Mother! and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fireblocks shine,
To dry his cloak with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonny blaze he asept,
Then waking chid me (for I wept);
'Courage!' he cried, 'I'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words: I've treasured up
With pride that same wine-cup;
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"—
Mother! on that proud relic let us gaze.
O keep that cup always!

"But, by some fatal witchery,
He, whom a Pope had crowned and
blest,
Perished, my sons! by foulest treachery:
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumours were afloat
That he was dead; but we would spurn
Such tidings, from that isle remote
Hoping once more he would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave;
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"—
Mother! may God his fullest blessing shed
Upon your aged head!

perhaps, contributed more to the catastrophe that soon overtook the persecutor of the muses than the disgrace and ridicule which covered the royal faction, in consequence of this first attack on the liberty of the press and the freedom of that freest of all trades, the craft of the troubadour. The prophecy contained in the ode in question was realised to the letter: even the allusion to that old Gallic emblem the *cock*, which *Louis Philippe* has now made the ornament of the restored tricolor, confirms the fact of inspiration.

The Three-coloured Flag.

Comrades, around this humble board,
Here's to our banner's bygone splendour.
There may be treason in that word—
All Europe may the proof afford—

Fier de mes exploits et des leurs,
J'ai mon drapeau dans ma chaumière—
QUAND SECOURAI-JE LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

Il est caché sous l'humble paille
Où je dors, pauvre et mutilé,
Lui qui, sûr de vaincre, a volé
Vingt ans de bataille en bataille ;
Chargé de lauriers et de fleurs,
Il brilla sur l'Europe entière—
QUAND SECOURAI-JE LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

Ce drapeau payait à la France
Tout le sang qu'il nous a coûté ;
Sur la sein de la liberté
Nos fils jouaient avec sa lance ;
Qu'il prouve encor aux oppresseurs
Combien la gloire est roturière—
QUAND SECOURAI-JE LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

Son aigle est resté dans la poudre, ✓
Fatigué de lointains exploits ;
Rendons-lui le coq des Gaulois, ✓
Il sut aussi lancer la foudre.
La France, oubliant ses douleurs,
Le rebénira libre et fière—
QUAND SECOURAI-JE LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

Las d'errer avec la victoire,
Des lois il deviendra l'appui ;
Chaque soldat fut, grace à lui,
CITOYEN aux bords de la Loire.
Soul il peut voiler nos malheurs,
Déployons-le sur la frontière—
QUAND SECOURAI-JE LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

Mais il est là près de mes armes !
Un instant osons l'entrevoir ;
Viens mon drapeau, viens mon espoir,
C'est à toi d'essuyer mes larmes !
D'un guerrier qui verse des pleurs
Le ciel entendra la prière—
OUI, JE SECOURAI LA POUSSIÈRE
QUI TERNIT SES NOBLES COULEURS !

All France be the offender ;
But drink the toast
That gladdens most,
Fires the young heart and cheers the old—
" MAY FRANCE ONCE MORE
HER TRI-COLOR
BLEST WITH NEW LIFE BEHOLD !"

List to my secret. That old flag
Under my bed of straw is hidden,
Sacred to glory ! War-worn rag !
Thee no informer thence shall drag,
Nor dastard spy say 'tis forbidden.
France, I can vouch,
Will, from its couch,
The dormant symbol yet unfold,
AND WAVE ONCE MORE
HER TRI-COLOR
THROUGH EUROPE, UNCONTROLLED !

For every drop of blood we spent,
Did not that flag give valne plenty ?
Were not our children as they went,
Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
FRANCE ! who were then
Your noblemen ?
Not *they* of parchment-must and mould !
BUT THEY WHO BORE
YOUR TRI-COLOR
THROUGH EUROPE, UNCONTROLLED !

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
But, with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standard, we'll recall
The brightest days of *Jemmappe's* story !
With terror pale
Shall despots quail,
When in their ear the tale is told,
OF FRANCE ONCE MORE
HER TRI-COLOR
PREPARING TO UNFOLD !

Far be the lawless ruffian chiel,
Worse than the vilest monarch he !
Down with the dungeon and Bastille !
But let our country never kneel
To that grim idol, *Anarchy* !
Strength shall appear
On our frontier—
France shall be Liberty's stronghold !
AND EARTH ONCE MORE
THE TRI-COLOR
WITH BLESSING SHALL BEHOLD !

O my old flag ! that liest hid,
There where my sword and musket lie—
Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
Which thou alone canst dry.
A soldier's grief
Shall find relief ;
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
FRANCE SHALL ONCE MORE
HER TRI-COLOR TRIUMPHANTLY UNFOLD !

After this warlike outburst, this glorious dithyrambe, worthy of the days when the chivalry of France took solemnly the oriflamme from the abbey of St. Denis, to bear it foremost in the fight, for the defence of their native land or the conquest of the land of Palestine, let us give truce to war, and,

turning to calmer subjects, smoke for awhile the calumet of peace with a poet of gentler disposition. Poor Millevoye! it is with a melancholy pleasure that I turn to thy pure and pathetic page; but verily thou art a favourite of the muse, and, need I add, of mine.

La Chûte des Feuilles. Par Millevoye.

De la dépouille de nos bois
L'automne avait jonché la terre,
Le bocage était sans mystère,
Le rossignol était sans voix.
Triste et mourant à son aurore,
Un jeune malade, à pas lents,
Parcourait une fois encore
Le bois cher à ses premiers ans.

"Bois que j'aime, adieu! je succombe—
Ton deuil m'avertit de mon sort;
Et dans chaque feuille qui tombe
Je vois un présage de mort.
Fatal oracle d'Epidaure,
Tu m'as dit, 'Les feuilles des bois
À tes yeux jauniront encore,
Mais c'est pour la dernière fois!'

L'éternel cyprès se balance;
Déjà sur ma tête en silence
Il incline ses rameaux:
Ma jeunesse sera flétrie
Avant l'herbe de la prairie,
Avant le pampre des côteaux!

Et je meurs! de leur froide haleine
M'ont touché les sombres autans,
Et j'ai vu comme une ombre vaine
S'évanouir mon beau printemps.
Tombe! tombe, feuille éphémère!
Couvre, hélas! ce triste chemin!
Cache au désespoir de ma mère
La place où je serai demain!

Mais si mon amante voilée
Vient dans la solitaire allée,
Pleurer à l'heure où le jour fuit;
Eveille, par un léger bruit,
Mon ombre un instant consolée!"

Il dit. S'éloigne et sans retour;
La dernière feuille qui tombe
A signalé son dernier jour;
Sous le chêne on creusa sa tombe.
Mais son amante ne vint pas;—
Et le pâtre de la vallée
Troubla seul du bruit de ses pas
Le silence du mausolée.

The Fall of the Leaves. By Millevoye

Autumn had stript the grove, and strew'd
The vale with leafy carpet o'er—
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more—
Yet one still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

"I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy's wild haunt;
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your vantage.
'Twas a stern oracle that told
My dark decree, 'The woodland bloom
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes thy inexorable tomb!"

Th' eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form like some funeral thing
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

I die! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fixed Fate has frozen up my blood;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipt is my life's spring in the bud.
Fall! fall, O transitory leaf!
And cover well this path of sorrow;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-morrow.

But should my loved one's fairy tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve;
O then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give!"

Such was the sick youth's last sad thought;
Then slowly from the grove he moved;
Next moon that way a corpse was brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appeared,
No fairy mourner: through the wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard,
In the sepulchral solitude.

Attuned to the sad harmony of that closing stanza, and set to the same keynote of impassioned sorrow, are the following lines of Chateaubriand, which I believe have never appeared in print, at least in this country. They were

composed on the occasion of a young and beautiful girl's premature death, the day her remains were, with the usual ceremony of placing a wreath of white roses on the bier, consigned to the earth.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Sur la fille de mon ami, enterrée hier devant moi au cimetière de Passy, 16 Juin, 1832.

Il descend ce cercueil ! et les roses sans taches
 Qu'un père y dépose, tribut de sa douleur :
 Terre ! tu les portas ! et maintenant tu caches
 Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Ah ne les rends jamais à ce monde prophane,
 A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse, et de malheur !
 Le vent brise et flétrit, le soleil brûle et fane
 Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Tu dors, pauvre Eliza, si légère d'années !
 Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et la chaleur :
 Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinées,
 Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Ere that coffin goes down, let it bear on its lid
 The garland of roses
 Which the hand of a father, her mourners amid
 In silence deposes —
 'Tis the young maiden's funeral hour !
 From thy bosom, O earth, sprung that young budding rose,
 And 'tis meet that together thy lap should enclose
 The young-maid and the flower !

Never, never give back the two symbols so pure
 Which to thee we confide ;
 From the breath of this world and its plague-spot secure,
 Let them sleep side by side—
 They shall know not its pestilent power !
 Soon the breath of contagion, the deadly mildew,
 Or the fierce scorching sun, might parch up as they grew
 The young maid and the flower !

Poor Eliza ! for thee life's enjoyments have fled,
 But its pangs too are flown !
 Then go sleep in the grave ! in that cold bridal bed
 Death may call thee his own—
 Take this handful of clay for thy dower !
 Of a texture wert thou far too gentle to last ;
 'Twas a morning, thy life ! now the matins are past
 For the maid and the flower !

* * Our readers will, of course, give us credit for having written the introductory remarks on the barrenness of our brethren of the broad sheet before the great fire, which has ever since so happily filled up their gasping columns. Of that fire we may perhaps have somewhat to say or to sing elsewhere, and therefore make no allusion to it in this place. We have no farther remark to offer on the lucubrations of Father Prout, except to say, in defence of our namesake, poor Goldy, that he made no secret of his having taken *Madame Blaze*, and some of the ideas of the *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, from the French. Andrews, if we mistake not, has noticed the imitation in his *Anecdotes*.—O. Y.

TWO ARTICLES ON THE ANNUALS.

EXPLANATION.

WE do not care who knows it, that we frequently receive articles—nay, that we frequently command articles—on the same subject, literary or political, from different hands, which, as may be expected, execute them in very opposite styles. In the present case, it was our intention not to have said a single word about the Annuals of this year—following in that respect the precedent which we have set ourselves for some years past; but our intentions have been frustrated and set at nought. Dining one day with some of our most honoured contributors, it so happened that a cargo of those glittering books was introduced. There they lay in all the brilliancy of gold and scarlet and azure, and silk and satin and embroidery of rare device. They mingled magnificently with the dessert, and reflected in cheery splendour the varied colours of the wine or the toddy which beamed all around them from various glasses, in all stages of depletion.

“What a bundle of rubbish,” said O’Doherty, mixing a fresh tumbler.

“The old fable of the fox and the mask,” observed Father Prout, filling his pipe. “As Phædrus says—

“By the God of War,” said Rattler, “the shepherds who scribe in these affairs seem to me to be as regular idiots as ever mopped and mowed—*Neuma*, as old Homer calls them. If a clever man is debauched to write in an Annual, it seems to be a matter of pride with him to write his worst; and as for the regular hands”——

“Hoot!” cried the Modern Pythagorean, “the less said about yon the better. They are a’ just metempsychichoses of the golden calf; for here ye see ’em, calves and gilding.”

More of this jocular conversation was carried forward; but soon a milder mood prevailed. Croquis said that the engravings were beautiful, and that the pictures from which they were copied were still more deserving of praise. Barry Cornwall read a bundle or two of verse, which he pronounced to be admirable. And Crofton Croker, with that good-humour and good-nature which always distinguish him, took up the cudgels for the authors.

“You see,” said Crofton—“No, thank you; I cannot, since I have been bothered with the gout, take more than seven tumblers—you see, the fact is, that if the periodical writers had not spoiled you with so much good writing, the worst of the very pretty books before me would have passed off as some thing most superexcellent. I defy you to say that there is not an immensity of talent and antiquarian information in Leitch Ritchie’s *Scott and Scotland*.”

“I do not doubt,” said Rattler, “though it certainly is not my intention to read the book. But have we not had enough of Scotland? Are we not crammed to repletion with

‘Brose and crowdy, bannocks and kail’

Praise Cattermole as much as you like, for he is one of the pleasantest as well as the cleverest shepherds in the world.”

“Patience, my friend,” continued Crofton Croker; “I was not now going to allude to the illustrations of these works; but to their much-decried writing. Is there not an immensity of good fun in Louisa Sheridan’s *Comic Offering*? some capital jests—some jaw-relaxing essays—that, for instance, on the Family party, written by the fair lady herself?”

“Not a doubt of it,” said O’Doherty; “though, for my part, I am ungallant enough to think that ladies cannot write fun in any very supereminent style. However, she is a fine dashing-looking girl that same Louisa Sheridan, and no mistake. If I do not err, I met her at the very crowd in Grosvenor Square to which she alludes. Here’s her health,” said Sir Morgan with a sigh, as he emptied the tumbler; “I hope she’ll ask me to dance at her wedding.”

“You are getting devilish old for such tricks,” continued the Fairy Legendary; “and if Miss Sheridan waits till your stiff hams manage a quadrille, she will be Miss Sheridan longer than I wish her. But in spite of your sneer”——

"I deny the sneer," interrupted O'Doherty.

"Well, then, in spite of your panegyric, the *Comic Annual* is a pleasant collation of good-humoured writing. How clever, too, is Hobart Caunter's *Oriental Annual*, Roscoe's *Tourist in Spain* (out of each of which I could extract—quote, I mean, for I am not now writing an article—many and many a page of brilliant writing); or what can be better than"—

"*Macte virtute, puer!* Well done, my little fellow," said Father Prout, taking the pipe out of his mouth; "all the geese are swans with you."

"Better even so," said Crofton, as we thought warmly, "than treating swans as geese, as seems to be too much the general custom with the present company."

We here interposed, because we feared that the conversation was becoming somewhat personal, and made the original remark, that much might be said on both sides.

"Certainly there can," quoth the Man of Genius, who was playing backgammon all the time that this conversation was going forward with the Subaltern in the corner; "but—*cinqe—trois!* that's a point—the fact is that I am not sure you would admit—*deuce—ace!* a deuced bad throw!—an article telling the truth respecting those said Annuals—*quatre—cinqe!* I take you up, though I leave a blot—in your Magazine."

We said that we did not wish to promise, but would look at his article with attention if he sent one.

"My article—confound it," said our Man of Genius, "I am taken up; *six—cinqe!* I do not enter—my article shall be at your service to-morrow morning—there again, *sixes!* what luck! can't get on! I'll be gammoned, as sure as fate."

"Most undoubtedly," said Bombardinio, "if you do not better mind your game. When I was at Margate, at Miss Killick's"—

"The plain fact," said O'Doherty, "(I beg your pardon, Captain, for interrupting you, but I'll be mum in a moment), is that there will never be an end of this dialogue. Here's my friend Crofton has been as eloquent as Fin M'Cowl in praise of the Annuals. Why does he not write a regular review of them, and in that review embody all that he has been for this last half-hour entertaining us with?"

"I'm too busy with game of my own," said Croft.; "and as every body here knows my ideas, what is there to hinder them from being put into a review?"

"But who is the shepherd to write it?" said Rattler. "By Polyphloisboio, I'm not the man!"

"Throw for it," said O'Doherty; "I see our Man of Genius is clean done, —gammoned as dead as a herring. Ay, there, throw away, my Genius! *sixes* won't save you."

"I give up," said the Man of Genius; "and there are the dice."

The *deuce* take the dice, for they give one the gripes.

Here, landlord, more liquor, fresh tobacco, and clean pipes.

Here's to thee, Noll Yorke.

So, while the Man of Genius was grumbling forth his displeasure in song, we all threw to see who should write a review of the Annuals; and the result of the throws was as follows,—three throws—highest to write:—

Oliver Yorke	7 + 9 + 11 = 27
Bombardinio	5 + 6 + 3 = 14
O'Doherty	3 + 5 + 2 = 10

"Crabs! by Juno," said Sir Morgan.

Crofton Croker ...	7 + 7 + 7 = 21
Alfred Croquis ...	6 + 7 + 9 = 22
Corn. O'Donoghue	9 + 2 + 8 = 19

"Bad throwing, this," said Ensign O'Donoghue. "I think Paganini would call us botches, or whatever is the Italian lingo for that same."

Man of Genius	12 + 10 + 11 = 33
Subaltera	8 + 7 + 8 = 23
Modern Pythagorean	7 + 5 + 3 = 15
Pierce Pungent	6 + 3 + 12 = 21

Allan Cunningham 7 + 12 + 10 = 29

Barry Cornwall ... 11 + 11 + 11 = 33

"Nice throwing, and even," said Rattler; "hand us over the bones."

Morgan Rattler ... 5 + 7 + 9 = 21

The Sartor 6 + 6 + 6 = 18

"That's the number of the beast," said Father Prout. "As for me, I'm an ecclesiastic, and am forbidden dice by the canon, § *de aleatoribus*. However, I'll be umpire. Here, then, I see the Man of Janius and Barry Cornwall have both won."

"Let them throw again," said Rattler.

"No," said O'Doherty; "no; we've been bothered enough with this as it is. Let them both retire to the next room, and there, with pen, ink, and paper, let them produce each his article, and we'll then decide."

"Shan't we have any thing to drink?" said the Man of Genius, in rather a querulous tone.

"Lots," said Sir Morgan. "Half-a-dozen tumblers of brandy and water hot, for the Man of Genius, with sugar; a jug of lemonade for Mr. Cornwall. Conduct them at once to their domiciles, and let them prepare."

"As the fellow in Horace says," remarked Prout,

"Accipe, si vis,
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hore,
Custodes; videamus, uter plus scribere possit."

The gentlemen retired accordingly, and we continued our peaceful avocations. We asked, "Is there no song in company?"

"Why," said Captain Bombardinio, "as you have been talking so much of Annuals, I'll give you a song out of one. It is out of that very nice book the *Friendship's Offering* for this year, and is written by our old friend Delta; I would that he were here."

Delta's health was drank with enthusiasm; and that being done, Captain Bombardinio, of the Grenadiers, who is really one of the finest private singers at present in England, chanted the following very charming song in a sweet and manly style, which called the tears to the eyes of even the most rugged of the company:—

"MY AIN BONNIE LASSIE.

"A SCOTCH SONG—BY DELTA.

"My ain lassie's blooming in yon Castle-hall,
Among twenty fair maidens the fairest of all;
Then, alack for my lot!—for my fortune is small,
And seldom a sight of her beauty I get;
But, when we foregather, the glance o' her ee
Beams so softly, so kindly, so beaming on me,
That, e'en though despairing, a hope it would gie
That she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet.

Her mouth is the rose-bud—her eye is the star
That glints on the brow o' the gloaming afar;
And think ye then, silly ones, love to debar,

When hearts, thus dissevered, refuse to forget?
As surely as Spring wreaths her green on the tree,—
As honey for winter is hived by the bee,—
So silently ripens Love's harvest for me,
And she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet!

Ah, true love has wily ways few can believe;
And true love has tokens still fewer perceive;
And matter from sigh or word true love can weave,
For raptures ecstatic or bitter regret;
And, when I remember the days o' langsyne,
When we grew up together, like th' ivy and pine,
They labour in vain who our hearts would untwine,—
For she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet.

Then fare ye weel, silver Tay,—fare ye weel, Perth;
 Fare ye weel, Scotland, bauld land of my birth;
 And fare ye weel, Madeline, gem of the earth;
 I care not though kinsfolk may fume and may fret;
 We now maun be sundered by mountain and main,
 But when I come back from the battles of Spain,
 I'll claim thee for mine, and I'll clasp thee again,
 My faithful, my ain bonnie lassie yet!"

Loud applause, as might be expected, followed the beautiful singing of this beautiful song; after which the company broke up into separate conversational knots, which amused themselves as they might, totally forgetful of the imprisoned authors, for something more than an hour, when a loud knocking proclaimed that Barry Cornwall had finished his labours. By a strange coincidence, Barry was not emancipated half a second before the Man of Genius emerged, bursting forth from his room with a handful of copy.

"I have performed my task," blandly whispered the bard of Miranda.

"By the powers of pewter!" shouted the Man of Genius, "here is my rubbish."

It was put to the vote which should be read first, and that of Barry Cornwall was carried by a great majority. Here it follows:

JUDGMENT OF THE ANNUALS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Called upon in this hasty manner to write our opinion on the Annuals laid before us, we fear that we may not fulfil the task with that discriminatory and exact critical judgment which is justly to be demanded from those who take up the pen of an "honest censor." But knowing the great kindness of that amiable body which passes by the name of the public, we proceed on our toil with a confiding spirit, trusting to the generosity which we have often so undeservedly experienced.

As for the matter of Annuals in general, and the intricate and nice question in what they are distinguished from, and in what to be classified with, almanacks, court calendars, blue books, red books, army lists, navy lists, post-office directories, and other works which make their appearance periodically at the close of the year, we shall waive the necessity of discussing these delicate and difficult topics. In the regularity of the lines, and their commencing with a capital letter, the writing in the directories, &c., much resembles the poetry of the *Souvenir*; while the constant mention of west-end people and their domiciles in the *Court Guide*, remind us strongly of the staple commodity of the fashionable Annuals; as the lists of inhabitants of Fleet Street, Cheapside, Bloomsbury, or Holborn, afford scope for meditation on the art displayed on composing their satirical essays on the occupations of the luckless inhabitants of those regions. A just appreciator of literary merit would,

however, we think, be inclined to award the palm of superiority to the productions of Messrs. Crichtett or Boyle over those of Messrs. Watts or Hetherington. But as we are not about to review the directories or almanacks, we must pay attention to the Annuals.

In the first place, then, the binding of all these books appears to us to be irreproachable. Some of them are in leather, others in silk—more in satin; some are embroidered, others braided. The device of one set is simple, but striking; of another, ornamental and profuse. The gilded lettering on the backs is in some cases plain Roman, in others Italic, in a third set Gothic, in a fourth nondescript. Of the variety of case in which the bibliopegist has revelled, it is impossible not to speak with rapture. From double-pica to nonpareil, the gilder has been equally lucid and intelligible. The flowery bordering round the label on the back varies, but in all is either picturesque or sublime. The fantasticality of the figures on the sides is worthy of much commendation. The most magnificent we have noticed is that of the *Oriental*. The golden elephant, with the golden howdah and its golden occupants; the camel all of gold, with its golden driver under the golden tree, running up the back of the volume—are quite sufficient to remind us of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or the ingenious signs which used to flare over the shops of our grocers. We understand

that the great performer of these bindings is Westley of Friars Street, who dwells as thou goest from the Hall of the Apothecaries unto the Court of the Doctors of Canon and Civil Law, not far from the habitation of Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff (by the profane nicknamed Gobblestone), and almost equidistant from the Bridewell of London on the west as he is from the College of the Heralds on the east. Westley is beyond doubt the cleverest author connected with the Annuals; and he binds them all round for a shilling a-piece—which is cheap enough in all conscience, though not more than about four times the value of the average contributions to the inside part of the books.

The gilding on the leaves is not a matter of sufficient moment to delay us from looking further. And here we have much to praise. The paper is well wove, and excellently pressed; the colour is clear, and the gloss most shiny. The praises of days past may wish to persuade us that the ink of the olden time was darker and more durable than that which is used at present, but he must be a rigid critic who would complain that the ink of the Annuals is not likely to last as long as the works themselves are demanded. The type, sometimes long-primer, but in general bourgeois, and in some instances brevier, has been cast by the most eminent founders—and who will dare to complain of the labours of a Caslon, a Livermore, a Fry, a Wilson, a Vincent Figgins, M.A.L.T. (i.e. Member of the Ancient Lumber Troop)? Are we to panegyrisé the printing of Samuel Bentley, Maurice Clarke, J. Haddon, William Clowes, C. and W. Reynell, or of JAMES MOYES, whose name we exalt into the highest of cases, because these remarks of ours are to be printed in his own office? Certainly not. From the days when Faust or Schoeffer invented printing to the present hour, the London printers of our time have not been surpassed. The press is correct, we were about to say (when we reflected on the matter on which it is employed), to a fault, the sheets beautifully worked off, the register charming, the imposition without a blemish. It is delightful to be able to praise. We almost shed tears as these heartfelt panegyrics over the Annuals drop from our pen.

We do not pretend to be judges of

gauze paper, or, as the best public instructors call it, “flimsy,” and therefore abstain from pronouncing an opinion on the merits of that part of the works before us; nor are we disposed to be severely critical on the want of the silken strings, which are deficient in too many of them. Perhaps their absence may be accounted for on the ground, that the binders felt convinced that no markers were required to keep in the memory of the readers the various celebrated and distinguished passages of these glorious works. Having thus criticised in, we think, a friendly as well as liberal spirit, the binding, the lettering, the gilding, the paper, the composing, and the printing, of the Annuals, little remains to be added. We have paid due attention to the most interesting parts.

The books which are now presented to our notice are *Jennings's Landscape Annual*, *Heath's Picturesque Tour*, the *Oriental Annual*, *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, the *Amulet*, the *Forget-Me-Not*, *Friendship's Offering*, and several Juveniles. The *Oriental Annual* takes us through Bengal, Hobart Caunter describing, Daniel painting, and various hands engraving. We are met in the very beginning, as in the enchanted palaces of old times, with two gigantic monsters of appalling appearance—the horned rhinoceros and the yak of Thibet, drawn in a style that might make even Landseer jealous. Of the rhinoceros we have heard many a time and oft; with the yak we are not so intimately acquainted. Mr. Caunter informs us, that it has “all the genuine marks of high breeding and unmixed blood;” and we suppose it cuts a distinguished figure in the quadrupedal Almacks of Tartary. Mosques, mausoleums, moahpunkees, pagodas, temples, boa constrictors, favourite sultanas, groves, gardens, and other specimens of animal and vegetable life, succeed,—beautifully drawn, and engraved in the highest style of art. We cannot conceive any thing finer in its way than the concluding plate—the battle between the boat's crew and the boa constrictor. As for the view of Calcutta, it appears to us to be no more than a view of three or four trees in one corner, a man-of-war in another, some small craft in the middle, and a tiny line of scarcely discernible buildings in the distance; but this is indeed the usual style of depicting great cities.

Thomas Roscoe is the scribe and David Roberts the painter, who lead us on a tour to Granada. Roberts is magnificent in his pictures of mountain scenery and the grand arabesque architecture of the Moorish lords of Eastern Spain. Look at Luque perched on its craggy top, the Alhambra from the Albaycin, the Palace of the Generalife, the Court of the Alberca, the splendid Ruins of the Moorish Bridge on the Darro, the Tower of the Seven Vaults in the moonlight—its buttress and buttress alternately seeming of ebon or ivory—the glorious Court of Lions,—in short, every plate in the book, and you will be blind if you do not approve.

And Cattermole! George Cattermole! Well does he deserve the compliment paid to him by his literary associate Ritchie:

“What forms are those, of dusky hue,
That keep this mystic rendezvous?
From the grey cairn, the ruined tower,
The sullen stream, the antique bower,
From the poor hind's deserted bield,
From yonder proud historic field,
From hill, from plain, from rocky shore,
From wold, and darkling wood, they
pour,
From silent lake, and lonely glen—
Who hath called up those shades again?

Not mine the magic to compel
The past unto my wizard spell—
To me is given a heart alone
Responsive to the master-tone;
I pay no vows at Nature's shrine
Save through her chosen priests divine;
And thus, a lowly devotee,
I bow, dear Cattermole, to thee!”

Well may he, and we too, bow to Cattermole.

How grandly gleam the arms and armour in the “Hall of Cragneithan Castle,” the original of Tillietudlem,—how beautiful is the grouping, and what a flattering likeness of John Cam Hobhouse leans on the right-hand side of the picture. The grand still life of “Melrose” and of “Rosslyn Castle;” the picturesque figures and sketching of the masonry of the “West Bow,” relieved from the sound of the Edinburgh brogue and the Auld Reekie flavour of the site; “Queen Mary's Closet and Bedchamber in Holyrood,” in the latter of which we regret to find the picture of a drunken old gaberlunzie seated on one of the chairs (is it possible that Cattermole should have meditated a caricature of Scott in this

unseemly disguise?); the gallant boat dashing through the waves at “Queensferry,” and the dark crypt under the “Cathedral of Glasgow;”—of these what shall we say but that they are not to be surpassed, seldom, indeed, to be equalled? We confess that we do not much like the figure of Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, in the act of murdering the regent Murray; but, with that exception, our only task is to be approval; and in making the exception, the chances are that we may be wrong: we think, however, that we are not. One parting observation we may offer, which is, that books like this before us prove what we have before had occasion to remark, that Sir Walter Scott has completely exhausted the history of Scotland. There is scarcely a story in Ritchie's book which has not been told over and over again in prose and verse by “the mighty minstrel from the border side.”

The *Forget-Me-Not* is as good as ever. Richter's “Love-Saint” is as mad-looking, and as clever as its painter; the “Cathedral of Milan” worthy of the pencil of Prout, but the beauties of his peculiar style cannot be communicated by the graver; “Mabel Gray” good, but not as good as Cattermole elsewhere; “Aunt Lucy” capital indeed; “Madeira” appears to us to be no more than a hill, a stream, and a couple of trees, such as we have met, or might have met, anywhere else—we have indeed drawn several better specimens of Madeira ourselves,—and it is not at all worthy of the delicious poem which accompanies it. But the book is very handsome indeed, and by no means disfigured by the kind-hearted verses to the memory of kind-hearted Rudolf Ackermann with which it winds up.

We must hasten to a close. Eastlake, Leslie, Inskipp, Uwins, Webster, Wyatt, Wilkie, Collins paint; and Rolls, Sangster, Stocks, Graves, and the two Findens engrave for the *Amulet*. Is not that enough? Pretty Miss Blanche Bury, as she appeared at the last Somerset House Exhibition is the frontispiece, and a lily she may well be called. As the Countess of Blessington says, in her nice verses on the plate,—

“Meet emblem is that flower, fair girl,
of thee,—
Fair and unspotted as thy face and
mind;

Thy mother's beauty in thy face we see,—
O may we in thy soul her virtues find."

Friendship's Offering beams upon us with a pair of brilliant eyes, and a beautiful face and lovely figure to match, drawn by Parris and engraved by Ryall—a girl she is to kiss, and (as a friend of ours in another room is in the habit of saying) "no mistake." What shall we say of Chalon's "Childhood"—what but that it is a pity that the graceful art of Chalon was wasted on such ugly children. However, they are young, and may mend in time. *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book* abounds in Indian picturings, all deserving of the highest commendation. We think this Annual improves every year. Of the engravings, we may particularly notice the picture of that amazingly clever lad, Khasiprasad-Ghosh, the Hindoo poet; whose poem in honour of the Gold

River (Ganges) appears not only in *Fisher's Scrap Book*, but in Tom Roscoe's *Oriental Annual*. Khasiprasad ought therefore to feel much honoured. We are told he is a very excellent and worthy young fellow, who drinks brandy pawnee as orthodoxally as if he were a Christian. Why does not he write for *FRASER'S MAGAZINE*?

Having thus dismissed the engravings, it may be presumed that we should turn our attention to the writings of the Annuals. We observe that a friend of ours, named Barry Cornwall, has contributed some agreeable and ingenious verses to the *Friendship's Offering* and the *Amulet*. We extract four of these pieces. [We have not room for them.—O. Y.]

Having made these extracts, we think we may now adjourn into the neighbouring room.

Such is the critique of Barry Cornwall. He read it aloud, standing on the table, with a candle in one hand and his article in the other. He was a picture for H. B.

"Rubbish," said Rattler.

"Excellent," said O'Doherty. "Here, Cornwall, wet your whistle. We have had the start of you while you were unlearned."

"The praises of the painters and the engravers," said Crofton Croker, "contained in that paper, I do not wish to detract from—in fact, the men I know, and their works I admire. I have, however, often thought that this fiddlefaddle style of minute engraving is any thing but advantageous to the cause of art. Let that pass. But some share of the panegyric bestowed on the binding, &c. might have been reserved for the writers."

"Phew!" said Father Prout, ejecting an immense blast from his pipe.

"What trash," said Rattler, "is all this about a rat called 'The Water Mole,' by a shepherd named Swain, which fills the end of the *Amulet*. By the God of War, it would have been as interesting a paper if he wrote about a black beetle."

"Neither," said Bombardinio, "do I think the reminiscences of Russia, by my friend Dr. Walsh, particularly correct. I have gone over the ground often and often, and differ excessively from the Doctor."

"The piety of Hogg," said O'Doherty, "in his hymn to the Redeemer, is peculiarly edifying."

We interfered in behalf of the Ettrick Shepherd; and remarked that the *Amulet* always contained excellent writing, and that it was quite unfair to pass these harsh critiques in a hasty and unconsidered way on the artists. We did not wish to differ particularly with our contributors; but it was mere justice to say, that every paper in the *Amulet* was marked with the attractions either of genius, or of talent, or information, and all devoted to the most honourable purposes.

"I am glad to hear you say so," cried Crofton Croker, stretching out his hand to light his cigar; "and look at my friend Fisher's *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*. Is the writing of that nothing? Does not the poetess shew herself possessed of greater genius every day—and is she not as charming as she is clever? I have the book under my hand, and if you'll listen I'll read you a poem on Corfu, as a proof that I am right."

We agreed that Croft should read. He began with a strong, though somewhat husky, and mellifluously Munster voice, which occasionally melted and broke down with the tenderest emotion. We sat in silence.

" CORFU.

" Now, doth not summer's sunny smile
Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
While round the kindling waters sweep
The murmured music of the deep—
The many melodies that swell
From breaking wave and red-lipp'd shell?

Love mine! how sweet it were to leave

This weary world of ours behind,
And borrow from the blushing eve
The wild wings of the wandering wind!

Would we not flee away and find
Some lonely cave beside the shore—
One where a Nereid dwelt of yore,
And sheltered in its glistening bowers
A love almost as fond as ours?
A diamond spar incrusts the walls,
A rainbow light from crystal falls;
And, musical amid the gloom,
A fountain's silvery showers illumine
The further darkness, as with ray
And song it finds its sparkling way;
A natural lute and lamp—a tone,
A light, to wilder waves unknown.
The cave is curtain'd with the vine,
And inside wandering branches twine;
While from the large green leaves escape
The blooming clusters of the grape—
Fruit with such hyacinthine glow
As southern sunbeams only know.
We will not leave it till the moon

Lulls with her languid look the sea;
Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon,

But midnight, Love, to wake with thee.
When the sweet myrtle-trees exhale
The odours of their blossoms pale,
And dim and purple colours steep
Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep—
When closed are the cicada's wings,
And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
Lull'd by the dusk air, warm and sweet—
Then kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
Thy face the only sight I see,

Thy voice the only sound I hear,
While midnight's moonlit mystery

Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere—

Then should thy own low whisper tell
Those ancient songs thou lov'st so well;
Tales of old battles, which are known
To me but from thy lips alone;
Dearer than if the bard again
Could sound his own imperial strain.
Ah, folly! of such dreaming hours,
That are not, that may not be ours,
Farewell! thou far Ionian isle,
That lighted for my love awhile
A sweet enchantment, formed to fade—
Of darker days my life is made;
Embittering my reality
With dreams of all that may not be.
Such fairy fancies, when they part,
But leave behind a withered heart,
Dreaming o'er all it hath not known.
Alas! and is such heart mine own?

" Is that not fine?" said Croft.

" Decidedly," we all responded.

"Decidedly," said O'Doherty; "two words of that poem are worth a wagon-load of ordinary verse. But, in the mean time, what means Bilke, of the *Athenæum*, by abusing the poetry of this quiet and unoffending young lady? He told us in one of his last papers, that there was something unsatisfactory in what she writes. What does he understand by that? Nothing, in fact; but the cause of his animosity to her is easily developed. Why does he not say it out at once, instead of using the jargon of philosophical criticism, of which he does not even know the beggarly rudiments? I could pull his critiques to pieces any half-hour I like; and, by the memory of Aristotle, I think I'll do so some fine morning. But this is burning candle-light. Now for the Man of Genius: speak up, my trump!"

The Man of Genius, hastily swallowing a tumbler of half-and-half rum-grog, complied.

JUDGMENT OF THE ANNUALS.

BY THE MAN OF GENIUS.

These elegant publications have just reached us; and, often as it has been our pleasing duty to point out the delightful touches of the pencil and the pen by which the "splendid Annuals" of former years have claimed the public patronage, we feel bound to declare, that the Annuals for 1835 far outstrip all their predecessors. It has been, we believe, the fashion among literary men of a certain class to sneer—or, rather, to affect to sneer—at these meritorious works, for no reason that we could ever perceive beyond that vulgar envy which delights in decrying excellence, of whatever kind. There is, it is true, another way of accounting for such unworthy conduct; and, if we mistake not, an eminent annual editor openly and manfully referred to it a few years ago: it is this,—the persons who employ their feeble faculties in impertinent hypercriticism are for the most part unsuccessful candidates for a niche in that very sanctuary of the muses which they presume to defame; and having been, from a sense of duty, rejected by the editor as dull, or unprofitable, they wreak their revenge in gross tirades against works happily far beyond the reach of their puny malevolence. Poor people! let them proceed in the path they have chosen. It requires no deeply prophetic ken to conjecture whither that path must lead them. Wishing them "safe and expeditious travelling," we bid them farewell,—for "metal more attractive" claims our care; the editors of the several Annuals, surrounded by their contributors, are standing, book in hand, to pay their yearly homage to the Queen of Magazines.

Of course the *Forget Me Not* is the first on the list of presentations. It is no longer, we regret to say, Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*. He has

passed from among us, full of years and honours, after having amassed an abundant supply of that coin which, for the immortal repose of a time-troubled soul, no man can take out of this world. Peace be to his shade! There is a very touching tribute to his memory in the volume now before us; but, unwilling to mutilate it, and at the same time unable to give it entire, we are reluctantly compelled to pass it over. However, when we mention that it is from the pen of the gifted author of *Salathiel*, we have said enough to insure its eager perusal by every person of taste. There is a pretty conceit by the same author on the subject of the flower "Forget-me-not." After supposing it to have been first culled and presented by some fond fair one to her lover at the all-absorbing moment of separation, the reverend poet designates it—

"A child of Sorrow and of Love,
Baptised in Beauty's tears!"

Here, as the reader will perceive, a most concise, but at the same time most satisfactory, account is given of the parentage, &c. of this

"Best beloved of all
The family of flowers."

We expect to hear of this beautiful *morceau* being set to music for the hurdy-gurdy; an instrument on which its venerable author is deservedly famous.

"France, past and present," is a lively, bustling paper, which would command our unqualified approbation were it not for the illiberal allusions made to Mr. Henry Bulwer's work on the same subject. Mr. H. Bulwer is eminently what is called "a smart fellow;" and we fully agree with the editor of the *Examiner* in the opinion,

that very few members of the first reformed parliament could have produced a work so creditable as that with which Mr. Henry Bulwer has presented us, on the subject of French politics, literature, &c. Nor can we approve of the Annualist's remarks on the personal appearance of Mr. Edward Bulwer. After the self-immolation of that gentleman "somewhat advanced in years," as perpetrated in the frontispiece to the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, we think it was a barbarity but little better than plunging a dagger into a dead man's bosom to animadvert on such a visage. And our indignation at the wantonness of the attack is considerably heightened by the fact, that it proceeds from the pen of the some time Sub-Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. We had hoped that the day had gone by for those personalities which, as a general proposition, may be termed disgraceful; but which, when directed against such men as now adorn the New-Monthly and Annual literature of this country (men, by the very constitution of their being, so harmless, simple-minded, and soft-hearted), deserve to be denounced, as striking at the root of that far-spreading tree whose leaves have hitherto sheltered and concealed its fruit from vulgar observation.

But to return to the *Forget Me Not*. This very handsome volume is one, in the words of the motto written for it by L. E. L.,

"Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings, and affections kept
Within the heart, like gold."

As we wish for an explanation of the last line, we have endeavoured to draw attention thereto by printing it in italics. The passage altogether must live to after-ages, and Posterity will probably have "enough and to spare" of commentary on the "golden" close thereof.

The preface to the *Forget Me Not* informs us of two things—the one not quite a novelty, namely, the death of Ackermann; the other rather more startling, i. e. the accession of the editor, Frederic Shoberl, to the ranks of the Society of Friends, Broadbrims, Quakers, or whatever other name those favourites of the honourable member for Oldham, and co-worshippers of the member for South Durham, may delight in. Throughout the whole of his preface, Frederic the Great "*thee's* and *thou's*" his

"Gentle reader," and still gentler purchaser,"

at a prodigious rate. And in perfect keeping with the character of the Quakers, as described by Cobbett, Frederic is determined to look well after the main chance. The *Forget Me Not* of this year, quoth the editor, has "larger paper," "more substantial binding," &c. Thus the proprietors "have incurred an additional expense, for which, as the price of the work continues to be the same, they can look to nothing but the public patronage for remuneration." We trust this modest appeal will be attended to. The work is certainly "got up" with great care, and though the editor complains of the unusual length of the contributions, we do not think that the reader will regret the "sweetness long drawn out" of these charming tales and poems. Our first meed of praise we should wish to bestow on a lively little poem called "*Madeira*," which clearly overthrows the theory of those whose practice it is to prefer Sherry. In this poem, also, the fair writer intimates that she has discovered the "perpetual motion." We shall not pilfer from the work so far as to quote the important stanza in which this intimation is conveyed; but, for the confusion of all scoffers, we beg to observe, that the "perpetual motion" mentioned by L. E. L. is something serious, sublime, vast, and barely comprehensible. It grieves us to add (as in justice we are bound to do) one single word, not so much of censure as of mild remonstrance with the lady, on the subject of the rhyme in the concluding stanza of the poem under consideration. After presenting a most vivid picture of a tipping feast, extending, after an early dinner, through a long autumnal twilight, the authoress alludes to the Queen of Night in a manner preferable (as we think) to the far-famed stanza,

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait a wee!"

Here Burns, on what principle we know not, supposes the moon to shine for the mere purpose of breaking up a jovial party. Far different Miss Landon. Her "moon and stars" shed a sympathetic light to bless the social revelry; and with the single objection to which we have already alluded, as to the

somewhat "Rimini" nature of the rhyme, we should pronounce Miss Landon's closing stanza perfect in its way:

"Now the moon pours down her light!
Now the watching stars burn clearer!
This festive hall's a sacred shrine,
And thou'rt the saint, Madeira!"

"My Aunt Lucy's Lesson" is a poor affair; and we regret to say, that its dulness is not redeemed by any deep moral feeling on the part of the writer. The allusion to "Harriet Byron" is wholly unjustifiable. We are delighted to meet with T. K. Hervey again, for there is always talent of a high order in every thing this gentleman does. Still, we must protest against the last verse of his "Death of Rachael." We will here quote it.

"They raised a pillow on her grave—
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known!
There oft the fiery Gentile trod,
But did not crush the flowering sod;
And Childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport a while
To whisper by the mossy pile."

Now here is as much downright trash as was ever tacked together in seven lines. What can Mr. T. K. Hervey mean by "haughtysculpture?" We pause for a reply; and in the mean time we take leave to express our disbelief in the assertion, that the "flowering sod" remained uncrushed where the "fiery Gentile trod;" at least, if it did, 'twas "most remarkably odd." And as to childhood "checking its noisy sport awhile *to whisper by the mossy pile,*" we plainly tell Mr. Hervey that it is all fudge! Why, supposing the children left off their fun from fatigue or wonderment, what are we to think them whispering about? An explanatory note would here be of great service.

"A Night Alarm" is a delicate subject very skilfully handled. "O do not sing me such a Lay," addressed to Haynes Bayly, is an impotent piece of malice; the "Bear of Carniola" an excellent hit at the right hon. the secretary at war; Mr. Howitt has an interesting tale, and Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson some stanzas in her own peculiar style. There is one couplet too remarkable to be passed over. Mrs. C. B. W. speaks of Julia's

"Trembling breast

By Loue's chameleon pangs oppress."

Poor Julia!

The volume closes with some lines to the memory of Mr. Ackermann. As we have already said, they are by the Rev. G. Croly; and, good as they are, we hope, and indeed we have reason to know, that Mr. Ackermann has far better chances of living in the recollection of his friends and the public than the "twinkling of oblivion" glimmering through the metrical monody inscribed to his memory.

On the whole, we may say of the *Forget Me Not*, that it is neither so young as it was nor so old as we trust it may live to be. It fully maintains its past character among the intellectual manifestations of modern times, and in every department continues to prove its right to exemption from the taxes on knowledge.

Friendship's Offering contains many pleasing productions. We shall hastily glance at a few of these, anxious to proceed to other established favourites, possessing at least equal claims on our attention. Who the editor of the *Friendship's Offering* is we really know not; but, be he who he may, one thing is pretty certain, that he is a merry fellow. Fancy the "Master of the Ceremonies" at the "Muses' Ball" bursting forth into a bachelor-like eulogy of his own wine-cellar! He does this with remarkable brevity, and great effect, intimating plainly enough the joyous influences under which he and his friends concoct the *Friendship's Offering*.

"My Hermitage.

"In my cellar I've a bin,
Nor wealth, nor stealth, shall ever win;
For Bacchus there hath set his seal
On every bottle. Oh, to feel
That sparkling fount all cares assuage,
Who but would bless my Hermitage?
Lonely it is—so be it still!
My friends and I our goblets fill;
And, as bright Fancy heav'nward climbs,
For *Friendship's Offering* scribble rhymes.
"Ed."

Mrs. or Miss Sarah Stickney has contributed a—we beg pardon, "*The Lonely Heart*;" a succession of stanzas forcibly reminding us of the late Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly. It opens thus:

"The Lonely Heart.

"They tell me I am happy, and
I try to think it true;

They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few :
That, in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favoured lot ;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not."

We need hardly mention the passage
in the *Butterfly Bard*, beginning,

" They tell me she is happy now," &c. &c.

Passing over this curious coincidence,
we will proceed to the remaining pul-
sations of Sarah Stickney's lonely heart.

" It may be so"—

(i. e. all that has been said by Job's
comforters in the first stanza)—

" It may be so—full many a life
Hath sunk by sudden draught ;
And pale and cold is many a lip
From the very dews it quaffed :
It may be so—I cannot tell
What others have to bear ;
But, at all events, I know full well
That I have had my share !

" SARAH STICKNEY."

There is much of matter-of-fact in
this. Should the fair Sarah persist
in the poetical career which she is now
pursuing, it is difficult to say what
may not be apprehended from her.

Mr. Pringle has addressed a poem
to the ostrich ; but, as we have not
the stomach of that " lone dweller of
the wild Karoo," we have been unable
to swallow the " anti-slavery reporter's"
report. That Mr. Pringle is prodigiously
jealous of the ostrich is evident
from his concluding stanza.

" Thus, thou art blest, shy wandering bird,
And I could love to linger too,
Where voice of man had ne'er been heard,
And leap like kangaroo :
Free o'er the wilderness to roam—
No need to cry ' I'm not at home '
When visited by Jesse ;
Who's always full of fun and folly,
And boring people to be jolly,
Though he sees they're in a mess !"

The complaint expressed in the last
two stanzas we can readily understand.
Nothing can be more annoying than to
ask a man to take a part in " Come,
cheer up, my lads," when he is moan-
ing the solemn solo " Leave me to my
sorrow." Yet we are not quite of Mr.
Pringle's opinion as to the wilderness
being the fittest abode for people fond
of " the luxury of wo." Interruptions
in such a region must necessarily be
very frequent ; and though the

" Enormous city's spreading spawn "

furnishes greater brutes than any that
infest the desert, still these latter are
not to be classed among Coleridge's
" Aids to Reflection."

Of the songs in this volume, we are
disposed to give the preference to " Up
Mary, love !" (p. 251) addressed by
John Francis William Howitt to his
amiable partner in love and literature.
Like Byron, we

" Have a passion for the name of Mary,"
and therefore welcome these agreeable
verses with unusual fervour.

SONG—" Up, Mary, Love !"

" Up, Mary, love, up ! for the breeze is awake,
And 'tis really high time that your ear should forsake
That pillow—most properly pressed through the night,
But quite out of place in this birth-hour of light.

Then up, my love, up ! and here, while you dress,
Will I try the warm depth of my love to express ;
And, as Byron declared it called up ' realms of fairy,'
I shall sing in the praise of thy matchless name, ' Mary !'

Sweet name ! like a love-sigh it melts from the lips,
And deep in the heart-fount of feeling it dips ;
Its music dumb-founders the warbling canary—
Of all names in England there's no name like Mary !

In ' Caroline ' Norton 'tis true there's a spell,
And liquid's the tone that trills forth L. E. L. ;
Fond names sound to bless both the boudoir and dairy—
But of all names in England there's no name like Mary !

Eliza is lovely, Sue gentle, and Kate,
With Fanny and Clara, may bother your pate ;
And Bessy, and Jessy, and Lizzy may snare ye—
But of all names in England there's no name like Mary !

Ah, why did the vulgar invent the word Poll?
 Not Oliver Cromwell, when called simple Noll,
 Had half as much cause to complain of 'quandary,'
 As woman degraded to Polly from Mary.
 Then up, Mary, up!" &c.

We now come to the *Literary Souvenir*, a publication which once attracted no inconsiderable share of attention, but which, from some cause or other, has fallen off in popular estimation during the last four years. It forms no part of our duty to account for the capriciousness of taste; nor are we called on to censure our beloved public for its mode of distributing patronage. Happy in the enjoyment of a rare and almost unprecedented popularity among our reading and reflecting countrymen, it is impossible that we should join in querulous cavils as to the comparative merits and success of the several aspirants after extensive circulation; still, we think it due to the editor of the *Literary Souvenir* to state, that his Annual is in every point of view as deserving of encouragement now as it was originally. If it has not progressed, it certainly has not retrograded; and though malignity may sneeringly suggest that this latter movement was hardly possible, candour and fair criticism must admit that the former was still less probable. However, as regards the present number, we shall speedily convince our readers that the *Literary Souvenir* is by no means the sleeping-draught its enemies would have us believe. One of its features is especially worthy of commendation, namely, its spirited translations from the living languages: they are really a relief after the namby-pamby perpetrations of our own self-styled poets and poetesses. But the better way is, perhaps, to proceed at once to quotation. Among these translations, we cannot refrain from quoting the

subjoined extracts, taken, as they are, from the posthumous works of a Polish poet, whose successful efforts in the Magyar language were long since noticed by Dr. Bowring and ourselves. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that Quaffypunchovics, the poet in question, died young; not, however, till he had given abundant promise of a most brilliant future. The following sonnet was written by him on his banishment from Poland, where his spirit-stirring lays were thought likely to disturb the peaceful sway of despotism. Without wishing to open the question so passionately controverted, as to which form of government is best suited to the political and social wants of the Polish nation—a question on which the exiled patriots themselves now begin to differ somewhat violently—we may be permitted to regret that any considerations of political expediency should drive such a poet as Quaffypunchovics into exile, for no greater fault than that of giving vent to the enthusiastic aspirations of a truly poetic character. But these reflections are calculated to lead us too far from our present purpose: we shall therefore proceed at once to our extracts. For the first, as we have already said, we are indebted to the circumstance of the poet's banishment. Not content with this rigorous measure, the government prohibited the teaching the Polish language, under pain of death; which barbarous edict gave rise to the following patriotic effusion on the part of the persecuted bard:

Thought of a Pole on the Prohibition of his Language.

"God! load us not beyond the power to bear.

Upon the altar of our woes we swore

Nor wrongs, nor pangs, nor the vile chains we wore

Should check the trustful, uncomplaining prayer

Our fathers taught us with affliction's care!

Hoping in THEE, our hellish bonds we tore,

And drenched our native plains with lavish gore—

All, all in vain! Yet did we not despair.

Dry up the fountain in the mother's breast,

Blast the young bud upon the infant's cheek,

And blighted let the virgin's beauty be,

Ere in the oppressor's language the oppressed by Google

Their feelings, sorrows, memories deign to speak,

Or pray, O God inscrutable, to Thee!

The following fragment, written a few weeks before his death, is also worthy of notice. And we cannot but compliment the editor of the *Literary Souvenir* on the good taste which has guided him in his selections from the poet's shorter pieces :

"A Fragment.

"When I behold the ruins of my soul,
Where hopes and aspirations withering
lie,
I long to drain life's agonising bowl,
I long to touch the so-much dreaded goal ;
And, with a quiet heart and steadfast
eye,
Not deigning fear, nor daring to defy,
To look upon eternity, and die !"

One more extract, and we must pass from this young poet to other valuable contributors. Among the papers left behind him by Quaffypunchovics were several unfinished pieces—some of them, indeed, merely commenced, but all bearing marks of his singularly ardent and vigorous mind. The stanza we are about to quote is the opening (and the only perfect) one of a poem called "Resignation." To those who may think the quotation somewhat at variance with the title, we would remark that Schiller has a poem under the same name, and, if we recollect rightly, liable to the same objection.

"Resignation.

'Be glad, O ye bards, who are blest with
the hate
Of the base, the dull, the cold ;
Let your mighty hearts be bold—
For so shall ye stand enroll'd
With the dauntless contenders who conquer'd
their fate,
And wrested their crowns of old !"

One of the most remarkable papers in the *Literary Souvenir* is that entitled "the Small Gentleman." We do not remember to have met a more searching commentary on the "Lower Empire." Entertaining this opinion, we can do no greater justice to the author, or favour to our readers, than furnishing a copious extract from a production which nothing but want of space prevents our giving entire. We would rather not name the writer, from considerations too delicate to admit of mention here. Those enjoying the advantage of any acquaintance, however slight, with the artist from whose portfolio the following sketch is furnished, will immediately recognise

"that fine Roman hand" of rarely rivalled power ; and the stranger will, in the warmth of his admiration, indulge a wish that such publications as the *Literary Souvenir*, and such writers as the author of the sketch before us, may long adorn the literature of England. Yet we may as well drop mystery : *The Rev. Henry Stebbing is the author.*

THE SMALL GENTLEMAN.

"'No personal allusions!' exclaims Mr. Thomas Moore, making the mistake incidental to his altitude, namely, that people are always peering over his head, and practically proving him to be 'beneath their notice.' Be comforted, 'egregious Moore!' our 'Small Gentleman' may o'ertop the most exalted of his majesty's lifeguardsmen, and yet be as essentially *Little* as the furrowed-faced author of the *Twopenny Post Bag* himself. For here we have to do with considerations, not corporeal, but spiritual, and determinable by the moral instead of the military standard.

"The elements of which your small gentleman is compounded lie scattered plentifully enough around our social pathways, travel where we will. But for the raw material, in its rudest and most revolting state, England is indebted principally to Scotland and to Ireland. Not that there is any 'lack of argument' to prove, that through the several gradations of society in England, the upward toilers, at each successive stage of their aspiring progress, give 'outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual *disgrace*' by which all natural and truly noble feelings are sacrificed at the shrine of considerations so trumpery, that disgust at their vileness is almost smothered in the irrepressible ridicule they every where give rise to. England has her full sack of sins to bear on this subject. 'We war not with women'—nor would we defend them where they are justly censurable ; but, on the point under consideration, it is but fairness on our part to declare, that the crawling and slavish subserviency to wealth and rank by which the springs of social existence are poisoned, is not a meanness of female fostering. Those *imitative* creatures, with all their admitted influence, could never have given the impulse which through successive generations they have followed ; nay, more, they never *would* have given such an impulse—for their natural

tendencies are generous, warm, and genial-hearted. It was the selfishness, the meanness, the false pride, and the tyranny of man, which originated and promoted the principle of kicking down all ladders by which ambition may chance to rise. This principle, of course, finds its natural development in fawning on the high and trampling on the low, and in never having any but the slightest and most indistinct recollection of 'the set' which you have been once enabled to escape from.

"It has been observed that the worst specimens of this 'sort of thing' come from Scotland and from Ireland. This is true. Indeed, it would be a waste of words to say any thing confirmatory of the statement as regards the *boozers* of the barren north: those worthy persons enjoy a proverbial reputation—

'They won it well, and may they wear it long!'

But in the Irish character there is a sort of fervour, which might induce us to hope for better things. The excitability, the daring, the ardent energy occasionally evinced by Irishmen, seem clearly opposed to the mean and calculating character of the adventurers 'frae the north.' Yet is it a lamentable fact that the 'small gentry' swarm more perniciously from 'the first flower,' &c., than from the 'land of the mountain and the flood.' This may be in some degree accounted for by the circumstance that the Scotch emigrants — the never-go-back-again investigators of the finances of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America — rarely have among them a specimen of a 'gentleman,' however 'small'; whereas Ireland certainly contributes a large importation of the said 'small gentlemen' about every three years. Generally speaking, they are either persons of barely respectable families, without funds; or young men in the enjoyment of a reasonable allowance, the result of their parents' successful industry. In either case they come to the metropolis with a vacant gaze and most comfortless gait, evidently unable to see the true nature of their position. They betake themselves, it may be, to professional studies, or to other more immediate sources of emolument — there is a fair field of exertion before them — they are admitted to the threshold of the Temple of Fame, and

every stimulus to cheerful, aspiring, and energetic effort is theirs; but the small soul is so subduing within them, that they crawl from coterie to coterie, beginning with taverns and terminating with the tea-table, till at length they enjoy the privilege of entirely forgetting what manner of men they were. These are the persons competent to conjugate the verb *to cut* in all its moods and tenses. They are the victims of short memories; and so self-deluded are they, that in the very presence of those most aware of their moderate claims to the distinction they so much covet, of being persons marvelously honoured in their own country, they affect not to be 'particularly acquainted' with such of their poor countrymen who set out in the same road with them, but have been distanced in the race which is not always to the swift. Were we to enumerate the moral suicides thus committed by young emigrants, at the moment they are emerging from obscurity in the several professions to which their attention has been successfully directed, it would assuredly awaken regret that the 'genial current' should be frozen up by heartless pretensions, utterly fatal to true independence and manliness of character. In illustration of this, the following sketch is submitted to the reader. The subject is yet living, and"—

Therefore, Mr. Stebbing, we must decline copying your sketch.

In the remarks which we have just quoted, Mr. Stebbing has fallen into a mistake very common to contributors to Annuals, Magazines, &c. He has limited his strictures and delineations to those belonging to his own class, namely, *literary men*, or men more or less engaged in literary pursuits. Now we think that a much wider range might have been taken, when indicating the pernicious and degrading spirit of the *parvenu* proceedings of the "small gentry," pervading, as it does, the political, the fashionable, and indeed every circle of society in which clean linen is considered indispensable.

We must not omit to notice the very beautiful poems, from the pen of the editor, in this number of the *Literary Souvenir*. Nor should Mr. Robert Montgomery's spirited sketch, "The Siege of Jericho," be passed over without remark. This noble subject will we trust be enlarged upon by that

gifted pen to which we are already indebted for some of the sublimest flights of song of which our language — THE LANGUAGE OF MILTON, be it always remembered — has to boast. Should Mr. R. Montgomery fulfil our anticipations by investing the siege of Jericho with these poetical appliances with which no one is more competent to adorn a sacred subject, we shall be among the first to give his production an honest and a hearty welcome. This gentleman is one of the few remaining hopes in the world of letters, as Mr. Jerdan beautifully calls the collective wisdom now adorning British literature.

The shorter poems of Mr. A. A. Watts are more suited to our present purpose. We therefore avail ourselves of one extract — would it were two !

The Mole.

“ The mole, the mole, the pretty mole,
Dear infant ! on thy shoulder,
Might tempt the art of Cattermole —
A most intense beholder !
Methinks I see his ardent eyes
Flash with a wildly glad surprise,
While, gazing on my child,
His faultless fancy feels the tint
Of that fair skin's enhancing print,
From fairy hands beguiled !

Hard duty 'tis, my slumbering boy !
To use the rod, when thou
Art boisterous with irreverent joy,
Or dashed with moody brow.
At every angry word, and stripe,
The fond paternal tears I wipe
Away, and sigh ‘ ’Tis odd
That I, who love this child so much,
Should feel compelled to give him such
A tickling with the rod !’

’Tis for the best. Ah, me ! ah, me !
I oft bethink me what
A different person I should be,
Had I but felt the knot
Of twisted cord, or known the birch,
When, leaving Duty in the lurch,
I merely spun my top ;
Or, bringing ‘ sweets unto the sweet,’
I gave myself full leave to eat
A load of lollipop.

Nor lollipop, nor laziness,
Shall warp this artless soul,
While tow’rds his port of blessedness
Life's swelling waves shall roll.
And, should he woo the Muses' grace,
Here in this volume he may trace
How once his father strove,
And won the bays, that may not die,
Beneath the public's plausive eye—
The wreath of Hope and Love !”

What we cannot but admire in this little poem, and indeed in all others of its class, is the truly natural, and, we may say, *family feeling*, pervading every line. You think not of Mr. Watts and his son ; indeed, but for the march of the verse, you would be ignorant as to whether a son or a daughter elicited the expressions of sympathy. Your mind is wholly occupied by the scene of domestic happiness presented by the poet. No mention is made of the one fond participator in this tender duty of watching

“ What she loves while sleeping.”

True. But what need of mention ? Does not your own heart, reader, feel the presence of that form whose foot is privileged to rock the cradle of concentrated affection ? It does ; and though the poet somewhat disturbs our silent current of deep thoughts, by alluding to the necessity of occasional chastigation, we have herein but a convincing touch of the master-hand. From this background of the chastisement and stern remonstrance required by boyhood's waking hours, we have, in strong relief, the *actual* serene and smiling presence of the gentle child lulled in almost seraphic slumber ! What heart can behold such a scene unmoved ? We confess that, for our own parts, when such home-scenes and affections lose their power over us, we shall begin to date the decline of that delicate moral sense which is the only intrinsic quality distinguishing

“ The porcelain of human clay that breaks
with the first fall
From the common run of gallipots that
rarely break at all.”

Miss Louisa H. Sheridan dedicates a fifth volume of what Smith and Elder resolutely call a *Comic Annual* to the ladies of Great Britain. It is reported, with what truth we know not, that the Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, had a most profound contempt for puns and punsters. With much pleasure we perceive a similar feeling actuating his fair namesake, and (we presume) relative. No one can rise from the perusal of these three hundred and forty-four pages of “ shocking bad ” puns without feeling more than Sherry's scorn for a practice never, we sincerely believe, so disgraced in the “ observance.” We had marked some passages for peculiar ridicule, but on referring to the volume we find that there is a point beyond

which stupidity ceases to be amusing. So farewell to L. H. S., and proceed we to L. E. L.

"Light is Love's alliteration—
Little Letty Landon's name!"

If this young lady's head have not been turned by adulation and botheration, the merit is her own, and should be heartily honoured. Why one so gracefully moving amidst the social maze should have been advised to mount on stilts, we never could make out; but, forasmuch as she hath escaped without breaking of neck or loss of limb, we hope to find her for ever endeavouring to shew us

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made."

The *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* is a very elegant volume, highly creditable to the taste and talent of Miss Landon. Blemishes it unquestionably has here and there; but these fade into insignificance when we regard the general results of this young lady's discriminating care. She has presented her fair countrywomen with a work which in all probability is even now so known and admired, that the pleasing task of introducing it to our readers is out of the question; still we shall say a word or so on the principal features of the book, touching on such topics as seem to us to call for approval or remonstrance.

The *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* opens with an introductory poem of fifteen stanzas, which we humbly submit is a somewhat *lengthy* introduction; and, if shortened by one-half, would be sure of attentive perusal. "Etty's Rover" is a sad dog, or, rather, *Letty's* Rover; for this latter animal has been rumpling the leaves of Wordsworth's poems at a furious rate. The stanzas are perhaps all the more likely to please from this circumstance; which, however, we have thought it right to mention, because such instances of "re-

membrance" are by no means rare. Kasiprasad-Ghosh is a clever, handsome, and accomplished person, who has contributed a miniature likeness of himself, and a song to the golden river Ganga. Both are beautiful. In the "Coquette" we have another remembrance of Wordsworth:

"All was still, as if Death's shadow
Were resting on the grave;
And the sea, like some dark meadow,
Had not one rippling wave."

None can have forgotten the passage—

"Such are thoughts, a wind-suscept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea."

"Ah! but," cries the *Literary Gazette*, "Wordsworth's meadow and his sea are both in motion, while Miss L. E. L.'s are without a wave!"

This is very true.

Bernard Barton has a Bacchanalian song of much power: it is called

"Away! Away!"

"Away! away! from the noisome caves
Of the giant Despair's stronghold;
There is hope for the heart in these mantling waves—

Then drink of the nectar old!

To us has the cellar-key been given—
The SCEPTER 'tis fitly named—
For it ruleth the heathenish host of
Heaven,
And over all earth is famed.

Then away from the caves of dull Despair,
And bowers and fountains seek,
Where Cupid is tangled in Beauty's hair,
And nestled to Beauty's cheek.

But be sure not a drop of the vinous dew
On the lip of your goblet's found,
Lest Bacchus should frown on the favoured few
In his haunt that's under ground."

There is much sweetness in the following, from the pen of Mrs. S., a female friend of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq.:

FAME.

"What boots the laurel, if the throbbing brow
Burn with the agony of thought o'erstrained?
All thou hadst hoped—nay, more, is won; and now
Say, dearest Edward! what has ardour gained?"

Pallid thy cheek, and blear the fringeless lids
That o'er thy faded eyes all sadly droop;
And ah! what Power Omnipotent thus bids
Thy shoulders bend in everlasting stoop!

Peiham it was not that could do this wrong;
Nor Falkland, Clifford, Aram, the Disowned;

Or any which, when youth and hope were strong,
Revealed thy energies, whilst Envy groaned.

It was, it was th' old *Monthly Magazines*,
By Granny Colborn madly christened 'New';
This lured thy spirit to Contention's scene,
And taught thee Mischief's muddy drink to brew.

Why, Edward dear! defy that press, whose doom
Did in thy time of trial favour thee?
You see they're far too strong for reckless Brougham,
And—although great—thou'rt not so great as he!

Then lay thy pen and paper calmly down
Beside the long-adored Castalian brink;
Twine no more wreaths in thine abundant crown,
But list to me, and learn to eat and drink!"

The very best advice we ever remember to have been given to an exhausted *littérateur*! Of course it will be taken.

In some stanzas on "Manchester," Miss Landon avails herself (without acknowledgment) of a passage in Mr. Thomas B. Macauley, on the subject of Reform, &c. The following is the singular instance of plagiarism complained of:

"Had I to guide a stranger's eye
Around our glorious land,
Where yonder glorious factories lie
I'd bid that stranger stand."

Now, by merely substituting Manchester for *Mary-la-bonne*, Miss L. E. L. *la belle*, has rather skilfully than fairly appropriated Macauley's celebrated thunder.

Verses to Lady Blessington come upon us

"Like a pleasant thought,
When most 'tis wanted."

Her ladyship cannot but be pleased with this flattering tribute from the pen of an established favourite like Miss Landon:

"Lines addressed to Lady Blessington, on seeing her Portrait in the *Frontispiece* to the "*Book of Beauty*" for 1834.

"The Book of Beauty, lady bright!
Is just the book where thou shouldst write;
For who so beautiful as thou?
Fair Queen of the transcendent brow!"

As Byron says, from that fair page
Time would withhold the trace of age;
But Time and tide, that wait for no man,
Though willing, cannot wait for woman.
And even thy all-surpassing form
Must one day vivify the worm.
Yet many a moon shall wax and wane
Ere thou shalt fill the narrow lane,
With only room for one abreast,
That leads to everlasting rest.
Meanwhile, mayst thou be gay and hearty,
The life of many an evening party;
Contriving skilfully to mix
Arts, letters, fashion, politics,
With just enough of piquant scandal
To give to wit a shining handle.
Nor be there wanting, once a-year,
An offering to the Muses dear—
The Book of Beauty, bound in splendour,
And breathing thoughts all pure and tender.

And though no writer in its pages
(Unsharing, therefore, in its wages),
I would to me it were but given
To aid the favouring breeze of Heaven;
Puffing for it a prosperous gale,
To send it onward with a 'swelling sale.'"

It is pleasing to notice these little evidences of the generous spirit animating the literary ladies of our day.

Our last extract shall be Mr. S. C. Hall's stanzas, under the title of the "Nervous Man." We had intended to have copied Miss Landon's "Fairies of the Fountains"—one of the sweetest and (what is no small merit) one of the shortest poems we ever remember to have met with on the same subject. But proceed we to Mr. S. C. Hall's

NERVOUS MAN.

"'Strange fits of passion have I known!' my soul
Oft to its wondrous centre hath been stirred
By aspirations I might not control,
Pointing to Fame's bright heights; yet, how absurd!
No sooner, ostrich-like, I strive to soar,
Than down I come, mud-constant as before."

And why is this? The beautiful, the true,
 In art and nature, are my spirit's food;
 Nor hidden from my ever-watchful view
 Bright Fancy's various and vivacious brood.
 And yet, when I endeavour to achieve,
 Like Coleridge, I draw fluid in a sieve.

I'm always going to do something great —
 But as a man who, when he takes a wife,
 Thinks himself joining partnership with Fate,
 For ends important to this human life,
 Will often prove, to perfect demonstration,
 He might as well have kept his single station;

So I, when buckling to some great design,
 See Fame and Fortune beck'ning me from far;
 'My soul then feels her destiny divine,'
 Till Nature says, 'You're safest where you are.'
 And all my high ambition — Lord preserve us! —
 Fails of its object from my being nervous.

And as a man, remembering to have met
 Another man, who him remembereth not,
 Fancying himself as cut, will fume and fret,
 Pout, grumble, growl, mope, mutter, and what not;
 So I, when thinking of my sometime-self,
 Feel —

There's young Montgom'ry Milton's mantle wearing!
 There's Bulwer vaunted as a second Fielding!
 Such the reward of devil-may-care daring,
 Of swaying those by nature prone to yielding!
 While I, alas! behold these flare-up rockets,
 My hands sole servants of my breeches-pockets.

Farewell 'infirmity of noble minds!'
 The wish without the power to make a figure;
 The 'nervous man' his aim unerring finds,
 But wants the pluck to touch the fateful trigger.
 Thus, step by step, he deeper sinks in mud,
 With nought to chew but sad Reflection's cud!"

Here we take leave of the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*; and, with a passing nod of recognition, terminating in a shake of disapprobation of the *Amulet* (which is this year incorporated with the *Christian Keepsake*), we proceed to the novelty of the season, Mr. Belenden Ker's original *Annual* (for such, of course, it will be), entitled *Nursery Rhymes*. Under this modest and retiring name a volume replete with learning and wisdom is presented to us. With great pleasure we perceive that this novel and elegant publication issues from the establishment of Messrs. Black and Co., the celebrated foreign booksellers, of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. And here we think it right to mention a fact not generally known, namely, that the first introduction of *Annals* among us, so generally ascribed to the late Mr. Ackermann, is in reality referable to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Black. This gentleman, who yearly performs a progress through the principal towns

of Germany, is on terms of personal intimacy with all the modern lights of German literature; and he received, we are told, the first suggestion on the subject of "*Annual*" publications from the late venerable Goethe. Be this as it may, by far the most remarkable specimen of this class of literary productions, whether in Germany or England, it has fallen to the lot of Messrs. Black and Co. to submit to the public. The "*getting-up*," as it is technically called, is superb. And as to the binding, it literally justifies the hackneyed phrase of "*beggaring all description*:" all the resources of the art have been lavished on it; and we may most confidently assert, that the embellishments of the volume are every way worthy of its contents. Higher praise than this we know not how to bestow. This highly amusing and most instructive volume opens with a list of "*sayings and phrases which do not import their own meaning*." Under this head we have some most entertaining disquisitions

In many instances we are bound to admit the perfect accuracy of the writer, while in none can we fail to admire his ingenuity. We shall not hesitate to mention the points on which we are bound to dissent from his opinions. No! in proof of this impartiality of spirit, we shall begin by noticing what we conceive to be a misapprehension on the part of Mr. Ker. In reference to the saying "Every dog has his day," the writer tells us that the Saxon phrase "*Ijver doght haest 'es deghe*" means, "zeal is not long in earning the reward it deserves;" and that the English proverb is but a corruption. Now, we beg to remind Mr. Ker, that "Every dog has his day" is only a part of the proverb, which in its entirety not only gives his *day* to the dog but *two afternoons* to the female of the canine species. To this the Saxon phrase makes no allusion, though the sense of the proverb is manifestly incomplete without it. "He frets his guts to fiddle-strings" is not, we think, improved by a reference to the foreign idiom,—a remark which applies to "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." As to "Great cry but little wool," it is mutilated to fit Mr. Ker's theory. The English saying is "Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the sow!" Let any one suppose the process of sow-shearing, and he will immediately conceive the mere "bubble and squeak" of any such attempt; and the mind naturally seizes this ludicrous image as one forcibly illustrating the endeavour to get "blood out of a stone;" which latter saying is really a corruption from the Dutch words "*Youc 'nt gaet blode hote af stone.*" The *Times* having already pointed out Mr. Ker's simpler mistake in substituting the word *bricks* for *pricks*, as given in a work with which it would be uncharitable to suppose our author unacquainted, we shall say nothing on the subject. There is much simplicity and truth in the writer's explanation of "to raise the wind." "*Te eijsten de vijand*; q. e. (says Mr. K.) "to set the enemy or tormentor at defiance—to bid defiance to the dun, as a man may do WHEN HE HAS GOT THE MONEY TO PAY HIM." Foregad! Mr. Bellenden Ker, herein art thou a conjuror! That one passage, "as a man may do," &c., is of itself enough to immortalise the writer in the estimation of all those who have

cause to remind Sir James Campbell that "procrastination is the thief of time." "*Het is al mee aes in eene bender-bos*" has no relation, we are told, to the contents of a *band-box*, but of a *coffin*, or, in other words, a *bone-box*. "There is a rod in pickle for him" is explained in a manner that seems to point at Mr. Shutt's late quarrel with the reporters; and, as we discountenance all personalities, we must decline availing ourselves of the writer's elucidation. For the same reason, "By Hook or by Crook," and the remarks on the name Croker, cannot be mentioned by us without disapproval. In justification of this opinion, we will quote the passage relative to Mr. Croker entire; and it will be perceived, that the sole aim of the writer's remarks is to denounce the right hon. ex-secretary's spirited opposition to the reform-bill.

"CROKER, in the sense of one who always speaks according to the worst view of the question; one who is in the habit of seeing the worst side of the subject in question. *Wroegher*; q. e. a layer of blame on that which he speaks of; an accuser; a distorter of things that he talks of; a tormentor; one whose mind is never in peace."

This latter passage would have been creditable to Mr. Ker's learning, not less than to his impartiality, had it run thus: "*A tormentor—one who would never let the Whigs be in peace.*" But Mr. Ker has been unintentionally betrayed into a more applicable sentence. As every one must perceive, it relates to the great patron of the Poor-Law Commissioners:

"LIKE A CAT LOOKING IN THE BIBLE; said of a sharp, clever, apt person, who by accident has lit upon a concern which he does not know how to manage; and infers the confused, yet arch look, of one in that predicament; the look of subdued archness; THE SURPRISE OF THE KNOWING ONE WHO HAS STUMBLER UPON THAT WHICH HE CANNOT MASTER. *Lijck er guit lueking in de by beul*; q. e. like the thief when the hangman happens to fall in with him; implying the consequent look of habitual archness emerging through a cloud of distress and surprise."

He shot a Cat is minutely considered. We should have felt obliged by the writer's explanation of *He shot a Bishop*; one of the oldest and most amusing of such sayings. "To smell a rat" is traced to the following:

"*Toc smod er rat ; q. e.* when you feel it warm, take the hint at once; *when you perceive the smell of fire, look sharp out : provide accordingly.*" To this new derivation of our long misconstrued proverb we are, in all probability, indebted for the preservation of Westminster Hall. In a note to his explanation of *HÉ WENT THE WHOLE HOG*, Mr. Ker quotes the following passage, "Mr. Francis Bacon, *A WHOLE HOG MAN,*" &c. &c., from the work of some American writer. The coincidence is singular. The following passage is so peculiar, that we extract it entire :

"*JACKASS*; as the animal so called — *Er j'ach ass.* Q. *e.*: there's the creature of chance food ; there's the animal that is left to seek his food from the hand of chance alone. He is worked, and then turned loose to seek his sustenance out of thistles and briars, or what he can find by chance : he is, in fact, the only animal that is habitually so unkindly treated ; and thus a sample of humility and patience at the shrine of ingratitude. I do not believe that the *jack* in the phrase has any original import in relation to sex : *ass* is the ellipsis of *Jack-ass*. We may say a *she Jack-ass*, though against modern usage."

From almost every word here quoted we feel bound to dissent. The *ass* is, in our own opinion, the best-fed animal "about town." We rarely meet with one whose hide is not sleek as his ears are long — a tremendous comparison ! And what can Mr. Ker be thinking of, when he says that he does not believe that *Jack* has any import in relation to sex ? It has a relation to both sexes ; and, to this day, one of the most disgraceful epithets applied to those who "stoop to folly" is the term "*Jack in Ordinary*."

Our erudite commentator closes his disquisition, somewhat ominously, with the word

"*BALDERDASH*, in the sense of empty talk. *Bolder-das ; q. e.* that's all mere empty noise — there is nothing but sheer unmeaning noise in what you are saying."

Why Mr. Ker should seek to leave this sort of final impression on the reader's mind, we cannot conceive.

We shall conclude with some specimens of Mr. Ker's powers as a poet. It will be perceived that his version of the Saxon, from which he states our nursery rhymes are mere corruptions, would require a much more refined march of childhood's intellect than has

hitherto distinguished domestic life in England. Every thing, however, may be hoped from the operation of the Reform-bill ; and we therefore submit to the fathers and mothers among our fellow-subjects the following pregnant passages, for the purpose of teaching the young idea how to shoot :

"*Hie ! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump't over the moon ;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.*"

"*Hye ! died t'el, died t'el
De guit end de vied t'el.
De Kauw j'hummt ; 'Hoeve eer ; dij
moè sen.'*"

*De lij t'el doghe laft tot sij sus sport ;
Hou yl te dies : 'Ran ! haft er dij spaè
sen.'"*

Here is the true version :

"*All you that work hard,
Be never debarred
From your profits by parsons and tithe ;
But say, My old blade,
Just handle this spade,
And out of your labour live blithe."*

We do not think it necessary to quote any further specimens of the Saxon. We shall content ourselves with noticing the English corruptions, as now used in the nursery, adding Mr. Bellenden Ker's appropriate version of the originals. It will be perceived, that the clergy were by no means popular when the said originals were composed :

"*Diccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one ;
The mouse ran down,
Diccory, diccory, dock."*

Genuine version :

"*You thick-headed dog !
The priest is in want of prog.
His commons are short ;
So come in to court,
With your basket of choicest prog.
For the priest, you thick-headed dog !"*

"*See saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ;
Was she not a dirty slut
To sell her bed and lay upon dirt ?"*

Genuine version :

"*Give the Friar of Orders Grey
As much as his wallet can take away.
And should you have no more left to
carve,
'Twill comfort your souls, as you shiver
and starve,*

That no baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar."

Mr. Ker is rigorously literal in his translation of passages against the Catholic clergy. For instance:

" Jack Sprat
Had a cat;
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear."

Genuine version:

" Father Murphy, while stuffing his belly,
Is squeezing the poor to a jelly;
And the friar, when mixing his toddy,
Is squeezing the heart's blood of Cloddy.
Poor Cloddy, 'twixt friar and priest,
Your life is the life of a beast!"

In "Robin de Bobbin" and "Goosey Gander" the priest is treated with the same contumely. In the latter he is called the *waffer-man*, which, in Catholic times, must have been a somewhat strong expression. Mr. Ker's version of the following is curious. In our nursery rendering, the rhymes are harmless enough, but fearful is their immorality in the march-of-intellect translation:

" Cock-a-doodle do!
Dame has lost her shoe,
Master's broke his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do."

Genuine version:

" O, witless boor! in labour's dungeon dwell,
And during life begin to taste of hell!
While I, unpunished, plunder as I please,
Laugh at all law, and spend my life in ease."

The compliment to the Chancellor, which we are about to quote, is so simple and touching in prose, that Mr. Ker (wisely, as we think) has refrained from giving it a metrical form:

" Little Boo-peep has lost his sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em;
Let him alone, they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em."

" Our little Boo-peep is too fond of his cup,
and of visiting up and down in the neighbourhood when he is in the humour."

The Man of Genius was silent.

" If that review is not a regular piece of humbug," said Croston Croker—" Humbug!" said the Man of Genius; " no more humbug than any other review in the world. What do you mean to do with our reviews, Mr. YORKE?"

" Print them both, by all means," we answered; " but no more talk about them, for supper is coming on the table."

Such is the plain history of those two articles, which we leave to the kind and impartial consideration of our readers. Fare ye well!

A truce with reproaches! and the whole kit of you come and receive him home in triumph, and form a circle round the provision he has so dexterously wormed out of others for the use of us all."

Now we come to the priests again:

" I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb.
I put him in a pint-pot,
And there I bid him drum.
I bought him a handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of garters to tie up his little hose."

Genuine version:

" Steal, board, glut, guzzle as you may,
The hog will grunt, the dog will have his day,
And priests will filch while boors submit to pay."

We must here conclude; and in the certainty that this singular volume will be in the hands of every person able and willing to purchase it, we forbear to dwell on the pictorial triumphs by which it is adorned. Each of the nursery rhymes and ancient proverbs is illustrated by two steel engravings; the one explanatory of the vulgar, the other of the more erudite purport of the passage. These illustrations would of themselves form a gallery of art, not surpassed by any production of the present century, fertile as it has unquestionably been in splendid embellishments.

The *Literary Souvenir* is not so successful in this department as the excellence of the literary contents could have led us to wish. The portrait of the editor is painfully true. But the most ambitious attempt of the artist, the "Beef-steak Club at Midnight," is a decided failure. *Friendship's Offering* and the *Forget-Me-Not* are distinguished by their accustomed mediocrity; and we wish we could say as much for the other candidates for popular favour. Having been thus lavish of praise and good wishes, we need not say with what cheerful anticipation we look forward to the distant beauties of 1836.

A BALLAD, BY A BYSTANDER, ON THE LATE MISERABLE AND MOST
HAPPY FIRE OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

By an old Maker of Ballads now sore decayed.

[DEAR YORKE,

This is a bitter bad ballad ; so do not, by any means, put my name to it. I shall try to send you a better one next month. But then we cannot expect a couple of Houses of Parliament to be burnt down every couple of fortnights ; which is a pity. However, God is good, and something will turn up.

Yours ever,

M. O'D.]

God rest each merry gentleman
Who revels and carouses,
But I have to sing of the dreadful fire
That burnt down both the Houses.

Four years ago, it was resolved
The Houses to reform,
And now the business clean is done,
In the midst of flame and storm ;
For never was heard there a debate
So noisy and so warm.

Whether the fire was sent from Heaven,
Or came by man's design,
Is a point that many a shilling has given
To the men of the penny a-line.

Some say, that for several days before,
The fatal plot was known,
And that Swing a solemn oath had swore
That the throne should be overthrown —

That the Lords, who had so long been famed
As pillars of the state,
Should be burnt, as if they were as cheap
As the piers of a barn-yard gate —

That the Commons should be turned to waste,
And in walls enclosed no more ; —
All this, with many a fearful vow,
The fell destroyer swore.

Some say, 'twas all a thing of chance,
And that it is mere abuse
To think aught else could be the cause
But the heating of the flues.

And the dame of the House for many a night
Had felt the House too hot
(As of the dames of houses elsewhere,
Too often is the lot),
And that she complained to the plumber's men ;
But her they heeded not.

They laughed the lady fair to scorn,
And "All 's right !" was their song ;
"Yes," said she, with a sigh, "'tis I am Wright,
And you will all be wrong."

But however came that fearful flame,
We surely the fact can fix,
That on Thursday even, at a quarter to seven,
Or rather at half-past six,

Of the sixteenth day of that month of fame
When we brew the finest ale —
That month which men October name,
While there blew a stiff, stiff gale,

A stiff, stiff gale, from the west-south-west,
And the water of Thames was low,
All London did spy, with an anxious eye,
The heavens in a fiery glow.

“Where is the fire? where is the fire?
Where is the fire?” they said;
“Where is the fire that makes the sky
All in a flaming red?”

From Kensington, from Islington,
From Brompton or from Bow,
From Camden Town, from Kentish Town,
Did the wondering Cockneys flow.

From Greenwich flocked the sailor-men,
Clad in their robes of blue;
And from Chelsea came in the soldier-men,
In dress of scarlet hue.

From Hackney, where reviewers dwell,
And in hackney fashion write;
From the Green of low-lying Camberwell,
And Highgate's swelling site;

And where the half-mountainous region spreads,
Beneath the castle of Straw —
O farmy Hampstead! spot well sung
By Hunt's harmonious jaw;

From all and every quarter came
The natives, to inquire
Where, in old London's famous town,
Could be this furious fire.

And the police in hundreds marched,
By Colonel Rowan brought;
And the Guards on horse and the Guards on foot
The scene of action sought.

And soon the news it fled abroad,
In sad and doleful words,
“The House of Commons is on fire!
So is the House of Lords!”

“O, heavy news!” the hearers said,
And they looked with mournful brow,
As they thought with a sigh that the parliament-men
Did not chance to be sitting now.

All Palace Yard was quickly filled,
And Westminster Bridge was lined
With a crowd who came to see the show
In a pleasant frame of mind,
On parapet perched and balustrade,
Where'er they a seat could find.

And all along by the Surrey side
 The wondering thousands stood ;
 And even where Thames, at low-water tide,
 Leaves his savoury strips of mud,
 There a joyous crew with mouths so wide
 The conflagration viewed.

Far and wide the blaze did spread,
 And howled through the passages playing ;
 So that many people who heard it thought
 'Twas the M.P. donkeys braying.

In vain the firemen tried their art ;
 Vain Melbourne's anxious will ;
 Vain was Lord Munster's plucky heart ;
 Vain the coolness of Lord Hill.

Nothing could check the blaze. Joe Hume,
 Unwearied as an ass,
 Toiled to bear off the leaden reports
 That he had caused to pass.

But when the crowd Lord Althorp saw,
 Some hope appeared to rise :
 " O ! is he here ? " they said, " dear Lord !
 Is he ? — God bless his eyes !

Oh ! throw his lordship on the fire ;
 And if aught will serve to keep
 The flame from making further way,
 A dose of his lordship, by night or day,
 Will surely put it to sleep."

But even Althorp would not do ;
 Though we are told by learned men, sir,
 That if you wish a flame to get down,
 No better damper can be known
 Than a heavy and smothering Spenser.

At last it came to Mr. Lee's,
 And through the Speaker's burst did ;
 And we gave it up as soon as we
 Saw the Gardens of Cotton worsted.

As wise men thought, the Upper House first
 In the general ruin fell ;
 But soon the same destruction burst
 On the Lower House as well.

Over the Commons strode the flame,
 And put them in Schedule A ;
 Not Thomas Pride or John Russell beside
 Purged them so clean away.

With crashing noise sunk wall and roof,
 Down thundered all the floors ;
 And as every part of the building fell,
 O ! loudly did the shouting swell
 From the people out of doors.

They thought of the bill of mock reform,
 Which made the franchise less ;
 They thought of pledge and promise broke
 In many a Whig address.

They thought of the speeches ministers made
The rabble to inflame,
And how those who did as the speakers bid
Were sent to "whence they came,"
And thence, by the Whiggish men themselves,
To a place we need not name.

They thought of Bristol's fiery fate,
And how Nottingham Castle blazed,
And how those whose tongues had raised the flame
Were in post and power upraised ;

While they whose hands obeyed these tongues
Swung on the gallows-tree,
Or worked in chains in Botany Bay,
In the far Antarctic sea.

They thought how in print the *True Sun* said
What in speech from Will. Brougham fell ;
And how Brougham was a master-in-Chancery,
And in gaol were Grant and Bell.

They thought of all the hundred kin
Old Grey had thrust in place ;
And how once the whimpering old man vowed,
With an ultra-brazen face,
Though the Tories by dozens had posted their cousins,
No such thing should be the case

When he and his crew came into power.
And well their word was kept ;
For where one Tory walked into place,
Into place ten Whiglings crept.

They thought of the commissionerships
By the jobbing Chancellor made—
For corporations, or for law,
For poor, for church, for trade—
And how all the lawyers opened their mouths
When they saw such food purveyed.

They thought of the lies ten thousand and one
Their throats all crammed adown ;
And when the Commons' windows smashed
They thought of the tax on their own.

And they who were sick of the drunken prate
Of the gabbling tongue of Brougham,—
Of the protocols base of Palmerston,
The shabby schemes of Hume,—

Of the various waggings of the tail,
And all the Irish dirt,—
O'Connell's bullying, Ruthven's brogue,
Shiel's prattle mean and pert,—

Of all the trash that, many a year,
Had been disported there,—
The falsehood, treachery, deceit,
As if native to the air,—

Sighed with the crowd a tender sigh,
To think the fire should not fall
When it was a night of full debate,
And the house had got a call.

Such were the feelings all expressed ;
 And as, like Wordsworth, I
 " Love human feelings gently nursed,
 And human sympathy,"

And do not boast descriptive art,
 Leave other bards to sing
 How in the fire the Abbey glowed,
 While its light spires and tracery showed
 Brilliant and burnished as the abode
 Of a flame-commanding king ;

Or how there seemed a stream of fire
 The river's bed to fill—
 Such a stream as that which, in realms below,
 May for the use of the statesmen flow
 Who framed the last poor-bill.

Or how the " matrons never wed"
 Breathed forth a hearty curse
 On those who made their wretched state
 Of horror so much worse—
 As to make their babies' lives depend
 On the shortness of their purse.

Or how the sweeps denounced the House
 That bade them not cry for their pelf ;
 Because there was a brother Broom,
 Who wished all the talk to himself ;"

Or how many more witty things were said,
 The which I can't relate,—
 Or of the delight which spread that night
 That the houses were out of date,
 And the sorrow sore that each face wore
 That *nothing else* shared the fate.

The Moral.

This is an ending of my lay ;
 And mankind must admire
 How near such things as our Commons and Lords
 Were to setting the Thames on fire !

•• What a pity it is that the correspondence of Lord Durham and Macvey Napier did not come in time for our Magazine ! But it may not be too late next month.

O. Y.

A LIST
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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1834.

No. LX.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215 REGENT STREET.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

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No. LX.

DECEMBER, 1834.

Vol. X.

THE GRIEVANCES OF A COUNTRY OVERSEER.

It may, I imagine, be safely assumed, that overseers of the poor are silent under the aspersions, labours, and responsibilities which have been cast upon them; because they have no means of speaking as a body. The inability extends not to the individual, and I proclaim my grievances, much less from selfish reasons than a desire to serve the whole. On some points, my object is to render service of still higher importance.

On removing to the village of which I am overseer, I discovered to my consternation that, although I had no property in it, and was engaged in no business, I was in imminent danger of having parochial dignities thrust upon me. I acted like a wise man; parish meetings I carefully avoided — parish affairs I never intermeddled with — and I paid my rates without murmur or remark, in the confident hope that, by displaying to my neighbours my unfitness for such dignities, they would for their own sake keep them from me. All was in vain; in spite of remonstrance I was forced into an office which admitted not of escape, or I would gladly have paid a heavy fine to make it, with all its honours, the possession of another.

Whatever may be the case in towns, the reluctance I felt to serve as overseer is general in the country. I say not that it forms a valid ground of exemption; the labour and inconvenience of managing parish affairs ought to fall equally, in disregard of inclination: but certainly when a man is thus compelled, without reward, to devote much

time and toil to such management, he ought not to be called on to do that which is unnecessary, or which has no material connexion with parish affairs. With regard to these points, I have to make grave complaints against our lawgivers.

Unlike my brethren in towns, I have no hired assistant to act as my deputy; I cannot even throw the clerical part of my duties on the shoulders of a schoolmaster. Nominally, the churchwardens and another overseer are associated with me; but practically, saving matters of deliberation, one man does the work, which, from its nature, cannot well be divided. My parish is small, yet my office gives me something to do almost daily. On one day I have to explore the mysteries of a disputed settlement, and on the next to torment the father of an illegitimate child for arrears; now I have to decide on a pauper's claim to a pair of new stockings, and then to make a return to the House of Commons, or Poor-Law Board. There are the books to keep in order, parish meetings or the magistrates to attend, the payments to make, the workhouse to regulate, &c. &c. Applications do not the less encroach on my time and annoy me, because they often relate to trifling matters. Frequently I have to devote a whole day, and sometimes half the week, to parish concerns. To the very heavy sacrifices involved in all this I cheerfully submit, but I must protest against the inconsiderate legislation which, without cause, is continually adding to their pressure.

I agree with the late lord-chancellor, and both our great parties, that unnecessary oaths are very pernicious; and in conscience I have a strong objection to take them. Soon after the misfortune of office fell upon me, I was called on to make a return touching lunatic paupers. We have none, and I was compelled to swear this before a magistrate. In returns of the first importance to parliament and the Poor-Law Commissioners, my written affirmation is deemed sufficient; but in such a paltry matter as the fact that we have no lunatic paupers, I must add my oath before a magistrate to such affirmation.

Then the list of persons qualified to serve on juries was to be delivered to the magistrates in petty sessions. Both the overseers, the churchwardens, and the high-constable of the hundred, were all compelled to attend, to answer on oath such questions as should be put to them by the magistrates touching the lists. Of course we all appeared, were solemnly sworn, and then had to answer these questions only. "Are there any objections?" "Are you all here?" The parish-officers evidently are not intended to be, and they are not, examined, if their list be not objected to; ours, and almost every other, were free from objections: therefore four or five persons were sworn for each to no purpose whatever. The attendance of so many persons, merely to deliver a list containing, in most cases, no more than half-a-dozen or a dozen names, and to take a useless oath, is rigidly enforced by fine. A year ago, one of our overseers, and the high-constable, were each fined forty shillings for non-attendance. The first, a gentleman of fortune, never acted in any way as overseer; consequently, had he been examined, he could only have deposed to his utter ignorance touching the list; and the last was not empowered by law to take any part in preparing it! In respect of lunatic paupers, accounts, and, I think, every other matter, the presence and oath of one parish-officer are deemed sufficient; why they are not so regarding the jury-list is, I apprehend, known alone to the wise head which drew the law. A more wanton abuse of an oath could not easily be imagined.

Under the old law, I was not required to swear to my accounts more than once in the year; but the new

one compels me, as we have no board of guardians, &c., to swear to them every quarter. The magistrates may, indeed, pass them without my oath; but as they cannot possibly know any thing of them, I cannot expect that they will do so. Now in the person of the pauper, or the bill and receipt, a conclusive voucher exists for every material payment of a country overseer. I call a meeting of my neighbours who pay the rates, and they, on inspection and clear proof, pass my accounts; yet this will not do: I must, in addition, swear to the correctness of the latter before two magistrates, who know nothing of them. The most ingenious fabricator of reasons in the world must, I am sure, be dumb, if he be asked for one to justify this compulsory quarterly swearing.

Each of these most unnecessary oaths imposes on me the necessity of losing a day and taking a journey. That respecting lunatic paupers may be taken before one magistrate, but, to find this one, the generality of country overseers must travel from three to six miles. The others must be taken before the magistrates in petty sessions, therefore such overseers must often travel from six to twelve miles to be sworn. It is the oath alone in regard to lunatics and accounts which causes this serious waste of time and labour: returns which do not require one I sign at home, and send to the post-office or high-constable at my leisure.

The incongruous machinery of the Reform-law compels me, in the first place, to write and fix on or near the door of every church and chapel in my parish, a long notice of my intention to make out a list of voters. Then I am to receive the written claims of all who think themselves entitled to vote, and to make out a list from these claims and the names on the register, containing all needful particulars. In the next place I am to publish this list, by fixing a copy of it on the door of every church and chapel in my parish, on two Sundays. I am also to keep a copy of it for all persons to inspect gratuitously, at all reasonable hours, for a fortnight. Thus my house is turned into a kind of public office, to be entered at pleasure by all the men, women, and children in the parish, or even the nation. Farther: I am to sell copies, at a reasonable price, to all who may apply for them; paying

the proceeds into the parish purse. Then I am, for a certain time, to receive from any quarter written objections to any name in the list; and soon afterwards to deliver the list, with a statement of the number of names objected to, to the high-constable. I am next to prepare another list of the persons objected to, fix it on two Sundays on the door of every church and chapel in my parish, and allow it to be inspected gratuitously, by any person, for ten days. Lastly, I am to travel some miles to meet the revising-barrister, give him this list, answer on oath any questions he may put—(here is another unnecessary oath)—and produce my rate-book, in case he demand it. I think this the best specimen extant of raising, on the most minute foundation, the most bulky structure of needless trouble, loss of time, and annoyance.

This huge burden is cast annually on the overseer, not for the benefit of the parish or the country, but private individuals. The object is to keep down the duration and cost of elections, which is essentially a private, individual one. Here the overseer is sacrificed to the election-candidate. The man entitled to a vote may claim it or not, at pleasure; and if it be of value to him, on him ought to rest the duty of keeping it in a state for use. He, however, after once putting in his claim, and thereby getting his name on the register, has nothing more to do for life; the overseer has yearly to preserve his vote in order. Here the overseer is sacrificed to the voter. The labour of the former would be much reduced and simplified, if he were only required to make a return of new claimants and changes respecting the names on the register, and to meet the revising-barrister when he had names objected to. I am at present under orders to meet such barrister—my list is free from objections—I am not aware that I shall be asked a question respecting it—nevertheless I must lose a day, travel some miles, carry my book with me, and probably take an oath to no purpose whatever.

There is reason to fear, that the labours of the overseer are on the eve of being made either much more heavy or distasteful. Of changes already in effect I say nothing, but it is a fit time to speak of those only threatened and capable of being withheld.

The resolution to put all small parishes into unions may be taken, but at least the law leaves this to the discretion of the commissioners. I am friendly to the union of small parishes, for the purpose of giving them a common workhouse; but I never surmised that any one would think of carrying the union farther. Our lawgivers, however, have decided that they must either remain dissevered as they are, or be formed into a whole in all material matters relating to the poor. I therefore think the union they project excessively romantic, and desperately at war with impossibility. The law may declare that my village and another ten miles distant are one; but they will still be two distinct villages, ten miles asunder.

If any number of parishes be put into a union, all are to be governed in respect of the poor by the same board of guardians, which is to be elected annually, and of which each is to elect one or more members. The "ordering, giving, and directing of all relief to the poor," for every parish in the union, is to "appertain and belong exclusively to" these guardians. "It shall not be lawful for any overseer of the poor to give any farther or other relief or allowance from the poor-rate, than such as shall be ordered by such guardians, except in cases of sudden and urgent necessity; in which cases he is required to give such temporary relief as each case shall require in articles of absolute necessity, but not in money."

Of course, as soon as my parish shall be put into a union, I must, saving the case of sudden and urgent necessity, sink into the menial of the guardians. I must not even share with them in the ordering and directing; the incapable opinion of the overseer must not taint their unerring deliberations; I must not, to sweeten my slavery, be in the least degree my own master. I am not indeed sure that it will be lawful for me to obey them, or to take the smallest executory part in the management of the poor, because the law says relief is to be "administered," as well as ordered, by them; but the uncertainty well-nigh precludes hope. I might conclude from the law that the creation of the guardian is to utterly extinguish the unpaid overseer; but this would only give me a new name and new labours in my next year of service.

Let me look at the board of guardians. Each parish is to elect one or more members; villages in general cannot have more than two. As the board cannot well wander from parish to parish weekly, it must always meet at the same place; consequently, if ten country parishes be united, the guardians of nine of them will have to travel from two to five miles to the place of meeting. Attendance is not to be compulsory; and three members are to be sufficient for the transacting of business.

My parish, like the generality of country ones, may in a union have at most two guardians. Its poor will apparently be managed by a dozen or twenty—by a whole board, in aspect abundantly numerous and magnificent; but nine-tenths of the board will consist of strangers, dwelling in other places, knowing nothing of its poor, and dependant on its own members for opinion. Relief to its poor will be really dispensed by these two members. This view of the matter is, however, much too favourable. I know that the guardians here, whoever they may be, will be elected against their inclination; I am tolerably sure that they will never both attend at the same time, and that both will often be absent. It is not to be expected that men will every week, particularly in winter, take a journey of some miles, when the chief part of the business to come before them must relate to people unknown to them. I have applications for relief every week; consequently, the poor of this parish will really be relieved sometimes by one of its guardians, and frequently by inhabitants of other places, utterly ignorant of their character and circumstances. The board will commonly be, in practice, only three or four individuals granting relief to strangers—three or four citizens of London deciding on what shall be given to the poor of Liverpool.

The applications to me for relief relate generally to such plain and simple matters as these:—A labourer is ill, and needs medicine and subsistence for a week or two. Another is out of work, and requires a few shillings, perhaps only once. A girl wants a few clothes, in the way of outfit on going to service. The women and children, who have regular allowance, need this or that article of clothing. The father of an illegitimate child will

not pay, and the mother applies to the parish. The more important matters are:—An individual or family asks relief for the first time, and the settlement is doubtful; a labourer dies, and his widow and children crave a constant allowance, &c. The great and indispensable qualification for correct decision is,—*knowledge respecting the applicants.*

The guardians of my parish, like those of most others, will frequently be absent from the meetings of the board. In such case, when my sick or destitute poor may apply for relief, they will find, I have reason to suspect, in the all-efficient board, only three or four tradesmen of a neighbouring town, as little acquainted with them as with the poor of China. These tradesmen must either compel the sick man to bear his malady, and the hungry one to starve on, for a week or two, until our guardian may choose to attend; or they must decide at random, in utter ignorance of every thing they ought to know regarding the applicants. A leading source of abuse in large places has hitherto been this: parish officers have had to give relief without being acquainted with the character and circumstances of the recipients. Villages have been protected from it; but now, as an improvement on the poor-laws, it is to be opened upon them.

Let all this be contrasted with what it is intended to replace. In ordinary matters, I act alone; but in those doubtful or important, I consult the other parish officers and leading part of my neighbours. If we lack information, we are on the spot, and call for it from any quarter capable of giving it. In some parts of the country, the overseer calls a parish meeting to dispose of every important matter which comes before him. Here is virtually a board of guardians, always sitting when wanted, possessing ample personal knowledge of applicants for relief, and having the best means for investigating claims. It is to be destroyed, to establish one the reverse.

If I, by law or parish management, be made to serve as both overseer and guardian, I must in all seasons and all kinds of weather, at least once a-week, march some three or five miles at the head of my applicants for relief to the board. This I apprehend will follow: I take my place in solemn state among my brethren, and the tale of each ap-

plicant is told. I then look round for assistance, but can find none. I am not sure that the first applicant belongs to us—no one can solve the doubt. I do not know sufficient of the second to enable me to say whether he deserves relief, or what he ought to have—no one speaks. I am uncertain whether the third needs the shoes or gown asked—all are mute. I say, What must be done? and my brethren respond in one voice, These people are utter strangers to us; we can say nothing; we leave all to you. Thus I must make all the sacrifices involved in attending the board, merely to give relief as I now give it in my own house; or to be overruled, and compelled to grant it to the unworthy and refuse it to the deserving.

The board of guardians, or vestry, already existing in large places, is composed of inhabitants of the same parish. Its members have common knowledge and interest; they dwell where they meet, and the parish officers are always at hand to assist them. If our lawgivers think the board of the village union will be like this, they are prodigiously mistaken. There may be an outside resemblance; but in composition, quality, and act, the two boards will be the opposite of each other.

In most villages, one landowner will always be able to elect the guardians; this power he will not exercise himself, but he will give it to a tenant. One farmer will be practically the elector; and he will elect those alone who will go the farthest in refusing relief. It is a vile mockery to call men so elected guardians of the poor. I am confident that the guardian will rarely make a fair representation to the board; often he will speak from personal hostility, and always from prejudice and a tie to mislead against the poor.

I speak thus on the assumption that out-door relief will be continued. If it be suppressed, the creation of the board of guardians must be a very useless matter. The law indeed says this board is to govern the workhouse; but it says also the workhouse is to be governed by the commissioners. If the latter make the rules, direct, and even appoint the officers, &c. they will leave small space for the sceptre of the guardians to wave in. The workhouse throne, like every other, will not hold two monarchs. In general, the labour of the guardians will be comprehended

in the decision as to whether applicants for relief shall have nothing or be sent into the workhouse; they must not even share in determining what relief shall be given in the latter. They must give this decision under positive rule and limit, allowing them no discretion of moment. I cannot think that they will be better qualified for making it a just one than the overseer, particularly when I remember that they will frequently be strangers to the applicants.

If a parish be put into a union, it cannot be taken out again even by the all-powerful commissioners, without the consent of two-thirds of the guardians. Its inhabitants and guardians may see that from different causes it sustains great injury, and even wrong, from being in the union—the commissioners may see the same; but still it must have no remedy without the consent of the guardians of other parishes. Now its injuries and wrongs may, and often will, be the unjust profit of the other parishes: the latter can never have a right to perpetuate them; yet they alone are to judge, and from their decree there is to be no appeal. In consequence, if a parish get into a union, it will never, I apprehend, get out again, if it ought to do so. I will suppose a case, which is very likely to be realised. My parish is united with a neighbouring town, which, from its population, has several guardians. We find that our guardians do not attend the board, or are always outvoted; and that a few tradesmen of the town, who know nothing of our poor, really dispose of our rates, give relief improperly, injure our poor, and increase our burdens. We petition the commissioners, and they, on our proofs, find we ought to be taken out of the union. The question comes before the guardians. The town ones see, that if they part with us the expenses of their workhouse will be enlarged to themselves, and they will lose unjust profit drawn from us. Of course, they triumphantly decide on our retention.

Our legislators have fallen into this error, by confounding the board for several parishes with that for one only. In the latter the guardians all act alike for the same parish, and the decision of any matter may be safely left to the majority. In the former, they must really act for different parishes against each other, and the majority will commonly give interested, vicious judgment

in questions between one parish and the others. The commissioners ought certainly to have had power to decide between the conflicting parts of the union.

The error is equally great which permits the commissioners to keep a parish from, and yet will not suffer them to vary the regulations of, a union. When all is experiment, they ought to have been empowered to ascertain how a union for a workhouse alone would operate, and to extend it to other things more or less at discretion.

The commissioners are to govern out-door relief, in despite of boards of guardians as well as overseers; and when the Report which gave birth to the new law is remembered, we may conclude that they will suppress such relief to the utmost. Before their decrees are issued, I feel myself bound to speak in behalf of the interests which have been committed to my care. I speak for one parish only; but its circumstances resemble those of very many others.

Various families have in this place a regular weekly allowance in money, without employment. Most erroneous and pernicious! exclaim the economist and legislator. I deny it. These families consist of widows and their children; the widows are in the eye of the law able-bodied, but they cannot earn sufficient to maintain their families. We only supply the deficiency; we give money to produce industry, provide it a field, and render it the most productive: we are not disappointed. A labourer dies, and his widow applies for relief; neither the parish officers nor the farmers can give her work; there is none for her in the village. We estimate what she and her children ought to earn; add from the parish purse what will suffice for their maintenance; and she then perhaps removes to a town as the only place where she can find employment.

These widows take in washing, and go out to wash or as charwomen: they are only capable of performing such work. As it is not to be had in this parish, they nearly all dwell in a neighbouring town. The best workhouse, in my judgment, could not make them more industrious than they are, or render their industry so productive as it is. If I receive instructions to give them no relief save in the workhouse, and they go into it, these must be the

consequences: They will in every case lose the work they now have; if the regulations of the workhouse would permit them to go out to labour or take in washing, I am pretty sure no one would employ them while in it; they can get no work in this place, and it is not to be expected that they will be able to procure it in another, under the compulsion of travelling some miles to and from it daily. I deem it certain that we could give them no other than work which would be in a great measure unproductive. They and their children have in some cases only half, and in none more than two-thirds, of our workhouse allowance. In the workhouse they would cost us, I think, after all we could make of their labour, nearly one-third more than they do out of it.

I have endeavoured to ascertain from these widows what they will do if they be compelled to choose between the loss of their allowance and the workhouse. They express the utmost reluctance to parting with their children; but in general I think they will send the latter into the workhouse and take themselves off the parish. If they go into the workhouse, they must remain for years, and probably for life; they must lose the favours of the families which employ them, the chance of marrying again, many comforts, and something in respectability: the decision they incline to is therefore a very natural one. Well, observes the legislator, here are so many people struck off the rates at once. Pause, honourable sir, to calculate the profit. We allow a widow one shilling for herself and two for each child weekly. One with three children costs us out of the workhouse seven shillings, but in it the children alone will cost us ten shillings per week. By striking the mother off the rates, we lose three shillings weekly in the children. This is the first loss, and it will be followed by another.

As matters are, the widow goes out to work two or three days in the week, and then her daughter, ten or twelve years old, has to act as mistress and nurse to the other children. She takes in work, and her children assist her as far as they are able. She thus prepares them for, and, by living in a town, gets them at the earliest moment into, situations. The parish commonly loses them quite as soon as they are able to work, without being put to any trouble

or expense of moment. If they were in the workhouse, they would remain on it a year or two longer than they now do; and then it could not get rid of them without a premium. It could find them no places in itself, and it would have to hawk them about a town with the stigma on them, and bond on its own purse, that they were parish children in the workhouse.

In general, I believe these widows make as proper a use of a money allowance as they would do of any other. An industrious, careful woman, may be as safely trusted with money as with provisions and clothing; frequently five shillings in the former will be worth as much to her as six or seven in the latter. Families which employ or notice her give her broken meat or articles of dress; she and her children often get their meals from home; in consequence, if she receive provisions, &c. from the parish, she has an excess of some necessities, and is without others; but if she get money, she buys, and therefore practically receives only what she really needs. Such a woman can provide more economically for her family than the parish.

Let no mistake be made respecting the children, because they have parish pay, and are not in a "well-regulated workhouse." The mother of three receives from us seven shillings per week, she can earn four or five shillings more, and she is assisted by benevolence. She can get them instruction at Sunday and other schools gratuitously, or for a trifle. They are, thanks to the good old laws of England! protected from want and wretchedness. Their appearance and morals are not neglected because they have only a mother; in many cases they surpass the children of the independent labourer in neatness and behaviour. They receive less scholastic instruction than the workhouses about to be formed may give; but they receive much of a more valuable kind, which can never be imparted by these workhouses. The social feelings and affections, essential as the basis of morals, are cultivated in them by the mother; but the workhouse would suppress them. They are taught to labour in the way best calculated to prepare them for the situations they are destined to fill; and here they are much better educated than they could be in the workhouse.

Our aged and incapable poor have

in some cases an out-door allowance in money. They may still be suffered to remain out of the workhouse; but it is a question whether we shall be permitted to give them money any longer. Some have half-a-crown per week, and others only two shillings. None of them reside in the parish: one lives with a son or daughter; others dwell in a town near families they have worked for, or are known to, which assist them. They would cost us nearly twice as much in the workhouse as they do out of it; and if we have to make them any other than a money allowance, their expense to us will be much increased.

I am at this moment asked to relieve an able-bodied man, who has a family. His health is so delicate that he is frequently unable to work, and he can never perform other than light labour. He now lives in a town near his father, who assists him greatly, and where he can get such employment as he is capable of undertaking; in consequence, we have only to give him a few shillings occasionally. If we be prohibited from giving him out-door relief, he and his family will be constant inmates of the workhouse, and he will cost us pounds instead of shillings.

I am not maintaining that relief should be in all cases money without employment, given out of the workhouse; in many it ought to be just the reverse. But I maintain that out-door relief in money without employment is in my parish, not in the exception, but in the majority of cases, much the best for both the parish and the pauper. In respect of the widows, it is so far from being a source of idleness and improvidence, that we find it the means of making them industrious and managing; through it we really provide them and their children with beneficial employment. With regard to the aged and infirm, it enables us to save much to the parish, and yet add greatly to their comforts. We give no regular allowance to men able to work; our rates go principally to widows and their children, the aged and infirm, and the sick, in out-door money allowance; and the suppression of the latter will, I think, increase them one-third or one-fourth.

One medicine would serve as well for all diseases, as one rule will for all varieties of place, character, and circumstance. The overseer must decide

every case on its merits, and differently. Two widows may be the same in situation and children, yet money may be the better for one, and the workhouse for the other, from difference of conduct. Scarcely any two of the families which have a regular allowance from us have the same sum per head. A rule may be good for a town and pernicious for a village; it may, in respect of two next-door neighbours, be beneficial for the one and injurious for the other. If the commissioners draw the laws they are about to impose on us so cautiously and sparingly as only to meet the clear, undisputed case, I shall have no cause to complain; but if they, as is too probable, hedge me in with regulation until I cannot turn my little finger as I please without their leave, they will make my office hateful beyond description.

The system is already commenced in various quarters of giving relief solely in the workhouse, or offering as the alternative a famine out-door allowance; refusing relief to widows; and cutting off occasional assistance, however necessary it may be, to those who have employment. This system has not yet defiled my heart and hands, and it never shall, until law forces on me the pollution. Scarcely any hope of escape is however allowed me; I have every reason to expect that I shall soon be "ordered" to give no more out-door relief, save in the special case, and on permission from the board. I shall feel it my duty to ask such relief for nearly all our poor who have it; but refusal is certain, unless I, in the first place, grind them down to the lowest allowance. In consequence, I call them before me, and request them to state the least sum each will accept in preference to going into the workhouse. They declare they can barely live on what they have. I know this to be true; but I cannot regard it; my duty—man and not Heaven imposes it—is no longer to administer to their necessities, but to plunge them as far as possible into want. The terrible word "workhouse" triumphs against all their facts and logic. I name a sum which I have proof will not only take comfort but give hunger and nakedness, and it is mournfully accepted. Those who receive this at my hands are not the healthy, capable, and unincumbered, to whom it is not impossible for effort to replace the loss,—they are the widow,

the orphan, the labourer nearly worn out, the lame, the purblind, the half-idiot, and the epileptic.

Having achieved this savage feat, I write to the board, resting, of course, for a favourable reply on the height to which I have carried privation. Unfortunately they are in general such as, according to the prevailing doctrines, ought to have no relief whatever, or none save in a workhouse; for nearly all I expect only refusal. Then is given me the work of a demon; I scatter around me penury and agony; I tear the child from the parent; here I throw females penniless on the world, and there doom helpless children to neglect, harsh usage, seared feelings, and vice; this family I force into starvation, and that I separate from its comforts and hopes. On finishing, I cannot even console myself with reflecting that I have been serving the parish; a reference to my books shews no saving, however paltry; I find that, instead of accomplishing a reduction of some threepence or sixpence per pound, which, though the price of tears, hunger, and wretchedness, would still be a reduction, I have added considerably to the poor-rates.

This is the beginning—the appropriate "education"—and what must be my general labours? The workman who lives at a distance applies to me, and I offer him the workhouse alone; he cannot accept it without parting with his furniture and only chance of gaining work in his trade; therefore I make him a beggar or thief. A widow comes in her distraction, while the corpse of her husband is still unburied: I know that she has not a penny, but she has no children, therefore I may perhaps transmute the only bed she has to lie on into burial costs, but I can do no more. Another appears, and because she has children I seek to take what death has left, and to bereave her of them; I offer only the workhouse; in the barbarous and bitter choice, affection prevails,—she and her children depart, and I soon find them common beggars. I know the mother of an illegitimate child has since its birth conducted herself in the best manner; she proves to me that she can only earn in her place three shillings per week, and the child cannot be put out to nurse for less than four, exclusive of clothes; but I can render her no assistance: a few months after—

wards I find her a prostitute in the streets, showering curses on me for driving her to the guilt. An employed labourer, from past scarcity of work, or sickness in his large family, cannot pay his rent, but I must see him turned out of doors; his children have not food, or are in rags, but I must refuse necessities as sternly as luxuries. Weekly, and often daily, I must listen to the tale of woe told by those who are generally my neighbours, whose representations I know to be true, and whose sufferings I must have always before me; but I must be bound to refuse relief, or offer it on conditions they cannot comply with, or give such alone as in their eyes is scarcely preferable to perishing from want.

It is the custom to speak vehemently against the occupation of the colonial slave-driver. He has only to apply momentary correction for misconduct; but what is to be the occupation of the English overseer? He must inflict permanent punishment for misfortune and distress; he must follow to smite what death spares, swell loss into ruin, and force the destitute into vice and crime. The law which compels a man to fill an office like this takes from him what no human law can justly touch; it is opposed to the laws of God.

I must notice the cry against "the demoralising effects of the poor-laws," and the efforts to produce the impression that the poor in general only need relief from idleness or improvidence. I can find in this place no demoralisation which owes its birth to parish pay. The families which have constant allowance will, on the whole, stand comparison in any respect with those of independent labourers. If the case were different, I should deem myself the most guilty party; for a word from me will produce reformation in the pauper, while the independent labourer sets all parish authority at defiance. Where I see demoralisation, it is in the family destitute of parish aid, which is too heavy for its earnings, or unable to procure work. Here I find with penury its inseparable concomitants, filth, rags, and vice. With trifling exception, the applications to me for relief are grounded on fair necessity, and flow not from idleness or improvidence. Only one additional family has come to us as a constant burden in the six months during which I have been overseer. The

man came wholly disabled by a mortal disease; and so little had he troubled the parish in his years of health, that it disowned him, until he produced proof of his belonging to it. To avoid throwing himself on it, he lived on his little furniture as long as he was able; and the fear that he should have to do so preyed so much on his mind as to greatly aggravate his disorder. In the workhouse, although without strength, impaired in intellect, and in hourly danger of dissolution, his general remark between the paroxysms of suffering was, that he was well, and wanted to go to get employment. A few short weeks removed him to the churchyard; and then his widow, nearly eighty, left us on a weekly allowance—she asked no more—of half-a-crown.

I, however, can see how demoralisation may be produced in abundance. When a labourer dies, it is utterly impossible for his widow, if she have two, three, or more children, to support herself and them by her labour. It is known to be an utter impossibility by all who know any thing of society, no matter what may be said by poor-law commissioners. Let her, from abhorrence of the workhouse, decline all parish relief, which is the grand object to be accomplished by the new legislation, and what will follow? Wholly incapable of gaining a livelihood by labour, she must, from necessity, resort to unchaste courses, or dishonesty, or begging. The demoralisation of herself and her children is here made matter of absolute compulsion and certainty. Let her go into the workhouse, which to be "well-regulated" must be full, and in the stigma it is intended to affix she must lose all sense of shame as she passes its threshold; she must herd constantly with the profligate, and she must be constrained by severe treatment to think the worst life out of it preferable to that in it. Virtuous she may enter, but vicious she must depart. Let her children be sent into it without her, and they must lose all but its ill-understood instruction,—all tender care,—all the mother's solicitude to implant good feelings and prevent bad connexions, and their associates will be to a large extent hardened and depraved. Whatever they may be on leaving her, they must leave it demoralised.

If the destitute labourer who cannot find employment be deterred by the

workhouse from asking relief, he must either beg or steal; his wife and children must be his associates, and if they begin with the first they will end with the last. Here the triumph of the workhouse must inevitably be the destruction of industry and virtue. If he and his family go into it, their morals must be greatly injured by the stigma and association.

In the nature of things, the inmates of a workhouse must always consist largely of the idle, shameless, dissolute, and depraved; no classification can prevent those who enter it from having the latter for their companions. A well-regulated workhouse is an excellent place for people of bad character; it compels the idle to labour, and restrains the drunken, lewd, and disorderly; it does them no injury on the one hand, and it corrects them on the other. But to people of good character it is a pernicious place; they need not the correction it gives, and it is to them a school of iniquity. It is highly necessary, but it is essential for the overseer to have power to give relief in, or out of, it at discretion. He must send into it those who know as much vice as it can teach; he must offer it alone to those who ask relief without necessity; he must threaten with it those who display improper conduct; but he must carefully keep from it the industrious and virtuous. In my eyes, the system of giving relief only in a workhouse, which is already adopted in towns, and is likely to be forced on the village, must demonstrably be a destructive source of demoralisation. For a season, it may reduce poor-rates, but it will do this chiefly by refusing relief to the deserving; the refusal will speedily sink the deserving to the level of the vicious, and then the rates will be increased by the system.

I, too, profess the doctrine that the overseer ought to give employment with relief, but I must have no narrow, blind construction of it. If I give money only to the idle, be they women or men, I encourage them in idleness; if I compel them to work for relief, I cannot injure their industry, and I may coerce them into exertion. Here I clearly ought to give no relief without employment. But I cannot torture this into a general, infallible rule. If the industrious, managing, virtuous female apply to me, I can give her no employment out of the workhouse, and

none in it save such as will be unprofitable to the parish; I cannot send her into it without doing great harm to her industrious habits and principles; in all probability, by what it will fix on and teach her, it will disable her for obtaining work in any other place. I grant her a money allowance, and through it she procures permanent employment. Here I really give work with relief much more effectually than I could do by sending her into the workhouse; I carry her industry to the highest point, and extract from it the greatest return for the parish. It is notorious that nothing has done more to demoralise the male than sending him to the roads, or such other employment as a parish can in general supply. If an industrious, steady man apply to me, I feel that to send him in search of work is the best work I can set him to. I give him a few shillings for the purpose, and perhaps he soon succeeds. I thus indirectly provide him with productive employment; whereas, should I send him to labour for the parish, he would probably be disabled for procuring it, and become a constant burden.

Thus, however necessary it may be in many cases to give employment with relief, it is equally necessary in very many more to give relief without employment. I have not spoken of those, both women and men, who often need temporary aid when partly or fully employed. A general rule, taking all discretion from the overseer, will, in my conviction, be a most fruitful source of demoralisation.

Assuming that relief ought to be given, these demonstrably should be the governing principles:—1. It should be given by those who are the best qualified in respect of *knowledge of applicants*, judgment, and uprightness. 2. Those to whom the important trust is confided should be endowed with ample powers for giving it in the way most beneficial to the pauper and the parish. I think this cannot be controverted; and we may easily deduce from it what the new poor-law ought to have been.

Towns had their boards of guardians, vestries, and rules of giving relief; their wants were these:—In the first place, functionaries to inquire, to investigate properly all claims, and watch the conduct of all out-door paupers. A board of guardians may

be a good deliberative, but it is a bad inquiring body. It acts as judge on the information of others, which is commonly defective or fallacious; therefore its judgments are frequently erroneous. In the second place, means to manage the poor in the most economical manner, provide a sufficiency of proper relief in seasons of distress, and remove sources of pauperism capable of removal.

Villages had in general efficient officers, rules, and knowledge of paupers. Their wants were,—means to send their poor into a well-regulated work-house at discretion, remove excess of hands, and create additional work in bad seasons.

The new law, of course, ought to have given being to a government power, not to supersede the parish one, but to begin where it ends, and complete what it can only half do; commissioners, not to command, contradict, and incapacitate the overseer, but to act with, and even obey him. It has done just the contrary. While it gives the commissioners almost unlimited authority over parish officers and the poor, it rigidly restricts them from supplying the leading deficiencies of the old system.

If the commissioners proceed from place to place to make such improvements alone as are obviously necessary—if they remodel the town board of guardians where it is incompetent, and employ one division of it solely in procuring information touching paupers—remove from the village its surplus labourers—create extra employment near large places to meet the bad parts of the year—provide the country labourer, where necessary, with means for carrying his labour from one market to another—suppress bad systems of hiring and impediments to the free circulation of labour—establish benefit societies, or other institutions calculated to serve the lower orders—and do similar matters, which in general

lie beyond the authority or means of parish officers, they will produce vast national gain. But they will not do so. The fault is not theirs; the law will not permit them.

If the law remain in its disgraceful state, I cannot perceive how they, after the first year, can supply any pretext for their existence, save by continually embarrassing and tormenting the overseer. When their regulations and orders are promulgated, what will they have to do? Nothing,—if they do not intermeddle with him; he must refer to them in this matter, and give them an account of that; his toil must be doubled in extent and vexation, and it must receive this grievous increase to the injury of his parish and poor, and only to save them from extinction. If they can pass the circle he is confined to, they must drag him after them as their menial: in whatever they may resolve on, he must collect materials and execute.

The wish to thwart the commissioners is far from me; I blame not them but the law. I am anxious to co-operate with them to the farthest point required by reason and justice. As fellow-labourers I will join them heart and hand; but I must demur to obeying them as masters, when I see that my services are to be very similar to those of the common hangman. I do wish to save my feelings and conscience; nay, I even wish to avoid doing their work and my own too. The time is fully come for the overseer to make a determined stand on the defensive. Every parliamentary experimentalist heaps on him drudgery as though he were the hired menial of the state, bound to do any thing, however revolting and iniquitous. If this system continue, his labours as overseer will soon occupy his whole time; and they will often be such, in regard to degradation and vicious character, as the common domestic would disdain to perform.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

CANTO THIRD.

DAYS, weeks, and months, flew on apace
Ere I could leave that fatal place,
While dearer every day it grew
By fond and thrilling interview;
Till, quite o'erpowered with delight
At beauty so intensely bright,

And gentleness so kind and sweet,
 I laid my being at her feet—
 Beseeching her the boon to lift ;
 For without her it was no gift.
 At this, no frown her face o'erspread ;
 Although the pale rose and the red
 Strove each the other to outvie
 In beauty's glow alternately.
 Though on my couch I still reclined,
 All was adjusted to my mind :
 She owned not love, nor yet offence,
 Nor even a formal preference ;
 But gave her hand without dismay,
 And turned her lovely face away.

With gratitude quite overpress'd,
 I held that hand unto my breast,
 And kiss'd the pledge so fair and soft—
 I may not, cannot tell how oft.
 From that time forth I looked upon
 That peerless maiden as my own ;
 And wondering how the thing might be,
 I oft shed tears of ecstasy,
 That thus of beauty feminine
 The flower of all the world was mine !
 And oft I bless'd with fervent mind
 The Father of the human kind,
 For having made one form and face
 So far surpassing all our race,
 Yet that fair form so far outdone
 By the sweet soul that them did won—
 The brightest gem below the sun ;
 And gave that wonder of the earth
 To one so far below her worth.

Although my passion was sincere,
 It was too much for man to bear ;
 Love, admiration, and esteem,
 Struggled for mastery. And to dream
 Of living in that fervid frame,
 In outrage would have been the same
 As a resolve to live in flame.

Back to my father's home I sped—
 Kept to my chamber and my bed—
 Made songs of love and sonnets high,
 Enough to make a Christian cry :
 And then I dreamed such living dreams
 Of roseate bowers and silver streams—
 They were so luscious, that I vow
 I'm quite ashamed to tell them now.
 I wandered dell and lonely lea,
 And my dear maiden still with me :
 I saw her looks of sunny joy,
 So careless, dignified, and coy.
 And then, whene'er my suit I made,
 She fled away through grove and glade ;
 While, tangled by the mistletoe,
 The broken briar, and sulky sloe,
 Powerless I sunk upon the plain,
 And tried to rise and run again.

Again we sat in bower of bliss,
 In perfect love and happiness ;
 My trembling arm by hers embraced,
 Or twined around her slender waist ;

Her cheek, as on a former day,
 Still touching mine, as if in play;
 And her sweet breath, with sob and vow,
 Playing around my burning brow;
 While her light locks would heave as boon
 As amber cloud above the moon.
 Then would I wake in feverish pain,
 And try to sleep and dream again.

The truth I well may blush to tell—
 No living man e'er loved so well;
 Or, if he better loved than I,
 To hold his life I him defy.
 My love was such, I could not rest
 In her dear presence, nor exist;
 And, banish'd from her lovely eye,
 I neither could exist nor die.

So, hasting back from whence I came,
 Once more I breathed my fervent flame,
 And prayed of her to save my life,
 And instantly become my wife;
 While I had neither rent nor field,
 Nor home her lovely head to shield.
 Well I remember, as I may,
 The fears and trials of that day;
 My importunities and tears,
 And all her scornful jibes and jeers.
 I went so far as to declare—
 Nay, with an awful oath to swear—
 That if she would not yield consent,
 Most dreadful would be the event!
 Denial would, in frenzy fell,
 Consign me straight to death and hell!
 Heaven grant me pardon as a speed,
 For this was terrible indeed!

Alas, that day be ever mourned!
 I found the tide against me turned—
 Turned with a current chill and strong,
 And my poor bark the shoals among,
 Without one spirit-cheering ray,
 Or star to guide my dreary way.
 I was astounded to the heart,
 And wounded in the tenderest part;
 Bereaved of all esteemed on earth,
 All that I held my being worth;
 A blighted ear in nature's field;
 A bough lopp'd from her blooming weed;
 A tree torn from her garden gay;
 A star cast from the milky way,
 And hurled like comet forth abroad—
 A lonely thing, in paths untrod
 To roam the universe of God.

I wrote in strains so wo-begone
 It might have pierced a heart of stone.
 No! 'twas the same—she would not bow
 To lamentation nor to vow.
 Thus roused from passion fierce and crude,
 I did the deed I oft have rued:
 Cursing the sex, away I ran
 To purpose more becoming man.
 Was I to sit and pule and whine,
 And die despised at beauty's shrine?
 No! I would forth and danger brave—
 Would stem the wildest ocean wave—

Outgo the last of living men —
And beard the lion in his den !

I could not part without farewell ;
So went my high resolves to tell ;
My reasons — my engagement fast
To prospects and adventures vast.
" This is your doing, then ! " said I,
With anger glistening in mine eye :
" Of your exploit now boastful tell ;
And God reward you if 'tis well ! "

Her simple answer all redeemed ;
'Twas fraught with all by man esteemed —
With prudence far above her age,
Good sense and calculation sage.
Then turned her lovely face aside,
The bright and welling tear to hide :
Then with a softened accent said,
" I glory in the change I've made !
Before you asked my hand in love,
My choice was fixed, no more to rove ;
For, save yourself, no other man
I ever loved, or ever can.

But, then, to see you as you were,
Involved in love's pernicious snare —
A very slave — to whine and pule,
And act the ninny and the fool, —
So grieved me, I resolved with pain
To bring you to yourself again,
And rouse your too-perceptive heart
To act a more befitting part :
This have I done, and joy to see't,
If borne no farther than is meet.
For my poor heart do not repine —
Be but a man, and it is thine ! "

If I had loved too well before,
I now went nearly to adore.
My heart was wholly unprepared
To feast on such unfeigned regard ;
And, wondering, on the accents hung
Of one so beautiful and young.
I now for the first time perceived
What I had sparingly believed,
That woman's fair and lovely breast
Was framed the sanctuary blest —
The home, all sacred homes above,
Of virtuous and of faithful love.

Sweet, gentle sex ! with all my zeal,
I ne'er can laud you as I feel.
If Nature's glowing hand imbue
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,
Stamp in thine eye the witching wile,
And light with love thy opening smile, —
Ere prudence ripens to thine aid,
A thousand snares for thee are laid ;
While still to revel, joyful, bright,
Among those snares is thy delight.
'Tis thus that thousands, wrecked and hurled
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,
Regardless of creation's scorn,
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.

But as well women may compare
A David Haggart to a Blair —

A Hunt with Southey—or, I wot,
 A lord of Buchan with a Scott—
 A David Erskine to a Home—
 Or Peel unto a reckless Brougham—
 A Jeffrey with a tailor spruce,
 Strutting with ell-wand and with goose—
 A Wilson with the merest clown—
 Or Doctor Brown with Doctor Browne,—
 As man take any tainted mind
 For model of sweet womankind.

Nay, let us rise in our compare
 To beauties of the earth and air,
 With their reverses—range the sea,
 The wood, the waste, the galaxy—
 And rather urge a parallel
 'Tween rays of heaven and shades of hell,
 Than woman's fair and virtuous fame
 Should suffer but in thought or aim,
 Or from her sacred temples fall
 One single flower celestial!

Take woman as her God hath made her,
 And not as mankind may degrade her;
 Else as well may you take the storm
 In all its hideousness, to form
 An estimate of nature's cheer
 And glories of the bounteous year—
 As well compare the summer flower
 With dark December's chilling shower—
 Or summer morning, pearled with dew,
 To winter's wan and deadly hue—
 The purple ocean, calm and glowing,
 With ocean when the tempest's blowing,—
 Then say, with proud discourtesy,
 "This is the earth, and that the sea,
 And this is woman. Whate'er you will
 Attempt to say, she's woman still,
 And will be woman—more or less,
 A being prone to perverseness.
 Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,
 And hath not moral poet sung,
 That men to war or business take,
 But woman is at heart a rake?"

Injurious bard, such thing to say!
 Degraded be thy shameless lay
 For evermore to kindred slough!
 Poor, slanderous reptile! what wert thou,
 Such ruinous principle to own,
 And damning dogma to lay down?
 'Tis false! Could one of all thy race
 So much dishonour and disgrace
 The mother that him bore and bred,
 Watching his young and helpless head,
 As thus to brand with ruthless blow
 Thy Maker's fairest work below!
 Wo to the bard, whate'er his fame,
 Who would attach promiscuous blame
 To all the gentle, fair, and wise,
 And only view to generalise!

For me, I'm woman's slave confest—
 Without her, hopeless and unblest;
 And so must all, gainsay who can,—
 For what would be the life of man,

If left in desert or in isle
 Unlighted up by beauty's smile —
 E'en though he boasted monarch's name,
 And o'er his own sex reigned supreme,
 With thousands bending to his sway?
 If lovely woman were away,
 What were his life — what could it be?
 A vapour on a shoreless sea;
 A troubled cloud, in darkness toss'd,
 Alongst the waste of waters lost;
 A ship deserted in the gale,
 Without a rudder or a sail,
 A star or beacon-light before,
 Or hope or haven evermore;
 A thing without a human tie —
 Unloved to live, unwept to die!

Then let us own, through Nature's reign,
 Woman the light of her domain;
 And if to maiden love not given —
 The dearest bliss below the heaven —
 At least due homage let us pay
 In reverence to a parent's sway —
 To that dear sex, whose favour still
 Our guerdon is in good or ill;
 A motive that can never cloy —
 Our glory, honour, and our joy.

Now, this third ardent strain, replete
 With faults, I lay down at thy feet:
 I've told my little tale full plain,
 Of all my love and all my pain;
 And well thou know'st when it is done —
 Ay, knew'st ere it was well begun —
 That thou alone the cause couldst be
 Of all this suffering to me;
 This thrilling tempest of the soul;
 This passion that outraves control —
 That sways my heart, my thought, my breath,
 And binds me thine in life and death.
 Yes! hap what will, or hap what may,
 In climes and kingdoms far away,
 Where'er by fate I'm doomed to roam —
 By sea, by land, abroad, at home —
 No loss, no gain, no meed, no grace,
 No mien or mould of human race,
 My heart, betrothed, from thee shall sever!
 'Tis thine, my love, and thine for ever!

My next and last, 'tis dread to think,
 May come to thee from Indus' brink —
 From palaces of old Surat,
 Or sandy vales of Gujerat;
 Where I may sicken, sink, and swoon,
 Beneath the whirl of the simoon,
 A martyr to that sultry clime,
 No more of love to rave and rhyme.

What now I see I scarce dare tell,
 In framing of the word FAREWELL!
 Alas! it bodes us aught but good, —
 My pen is dripping crimson blood!
 The leaves and flowers have changed their hue,
 And purple gleams the morning dew.
 Before my heart is turned to stone,
 Away, pernicious pen — begone!



GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. LV.

COMTE D'ORSAY.

COMTE D'ORSAY, who stands opposite, was first introduced to the literary readers of these realms in the correspondence of Lord Byron, where he is designated as a *Cupidon déchainé*, and described as the idéal of a Frenchman before the Revolution—that is to say, as a French gentleman, the breed of whom, gradually diminishing for many years, has been at last pretty well extinguished by Louis Philippe, who certainly does not make any absurd pretensions to figure in the character. His lordship was so kind as, in another letter, to describe Comte D'Orsay as one who seemed to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's memoirs—by which he means the memoirs of Count Grammont, perpetrated in or of the days of Charles II. by “Antonio Hamilton.”

A dozen of years, wo for the time! have passed since these letters of Lord Byron were written; and the Comte is nearer to that bourne from whence no traveller returns by what Tacitus would call “*ingens spatium humane vite.*” We may freely translate the passage for the benefit of all concerned:

Believe me, dear comte, that twelve years do not pass,
And leave not some signs as they go;
They may fly with the wings of the hawk—but, alas!
They are marked by the feet of the crow.

But still the Comte is in fine preservation, and may be seen in all places where fine fellows do congregate as the observed of all observers. Hang it! after all, as Dr. Morriſs (i. e. John G. Lockhart) says of old Potts, five-and-thirty is the very prime of life, and they know nothing of it who maintain the contrary. We appeal to several of the fairest judges in France or England.

The history of the Comte, and his adventures in various courts, from that of William IV. or Charles X. to any other you would please to mention, in any quarter of London or Paris—in street or rue, in place or square, whether St. James's or Red Lion—has been written by so many illustrious authors, especially of the hebdomadal press, that we willingly excuse ourselves from entering upon it here. He is the son of General Comte D'Orsay, commonly called, we believe, Beau D'Orsay, and brother of the beautiful Duchess of Guiche. As for the antiquity of his race, that is sufficiently indicated by its having given the name to the Quay D'Orsay; and when we recollect that Henry IV. and Louis XV. are (or were) content with being patrons only of bridges across the Seine, it is no small glory to share with Voltaire the honour of being predominant over a whole quay on its side. Our business with him is as an author. And yet we do not know well how to inform our readers what he has written. He has most cleverly caricatured and peppered with *bon mots* all and sundry people who have come near him: the only Lord Byron that ever gave the least idea of how the man really looked, is by the Comte. But where is his book that his lordship took so much interest in? Where is the Journal, the extraordinary production, which gave “a most melancholy but true description of all that regards high life in England?” Where is the book which “a young Italian lady of rank, *tres instruite* also,” namely, Guiccioli herself, was delighted with? Where is the Journal, of which Lord Byron says he never could have described what it attempted so well. “*Il faut être Français to effect this.*”

Il faut être donc un de nos collaborateurs. Comte D'Orsay must send the Journal and its continuation to us; and having made him this proposition, we conclude by requiring the attention of all our male readers to the exquisite sketching of Croquis—our lady readers will need no bidding to look at what is under the hat of our Alfred, than whom, “since his majesty of the same name, there has not been a more learned surveyor of our Saxon society.”

And so adieu—we shall no more say
About the whiskers of Comte D'Orsay.

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A CAMBRIAN COLLOQUY ON THE DECLINE AND FALL OF POETRY.

WALES, if no longer the land of poets, is still the land of poetry. What happy truant from the great "Babel" and its "stir" but has felt the poetic influence of pastoral mountains, the bluer air of their wild white heights of cliff, the sunset languishing glory of the valley opening westward, its flowering cottage roofs, and its tinkling sheepcote on the sheltered greensward by the river of rocks? That pensive vacancy which merely rural scenes so lulling diffuse over the mind, rather disposes it to receive the impression of the poetic influence than creates it. The addition of the sublime to the beautiful is required to produce that high-raised tone of natural feeling, that impassioned or refined turn of sentiment, which, whether developed in truth or in fiction, in metre or prose, ever or never finding vent beyond the bosom it dilates and warms, is equally poetry. Bishop Heber, after exploring the "gorgeous east," with its pictorial scenery, still gave the palm of romantic beauty to Wales, as we are informed by his biographer; and Heber was a poet. The right place, then, for a talk about poetry is not the place of its embodied mechanical coming forth in hot-press and letter-press, for trial before the critical press, but the place of its nativity—not only "under the shade of melancholy boughs," but of mighty mountains; or, at least, in their glorious presence, if not their shadow. A critical colloquy about poets, their fates and present prospects, will not therefore, it is hoped, be deemed out of place, though far, and very far out of London, which, with all deference to its classic ground, boasts more of its superiority to enthusiasm, than of inspiration from it.

The spot where the three interlocutors of the ensuing dialogue fell into these "pribbles and prabbles" is one in Merionethshire, North Wales, which, though quite "unknown to fame," commands an unrivalled prospect of combined maritime, mountain, and pastoral scenery. The parties, perhaps poets themselves (whether "still-born," or known or "unknown," great or small, we beg to keep to ourselves, letting the "dear sacred names rest ever unrevealed"), then performing a tour of the principality, were, *imprimis*, a long-

retired officer of the army, who has renewed on the banks of our Welsh rivers his old college acquaintance with Theocritus and Virgil by the Isis—exchanging the sword for the angling rod, and his *bivouac* in the "tented" field for one in the green or hay-field, under an oak or in a hollow one, when benighted in his piscatory campaign; secondly, a romantic Doctor Medicinæ, as fond of "babbling of green fields" as his brother-traveller of the babbling of a river-shallow inviting his rod and fly; thirdly, a reader of our old dramatists, partial to summer vagrancy, the leader of the party (whose mode of travelling was truly Egyptian), and whom we may call the "Amateur Gipsy." The days were just about at the longest, the evening a golden one:

"The world was all before them, where
to choose
Their place of"—tea!

So they chose it on a little island (the spot above-mentioned), situated in the estuary of the river Dyrhwyd, where it disembogues about four miles from Harlech. It was now accessible by the sands, which are here called the Traeth Bach (little sand-bank), the river channel being about two miles across. All round was a shelly marbled expanse of finest sand, diversified by pink seaweeds and crystal-hued gellies. On one hand was all Snowdon's chaotic region, always rolled in blackness of mist; on the other, the sunny sea, sending its soft, solemn, yet immense sound, as it broke broad on the distant beach, round all those mountains, and answered by their echoes. The noble ruin of Harlech Castle towered dark on its promontory. Sea-birds fishing over the shallow pools, and figures in the mid-channel, where ran a fresh stream, appeared in their blue and red colours of Welsh woollen dress, their giant shadows stretching almost to the island, and our party sitting on its purple heath, each watching for fish, made visible in their slow motions by the level sun, hung over the broad expanse of sea beyond them, which heaved and sparkled boundlessly, like molten silver. The little isle itself was a perfect epitome of the principality. Though in extent but a very few acres, there is height

and dell—ruinous rock, ivy-mantled, fit for an artist's study—wild shrubbery, tasseled with honeysuckle—patches of greenest meadow—and one human home, overtopped by green crags, from the brink of which the hermit-owner's few sheep look down on the flowering house-roof. It is a fairy Wales.

They who in such scenes feel irresistibly rising in their bosoms, rather than minds, a something, an agitating emotion, which would fain vent itself in they know not what harmonious, rapturous, lofty language, or soliloquy suitable to the "height of that great argument" which Nature seems dumbly to invite them to hold with her—they, I say, may be called *poets*, albeit they never spoiled paper with a sonnet. And such persons will acutely feel that sort of self-imprisonment, if I may use the term, which the decline and fall of poetry seems threatening to inflict on the true-born bard. For what is poetry but the living language of communion between sensitive minds? To all others it is a dead language. Many a well-educated man can no more read poetry than he can Chinese. The neglect, not to say contempt, of the muses, now a fashion, bids fair to render this Parnassian *illiteracy* universal; nay, to make the very tongue in which Milton enshrined his soul, mute, a worse than dead, a forgotten, an unintelligible one.

As the gorgeous horizon glowed like a mighty bed of flowers after the last ring of the round disc had disappeared, while the floor of the sea, into which those colours melted, yet retained a silver gloss like that of the dewy leaves of lilies—and a wild purple haze came floating over the black headland-tower of Harlech, and shut it in to that landscape of a sky, so softly and sublimely painted, yet fading, that an enthusiast might dream he saw the closing curtains of the paradise of souls, the *real* heaven within the nominal—and the sea itself seemed lulled into a moaning sleep,—the scene imposed its own peace, with somewhat of its grandeur, on the minds of all.

The nights being warm and beautiful, more like a shaded day than night, their tents stood pitched to receive them under a rock, while they partook the mental beverage—tea, with fire, cross sticks, kettle, and all true Egyptian vagrancy "appliances to boot"—the

old Roman love of flowers seeming to survive in the party—cowslips (they grow late there), which beautify the warm dingles, lying amongst their cups, and hanging in their button-holes, &c. like the *orders* of some great hero of the field,—these the bloodless trophies of nature, they the heroes of happier, purer fields.

After a long admiring pause, one of the peripatetics—the D. M. before mentioned—broke forth in the words of Cowley, as appeareth in the following record of their discourse:—

D. M. "What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the world to come my own?"

Major. Any thing but write poetry now-a-days.

D. M. Pooh, pooh! I was not cogitating how to live for ever, or how to "put a girdle round about the world in twenty minutes" or twenty years—but thinking of poor Cowley when he breathed this high aspiration after fame. What a melancholy despairing kind of question would it be now, were he alive in this day, and under the reverse of fortune the English muse has met with of late.

Amateur Gipsy. Sir, I wish Cowley were living now, notwithstanding, were it only to come and see the Traeth Brach and Traeth Mawr; he had such a true poet's passion for rural peace and beauty, whatever that city-heretic to the true faith of poets in nature's supremacy of charms, old Johnson, may please to insinuate to the contrary. Poor Cowley was a victim to the Civil War, like his friend the Lord Falkland, whose pensive peace-loving cast of mind he seems to have shared.—He did not fall in battle indeed, but he may almost as truly be said to have lost his life in the troubles of the times as the other. The poetical life, the life he so desired, that of rural and studious retirement, was denied him during all his prime by the state of his country, his exile abroad, imprisonment and danger on return—added to a bad state of health. And when at last the Restoration seemed to shed a placid gleam to light up his evening of life, life itself was snatched from him at the first moment when he might be said to begin to live. For what is the "poet's ever gentle mind"—what a poet in the stormy atmosphere of revolution? The fate of the "gentle Cowley" was that of a

dove doomed to the mode of existence which belongs to the "stormy petrel," that makes a home of the sea in storms. His spirit languished for the brooks, and the voice of the nightingale, and old "ancestral woods," and peace: his fate was to "rove a banished man" after the steps of a fugitive king—to toil in a hopeless, though honourable diplomacy, in aid of his fallen fortunes—to hide, like a guilty alien, in his own country, when he ventured home. And as soon as that peace, for which, like the noble royalist in his fine humanity, he seems to have groaned from the bottom of his heart, as Clarendon tells us the ill-fated Falkland did audibly, sighing, "Peace, peace!"—as soon, I say, as that peace smiled on our poet, death interposed, and divorced his heart from his old first love for ever.

D.M. Do you remember his little essay, entitled, *Of Myself*? So little is now ever said or thought of Cowley, that it is quite a surprise to me to find you cherishing his memory. That pretty bit of egotism is a good specimen of his prose, to which at least Dr. Johnson did justice. After telling us that "from his earliest life, even before he knew or was capable of guessing what the world or its glories, or business of it, were, the natural affections of his soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, even as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves,"—he goes on to say: "With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it came, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedar to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, being thrown by it into the family of one of the best of persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world." After describing his mode of life and conveniences as the "best that could be hoped by a man in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not," says he, "abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses:

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.

And I never then proposed any other advantage to myself from his majesty's happy restoration, than the getting into

some moderately convenient retreat in the country." This he at last obtained; and his remarks on his late good fortune are affecting—a mournful comment on the text, "All is vanity." "But God laughs at man who says to his soul take thy ease: I met not only with many incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married.

'Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente
relinquam.'

'Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best!

You, muses, books, and liberty, and rest—
You, gardens, fields, and woods—forsaken be,

As long as life itself forsakes not me.'

But life did forsake him not very long after thus renewing his ardent vow of devotion to the "mistress he had loved so long"—the spirit of poetry in rural solitude. I have just been reading his prose, and have been struck with its simplicity of ornament, justifying Johnson's remarks on its contrast to his poetry. Poor forgotten Cowley! his hope of immortality failed him, like his desire of mortal life, for the sake of the country and muse.

Major. I have read him in a hollow tree by the brook when it has rained desperately, and really think he deserves to be forgotten as a poet. Such abstruse conceits in a lover of nature!

D.M. The fate of the poet was as perversely luckless as that of the man. Like Milton, "blinded by excess of light," Cowley has perished through excess of genius. Half or a quarter of that imaginative faculty which made him famous for his day, might have made him so for ever. What Plato says of the passions, that they are the "horses of the soul run away with her," may be applied to the unbridled imagination of the poet-mind. In his day, hyperbole and fantastic flights of fancy were the fashion, so that there was no check to his besetting sin. Where the needful check was applied, as by his own sense of what was becoming the modesty of prose, we perceive the beauty of his fancy undistorted and at

ease, and there it becomes really beautiful without alloy. Prose seems to his genius like the restraining trappings of a Roman triumphal car to the fiery steeds which drew it, adding to their beauty of attitude and spirit by the measured step and straight course to which they restrained them. His excursive fancy, like those steeds unharnessed, was ever ready to scour, with flying manes and heels, out of the way. It required the guiding coercion of prose.

Amateur Gipsy. It is a pity, then, that the fashion of his time did not, as it does now, drive poets into the shackles, and tame and tie his rampant genius fast to drag the car of the historical novel or romance, as the revolution in our taste has done by most of our new and some of our elder living poets. To him, according to you and the major's theory, it would have been a step toward immortality, instead of a fall from it, as a genuine poet is apt to conceive of thus hiding his "talent" under the bushel of a three volumes octavo prose work.

Major. Ay, this war of the giants, with the Briareus of the north at their head, against the divinities of the earthly Olympus—poor deserted Parnassus, has driven the muses to assume some rather grotesque disguises; it has "brought them acquainted with strange bedfellows." Nor can one imagine the delicate, the ethereal beauty of a muse, creeping into a shape of such familiar homeliness as the novel, without many qualms, and sighs, and "lingering looks behind" to her own sweet hill, with its diamond-sparkling spring, and "airs from heaven." But what is to be done? When the Pelion of political economy is piled upon the Ossa of scientific research, surmounted with a pagoda of four-volumed fashionable novel, it's time for the invaded deities to betake them to earth, and become (or appear) as "of the earth, earthy," or perish utterly.

D. M. Yes, a great change is "come over the spirit of every young poet's dream" in this decline and fall of the muse's empire. Our Cowley, probably, when he said, "What shall I do to be for ever known?" feeling the "immortal longings" within him so natural to a real poet, knew very well what he would do—write a noble poem, and throw himself and his genius on his country's justice, to live

or die—eternally. But our Cowleys and Miltons—if such indeed be born in our days, use the same self-interrogatory in a very different spirit—a perplexed, a despondent spirit. They see too clearly there is no longer a high court sitting, no arena in which to engage, no tribunal to listen to their appeal. If they enter the old deserted place of trial and triumph, the real poem, they are laughed at for indulging so obsolete an ambition; they are in the ridiculous predicament of a tragic actor, who, in his death-scene, the climax of his efforts, should be left without an audience, "superfluous lagging on the stage," and acting away to his brother-actor solus; whose fine tragic emotion is thus, as it were, shut up within him instantly; the heart of his genius seared, in his highest exertion of art he is become ridiculous to himself. A poet in like manner deserted, owing to the caprice of the public, his expected audience, and left but to the notice of a few rival poets or poetasters, must feel all his poetry turn cold upon his heart, which had so long lain warm at its very core, while expectation and conscious merit buoyed him with the prospect of at least a fair trial. Supposing a real genius to arise in our day, and to "feel the god within," his first question must be with himself, "*Cui bono?* What am I to do with my genius?"

Major. Why you said just now what he must do with it; he must begin *prosing*, like others.

D. M. I'm not sure that such a genius as I have imagined would submit to such a prostitution of the divine spirit of poesy. Can we imagine a prose *Paradise Lost*?

Amateur Gipsy. No; for though the measure were taken away, it would still be poetry; the very cadence would remain. The force of Milton's fancy, his affluence of language, his gigantic thought, and delicacy of ear, would act like Midas's touch; the coarsest common vehicle he could stoop to use would turn to a car all gold, burnished, with wheels of fire. Why, sir, Milton's whole prose is poetry. Even his controversial writings glow with imagery and sentimental painting. Why do you speak of this transfusion of poetry through the grosser body of prose—this subtle instilling of the animal spirits of the muses into the veins of that aged

monarch of our tongue, to vivify and beautify with new life, like another Æson, as a new experiment, and a forlorn resource?

D. M. Why, to confess the truth, I have the same opinion as you hold of the practicability of thus making prose the preserving amber for those precious pearls of poetry, which else our Swinish multitude—I beg pardon!—our new-fangled muse-haters, the *Radicals* of poetry, would otherwise leave at the bottom of the hog-trough. But really there is something so revolting in this coxcombical scorn of a dialect in which Milton himself, nay Virgil and Homer, enshrined their fames, and eternised their perishable thoughts, that one cannot, without doggedness, bow to this unjust necessity of stamping on pure gold the impress that bespeaks an alloy, or an inferior metal, to gain it currency,—in other words, *smuggling* in poetry under the colour of prose.

Major. You know I'm a bit of a botanist. The expedient you are discussing, or rather this constrained obliquity of development in poor poetry (left in the dark to shoot how it can, like a weed, instead of being cherished like a glorious flower, as it always has been), reminds me of a phenomenon in plants, whose instinctive seeming effort to reach the sun's influence is like that of your poet to get a bask in the sunshine of fame. If you place a plant in a flower-pot in a dark room, with but *one hole admitting light*, you shall see it contorting its shoots, and pointing them in a surprising manner to attain that hole, which having passed through, up they spring again, and no more creep or writhe, but flourish upright in the sun's eye, which they had languished for.

Amateur Gipsy. No bad fancy of the Major's that! And his image of his flower in the dark, methinks suggests a cheering answer to your despairing poet's question. May he not stoop, writhe, wriggle his pride of genius *through* the humble, dark, narrow avenue of prose, till it meet the sun (the sun of popular favour),—then, disclaiming its unworthy task and perverted growth, soar in its own shape and gorgeousness?

D. M. No. The taste of this age will not bear the strong impregnation of that fine spirit which so sparkles through the prose of our noble old En-

glish classics. The modern taste is most extremely delicate! there must be no body in its potations. The modern mind is a water-drinker; even if the pure element effervesce at all, there is great chance of a nausea; consequently such an outbreak of prose-poetry, or poetry-prose, as you suggest for an experiment, would be called prose run mad; and all that poetry struggling for life would thus be strangled in the birth, or after it for a monster; so that the axiom *Mors janua vite* would be reversed, and it would be the fate of its beauty to find *Vita janua mortis*.

Major. But what, after all, is the proof of this decline of Poetry you reason about? The general supply of "the article" is of rather improved quality; and we read the names of new poems advertised as forthcoming often enough quite. Do you mean the failure of genius in poetry, or decline of that favour which it used to enjoy? Certainly we do hear much said of its being in bad odour with the reading public, but still much is said of poetry. But lately the old *questio vexata* has been brought up of, What is poetry? as if it had never been started before.

D. M. To answer your query, I should say that the decline of poetry from its highest style of excellence must as certainly follow the withdrawing of the popular countenance from its authors, as a poor and sickly harvest is sure to succeed a cold summer, and almost total absence of the sun's rays upon the stem that is to produce the crop. Like such blighted field, there may be still a good show of a poetical crop; but is there a full, rich, heavy ear among them all? It is not the question whether the art shall be wholly disused, but whether any truly high and gifted artist is likely to arise under that distaste towards his productions, which I suppose it cannot be denied has been manifested for several years by the English public.

Major. Why, as the poet's mind at least must be allowed to be born, not wholly raised by culture to the height of excellence, I do not see how prejudice can operate to prevent the rise of such minds thus armed by nature herself for the fight.

Amateur Gipsy. I shall side with my friend, the doctor, there, and speak for him, for he's too busy with his

quart of tea and his stone bottle of cream to answer you. For my part, I don't believe a word of poetic genius being born with a man, but only genius—the convertible ductile ore which may receive any impress whatever at the hand of culture, and in the mint of whatever asylum chance may present for its final form and figure.

Perhaps, had poetry and not arms been the vogue in Napoleon's youth, we should now be reading some sublime epic poem of the great Corsican poet Napoleon Buonaparte, instead of a still sublimer didactic one on the vanity of mortal glory, written not with hands, nor on paper, nor on marble, but a tablet *ere perennius*—the universal heart of man,—though its theatre be but the little round shadow of a weeping willow, and its hero a skeleton of a prisoner in the rock-floor of his prison.

When the stage was rising in popular estimation—the Reformation and the revival of learning having stamped new characters on life and society, which men loved to view in its mirror, however rude—the dramatic taste speedily raised dramatists of high excellence: Marlow, Shakespeare, Ford, Webster, Chapman, and a host of that rank, leaped to life at once. The English drama rose at once (in all that marks lofty genius) to its greatest glory with the suddenness of a Lapland meadow's spring, which, almost as soon as the warmth of the returned sun disrobes it of its sheet of iced snow which sepulchred it in the long night, waves a very galaxy of glorious flowers, born and blossoming almost together, to the intense blue sky! In France, the taste for blood instead of books having arisen under the republic, a crop of warriors was the produce, as in England one of dramatists.

Major. Stop there. How happened it, then, that the great rage for poetry about Byron's time did not foster a crop of Byrons?

D. M. Fashion and a mystery had as much to do in founding his fame as his genius had, great as that was. Accordingly we saw a whole host of spurious poets and mock-Byrons swarming in the glow of his glory, warming their feeble vitality with a little of the reflected lustre. I would say the taste then prevalent was not for poetry, but for Byron, who happened to write in verse. Neither Scott, who

preceded him, nor he, based their claims on the eternal truth of nature. Was *Marmion* or the *Corsair* a creation of the same flesh and blood reality with *Macbeth* or *Othello*, or with Pen-thea, her of the "broken heart," in the tragedy of Ford?

Byron, by his nerve and depth of feeling, though morbid and masked, drove from the field the feebler ballad-style, which had played strange antics on the very throne of taste, with its cloud of retainers. But the evil was not much abated by the success of the new hero, strong as he was. He drove off, and slew, indeed, the dragon of the mock-chivalry school—the ballad-epic, that mighty monstrosity obedient to the great enchanter; but having banished one nuisance he gave rise to another. The sacred "well-head of poesy," which the dragon had defiled while it pretended to guard, like that by the fountain of Mars, was no more free of approach than before. The all-imitated Byron was the Cadmus who undesignedly reared such a crop of earthly warriors, that had they not killed each other very fast, after a few heavy hits from their creator's own hand (who fitted them well, like his prototype), God knows what would have become of the sacred spring, or who would have borne to have tasted it, defiled and discoloured with blood of knights, and by "glamour" of wizard and fay, and hung round with bagpipes instead of harps, before; and afterwards made the head-quarters of pirates, murderers, and moping gentlemen, peeping through masks "wonderous melancholy."

Major. Ay; perhaps Byron was the greatest foe to poetry and its reign in England that ever was. In fact, the glut in the market which his servile followers produced gave the public a surfeit that has turned it against poetry ever since: the tone of its stomach will come round again after awhile.

D. M. Doubtless the world was grown truly sick of the breed of Byrons. The island was peopled with misanthropes, "looking unutterable things"—in foolscap. But, perhaps, the rise of the historical novel had much to do with the fall of the poem. Scott, you know, after his discomfiture and flight from Parnassus, came back with his reinforcement from the realms of history, re-appearing in the field, ten thousand strong, after being given up for lost. *Waverley* avenged his former

defeat on Byron himself, casting some of even his later poems into the background; and as for his raggamuffin regiment of followers, they were returned "missing," for nobody found even their *disjecta membra* from that day to this.

Amateur Gipsy. Requiescant in pace! Yes, looking back to that time—*cheu fugaces! et cætera*—we are struck with that revolution in taste we are talking of very forcibly. I remember, some seventeen years since, on the *début* of *Waverley*, an Edinburgh reviewer began a critique on that work by saying that it was already read and sought after rather like an admired poem than a novel. The same critic, now writing in the same work, should he wish to express the sudden success of a new poem, would or might properly give us the converse of this comparison,—so versatile is popular taste, at least in our days!

D. M. Rather say to-day! It was not thus in my boyhood, and you see I am not yet quite a human antiquity. I remember when the title-page of an admired poem would keep its place as a fixture in a bookseller's window, shewing its honest front to my devouring eyes month after month, with only the change of the second, third edition, and so forth. Then the names of a very few true sons of genius and just fame maintained a sort of regal solitariness of state, and became to the young muse-smitten (such I was then) august as that of the laurelled head on a coin, yet familiar as a brother's; then a man might remember and even admire a work "six months after date." He was not deemed a Goth himself for discussing the beauties of *Roderick the last of the Goths*. The *Wanderer of Switzerland* ceased his wanderings for a long sojourn in the public mind; the *World before the Flood* was not become antediluvian even at three months' end; the *Pleasures of Hope* might hope to please a second season; so might the *Ancient Mariner* and his philosophical poet-creator. Southey, Montgomery, Crabbe, Coleridge, Campbell! These names and a few more were then to a few ardent readers of verse like a pleasant and well-known ring of bells; any one of them conjured up sweet associations of ideas that rapt us out of our world-weary selves. But now number, not merit, seems the grand desideratum as regards the productions of

mind. A perpetual new supply of food for the hunger of the reading public must be got up; and in the intellectual, as in any other feast, the hurried feeding and hurried cookery promises not much delicacy in the guests or perfection in the viands. This only regards prose works. As to poetry, he is a bold man who publishes it now; we may say of him as has been said of the man who enjoys solitude,—he must be either below or above humanity; he must either have the besotted conceit to hope to stem the tide of opinion thus set in against poetry by the charm of his single voice, or be really the destined hero of that achievement which it was almost madness to hope for.

Amateur Gipsy. Why, truly, the poem which should effect a revulsion in the present course of the public mind, would scarcely effect a stranger miracle than was wrought by that fiery sign which of a sudden came forth on the front of heaven full before the army of Constantine, and led back whole hosts to the true faith and way. It becomes matter for curious speculation (to folks idle as we are, thus babbling of poetry in this extra-mundane island by a rising moon) whether John Milton, had his fate thrown him on our evil days (far more so than his own), would have accomplished this conversion, would have stood up this restorer of true taste, would have erected the "Paradise" aloft and alone in the poetical hemisphere, like that sign and standard of the one God (his the ensign of the one divine poet); or have indeed died, like you or me, a "mute inglorious Milton?" What say you, and you—ay or no? Would he print or burn his twelve books? Would he wreak some of that fatal fury which burned so fiercely against his erring more than sinning king against this usurpation of sole dominion by our prose cavaliers? Seeing fame thus "at one entrance quite shut out," would he stoop to the apostasy we were talking of, and seek her under the banners of prose? Then, perhaps, we should see published by Fraser, 215 Regent Street, "A Tale of the Fall;" or else, "Some Passages in the Life of our Father Adam," 3 vols. 8vo. But, as I understand the publisher of REGINA never puffs his publications, we should, I fear, lose some neat puffs oblique which might otherwise meet

our eye in a paragraph or two in this wise, thrust in for those few country simple souls who yet survive to enjoy the happiness of being "well deceived," and take it for a bit of "News."

"We understand the reading world is still on the cold scent, yet eager as ever, in the pursuit of the unknown author of the 'Romance of the Paradise.' Many lordly, ducal, and even one illustrious name, have been confidently assigned: the mystery, however, is yet uncleared. As one proof of the eagerness, as well as wildness, of conjecture, we may repeat one rumour, for the reader's diversion. Some wiseacres have found out this great unknown in an *old blind schoolmaster*, lodging somewhere about Wilderness Row!!!"

Major. Or perhaps something like this, now, would be edged in among accidents, or "*on dits* of the day:" "Many fashionables expressed great disappointment to find that the great new novelist, whom they had heard spoken of at the drawing-room the last levee day as having a touch at Pandemonium and its inmates, has no occult discoverable allusion to the 'hells' of St. James's Street, &c. Satan and Crockford do not tally in every particular to sustain the allegory."

D. M. Well done our major! he deserves a penny per line. But let us follow the fate of our Milton redivivus. We shall suppose him to have gone through all the requisite process of fostering and feeding that genius he has discovered in himself, agreeably to his own beautiful description of his actual studies. "From the laureate fraternity of poets," I remember he says, "riper years, and the ceaseless round of study and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy." This done, we see him in that justifiable mood of self-promise (not then self-flattery) which such labours and such a mind gave rise to; he has "found that whatever task of composition he undertook, whether imposed, or betaken of of his own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." He says that at last, thus prepared, he "began to assent to an inward prompting, which grew daily upon him, that by labour and intense study, joined to the strong propensity of nature, he might perhaps leave something so writ-

ten to after-times, as they *should not willingly let it die.*" "Then," says he, "I applied myself to the *resolution to fix all the industry and art I could unite* to the adorning of my native tongue. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine. Not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but *content with these British islands as my world.*" Was not this as truly English, as noble a resolve, of so eagle-winged a spirit, to bound its flight to our own white walls of rock, and though strong and beautiful enough to mount the empyrean, skim the world of waters, and become visible to many climes, to content itself with home and home-born gazers,—and even those little in a frame of mind to do justice to its glory?

Amateur Gipsy. It was at least a fortunate resolve. Milton would otherwise, to this day, have been a ponderous Latin author, chained in the dusty corner of some few old libraries, instead of the heroic poet of England.

D. M. Ay, what would our "ever-gentle" critical court of judicature say to such a burst of poetry in a plain treatise on the "Reason of Church Government?" &c. The words just quoted are not, of course, applied to his own future works by himself, but me.

Now I think you'll both allow, that our Milton of to-day having gone through this course of mental training, as we may call it—having endured that sort of death to the world—that abandonment of its ordinary hopes—that estrangement from its ties—that midnight sapping of life's foundation, the denial of nature's rightful rest—the anxiety and the solitude which must in a degree be endured by every lofty aspirant of fame,—I say, you will allow that it would no longer be an optional question with the scrivener's son (or even the secretary of Cromwell), whether he should or should not become, or try to become, a poet. No; that athletic state of his mental constitution which he has thus painfully produced—those sweet and gentle sollicitings of his fancy to be received into the service of that towering mind—the one must be employed, and strenuously—the other must be obeyed, or

life past has passed in vain — life to come is bitterness and a curse. Life immortal, or no life, would certainly be the secret irresistible *ultimatum* of Milton's decision on his own fate and fortunes. A man with this plethoric condition of mind if I may so call it, has no hope of its prolonged health, or even life—no escape from the sickness of dire hypochondriacism, or the mental death of madness, but in severe exercise, that exercise fed by the richest meed of fame; for however vanity in inferior geniuses may soothe its little sorrows by coquetting with that great unknown, Posterity, nothing but a present, full, overpowering majority of voices assenting to its claims will satisfy a legitimate genius. A hundred pretenders to a crown may "strut their hour" on the stage of mock royalty, and slink back to the plebeian sphere that claims them, quietly enough, content to keep their life alone; but the true claimant, if confounded and spurned from his high place among those, would have fierce pangs, and furious regrets to gnaw and agonise his heart, unshared and unconceivable by them.

Major. But surely, Doctor, you don't seriously think that a Milton born in our times, of high literary pretension and boasted patronage of literature, would be born in vain—toil out life in hearing little boys their lessons—and enjoy no wider world of fame than his school-room?

D. M. Why, no; for my solitary opinion (if worth giving) is, that our times politically promise a field for the fury of his spirit to fight in, if not for its softer sublimity to disport itself in Eden. We have a large part of our population imbued with all the fierce obduracy, the pampered self-conceit of their own infallibility, the bitter scorn and hate of all dissenting from their dictatorship, which ever marked the puritanical rebels; without that religious impression, however fanatical, which did render the outbreak of that age not quite so bloody as that of France in ours.

Intolerant fanatics in politics, without religion to make them merciful by fear of God's judgment, if not by brotherly pity, threaten, of all revolutionists, the most anarchical revolution. Hence I conceive, that while the poet of *Comus* and the *Paradise* and *Il Penseroso* would, in our day, sleep in

the faintly-stirring chrysalis of a book that falls still-born from the press, just perceived to be quick by the contemptuous touch of some fashionable critic, bound by his office to ascertain the fact of life or no life in the lumpy form of a twelve-booked sacred poem, with its ill-defined wings in moveless embryo—to all but him a lifeless lump—still Milton might live. The regicide Milton—the revolutionary Milton—the bitter controversialist—the glorious rebel-spirit of Milton (glorious for its indomitable strength only), might find its fit element in the whirlwind of our "coming events," and hereafter be the idol of some "public" revelling in the bloody streets of republican London—hover an eagle-winged vampire over the nameless, stoneless, lime-filled grave-hole of some "Grey-discrowned head;" as did that of Milton, clapping its wings over the unknown sepulture of the "great Barabbas at Windsor," when he wrote that unworthy libel on a dead monarch (mild and suffering, if not a martyr), the work on the *Eikon Basilike*: thus raging against even his posthumous groans in "his solitudes and his sufferings!"

What, in all likelihood, would now be the blind bard's fate, supposing the stormy air of revolution or the rage of anti-prelacy to leave him like a crippled eagle on the earth, and without a chance of soaring, except from the wing of his own Urania? Can we imagine a man of his stern elevation of soul to conceive the slightest pleasure from the fullest fruition of such literary triumph as the present state of poetry and its readers promises, to even the *highest* candidate? To be read a little, be praised much, run the titillating gauntlet of approving reviews, and "then be seen no more,"—could this satisfy the yearnings of the man who felt "immortal longings" in his soul?

Amateur Gipsy. That is rating low indeed the critical acumen of our times.

D. M. By no means. I conceive something more than the cool-minded judgment of even accomplished men goes to poetical justice of award; for there is that in high flights of genius which defies all canons. *Mediocrity of excellence*—will you allow that term?—may be gauged, weighed, pronounced upon in any cultivated age; but that more violent intense flame of imagination, which turns all to fire whereon it alights—that giant reach of mind which

spurns the planet on which it lives, and exists more in heaven than on earth; that burns with a desire like that of the mad, to drag up all minds along with it above our clouds and our miseries, to the uttermost heaven of all those dim yet glorious stars which gem the night, in which such high imagination dwells apart, and knows no human day or human society during more than half the existence of the animal man;—that arch-genius, which burned as a fixed star in Milton, as a comet in Lucan, and in Chapman, Homer's translator (to select a few)—that, I say, only an enthusiastic age can judge. There was much enthusiasm afloat in the public mind at the period of the rise of *Paradise Lost*. Inspiration was the fashion in the high places, in the parliament, in the army, in the conventicle; great and terrible events and changes of society bring along with them a grand dreaminess of thought—a looking-for of the fearful future, which disposes the general mind to receive the kindred excitement of the poetic character. The poet comes to the bar of opinion in his old awful guise of the *vates*, and is listened to as if Apollo were invisibly touching his harp, or his strain were the anthem of the eve of the day of judgment. Certainly an excitable, delicately-sensitive state of the recipient mind, is as necessary to the due appreciation of a "muse of fire" as the same state is in the creative mind, whose wealth is to be poured into it. Now what I conceive is, that this is not the age to inspirit, to bring forth a divine poet; much less to acknowledge such a poet, if by some chance cast on its evil days, like a wind-sown tree the pride of the orchard, shot up green alone on a cliff of the sea, blossoming there unseen with the rosy beauty of the east in a May morning, and shedding its fruit untasted on a savage solitude of beach below, to be washed away for ever by the next tide. Hence I think our poet would have either betaken himself to Italy, there to have written in a dead language, soon to have been ranked with the learned *living dead* himself, or else——

Amateur Gipsy. Or else his dark spirit—darkened by disgust, and by misanthropy not groundless, to tenfold darkness—would of itself fight the half-lost battle of Genius, and triumph at last by dint of the mere fury of failure;

which, by the way, I suspect was half the secret of Byron's "dark bosom," and his wonderful seizure of men's minds all at once. Read what nobody reads, Milton's prose works, and you will find the genius of the poet of the lake of penal fire at work darkly, like a roaring underground volcano, yet as palpably as when painting the pains immortal of the blessed become the damned. There is something terrible in his wrath, and its outpourings are no less noisome and foul than the sooty and sulphureous breath of the eternal prison-house.

Major. You having both had your "or else," let me put in my *aliter* also, though one of you thought it before, when we began this prabble—or *else* he would, by his main strength, have stopped the silken-reined steeds that amble with our car of prose literature; have stowed into it his whole freight of poetry, made it roll with a due solemnity and ponderosity becoming its cargo, and—and——

Amateur Gipsy. Given the sleek lady-steeds a double feed of fire, and a little of Diomedes' provender—blood and muscle and nerve, which they lack so woefully, and lashed them with one of the snakes of one of the furies for a whip, and away!

D. M. And whither, I pray you? To the mud of Lethe's black-tide river, there to stick fast for ever? No! the same inaptitude of taste which would, I think, shut him up with all his genius within himself, by the living burial of neglect, would pursue that genius, broken into the pale of prose, like a wolf leaped into the fold, and a rabid one. Much of the prose-poetry which charmed an age of more vigorous taste than this, would now be deemed rank madness in a modern work.

Amateur Gipsy. I think quite differently from you in your idea of his failing in this resource of his homeless muse, and falling like Phaeton at last. Who knows what new taste, or rather, what sudden return to that true one—to the fine old nervous style of the "throned Vestal's" reign, an Elizabethan prose Milton might have produced? For surely Milton's spirit was of an age gone by. We trace in it all that fervid glow of imagination which marked the elder dramatists—their high and unworldly modes of thought, without their eccentric and often unnatural ecstasies, in him joined

to a fine dark solemnity all his own. If we might compare them to the wildly-beautiful *aurora borealis* of a polar region's night, illuminating with their bursts and coruscations of glory the lingering shades of the night of ages, him we may liken to that settled lustre shed over all by the moon's red orb, rising upon their sublime play, which, though heavenly of place, was not of heaven; he, on the contrary, that lofty region's own denizen, "paling their fires."

For, to say truth, though it were profane to name Milton and barbarism in the same breath, his own predilections for the old Italian writers have diffused an air over his work of a monkish era; and Dante's mantle descended on him. Hence, though the dark ages no longer shadowed the world of his mind, a light very different from that of contemporary minds, and even long antecedent ones, prevails there.

Perhaps, even to this day, the irruption of such a tide of poetry into English prose, had it occurred, would have been mighty in its effects, and prevented that too-subdued current I conceive it to flow with now, approaching to the character of the canal nearer than to that of the noble river.

D. M. It did occur. As you have yourself remarked, Milton's prose teems with poetry; but then his prose works are deemed unreadable from their temporary topics, as well as their virulence of controversial zeal or by-gone questions. Hence we have no work of his which professedly enshrines his poetic genius in prose like the *Telemachus* of Fenelon. I remember many a passage like that I recited before, proving that Milton could, when he pleased, lay his hand on the mane of our old British lion (if I may so designate the genius of our prose tongue), and make a Pegasus of it, to transport him, "an earthly guest, into the heaven of heavens." Apologising for some bitterness of angry zeal objected to his writings, he has this passage (he is supposing "the cool, impassionate mildness of positive wisdom, to have failed in its opposition to corrupt falsehoods," &c.): "Then Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot, drawn with two blazing meteors figured like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the zodiac yields; like those four seen by Ezekiel and St. John.

With these the invincible warrior, Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels," &c. There we have again the Bard of Paradise suddenly uplifting himself, as he says elsewhere, and "soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing-robes about him," even while "sitting here below in the cool element of prose." For this high-raised style he had the example of the great Bacon, of Raleigh, and most great men of their age; as well as Jeremy Taylor's, the most richly poetical mind of his own. I cannot think our style has gained any thing by that divorce between Prose and Poetry which has been effected since his day. Certain it is, that now all strenuous writing that bespeaks an impassioned soul, seeking in a reader a kindred soul, is sneered at under the term of striving after effect: figurative language is too ornate for the age of the steam-engine, and perhaps for the capacities of the operative world; which is to constitute, possibly ere long, the parliament of taste and letters as of legislation. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Major. I am no enthusiast in the "olden times," I confess; yet I cannot but think we arrogate a little too much to our intellectual selves in exalting our own age above that which produced Bacon, Burleigh, Raleigh, Sir P. Sidney, and all that host you could name better than I, in the court, camp, senate, and even in science; and a Shakespeare with his host; and a Massinger and a Milton even in its passing away! Indeed it is curious to imagine with what severe scorn our poet would have heard poetry—the mother-tongue of his soul—poetry, that sanctuary of his highest hope, where he had garnered up his heart, where either he must live or know no life—flippantly derided as the "barbarous amusement of a half-civilised age," as void of pleasure to our scientific minds, by the very beings who devour fashionable novels of vile grammar and worse morals—all sorts of idle gossiping scandal in print—who visit the theatre to see a beast or witness a melodrame, not the drama of Shakespeare—who shake the empire to its foundations to purify the senate-house, and then fill it with demagogues, prize-fighters, sedition-mongers, and

venders of blacking. Oh, for the march of intellect, and a Milton to arise and sing his admiration!

Amateur Gipsy. I confess, when I consider the character of our times, thus frivolous, yet vain, I am half a convert to your despair, Doctor, of even a Milton regenerating the popular taste, supposing him now on the eve of publication, as we say.

D. M. Rely upon it, that his highest beauties would be the stumbling-blocks in his road to fame. The sublime and the ridiculous, we say, meet. Though no two things can be more opposite to each other than the writing which awakens and fills the soul, and that which merely surprises the attention and fills the ear—than noble sentiment and painting in language, and the mock-heroic endeavour at those perfections—the distinction is by no means palpably drawn to all mental optics. That astonishing, exhaustless flow of fancy, applied to the illustration (by beautiful images) of exalted sentiment, and even the gravest argument, which is so striking in Jeremy Taylor and even in Bacon, while treating on experimental philosophy, has not the least shadow of a copy in any writing that I recollect since their time.

Amateur Gipsy. Yes, one writer; Dryden, although not a copyist, gives a beautiful example in his prose style of those charms of their genius, without the quaintness and constraint visible, often, in their language and its construction, never in the ideas. Dr. Johnson extols *Comus*, as exhibiting “the dawn or twilight of *Paradise Lost*.” In Dryden’s style, I would say, may be seen the evening twilight of the *Paradise*. Clarendon threw off the Latin idiom and perplexed inversions of his great precursors’ styles, but wanted or despised their imaginative wealth; the glory was reserved for Dryden of combining freedom and ease with their poetical luxury of imagery and loftiness of style.

D. M. That’s one of the main points on which I build my prediction of our phantom Milton, of this present year 1834, being *burked* by us, the “march-of-intellect” men. Johnson has passed the highest eulogium on Dryden’s prose style; critics of our own day have very recently declared, that it has “not been equalled since his time.” Five minutes’ reading at random, of any part of his prose writings, will satisfy any

judicious reader of the justice of these plaudits. And what do we find the character of this style, which draws forth this concurrent testimony to its excellence? Why, its poetry. Not only is the language choice, apposite, and, as it were, instinctively springing to the idea—the very word or words to the very thought precise, which no others would have suited so well, like one particle of steel, in a promiscuous heap of atoms of other metals, leaping to the magnet, and clinging there alone; but the flow of images is perpetual. However grave the topic, however dry—whether a dedication of condolence before some elegiac tribute, or one of self-condolence, touching on his own troubles, and angling by the fulsomest praise for a small tribute to the relief of them, still he is full of sentimental painting. Nature and art, the city and the country, alike afford figures for it; often elaborate, yet always beautiful. Hence it is that, for my part, I can read the poet Dryden, as well through the shaded glass of his prose as in his poems. The dullest subject ceases to tire, so enlivened is it by this flush of the blossoms of fancy blushing every where through its blank. To steal his “trick” of play with the reader, one might compare the flow of his writing, thus unpromising yet thus delightful, to a mountain-river, which art has for a space converted into a dull canal of traffic; yet in an under-current of which (below the surface bearing barges and bales of goods) mountain-flowers come floating down from the higher land, and aquatic plants of beauty may still be seen growing in its channel, and flowing with its flow, like emerald-green streamers on the wind.

Major. To the point, Doctor! to the point! Still, I don’t see what you build on all this about Dryden.

D. M. You military men are so fond of battle-fields, you have no patience to “babble of green fields.” Then this I infer: first, with all this praise and acknowledgment of its beauty and excellence, *who does ever now adopt such a style?* To see and approve the better genius of our prose tongue, and follow the worse, seems the mode at present. Hence, I conceive, should a writer start up, imbued by nature with the same *plethora* of poetry, farther confirmed in that his literary constitution by day and night feasting on the fruits of those kindred

minds left to our age in those fine *corrus copie*—their teeming volumes—it would avail him nothing in attaining the only fame he would think worth the anxiety of its pursuit. If he could bear to “waste their sweetness on the desert air,” he might strew those exotic flowers of his heated mind through periodicals, annuals, or other temporary garden-pots of literature—perennial plants in a soil which must be devoted speedily to other plants. What no author thinks worthy of imitation, will any critic deem worthy of immortality? Without a steady prospect of that meed of fame his self-conscious mightiness of genius would know to be his right, would Milton stoop to become a claimant for it? And in the present universality of pseudo-fame, the present tame content in mellifluous sentences and maudlin pathos, and the mummy of History’s defunct body served up for the *vera et viva effigies* of its fresh and unshrivelled form, how doubtful must be the prospect of the temple of Fame! how unworthy of a great mind’s strivings—even that meed, if attained, to be shared with a thousand usurpers flaunting their mock laurels (fac-similes of the true), bestowed by the false priests of the false divinity Fashion, throned on the high altar-place of the true, the earthly-immortal Fame!

Amateur Gipsy. “*Fuit Fama!*” Thus, then, you consign *our* Milton to oblivion—“earth to earth.” But what say you to the stage, as a forlorn hope to his smothered genius? ’Twere strange too, methinks, that so mighty a genius should perish from want of an opening to break out at—the whole English mind *calloused* against its efforts to make an impression—perish like a leviathan, with all its enormity of strength, under a north-sea frozen for mere want of a vent—beating itself to death against the floor of its own element, become its prison and its grave, while mere man walks over the back of him who could, by one lash of his tail, whelm a man-of-war! Would he have sought the stage for his muse’s transport to posterity?

D. M. Milton, tremblingly awaiting the pleasure of the pit or the gallery-gods, after the ordeal of trial before managers at rehearsals, the chances of stage-effect, &c.!—Milton thus enslaved, first to fashion and next to the mob, would be indeed like Ariel mi-

nistering to Caliban. To “do *his* bidding fealty,” would better become a fairy genius than an angel one. Nor does his spirit seem to have been essentially dramatic.

Major. According to you, then, Gray’s conjectural “mute” Milton is not only possible but certain. For as there have been “giants in those days,” how can it be but the same stature of mind must be occasionally attained in ours, only kept invisible by the foul fog of ignorance, or deformed, or fallen to the fate of him, “wet with the dews of heaven,” who fed with the beasts of the field, through the malign influence of their evil star?

D. M. I regard Gray’s idea as literally true. It is my opinion, that not only may Miltons and Cromwells sleep under these white-tiled graves, with sprigs of evergreen stuck over them, coffin-shaped, in this very country, but men to whom Milton himself might have yielded up his harp in despair, and Cromwell the helm of state on compulsion. Why should we conclude that the perfection of man has yet been born? Who shall set bounds to God’s mysteries or almightiness—his sublime reserving of creative strength? And why, since mightier minds than we know of on earth may in future be created, may they not have been created and gone to the earth whence they came, without a record or even man’s consciousness? Millions of seeds perish, yet each containing the germ of the oak; which, if planted, might outlive not only the British, but yet unfounded empires, and shade the shepherd or herdsman, and roost the night-hooting owl, rooted in the heart of the ruins of London. A Roman under the later empire would have deemed this as wild a fancy as you do by your smiling, yet it would have been true.

The telescope reveals new wonders and worlds in the infinity of greatness, as does the microscope in the infinity of littleness. The kraken, more than rumoured, now and then half reveals the living acres of his island body to the deceived seaman anchoring by it. The earth, in like manner, darkly half reveals its old secrets of God’s undreamed-of sublimities of creation, when the osseous ruins of the antediluvian mammoth, or megatherium, peep through the disturbed mould or rent rock that has veiled them, and shew us, for the first time, that the

elephant is not the hugest of the creatures of the earth. Were minds like planets or animals, composed of matter to be objects of sense, the grave, too, might unfold as wonderful secrets of gigantic proportions as the earth, the heavens, and the great deep.

Major. And what a world might we have been rejoicing in now, had those glorious abortions of minds but come to maturity! This moral world, now so chaotic, so dark with clouds, so hideous of features, and ever stormy, might under their influence have attained to something of that celestial purity, and calm and harmonious order, which we see in the material; where the clouds fructify, the darkness brings us rest, the very comets keep their appointed road, and all is beauty, all intelligible!

D. M. Traversing the lonelier parts of this wildly-beautiful but melancholy country of Wales, as I sometimes do in the middle of night, I love to ruminate awhile under the half-arch of some one of the many ruinous castles we find here by moonlight; to scramble down into its dry and weedy moat, once brimming with defensive water often bloodied; or seat myself in its grand court full of stones, tumbled from the top so long ago that trees have grown up among them, and watch, perhaps, the yellow glistening of the sea through its skeleton walls, by which a fisher's solitary sail glides in soundless distance. The wonderful defences which have been made by a handful against a host, in many sieges recorded of these towers, then pass in review as History has arranged them in her pages, but left the human histories—the lives and deaths of besiegers and besieged—in the blank of oblivion; retaining but a name or two of the leaders, perhaps the least worthy record of them all. Who shall say what Curtii what Mutii may have there suffered torture or death, self-inflicted for their little native nook disdained by the muse of history? No more self-devotion, even to the death, was displayed by the heroes of Thermopylæ, than has been by many of these poor Welshmen in many a hopeless field, fighting but for a barren land or a nameless grave in its bosom; while the Greeks have their apotheosis in the eternal memory of mankind. A skeleton upturned within the castle precincts (or many in some green mound's neighbourhood)—a dark hint of tradi-

tion—a name of a spot—"The Bloody Spring," "The Stone of Lamentation and Weeping," "The Grave of the Men of Ardaddwy"—*vox et preterea nihil*—such the poor immortality of heroes, between whom and those true immortals of Grecian or Roman fame the accidents of time and place have made the only difference; the Creator none.

As warriors lie thus unhonoured beneath our feet, why not poets? There is a noble vein of poetry in the older Welsh authors, which bespeaks a very high degree of poetic civilisation in the popular mind, and which shines through all the obscurément of translation; yet the names that have survived, even in Cambrian fame, are so few, that it is impossible but that a host of poets still-born must sleep "without their fames" in such a region, where one may almost say of the churchyards—

"Every sod beneath our feet
Shall be a poet's sepulchre."

Amateur Gipsy. The extreme beauty of them will at least excuse the fancy, and make us walk beneath the black and gilded fretwork roof of their enormous yews, glittered through by a full moon, as a cathedral cloister with its stained window, and a "poet's corner" of the "unknown poets."

D. M. I must take you to my favourite churchyard in the neighbourhood of Builth, that of Abereddw; the village where Llewellyn the Last had a castle, his last hold in his own country. In such a night as this—for I think we have talked down the very last of that fine orange glow of light in the west sea, without seeing it overcome by the confirmed moonlight, "so still, so soft, so bright"—I always wish myself in Abereddw churchyard, listening to the tumbling Eddw far down in its rock bed; its feathered cliffs and embosoming mountains shutting me in with the dead beneath its most ancient of yews.

Amateur Gipsy. At least in this *our* isle, with the tide making music against its banks, with that low patter more like a lake than an ocean estuary—that low roar of the main sea, washing the cape of the little promontory of Gest—this shiver of a wood of ivy overhead, and that low white building shining dim and white on the shore, like a church—these mighty mountains

rolled in blackness all behind, and that wide-flashing sea all before,—you must be unreasonably romantic to form a wish beyond.

D. M. True: the mountains and the sea are a conjunction of the sublime in natural objects, which leaves but one sublimity more to be desired—a moral one—the terrible mysterious presence of death. A sea-side mountain churchyard, of which we have many in Wales, is, methinks, the *ne plus ultra* of the moral picturesque. There are *Salvator Rosas* in the art of thinking as well as painting: let all such haunt Wales and her wild coasts.

Major. For my part, I shall take up with "Death's twin-brother Sleep," for want of the "real presence" of the grisly king; though I confess this silvery light, and the fragrance of the wild thyme (drenched in dew already) of this short turf, and of the wild roses overhead festooning our rock-chamber, would keep me out of my tent longer than that presence you regret, and invite me more temptingly than a grave, or even a whole charnel, to sit here all night. Thus I think our "little senate" has debated long and decided nothing, about the present state and prospects of English poetry.

D. M. Therein following the laudable example of some great senates, which, after wasting session after session in debating a point, and "sitting attentive to its own applause," hand it over at last to the sovereign people to decide; as we must do our question, Whether or not a great poet would find "audience meet" in our day?

Amateur Gipsy. Leaving the question, then, of the chances of life to Miltonic genius, which is not in much danger of being brought to the test, what shall we say to the prospects of authors in this era of authorship; which, if Brazen or Iron be objected to, may fitly be named the Publishing Age? It is indeed marvellous, that whereas literary ambition—the public trial of which has always been a lottery with but a few capitals—did formerly tempt to his fate or fame one, it now drives with a sort of fury a hundred; yet now, as you have observed, one may almost deny that there is any great prize at all. Such a fame as that of Scott and Byron, and a few precursors, is hardly to be supposed left in the wheel now. The new fashion is to make all prizes—of twopence

sterling! every blank being beautifully got up as fac-similes of prizes, like the flash-notes of the swindling world.

D. M. *Cui bono?* If ever that soul-damping question may justly be asked on the eve of any human undertaking, surely it may by him who is about to bless his enemy with his wish, according to Solomon; that is, to publish a book. I mean, on the presumption that the author is fired with ambition—not of fashionable brief notice, not of praise deserved or not, but of that station and rank in the estimation of refined and thinking men which Justice herself has, up to our time, assigned to intellectual birthright, almost as steadily as his rightful inheritance of title or tower to the legal heir. It is easy to say to the querulous gifted man in his indignant dumbness, "Why then write?" Nor would it be easy to make one who can ask that question comprehend, how a man may reasonably write much and publish nothing. The necessity of the pen, the fierce craving for fame, can no more be made intelligible to them than the need of sight can be explained to those born blind, or of speech to those who have never spoken. To the multitude of modern writers, writing is a craft and the pen a tool. Now to all those elder writers we have been talking of, composition was the outpouring of a mind filled with sentiment to repletion, and the pen did the office of a tongue. Whereas, the minds of the publishing multitude seem now for ever tasked to concocting some *some things*, hard-sought and far, as the *matériel* of a book, on purpose that they may publish, publish, publish! It seems to me, that those finer old English minds were vacantly at their ease when their genius revealed herself to each, surprising them like an angel: they were the wooed of Nature, not the wooers; or, as our bard said, "sitting calm in the cool element" of unworldly contemplative feeling, "with their garlands and singing-robos about them." When her beauties were thus unveiled to their eyes, her riches strewn at their feet, the social spirit, strong in all lofty intellects, then and not till then prompted, importuned, and at last, with gentle violence, forced them to the presence of their brethren; that is, to seeking the sympathy of the public in their delight; as one who finds a treasure, or has a fortune devolved to him,

never rests till he has run to tell his whole family what has befallen him.

There are minds which extract out of every thing in nature food for sentiment. From the silvery and blush-coloured shell, and the living crystal of the gelly on the sea-shore, to the mountainous and thundering sea itself in a storm; from the cottage-child singing, hid in deep grass flowering in the blue and sweet noonday, accompanied by the humming-bee on the clover flower, to the blue and bloated body of its sailor-father, that moment thrown up ghastly on a solitary sand-bank, there to lie like a polypus, rolled over by the tide, and torn by birds of prey;—all is food for sentiment, in terror, in pity, or in beauty. The paragon of such minds was Shakespeare's; such a mind was Webster's, a humble parish-clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn; that sombre, solemn, truly-tragical one, which created the terrible scenes of the dying Duchess of Malfy, kept from that rest in death she seeks by a whole band of involuntary tormentors, a dance of madmen;—such was Marlow's, he who depicted *before* Shakespeare the agonies of reluctant royalty discrowning its own head—the horrors of the same majesty knee-deep in the castle-filth of an underground dungeon, watched by murderers and afraid to sleep, though half-dead for want of sleep, lest they should seize the opportunity of his falling eyelids to make that sleep eternal. With such men, to feel, to think, to write, were almost as one act. It was the natural tendency of such habits of the mind to seclude, in a degree, their possessor from the worldlings round him; however his wants or even sociability might intimately connect him bodily with them in their busiest resorts. Still the most frequent abode of such a spirit must be in the lofty solitude of its own philosophic melancholy. From that still vantage ground, not only does the solitary look down on the whole human species with all-different eyes from those jostling in the crowd—not only does he regard the living mass, instead of individually hurrying on each to some proud and happy bourn of his own, as rolling on to a universal grave in one motley tide, like a leaf-strewn river to its fall—but his solemn vision turns inward; his own mind, in all its shadows and its few gleams of vivid sunlight, lies exposed like a

map before him; or, to speak as poets write, like the disk of the moon seen through a night-telescope—dusky, doubtful, yet grand, with conjectures of volcanic ruin. Now in this withdrawal to the watch-tower of supra-mundane thought, consists the peculiarity of the intense literary character—of that only I speak. From this arises that dramatic excellence which those minds attained; that keen relish (by contrast of utter abstraction, for the most part) which a return to humanity, as it were, afforded them, made them intuitive masters of human passions, and vivid painters of that scenic procession and pomp of many-coloured life in detail, which, from their habitual lone stand, ever looked in the mass to them but a vast procession of mourners and a pomp of death. I am so habituated to soliloquy, that I am apt to talk as one reads—on and on. The Major I hear asleep in his tent; my two boys look fast also, half in and half out of mine; the sea comes in brimming, and gurgles no more in the hollow banks of our prison—all's asleep but that fern-owl, and a seamew at a distance. Are you awake yet?

Amateur Gipsy. Awake and attentive.

D. M. Narcotics, then, have no power over you. Now one can well imagine that some cause may arise to make constant, perpetual to the mind which I have described its dreary dreamy insulation. Solitude, melancholy—not that finer kind, but the offspring of worldly disgust, or blighted passions, or remorse—death of friends, or its own fiery over-sensitive character, formed to cause, but not to well endure, that cutting off—for ever repulsing sympathetic human approach, like a never-sleeping volcano, yet for ever needing that sympathy,—one or all these causes may shut up such a jarring mind and heart, with all their thoughts and all their pains, like two creatures of hostile natures, each with its whole mutual-hating progeny inclosed in a cage, to beat each other and themselves to death against its bars. Writing, in this hermit of my imagining, would be as necessary as the systole of the heart filled with blood to life. The mind overcharged with its contents, like that heart with the tide of life, must find vent or perish. Such a being, in the midst of his eternal civil war within,

would have said, or might, not many years ago, reflecting on his own forlornness at gaze on his own desolation of mind—"True, 'tis sad, 'tis terrible! a dismal prospect! I am alone in a world that seems not *my* world, but the bald round of some planet peopled with aliens to my nature, my heart, my feelings, though bearing my form. This immense of stirring life I look upon daily is to me but as a restless sea, and this raging human multitude as its waves, from whose approach I shrink up to my desert rock—this rock of an unexplored, unregarded mind. Yet I know—I *do* know—that there is a sentient power, a mind, even sympathy in that vast body, though my own fate has made it thus unkindred to mine. What then? With *this*—this poor feather—I will command those sympathies which personally I forego! With *this* I am not voiceless in my desert, nor will die dumb. With *this* I may possibly cause my voice to be heard above all the uproar of that living war of waves—heard to that hazy shore beyond, even to dim and far posterity! With *this* I will yet talk, lone and lost man though I be—mind to mind, with the unseen, unknown, unborn!" Thus he might have soothed himself, while there remained for him an open court, a fair trial, and elbow-room, unjustly by impudent pretenders. Such I think was the sort of social soothing Rousseau found in the praise and listening of a world he did not love—keeping a sort of perpetual levee of fine minds round him, in his deepest solitude, writing out music for bread in his garret, or floating face upward at his length on the lake, between the blue of the clear depth and that of heaven in all its summer; like a sleeping spirit poised in the mid air of the cerulean concave.

Amateur Gipsy. Yet is there no joy in the pen apart from all ambition? Hunger of praise,—is that all which stimulates genius?

D.M. To me it seems that it is not the mere desire of being praised that actuates writers, as is generally imagined. Communion with the minds of their species is perhaps the strongest incentive to publication. The pain of failure is not so much mortified *vanity*, as baffled, repulsed, disappointed *sociability*. What is an author without readers? An orator without an audience. Demosthenes himself,

without auditors, and admiring ones too, were no more than a gibbering man of the woods. It is hard for the writer of ambition, even if not just ambition, after enduring that solitariness of study and preparation for the grand trial, when at last the eventful step is taken, to come forth only to endure the sadder solitude of neglect, the living burial of obscurity. But supposing his aspirings well founded, that he has stored his mind with images, exercised himself in combining and refining them, forced acquaintance by dint of lonely labour with the illustrious dead of antiquity in their *disused* tongues—that, above all, he feels that *viridis vis animi*, or whatever genius is, within him (although we no longer speak of Miltonic genius)—I say what dethronement—even Napoleon's, or the Swede's, or Bajazet's, I had almost said or Belshazzar's—what imprisonment or what prostration of the whole man, body and soul, can exceed the fall of the heaven-born hope of genius? Would not the fate of such a man be like that of Demosthenes, had the orator been doomed to spend all life in that cave where he immured himself—to ever listen to its melancholy drip, or declaim for ever to those deaf waves on that solitary shore where he painfully learned to declaim, there to waste all his impassioned eloquence against its senseless thunder? Yes—Genius, at this day addressing the reading world, is in that predicament.

Amateur Gipsy. But all successful authors have not had their ordeal of the cave, or the sea-shore, or even that of the midnight lamp which cost Milton his eyes. Moore and Scott are examples—when was their living burial?

D.M. Exceptions do not destroy the truth established by experience. Abundant evidence exists of the lonely and melancholy habits of poets; enough to authorise our calling such their fate. Perhaps the spirit which impels them to solitude and gloom is inseparable from the poetic temperament. If not, still that frequent converse with the famous dead, rather than living, is necessary to the formation of their character; and to this much seclusion is necessary. There was a time when this intense devotion to the hope of literary fame fulfilled its own promise; for there was a time when this our island was not peopled with authors. In the really Augustan age of English

literature (the Elizabethan), this long preparation for authorship was not deemed any thing romantic. But in our age such a pains-taking personage, I suspect, would reap ridicule instead of respect for his pains.

Amateur Gipsy. But you don't mean to say that classical and polite attainments are actually deemed superfluous to our professed writers by this fastidious age?

D. M. What I would say is, that a certain frame of mind, produced by long contemplation of the best models in composition, as well as the noblest objects in nature, is essential to future grandeur of literary effort; and this preparative course demands that temporary mental farewell to the world I spoke of, the pains of which the public (as not desiring any high effort, or valuing it if made) is not disposed to compensate by one smile more than it bestows on every smart and agreeable scribbler of fashion. A writer, therefore, thus to come blinking abroad from the dusk of his study, among the gay authors of "the day," would resemble an owl among canary-birds, all singing together in a golden-wired aviary, full in the sun. As I have sketched the mind of such an anchorite, let us, before we retire, take a peep at the man, as he sits wasting life's taper as vainly as that which is dying out before him in the socket, long after midnight. The muse (as we may designate his passion for letters, whether poetical or no) has been to him a sort of fatal Egeria. Nothing more pure, gentle, or harmonious than her first whispered invitation to his sanguine youth—to turn from the turmoil of the world and its ways—turn to the solemn wood with her, the silent, shaded, still, sunshiny wood of pensive thoughtfulness! to return to the full glare of sun and world when he would—only to disport for awhile and away. But what young enthusiast has not experienced the strange and sweet spell which bound him to the soft sod and labyrinthine glades of that wood, as soon as entered—how hard to return, how irksome, how wearisome return, when by force accomplished? Once become a fame-smit student, thenceforth study and fame are the only sun and moon of the enthusiast. Thither, then, our invited goes, and stays; and regards every whisper of the siren as the oracle of a true Egeria, tenfold dearer

for the sweet secret of her call, pent in his own bosom like a sin from his nearest kindred, though prompting nothing but the noblest aims, the utmost benevolence to his brother man, and down to the very worm. Then comes a sort of moonlight dimness, and a dulled soundlessness, on that glare and tumult of the world in all its glories, to his mind's eye and ear, which grows and grows into a dusk, and almost a silence—still not dreadful, though solemn. And though friends wonder at the apathy with which a youth can look and listen to those worldly temptations of every sense, in which even palsied age finds music and strong attraction—he has his joy! Let them wonder! Little they know what a green, glorious, more delicious world he has in prospect, his secret own!—on what a bank of lilies and without spot he is reposing himself, in readiness for the ascent of that paradise of the mountain before him, which has become to him *the* world, shining glorified by the purple morning, in the (not long) perspective of the tangled vista of his wood—which he will disentangle, and clear, and penetrate—how soon! And then! No wonder that every moment devoted to the every-day tasks of common life seems a moment stolen from life. His new birth is finished. He walks this wearisome world still, but is the creature of another. No, as yet there is no other. Clouds and shadows still hover round that fine hill's narrow path. Fame is still but a hope, a doubt—meanwhile the change in his actual existence is become a certainty. Thus he begins to feel, in his intellectual life, a fear and failing of heart, and in that outward diurnal scene the natural sadness of a world without hope. An aimless hopeless world who can endure? Voluntarily, who would return to such? Especially, seeing that every step taken in it is one lost to the path of his only aim and hope. Perhaps he is of ardent passions. If he withhold himself from tender ties, he lives loveless, unloved, and is miserable. If he venture on them, he pines for the sweet society of his little ones, whose prattle no music less sweet than that of hope-fed learning, no jealous mistress less divine than Urania herself, should have forced him to even partially renounce. Oh, but he will come forth (so whispers vanity) a glorified being, and they too shall

share that glory by reflection! Though he live friendless, it is that he may make "mankind his friend," and by consequence theirs. Behold him emerge at last—alas! to the unromantic world which laughs at enthusiasm—he is a child for its ignorance of it, and a madman for his claim upon it. Had he become a gay and worldly man, he would have better qualified himself for obtaining its applause, than by all that martyrdom of his heart and social feelings. He is indeed like a child which has wandered into a wood at earliest dawn, tempted by the peeping rubies of wood-strawberries in the ground-ivy and mosses, and insects in their emerald and golden armours, the gilding streaks of sunrise, the moving mosaic of the summer green leaves' shadows, flickering—whatever can charm a young eye, as does Parnassus seen by sunrise a young poet. He is like such a child, who wanders there lost—yet so delighted that he forgets that he is lost; till coming out, with his little childish harvest of treasure, he finds the sun he left mounting, low—the landscape he left brilliant, dull, with a cloudy afternoon. The child may find his home, and rest, and mother's smile again—the man never. He is transfigured to himself and to others. After that sweeter voice of the Muse, and her low and sweet duet with Hope, still ringing in his ears, the voice of man sounds—oh, how harsh it sounds! There is no music after theirs—no light after that delicious twilight of his Egerian grove of contemplation; the sun itself is grown a gorgeous impertinent—it looks reproach at his listless distaste of worldly tasks; the very smoothest highway of life seems rugged as a rock after his soundless foot-fall on the moss velvet of its labyrinthine walks, in all their dew and silence. His nerves shrink from the impressions even of common life's demands, like the flesh abraded of its skin, that will ache at the very air that is our life. He shivers and pines after his solitude; but that also is now transformed, with the silencing of its sweet oracle, by the stern new faith—the ascendancy of fashion over fame, of mock science over poetry. Dumb is his lifelong haunt, dumb the every day scene around him—all dumb and joyless. Thus become an outcast, and sad looker-on of the great family of man, instead of an actor, he has time and

tact to pry disconsolately severe into their characters. He is conscious of a sort of perpetual imprisonment within himself; having much, perhaps, worthy of living in other men's minds, which he knows he must carry to his grave. Hence secret wrath and disgust. And now his too keen sense of the self-tormenting madness of man wakes his sorrowful anger; and this is called misanthropy. Excess of feeling makes him impatient of many things unfelt by the gross and self-absorbed man of the world; and this is called selfishness and want of feeling, if it find vent in fury. He is full of misery; therefore fiercely intolerant of the least unjust and wanton addition to it. In short, loving children, he has lived childless—not uncourted by fortune, he has lived unfortunate—the extravagance of his eager genius has classed him with fools in the vulgar estimation—of a hopeful, aspiring, social man, he is become a hopeless, sunken-hearted, savage, solitary one. He feels that he is no longer fit for the world, nor has he any longer delight in his wood (the dumb, the hope-deserted!); and loiters and languishes out the remnant of his blasted life, a nondescript, all shunned, misunderstood outcast of both. Petty minds, whose possessors are ever children, delight to call him mad, in that spirit of half play, half malice, which prompts vulgar and ill-taught children to persecute a madman. Perhaps, after all, they speak truth without knowing it, and so are more bitterly injurious than they mean to be; for in this case, at least, "the greater the truth the greater the libel."

Amateur Gipsy. Let us hope your picture of blighted ambition in literature over-coloured. But do you design the prototype of your copy or caricature to be viewed as an author disappointed after trial or before?

D. M. Oh, assuredly before! A man who could deliberately get up a work, submit it to the modern critical court, and thus limit his ambition to that ephemeral reward which the highest genius can now expect, would neither have devoted himself to such an ambition with that kind of fury from his earliest age, nor suffer that intense pain and dark conversion of character from its failure. Assuredly before. Such a man would be (and for ever be) one of the "unknown poets." A volume of mournful interest might

perhaps be written on the fates of the *little* "unknowns," explored and dragged to light from the shepherds' haunts of the mountain-side and sheep-fold in the dingle, and even from the city purlieus.—But see! the moon is near its set—or else that thick haze we see rolled immense along that dim magnificent coast, to beyond Barmouth, gives that appearance to it of a beamless globe of fire.

Amateur Gipsy. What a fine background its disc just now gives to that promontory rock not far off—isn't it a dark rock?

D. M. It towers, indeed, like a rock upon a rock; but that black bulk you see as it were hanging in air, cut off by the moonlight fog from the level below, is the ruinous castle of Harlech, once overhanging that sea, now a mile of sand-hills distant from it. You can see through it now: the red moon behind shews trees branching across the clefts time has made in its round towers. Good night. By day, perhaps, we'll have a talk of our prose.

Amateur Gipsy. Peace be with you!
[*Exeunt into respective tents.*]

THE DAYS OF YORE!

Awake the harp that slumbers—
The merry harp of old,
And tell, in lightsome numbers,
Of England's age of gold;
When honour won the guerdon,
And merit wore the crest,
And labour, from its burden,
Found sunny spots for rest,
In the days of yore!

Oh! sing the days of glory,
When nobles graced their state
By deeds that live in story;
When every castle-gate
Was open to the *stranger*;
Then wassail flowed for all,
While songs of love and danger
Rang through the feudal hall,
In the days of yore!

Wake England's harp to glory!
It will not waken now:
She has no mighty story,
Nor garland for her brow;
No wassail-cups are flowing,
To cheer the stranger guest;
No hearth with embers glowing,
Where pilgrim feet may rest,
As in days of yore!

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOEMEN, WOODEN SHOES, FILOSOPHY, FROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

(From the Prout Papers.)

CHAPTER III.—FILOSOPHY.

"Quando Gallus cantat, Petrus flet."—*Sixtus V. Pont. Max.*

"Si de nos coqs la voix altiére
 Troubla l'héritier de St. Pierre
 Grâce aux annates aujourd'hui,
 Nos poules vont pondre pour lui."
Béranger.

"If old St. Peter on his rock
 Wept when he heard the Gallic cock,
 Has not the good French hen (God bless her!)
 Laid many an egg for his successor?"
Prout.

BEFORE we plunge with Prout into the depths of French Philosophy, we must pluck a crow with the *Sun*. Not often does it occur to us to notice a newspaper criticism; nor, indeed, in this case, should we condescend to wax angry at the discharge of the penny-a-liner's popgun, were it not that an imputation has been cast on the good father's memory, which cannot be overlooked, and *must* be wiped away. The caitiff who writes in the *Sun* has, at the instigation of Satan, thrown out a hint that these songs, and specifically his brilliant translation of "Malbrook," were written "under vinous inspiration!" A false and atrocious libel this, to use the language of Tom Duncombe, and an instance of the unparalleled audacity of the press. Great mental powers and superior cleverness are too often supposed to derive assistance from the bottle. Thus the virtue of the elder Cato (*prisci Catonis*) is most unjustifiably ascribed to potations by the giddy, unreflecting Horace; and a profane French sophist has attributed Noah's escape from the Flood to his partiality for the vine:

"Noé le patriarche,
 Si célèbre par l'arche,
 Aima fort le jus du tonneau;
 Puisqu'il planta la vigne,
 Convenez qu'était digne
 De ne point se noyer dans l'eau!"

"To have drown'd an old chap,
 Such a friend to 'the tap,'
 The Flood would have felt compunction:
 Noah owed his escape
 To his love for the grape;
 And his 'ark' was an empty puncheon."

The illustrious Queen Anne, who, like our own REGINA, encouraged literature and patronised wit, was similarly calumniated after her death, when her statue was put up where it now stands, with its back to Paul's church and its face turned towards that celebrated corner of the churchyard which in those days was a brandy-shop. Nay, was not our late dignified Lord Chancellor equally lampooned, without the slightest colour of a pretext, excepting, perhaps, "because his nose is red," and also because, instead of writing as formerly in the "bloody old *Times*," he had chosen to scribble latterly in the Blue and Yellow. Good reason has he to curse his evil genius, and to exclaim with Ovid—

"Ingenio perii Naso poeta meo!"

But to return to Prout. We were prepared, by our previous experience and our knowledge of history, for this outbreak of calumny in his case; and we knew, by a reference to the biography of Christopher Columbus, of Galileo, and of Dr. Faustus (the great inventor of the art of printing), that his intellectual superiority would raise up a host of adversaries prepared to malign him in every possible shape, and, if necessary, to accuse him of witchcraft. The writer in the *Sun* has not yet gone quite so far in his impeachment, contenting himself for the present with the assertion that the father penned "the Songs of France" to the sound of a gurgling flagon—

"Aux doux gloux gloux que fait la bouteille."

The idea is not a new one. When Demosthenes shaved his head, and spent the winter in a cellar transcribing the works of Thucydides, 'twas said of him, on his emerging into the light of the *βῆμα*, that "his speeches smelt of oil." It was stated of that locomotive knight, Sir Richard Blackmore, whose epic poem

on King Arthur is now (like Bob Montgomery's *Omnipresence*) nowhere to be found, that he

"Wrote to the rumbling of his coach-wheels."

In allusion to Byron's lameness, it was hinted by some Zoilus that he penned not a few of his verses *stans pede in uno*. Even a man's genealogy is not safe from *inuendo* and inference; for Sam Rogers having discovered, from his song, "*Le Tailleur et la Fée*," that Béranger's father was a tailor, pronounced his parentage and early impressions to be the cause why he was such a capital hand at a hem-a-stich. If a similar analogy can hold good in Tom Moore's case, it will no doubt become obvious why his compositions are so "highly spiced," his taste so "liquorish," and his muse so prodigal of "sugar-candy."

But is it come to this? must we needs, at this time of day, vindicate the holy man's character? and are we driven to take up the cudgels for his sobriety?—he, whose frugal life was proverbial, and whose zeal, backed by *personal example*, was all-powerful to win his parishioners from the seduction, of Barleycorn, and reduce them to a habit of temperance, *ad bonam frugem reducere*! He, of whom it might be predicated, that while a good conscience was the *juge convivium* of his mind, his corporeal banquet was a perpetual red-herring! *Water-cresses*, so abundant on that bleak hill, were his only luxury; for he belonged to that class of Pythagorean philosophers of whom Virgil speaks, in his description of the plague:

"Non illis epulæ nocuere repôstæ:

Frondebis et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ."—*Georg. III.*

Cicero tells us, in his Tusculan Questions (what he might have read in Xenophon), that water-cresses were a favourite diet in Persia. His words are: "*Persæ nihil ad panem adhibebant præter nasturtium*." (*Tusc. Quest. v.*, 140). I only make this remark *en passant*, as it would seem, in comparing Ireland with Tommy's "delightful province of the sun," that *round towers* and *water-cresses* are common to both countries: a matter somewhat singular, since the taste for water-grass is by no means generally diffused among European nations. Pliny, indeed (lib. xix., cap. viii.), goes so far as to state, that this herb creates an unpleasant titillation in the nose: "*Nasturtium nomen accepit à narium tormento*." But Spenser says of the native Irish, that "*wherever they found a plot of shamrocks or water-cresses, there they flocked as to a feast*."—*State of Ireland*, A.D. 1580.

When we assert that Prout was thus a model of abstemiousness, we by no means intend to convey the notion that he was inhospitable. Is not his Carousal on record in the pages of REGINA? and will it not be remembered when the feast of O'Rourke is forgotten? If a friend chanced to drop into his hut on a frosty night, he felt no more scruple in cracking with his guest a few bottles of Medoc than George Knapp, the redoubtable mayor of Cork, in demolishing, with his municipal club, a mad-dog's pericranium. Nor were his brother-clergy in that diocese less remarkable for well-ordered conviviality. Horace, in his trip to Brundisium, says, that parish-priests are only bound (on account of their poverty) to supply a stranger with a fire-side of bog-wood, and potatoes and salt—

"Suppeditant parochi quod debent ligna saleemque:"

whereas he foolishly imagines that nothing can surpass a bishop's hospitality—

"Pontificum potiore cœnia."

Were the poet now-a-days to make a trip to Cork, he would find matters managed *vice versâ*, and the advice of Paul to bishop Timothy (ch. iii.) forgotten.

From all we have said on this subject, and still more from what *we could add*, if inclined to be wrathful, Prout's calumniators may learn a lesson of forbearance and decorum. His paths are the paths of pleasantness and peace; but beware of crossing him in his walk of literature, or molesting him in his rambles through the byways of Parnassus. We are determined to protect him from assault; we are ready to fling down the gauntlet in his defence. Far be it from us to throw an apple of discord, but Prout is the apple of our eye. Let the man in "the Sun" read how Daniel O'Rourke fell from "the moon;" or rather let him recollect the Dutch ambassador's answer to the grand monarch, when Louis shewed him his own royal face painted in the disc of an emblematic "Sol": "*Je vois avec plaisir votre majesté dans le plus grand DES ASTRES*."

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Dec. 1833.

THE historian of Charles the Fifth, in that very remarkable chapter of his immortal work wherein he discourseth of the children of Loyola, in reference to which there is a paper in my chest [already published, O. Y.] takes the opportunity of manifesting his astonishment that so learned a body of men should never have produced, among crowds of poets, critics, divines, metaphysicians, orators, and astronomers, "one single philosopher!" By the ghost of Confucius! O Robertson! thou hast in that ilk made a most rare discovery! nor does it in the least disparage the value of thy mare's nest that its egg is a bit paradoxical. But as I verily believe that I have been sent into this sublunary world for the special purpose of detecting plagiarism in the most recondite recesses of the literary domain, I must accomplish my mission in the Scotch professor's case, and premise by acquainting the public, that this sagacious observation, this ingenious maggot, was first generated in the prolific brain of the notorious D'Alembert, himself an undeniable "philosopher." Every one I imagine knows what guess-sort of wiseacre France gave birth to in the person of that algebraical gentleman. I say France in general, using advisedly the *wholesale* term, as none ever knew who his parents were in *detail*, he, like myself, having graduated in a foundling hospital. By the by, it is a remarkable circumstance, which I shall record for D'Israeli "*il curioso*," that in the noble seminary *des Enfants Trouvés*, that grand metropolitan magazine for anonymous contributions, where he became learned in all the science of the Egyptians, the future geometer was only known by the name of "*Jaques le Rond*," which he exchanged in after-life for the more sonorous title of D'Alembert: not rendering himself thereby a whit more capable of finding the quadrature of the circle. To be sure, in that fancy he only imitated his illustrious fellow-labourer in the infernal vineyard, François Arouet, whom mortals call "Voltaire" by his own particular desire. Now Robertson, of the Kirk of Scotland, ought to have known, when he adopted, second-hand, the above piece of absurdity, that by

the term philosopher the French infidel meant any thing but a well-regulated, sound, and sagacious mind, reposing in calm grandeur on the rock of Revelation, and looking on with scornful pity while modern sophists go through all the drunken capers of emancipated scepticism. Does the historian, grave and thoughtful as he elsewhere ever is, mean by that passage to countenance such vagaries of human reason? or does he deem the wild mazes of the philosophic dance, in which Hobbes, Spinoza, his countrymen David Hume and Monboddo, join with Diderot, Helvetius, and D'Holbac, worthy of applause and imitation?

"Saltantes satyros imitabitur Alphesibæus!"

If such be the blissful vision of *his* philosophy, then, indeed, may we exclaim, with the judicious poet of Eton College, "'Tis folly to be wise!" But if to possess an unrivalled knowledge of human nature—if to ken with intuitive glance all the secrets of men's hearts—if to control the passions—if to gain ascendancy by sheer intellect over mankind—if to civilise the savage—if to furnish missionaries to the Indian and American hemisphere, as well as professors to the Universities of Europe, and "confessors" to the court of kings, be characteristics of genuine philosophy and mental greatness, allow me to put in a claim for the Society that is no more; the downfall of which was the signal for every evil bird of bad omen to flit abroad and pollute the world—

"Obcænicque canes, importunasque volucres."

And still, though it may sound passing strange to the ears of modern democrats, the first treatise on the grand popular dogma of the sovereignty of the people was written and published in Spain by a Jesuit. It was Father Mariana who first, in his book *De Institutione Regis*, taught the bold doctrine, that kings are but trustees for the benefit of the nation, freely developing what was timidly hinted at by Thomas Aquinas. Bayle, whom the professor will admit to the full honours of a *philosophic* chair of pestilence,* acknowledges, in sundry passages, the superior sagacity of these

* "*Cathedra pestilentie*" is the Vulgate translation of what the authorised Church-version calls the "chair of the scorner," Psalm i. 1.—O. Y.

pious men, under whom he studied at Toulouse; and if, by accumulating doubts and darkness on the truths of Christianity, he has merited to be called the cloud-compelling Jupiter among philosophers, *Νεφελώγειρος Ζεύς*, surely some of this very equivocal praise belongs to his masters; who, moreover, sent forth from their schools in Descartes, in Torricelli, and in Bossuet, sound specimens of reasoning and wisdom.

But the French character is essentially unphilosophical. Of the Greeks it has been said, what I would rather apply to our merry neighbours, that they were "a nation of children," possessing all the frolicsome wildness, all the playful attractiveness of that pleasant epoch in life, but deficient in the graver faculties of dispassionate reflection. *Ἑλλῆνες πάντες παιδικοί, γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν Ἑλλῆνων οὐδὲν*. In the reign of Louis XIV. l'Abbé Bossu gravely discusses, in his *Cours de Belles Lettres*, the question, "whether a native of Germany can possess wit?" The phlegmatic dwellers on the Danube might retort by proposing as a problem to the University of Göttingen, *An datur philosophus inter Gallos?* Certain it is, and I know them well, that the *calibre* of their mind is better adapted to receive and discharge "smallshot" than "heavy metal." That they are more calculated to shine in the imaginative, the ornamental, the refined and delicate departments of literature, than in the sober, sedate, and profound pursuits of philosophy; and it is not without reason that history tells of their ancestors, when on the point of taking the capitol, that they were foiled and discomfited by a goose.

Cicero had a great contempt for the guidance of Greek philosophers in matters appertaining to religion, thinking, with reason, that there was in the Roman gravity a more fitting disposition of mind for such important inquiries—"Cum de religione agitur, Titum Coruncanium aut Publium Scævolum, pontifices maximos, non Zenonem, aut Cleanthum, aut Chrysippum sequor." (*De Naturâ Deor.*) The terms of insulting depreciation, *Græculus* and *Græcia mendax*, are familiar to the readers of the Latin classics; and from Aristophanes we can learn, that *frogs*, a talkative, saltatory, and unsubstantial noun of multitude, was then applied to Greeks, as now-a-days to

Frenchmen. But of this more anon when I come to treat of "frogs and free-trade." I am now on the chapter of philosophy.

Vague generalities and sweeping assertions relative to national character are too much the fashion with writers of the Puckler Muskaw and Lady Morgan school: wherefore I select at once an individual illustration of my theory concerning the French; and I hope I shall not be accused of dealing unfairly towards them when I put forward as a sample the Marquis de Buffon. Of all the eloquent prose writers of France, none has surpassed in graceful and harmonious diction the great naturalist of Burgundy. His work combines two qualities rarely found in conjunction on the same happy page, viz. accurate technical information and polished elegance of style: but when he goes beyond his depth—when, tired of exquisite delineations and graphic depicting, he forsakes the "swan," the "Arabian horse," the "beaver," and the "ostrich," for "Sanconiaton, Berosus, and the cosmogony of the world," what a melancholy exhibition does he make of elaborate insanity and ingenious dotage. Not to leave Moses a leg to stand on, he sweeps away at one stroke of his pen the foundations of Genesis, and reconstructs this terra-queous planet on a new patent principle. I have been at some pains to acquire a comprehensive notion of his system, and, aided by an old Jesuit, I have succeeded in condensing the voluminous dissertation into a few lines, for the use of those who are dissatisfied with the Mosaic statement, particularly the professors at the school in Gower Street:—

1. In the beginning was the Sun, from which a splinter was shot off by chance, and that was our globe.
2. And the globe had for its nucleus melted glass, with an envelope of hot water.
3. And it began to twirl round, and became somewhat flattened at the poles.
4. Now, when the water grew cool, insects began to appear, and shell-fish.
5. And from the accumulation of shells, particularly oysters (tom i., 4to edit. p. 14), the earth was gradually formed, with ridges of mountains, on the principle of the Monte Testaccio at the gate of Rome.
6. But the melted glass kept warm for a long time, and the arctic climate was as hot in those days as the tropics

now are : witness a frozen rhinoceros found in Siberia, &c. &c. &c.

To all which discoveries no one will be so illiberal as to refuse the appropriate acclamation of "Very fine oysters!"

As I have thus furnished the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge with a compendious substitute for the

obsolete book of Genesis, I think it right also to supply the Chaldeans of Gower Street with a few notions on astronomy; wherefore I subjoin a French song on one of the most interesting phenomena of the solar system, in which effusion of some anonymous poet there is about as much wisdom as in Buffon's cosmogony.

La Théorie des Eclipses.

(Jupiter loquitur.)

Je jure le Styx qui tournoie
Dans le pays de Tartara,
Qu'à "Colin-maillard" on jouera
Or sus ! tirez au sort, qu'on voie
Lequel d'entre vous le sera.

Le bon Soleil l'avait bien dit —
Le sort lui échut en partage :
Chacun rit ; et suivant l'usage,
Aussitôt la Lune s'offrit
Pour lui voiler son beau visage.

On the Eclipse (a new theory).

For the use of the London University.

All heaven, I swear by Styx that rolls,
Its dark flood round the land of souls !
Shall play this day at "Blind man's buff."
Come, make arrangements on the spot ;
Prepare the kerchief, draw the lot —
So Jove commands ! Enough !

Lot fell on SOL : the stars were struck
At such an instance of ill luck.

Then Luna forward came,
And bound with gentle, modest hand,
O'er his bright brow the muslin band :
Hence mortals learned the game.

It would be a scandalous affair indeed, if the palm of absurdity and the bronze medal of impudence in philosophic discovery were to be awarded to Buffon, when Voltaire had announced himself as a candidate in the same field of speculation. This great man, discoursing on a similar subject, in his profound work, *Questions Encyclopédiques*, labours to remove the vulgar presumption in favour of a general deluge, derived from certain marine remains and conchylia found on the Alps and Pyrenees. He does not hesitate to trace these shells to the frequency of pilgrims returning with scollops on their hats from St. Jago di Compostello across the mountains. Here are his words, *g. e. (art. Coquil.)* : "*Si nous faisons réflexion à la foule innombrable de pèlerins qui partent à pied de St. Jaques en Galice, et de toutes les provinces, pour aller à Rome par le Mont Cénis, chargés de coquilles à leurs bonnets,*" &c. &c. — a deep and original explanation of a very puzzling geological problem, and a solution of the difficulty which would elicit from an Italian the acknowledgment, *Se non è vero, è ben' trovato*.

But let the patriarch of Ferney hide his diminished head before a late French philosophic writer, citoyen Dupuis, author of that grand and sublime work, *De l'Origine des Cultes*. This profound performance is the manual of modern deism, and deservedly has

been commemorated by a poet from Gascony; who concludes his complimentary stanzas to the illustrious author by telling him that he has at last drawn up Truth from the bottom of a well, wherein the ancients had consigned her — *vous avez tiré la vérité du puits !*

Now, it may not be uninteresting, as assuredly it will be edifying, for the British public to learn that citizen Dupuis has imagined a most simple method of explaining the rise and origin of the Christian religion, which (setting aside all the rubbish of history) he clearly shews to have been nothing more or less at its commencement than an "astronomical allegory:" Christ standing for the Sun, the twelve apostles representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, Our Lady being the constellation of Virgo, &c. &c.; just with as much ease as a future historian of these countries may convert our grand Whig cabinet into an allegorical fable, putting Lord Althorp for the sign of *Taurus*, Palmerston for the *Goat*, Ellice for *Ursa Major*, and finding in Brougham an undeniable emblem of *Scorpio*.

Volney, in his *Ruines*, seems to emulate the bold theories of Dupuis; and the grand conclusion at which all these worthies arrive, by the devious and labyrinthine paths they severally tread, — whether, with Lamettrie, they adopt plain materialism, or, with Condillac, hint at the possibility of *matter* being capable of *thought*, or, with

Diderot, find no difference between man and a dog but the clothes (*Vie de Sénèque*)—is, emancipation from all moral tie, and contempt for all existing institutions. Their disciples fill the galleys in France, and cause our own Botany Bay to present all the agreeable varieties of a philosophical *hortus siccus*. But Ireland has produced a specimen of consummate proficiency in the grand fundamental maxims of utilitarianism and philo-

sophy, exemplified in the calm composure, dignified tranquillity, and instructive self-possession with which death may be encountered after a life of usefulness. For the benefit and comfort of our allies the French, I have taken some pains to initiate them, through the medium of a translation, into the workings of an Irish mind unfettered by conscientious scruples on the threshold of eternity.

The Death of Socrates.

By the Rev. Robert Burrowes, Dean of St. Finbar's Cathedral, Cork.

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched —
They sweated their duds till they ris it:
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the
squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"'Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I,
"I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble!"
"Hould your tongue in that matter,"
says he;
"For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton:
All for what? 'kase his courage was
good!"

The boys they came crowding in fast;
They drew their stools close round
about him;
Six glims round his trap-case they placed—
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
And all by the clargy invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they
played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
The lad being aasily heated.
"So ye chates me bekase I'm in grief!
O! is that, by the Holy, the reason?
Soon I'll give you to know, you d—d
thief!
That you're cracking your jokes out of
season,
And scuttle your nob with my fist."

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil.

La Mort de Socrate.

Par l'Abbé de Prout, Curé du Mont-aux-Cressons, près de Cork.

A la veille d'être pendu,
Notr' Laurent reçut dans sa gîte,
Honneur qui lui était bien dû,
De nombreux amis la visite;
Car chacun savait que Laurent
A son tour rendrait la pareille,
Chapeau, montre, et veste engageant,
Pour que l'ami put boire bouteille,
Ni faire, à gosier sec, le saut.

"Hélas, notre garçon!" lui dia-je,
"Combien je regrette ton sort!
Te voilà fleur, que sur sa tige
Moissonne la cruelle mort!"—
"Au diable," dit-il, "le roi George!
Ca me fait la valeur d'un bouton;
Devant le boucher qui l'égorge,
Je serai comme un doux mouton,
Et saurai montrer du courage!"

Des amis déjà la cohorte
Remplissait son étroit réduit;
"Six chandelles, ho! qu'on apporte,
Donnons du lustre à cette nuit!"
Alors je cherchai à connaître
S'il s'était dûment repenti?
"Bah! c'est les fourberies des prêtres;
Les gredins, ils en ont menti,
Et leurs contes d'enfer sont faux!"

L'on demande les cartes. Au jeu
Laurent voit un larron qui triche;
D'honneur tout rempli, il prend feu,
Et d'un bon coup de poign l'affiche.
"Ha, coquin! de mon dernier jour
Tu croyais profiter, peut-être;
Tu oses me jouer ce tour!
Prends ça pour ta peine, vil traître!
Et apprend à te bien conduire."

Quand nous eûmes cessé nos ébats,
Laurent, en ce triste repaire,
Pour le disposer au trépas,
Voit entrer Monsieur le Vicaire.

Then raising a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing he said,
"O! the hemp will be soon round
my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to
death!"

So mournful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my own part, I thought my heart broke
To see him cut down like a flower!
On his travels we watched him next day,
O, the hangman I thought I could kill
him!
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed till he came to King
William:
Och, my dear! then his colour
turned white!

When he came to the nubbling ohit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler juggled off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at Dalky we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground-sweet.

There has been an attempt by Victor Hugo to embody into a book the principles of Stoic philosophy which Larry herein propounds to his associates; and the French poet has spun out into the shape of a long yarn, called "*Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," what my friend Dean Burrowes had so ably condensed in his immortal ballad. But I suspect that Addison's tragedy of *Cato* furnished the original hint, in the sublime soliloquy about suicide—

"It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well;"

unless we trace the matter as far back as Hamlet's conversation with the grave-digger.

The care and attention with which "the boys" paid the last funeral honours to the illustrious dead, anxious to testify their adhesion to the doctrines of the defunct philosopher by a glorious "wake," remind me of the pomp and ceremony with which the *sans culottes* of Paris conveyed the carcass of Voltaire and the ashes of Jean Jaques to the Panthéon in 1794. The wholesale cut-throat Marat was subsequently added by the same lads to the goodly collection of relics therein gathered; and never was there an inscription so well deserved as that which blazed on the front of that temple's gorgeous portico—

Après un sinistre regard,
Le front de sa main il se frotte,
Disant tout haut, "Venex plus tard!"
Et tout bas, "Vilain calotte!"
Puis son verre il vida deux fois.

Lors il parla de l'échafaud,
Et de sa dernière cravate;
Grands dieux! que ça paraissait beau
De le voir mourir en Socrate!
Le trajet en chantant il fit—
La chanson point ne fut un pœume;
Mais palit un peu quand il vit
La statue du Roy Guillaume—
Les pendants n'aiment pas ce roi!

Quand fut au bout de son voyage,
Le gibet fut prêt en un olin;
Mourant il tourna le visage
Vers la bonne ville de Dublin.
Il dansa la carmagnole,
Et mourut comme fit Malbrook;
Puis nous enterrâmes le drôle
Au cimetière de Donnybrook.
Que son ame-y-soit en repos!

"Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"

The *Confessions* of Rousseau had stamped him a thorough vagabond; and the *Pucelle* of Voltaire, by combining an outrage on morals with a sneer at the purest and most exalted instance of romantic patriotism on record in his own or any other country, had eminently entitled the writer to be "waked" by the most ferocious ruffians that ever rose from the kennel to trample on all the decencies of life, and riot in all the beatitude of democracy.

There was a man in those days who deserved to live in better times; but, carried away by the frenzy of the season (for "madness ruled the hour"), he had voted for the death of Louis XVI. That man was the painter David, then a member of the Convention; subsequently the imperial artist, whose glorious picturings of "The Passage of the Alps by Bonaparte," of "The Spartans at Thermopylæ," and "The Emperor in his Coronation Robes," shed such radiance on his native land. The Bourbons had the bad taste not only to enforce the act of proscription in his case while he lived, but to prohibit his dead body from being interred in the French territory. His tomb is in Brussels, but his paintings form the

ornament of the Louvre; and he has been fortunate enough to be sung by Béranger, thus doubly certain of immortality.

Le Convoi de David, Peintre de l'Empereur, ex-membre de la Convention.

Air—"De Roland."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Crie un soldat sur la frontière,
A ceux qui de David, hélas!
Rapportaient chez nous la poussière.
"Soldat," disent-ils dans leur deuil,
"Proscrit-on aussi sa mémoire?
Quoi, vous repoussez son cercueil!
Et vous hérites de sa gloire!"

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Dit le soldat avec furie.—
"Soldat, ses yeux jusqu'au trépas
Se sont tournés vers la patrie;
Il en soutenait la splendeur
Du fond d'un exil qui l'honore:
C'est par lui que notre grandeur
Sur la toile respire encore."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Redit plus bas la sentinelle.—
"Le peintre de Leonidas
Dans la liberté n'a vu qu'elle:
On lui dut le noble appareil
Des jours de joie et d'espérance,
Où les beaux arts à leur réveil
Fétaient le réveil de la France."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Dit le soldat. "C'est ma consigne."
"Du plus grand de tous les soldats
Il fut le peintre le plus digne.
A l'aspect de l'aigle si fier,
Plein d'Homère, et l'âme exaltée,
David crut peindre Jupiter—
Hélas! il peignit Prométhée."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Dit le soldat, devenu triste.—
"Le héros après cent combats
Succombe, et l'on proscrit l'artiste!
Chez l'étranger la mort l'atteint—
Qu'il dut trouver sa coupe amère:
Aux cendres d'un génie éteint,
France! tends les bras d'une mère."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Dit la sentinelle attendrie.—
"Eh bien, retournons sur nos pas!
Adieu, terre qu'il a chérie!
Les arts ont perdu le flambeau
Qui fit pâlir l'éclat de Rome!
Allons mendier un tombeau
Pour les restes de ce grand homme!"

The Obsequies of David the Painter, ex-member of the National Convention.

The pass is barred! "Fall back!" cries the guard; "cross not the French frontier!"
As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.
For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide,
That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banished regicide!
"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his children to the guard;
Let his noble art plead on his part—let a grave be his reward!
France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor the aid of his pencil scorned;
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorned!"

"That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!" said the frontier sentinelle.
"But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!" cried the mourners, in their turn.
"Oh! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn:
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mont Gothard,
Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse!—let a grave be his reward!
For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her:
Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendour!"

"Ye cannot pass," said the guard, "alas! (for tears bedimmed his eyes)
Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise."
"Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake," cried the mourners once again:
"Her favourite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men;
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ?
Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired:
Let his passport be the memory of the valour he inspired!"

"Ye cannot pass."—"Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave—
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave;
Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake, whom he gloried to portray
With crown and palm at Notre Dame on his coronation-day.
Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving his own woes:
He drew that scene—nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a little while,
And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a lonely isle!"

"I am charged, alas, not to let you pass," said the sorrowing sentinelle ;
 "His destiny must also be a foreign grave!"—"Tis well!—
 Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest,
 And to bear away his banished clay from the land that he loved best.
 But let us hence!—Sad recompence for the lustre that he cast,
 Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
 Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless my mind doth err);
 And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!"

How poor and pitiful the attempt to
 crush the fame of such a man, or to
 visit on his coffin the error of his poli-
 tical career! There is a sympathy in
 our nature that rises in arms against any
 act of persecution that vents itself upon
 the dead; and genius in exile has ever

excited interest and compassion. This
 feeling has been admirably worked
 upon by a poet every way inferior to
 Béranger, but who in the following
 effusion has surpassed himself, and
 given utterance to some of the noblest
 lines in the French language.

LA GLOIRE.

A un Poète exilé, par Alphonse de l' Martine.

Généreux, favoris des filles de mémoire!
 Deux sentiers différents devant vous vont s'ouvrir —
 L'un conduit au bonheur, l'autre mène à la gloire :
 Mortels, il faut choisir.
 Ton sort, O Manoël! suivit la loi commune :
 La muse t'enivra de précoces faveurs ;
 Tes jours furent tissés de gloire et d'infortune,
 Et tu verses des pleurs!
 Rougis, plutôt rougis, d'envier au vulgaire,
 Le stérile repos dont son cœur est jaloux ;
 Les dieux ont fait pour lui tous les biens de la terre,
 Mais la lyre est à nous.
 Les siècles sont à toi, le monde est ta patrie ;
 Quand nous ne sommes plus, notre ombre a des autels,
 Où le juste avenir prépare à ton génie
 Des honneurs immortels.
 Oui, la gloire t'attend ! mais arrête et contemple
 A quel prix on pénètre en ces parvis sacrés ;
 Vois l'Infortune assise à la porte du temple,
 En garde les degrés.
 Ici c'est ce vieillard que l'ingrate Ionie
 A vu de mers en mers promener ses malheurs ;
 Aveugle, il mendiait, au prix de son génie,
 Un pain mouillé de pleurs.
 Là le Tasse, brûlé d'une flamme fatale,
 Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour,
 Quand il va recueillir la palme triomphale,
 Descend au noir séjour.
 Par-tout des malheureux, des proscrits, des victimes,
 Luttant contre le sort, ou contre les bourreaux ;
 On dirait que le ciel aux cœurs plus magnanimes
 Mésure plus de maux.
 Impose donc silence aux plaintes de ta lyre —
 Des cœurs nés sans vertu l'infortune est l'écueil ;
 Mais toi, roi détrôné, que ton malheur t'inspire
 Un généreux orgueil.
 Que t'importe, après tout, que cet ordre barbare
 T'enchaîne loin des bords qui furent ton berceau ?
 Que t'importe en quel lieu le destin te prépare
 Un glorieux tombeau ?
 Ni l'exil ni le fer de ces tyrans du Tage
 N'enchaîneront ta gloire aux bords où tu mourras :
 Lisbonne la réclame, et voilà l'héritage
 Que tu lui laisseras.
 Ceux qui l'ont méconnu pleureront le grand homme :
 Athènes à des proscrits ouvre son Panthéon ;
 Coriolan expire, et les enfans de Rome
 Revendiquent son nom.

Aux rivages des morts avant que de descendre,
Ovide leve au ciel ses suppliantes mains ;
Aux Sarmates barbares il a l'égue sa cendre,
Et sa gloire aux Romains.

*Consolation addressed by La Martine to his friend and brother-post, Manoël,
banished from Lisbon.*

If your bosom beats high, if your pulse quicker grows,
When in visions ye fancy the wreath of the muse,
There's the path to renown—there's the path to repose—
Ye must choose! ye must choose!

Manoël, thus the destiny rules thy career,
And thy life's web is woven with glory and wo ;
Thou wert nursed on the lap of the muse, and thy tear
Will unceasingly flow.

O, my friend ! do not envy the vulgar their joys,
Nor the pleasures to which their low nature is prone ;
Far a nobler ambition our leisure employs—

Oh, the lyre is our own !

And the future is ours ! for in ages to come,
The admirers of genius an altar will raise
To the poet ; and Fame, till her trumpet is dumb,
Shall re-echo our praise.

Poet ! Glory awaits thee ; her temple is thine ;
But there's *one* who keeps vigil, if entrance you claim :
'Tis Misfortune ! she sits in the porch of the shrine,
Pale door-keeper to Fame !

Saw not Greece an old man like a pilgrim arrayed,
With his tale of old Troy, and a staff in his hand,
Beg his bread at the door of each hut, as he strayed
Through his own classic land ?

And because he had loved, though unwisely, yet well ;
And because his wild brain was by poetry fired,
Hath not Italy blushed for the maniac's cell
Where her Tasso expired ?

Hand in hand Wo and Genius must walk here below,
And the chalice of bitterness, mixed for mankind,
Must be quaffed by us all ; but its waters o'erflow
For the noble of mind.

Then the heave of thy heart's indignation keep down ;
Be the voice of lament never wrung from thy pride ;
Leave to others the weakness of grief ; take renown
With endurance allied.

Let them banish far off and proscribe (for they can)
Saddened Portugal's son from his dear native plains,
But no tyrant can place the free soul under ban,
Or the spirit in chains.

No ! the frenzy of faction, though hateful, though strong,
From the banks of the Tagus can't banish thy fame :
Still the halls of old Lisbon shall ring with thy song
And resound with thy name.

When Florence her Dante's attainder reversed,
Of her civil dissensions she cursed the hyena,
For scaring the music he wildly rehearsed
To the woods of Ravenna !

Read the testament Ovid composed, ere he breathed
His last sigh, far away from his kindred and home :
To the Scythians his ashes he left, but bequeathed
All his glory to Rome.

Never does poetry assume a loftier
tone than when it becomes the vehicle
of calm philosophy or generous con-
dolence with human sufferings ; but

when honest patriotism swells the note
and exalts the melody, the effect on a
feeling heart is truly delightful. [List
to Béranger.

Le Violon brisé.

Viens, mon chien ! viens, ma pauvre bête !
Mange, malgré mon désespoir.
Il me reste un gâteau de fête —
Demain nous aurons du pain noir !

Les étrangers, vainqueurs par ruse,
M'ont dit hier, dans ce vallon !
"Fais-nous danser !" moi je refuse ;
L'un d'eux brise mon violon.

C'était l'orchestre du village !
Plus de fêtes, plus d'heureux jours,
Qui fera danser sous l'ombrage ?
Qui réveillera les amours ?

Sa corde vivement pressée
Dès l'aurore d'un jour bien doux
Annonçait à la fiancée
Le cortège du jeune époux.

Aux curés qui l'osaient entendre
Nos danses causaient moins d'effroi ;
La gaieté qu'il sçavait répandre
Eut déridé le front d'un roi.

S'il préluda dans notre gloire
Aux chants qu'elle nous inspirait,
Sur lui jamais pouvais-je croire
Que l'étranger se vengerait ?

Combien, sous l'ombre ou dans la grange
Le Dimanche va sembler long !
Dieu benira-t-il la vendange
Qu'on ouvrira sans violon ?

Il délassait des longs ouvrages ;
Du pauvre étourdissait les maux ;
Des grands, des impôts, des orages,
Lui seul consolait nos hameaux.

Les haines il les faisait taire,
Les pleurs amers il les séchait ;
Jamais sceptre n'a fait sur terre
Autant de bien que mon archet.

Mais l'ennemi, qu'il faut qu'on chasse,
M'a rendu le courage aisé ;
Qu'en mes mains un mousquet remplace
Le violon qu'il a brisé !

Tant d'amis dont je me sépare
Diront un jour, si je parais,
"Il n'a point voulu qu'un barbare
Dansât gaiement sur nos débris !"

Viens, mon chien ! viens, ma pauvre bête !
Mange, malgré mon désespoir.
Il me reste un gâteau de fête —
Demain nous aurons du pain noir !

The French Fiddler's Lamentation.

My poor dog ! here ! of yesterday's festival cake
Eat the sad remains in sorrow ;
For when next a repast you and I shall make,
It will be on brown bread, which, for charity's sake,
Your master must beg or borrow.

Of these strangers the presence and pride in France
Is to me a perfect riddle ;
They have conquered, no doubt, by some fatal chance —
For they haughtily said, " You must play us a dance !"
I refused — and they broke my fiddle !

Of our village the orchestra crushed at one stroke,
By that savage insult perished !
And 'twas then that our pride felt the strangers' yoke,
When the insolent hand of a foreigner broke
What our hearts so dearly cherished.

For whenever our youth heard it merrily sound,
A flood of gladness shedding,
At the dance on the green they were sure to be found ;
And its music assembled the neighbours around
To the village maiden's wedding.

By the priest of the parish its note was pronounced
To be innocent " *after service* ;"
And gaily the wooden-shoe'd peasantry bounced
On the bright Sabbath-day, as they danced undenounced
By pope, or bonze, or dervish.

How dismally slow will the Sabbath now run,
Without fiddle, or flute, or tabor —
How sad is the harvest when music there's none —
How sad is the vintage *sans* fiddle begun —
How can Heaven smile now on our labour !

In that fiddle a solace for grief we had got ;
'Twas of peace the best preceptor ;

For its sound made all quarrels subside on the spot,
And its bow went much farther to soothe our hard lot
Than the crosier or the sceptre.

But a truce to my grief!—for an insult so base
A new pulse in my heart has awoken!
That affront I'll revenge on their insolent race;
Gird a sword on my thigh—let a musket replace
The fiddle their hand has broken.

My friends, if I fall, my old corpse in the crowd
Of slaughtered martyrs viewing,
Shall say, while they wrap my cold limbs in a shroud,
" 'Twas not his fault if some a barbarian allowed
To dance on our country's ruin!"

It would be a pity, while we are in
the patriotic strain of sentiment, to
allow the feelings to cool; so, to use a
technical phrase, we shall *keep the*
steam up, by flinging into the already

kindled furnace of generous emotions
a truly national ballad, by Casimir
Delavigne, concerning a well-known
anecdote of the late revolution, July,
1830.

Le Chien du Louvre.

Casimir Delavigne.

Passant, que ton front se découvre—
Là plus d'un brave est endormi!
Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre,
Un peu de pain pour son ami!

C'était le jour de la bataille,
Il s'élança sous la mitraille,
Son chien suivit;
Le plomb tous deux vint les atteindre—
Est-ce le martyr qu'il faut plaindre?
Le chien survit.

Morne, vers le brave il se penche,
L'appelle, et de sa tête blanche
Le caressant;
Sur le corps de son frère d'armes
Laisse couler ses grosses larmes
Avec son sang.

Gardien du tertre funéraire,
Nul plaisir ne peut le distraire
De son ennui;
Et fuyant la main qui l'attire,
Avec tristesse il semble dire,
"Ce n'est pas lui!"

Quand sur ces touffes d'immortelles
Brillent d'humides étincelles,
Au point du jour,
Son œil se ranime, il se dresse
Pour que son maître le caresse
À son retour.

Aux vents des nuits, quand la couronne
Sur la croix du tombeau frissonne,
Pendant l'espoir,
Il veut que son maître l'entende—
Il gronde, il pleure, et lui demande
L'adieu du soir.

Si la neige avec violence
De ses flocons couvre en silence
Le lit de mort,
VOL. X. NO LX.

The Dog of the "Three Days."

A Ballad, September 1831.

With gentle tread, with uncover'd head.
Pass by the Louvre gate,
Where buried lie the "men of JULY!"
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog, they say,
On that awful day,
Had rushed with his master on:
They both fought well;
But the master fell—
And behold the surviving one!

By his lifeless clay,
Shaggy and grey,
His fellow-soldier stood:
Nor moved beyond,
But mingled, fond,
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps
By those green heaps,
That tell where heroes be;
No passer by
Can attract his eye,
For he knows "it is not *he*!"

At the dawn, when dew
Wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet
The coming feet
Of him whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood-cross,
When the chaplets toss
By the blasts of midnight shaken,
How he howleth! hark!
From that dwelling dark
The slain he would fain awaken.

When the snow comes fast
On the chilly blast,
Blanching the bleak churchyard,

Il pousse un cri lugubre et tendre,
Et s'y couche pour le défendre
Des vents du nord.

Avant de fermer la paupière
Il fait pour soulever la pierre
Un vain effort ;
Puis il se dit comme la veille,
" Il m'appellera s'il s'éveille "—
Puis il s'endort.

La nuit il rêve barricades—
Son maître est sous la fusillade,
Couvert de sang ;
Il l'entend qui sifle dans l'ombre,
Se lève et saute après son ombre
En gémissant.

C'est là qu'il attend d'heure en heure,
Qu'il aime, qu'il souffre, qu'il pleure,
Et qu'il mourra.
Quel fut son nom ! C'est un mystère ;
Jamais la voix qui lui fut chère
Ne le dira !

Passant ! que ton front se découvre !
Là plus d'un brave est endormi ;
Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre,
Un peu de pain pour son ami !

With limbs outspread
On the dismal bed
Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
With main and might,
He strives to raise the stone :
Short respite takes—
" If master wakes,
He'll call me "—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet-blades,
Of barricades,
And guns, he dreameth most ;
Starts from his dream,
And then would seem
To eye a bleeding ghost.

He'll linger there
In sad despair,
And die on his master's grave.
His name ? 'Tis known
To the dead alone—
He's the dog of the nameless brave !

A tear for the dead ! for the dog some
bread,
Ye who pass the Louvre gate !
Where buried lie the men of July,
And flowers are flung by the passer-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

When Diderot wrote that celebrated sentence, that *he* saw no difference between himself and a dog but the clothes, he, no doubt, thought he conferred a compliment on the dumb animal. I rather suspect, knowing the nature of a thoroughbred French philosopher, that the balance of dignity inclined the other way. Certain I am, that any thing like honest, manly, or affectionate feeling never had place in the breast of a contributor to the *Encyclopédie*, or a writer of irreligious and indecent romances.

What though the pen of some among these sophists could occasionally trace eloquent words, and produce specimens of impassioned language in the advocacy of their disastrous theories, still

do they leave on the mind the impression of self-degraded and self-debased intellect, than which nothing can be more dismal ; and these outbursts of talented blasphemy only remind one of the Neapolitan imagery conjured up by the poet for a different purpose, being

" Like the verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom."

It is with anguish and unaffected sorrow that I find the noble faculties of my favourite Béranger now and then prostituted to similar villanies ; but in the following majestic ode he has clothed the sublimest philosophy in the most eloquent diction.

Les Etoiles qui filent.

Béranger, Janvier 1820.

" Berger ! tu dis que notre étoile
Règle nos jours, et brille aux cieux ?"
" Oui, mon enfant ! mais de son voile
La nuit la dérobe à nos yeux."
" Berger ! sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret ;
Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

The Shooting Stars.

Translation, December 1833.

" Shepherd ! they say that a star presides
Over life ?"—" 'Tis a truth, my son !
But its secrets from men the firmament
hides,
Except for some favour'd one."
" Shepherd ! they say that a link unbroken
Connects our fate with some favourite
star ;
O ! what may yon shooting light betoken,
That falls, falls, and is quenched afar ?"

"Mon enfant, un mortel expire !
 Son étoile tombe à l'instant ;
 Entre amis que la joie inspire
 Celui-ci buvait en chantant.
 Heureux, il s'endort immobile
 Anprès du vin qu'il célébrait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon enfant ! qu'elle est pure et belle !
 C'est celle d'un objet charmant ;
 Fille heureuse ! amante fidèle !
 On l'accorde au plus tendre amant :
 Des fleurs ceignent son front nubile,
 Et de l'Hymen l'autel est prêt."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon fils ! c'est l'étoile rapide
 D'un très-grand seigneur nouveau-né ;
 Le berceau qu'il a laissé vide
 D'or et de pourpre était orné :
 Des poisons qu'un flatteur distille,
 C'était à qui le nourrirait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon enfant, quel éclair sinistre !
 C'était l'astre d'un favori,
 Que se croyait un grand ministre,
 Quand de nos maux il avait ri.
 Ceux qui servaient ce dieu fragile
 Ont déjà caché son portrait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon fils, quels pleurs sont les nôtres !
 D'un riche nous perdons l'appui :
 L'indigence glane chez les autres,
 Mais elle moissonnait chez lui !
 Ce soir même, sûr d'un asyle,
 A son toit le pauvre accourait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"C'est celle d'un puissant monarque !
 Va, mon fils ! garde ta candeur ;
 Et que ton étoile ne marque
 Par l'éclat ni par la grandeur.
 Si tu brillais sans être utile,
 A ton dernier jour on dirait,
 'Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît !'"

"The death of a mortal, my son, who held
 In his banqueting-hall high revel ;
 And his music was sweet, and his wine
 excelled,
 And life's path seemed long and level :
 No sign was given, no word was spoken,
 When his pleasure Death came to mar."
 "But what does yon milder light betoken,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched as far ?"

"'Tis the knell of beauty ! it marks the
 close
 Of a pure and gentle maiden ;
 And her cheek was warm with its bridal
 rose,
 And her brow with its bride-wreath
 laden :
 The thousand hopes young love had woken
 Lie crushed, and her dream is past."
 "But what can yon rapid light betoken,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched so fast ?"

"'Tis the emblem, my son, of quick decay !
 'Tis a rich lord's child newly born :
 The cradle that holds an inanimate clay,
 Gold, purple, and silk adorn ;
 But the panders prepared through life to
 haunt him
 Must seek some one else in his room."
 "Look, now ! what can mean yon dismal
 phantom
 That falls, falls, and is lost in gloom ?"

"There, my son ! I can see the guilty
 thought
 Of a haughty statesman fail,
 WHO THE POOR MAN'S COMFORTS STERNLY
 SOUGHT
 TO PLUNDER OR TO CURTAIL.
 See ! his former sycophants have cursed
 Their idol's base endeavour."
 "But watch the light that now has burst,
 Falls, falls, and is quenched for ever !"

"What a loss, O my son, was there !
 Where shall hunger now seek relief ?
 The poor, who are gleaners elsewhere,
 Could reap in his field full sheaf !
 On the evening he died, his door
 Was thronged with a weeping crowd."
 "Look, shepherd ! there's one star more
 That falls, and is quenched in a cloud !"

"'Tis a monarch's star ! But oh ! pre-
 serve
 Thy innocence, my child !
 Nor from thy fixed condition swerve,
 But there shine calm and mild.
 Of your star, if the sterile ray
 For no useful purpose shone,
 At your death, 'See the star,' they'd say,
 It falls ! falls ! is past and gone !'"

The philosophic humour of the next ballad is not in so magnificent a vein ; but good sense and excellent wisdom it most assuredly containeth. I make no apology in these Utilitarian days for

introducing especially to Lord Gode-
 rich's notice a commendatory poem on a
 much abused and unjustly depreciated
 branch of the feathered family. Here
 then followeth—

Les Oies (1810).

Des chansonniers damoiseaux
J'abandonne les voies ;
Quittant bosquets et réseaux,
Je chante au lieu des oiseaux—
Les oies !

Rossignol en vain là bas
Ton gosier se déploie ;
Malgré tes brillants appas,
En broche tu ne vaux pas
Une oie !

Strasbourg tire vanité
De ses pâtés de foie :
Cette superbe cité
Ne doit sa prospérité
Qu'aux oies !

On peut faire un bon repas
D'ortolans, de lamproies—
Mais Paris n'en produit pas ;
Il s'y trouve à chaque pas
Des oies !

Si Thémis seule est pour toi,
Plaideur tu te Fourvoies ;
Patelin prouve pour moi
Qu'il faut à nos gens de loi
Des oies.

Les Grecs, d'un commun aven,
S'ennuyaient devant Troie ;
Pour les amuser un peu,
Ulysse inventa le jeu
De l'oie.

Sur un aigle, au vol brutal,
Jupiter nous foudroie :
Il nous ferait moins de mal
S'il choisissait pour cheval
Une oie.

Wisdom speaketh sometimes enig-
matically, and openeth her mouth in
parables; hence the oriental fashion of
conveying a sober truth by allegorical
narrative is occasionally (and always
gracefully) adopted by the poets of

A Panegyric on Geese (1810).

I hate to sing your hackney'd birds—
So, doves and swans, a truce !
Your nests have been too often stirred ;
My hero shall be—in a word—
A goose !

The nightingale, he calls "bulbul,"
By Tommy Moore let loose,
Is grown intolerably dull—
I from the feathered nation cull
A goose !

Can roasted Philomel a liver
Fit for a pie produce ;
Those pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
Fair Strasbourg bakes. But who's the giver ?
A goose !

An ortolan is good to eat,
A partridge is of use ;
But they are scarce—whereas you meet
At Paris, ay, in every street,
A goose !

Going to law is very pleasant,
And a sure sign of "New ;"
But if you cannot get a pheasant
To give the judge, be then your present
A goose.

When tired of war the Greeks became,
They pitched Troy to the deuce,
Ulysses, then, was not to blame
For teaching them the noble "game
Of goose."

May Jupiter and Bonaparte,
Of thunder less profuse,
Suffer their eagles to depart,
Encourage peace, and take to heart
A goose.

France, one of whom has left us this
pretty line, containing in itself the pre-
cept and the exemplification :

"L'allegorie habité un palais diaphane !"

Here is one concerning Love and his
arch-enemy Time, by Count de Segur.

Le Tems et l'Amour.

A voyager passant sa vie,
Certain vieillard, nommé le Tems,
Près d'un fleuve arrive et s'écrie,
"Prenez pitié de mes vieux ans !
Eh, quoi ! sur ces bords l'on m'oublie—
Moi, qui compte tous les instans ?
Jeunes bergères ! je vous prie
Venez, venez, passer le Tems !"

De l'autre côté, sur la plage,
Plus d'une fille regardait,
Et voulait aider son passage
Sur une barque qu'Amour guidait ;
Mais l'une d'elles, bien plus sage,
Leur répétait ces mots prudens—
"Ah, souvent on a fait naufrage
En cherchant à passer le Tems !"

Amour gaiment pousse au rivage—
Il aborde tout près du Tems ;
Et lui propose le voyage,
L'embarque, et s'abandonne aux vents.
Agitant ses rames légères,
Il dit et redit en ses chants—
"Vous voyez, jeunes bergères,
Que l'Amour fait passer le Tems !"

Mais l'Amour bientôt se lasse,
Ce fut là toujours son défaut ;
Le Tems prend la rame à sa place,
Et dit, "Quoi ! quitter sitôt ?
Pauvre enfant, quelle est ta foiblesse !
Tu dors, et je chante à mon tour
Ce vieux refrain de la sagesse,
Le Tems fait passer l'Amour !"

Time and Love.

Old TIME is a pilgrim — with onward course
 He journeys for months and for years ;
 But the traveller to-day must halt perforce —
 Behold, a broad river appears !
 " Pass me over," Time cried ; " O ! tarry not,
 For I reckon each hour with my glass ;
 Ye, whose skiff is moored to yon pleasant spot —
 Young maidens, old TIME come and pass !"

Many maids saw with pity, upon the bank,
 The old man with his glass in grief ;
 Their kindness, he said, he would ever thank,
 If they'd row him across in their skiff.
 But while some wanted LOVE to unmoor the bark,
 One more wise told her thought sublime :
 " Oft shipwrecks occur," was the maid's remark,
 " When you're seeking to pass old TIME !"

From the strand the small skiff LOVE pushed afloat —
 Soon he crossed to the pilgrim's side,
 And taking old TIME in his well-trimmed boat,
 Dipt his oars in the flowing tide.
 Sweetly he sung as he worked at the oar,
 And oh ! this was his merry song —
 " Do you see, young maidens who crowd the shore,
 How with LOVE Time passes along ?"

But soon the poor boy of his task grew tired,
 As he often had done before ;
 And faint from his toil, for mercy desired
 Father TIME to take up the oar.
 In his turn grown tuneful, the pilgrim old
 With the paddles resumed the lay ;
 But he changed it and sung, " Young maids, behold
 How with TIME Love passes away !"

And I now close this third paper on the *Songs of France* by an ode equal to any ever produced on the subject, and surpassed in no language ancient or modern. Its author was a contemporary of the philosophic gang alluded to throughout this essay, and was frequently the object of their paltry sar-

casms, because he despised their infidel theories and kept aloof from their coteries. He is known by a splendid panegyric on Marcus Aurelius. I give this ode, merely observing that my heart and soul go with the author through every line of his magnificent composition.

Ode au Temps.

Si je devais un jour pour de viles
 richesses
 Vendre ma liberté, descendre à des
 bassesses —
 Si mon cœur par mes sens devait être
 amolli —
 O Temps, je te dirais, hâte ma dernière
 heure,
 Hâte-toi que je meure :
 J'aime mieux n'être pas que de vivre
 avili.

Mais si de la vertu les généreuses
 flammes
 Doivent de mes écrits passer en quelques
 âmes —

Ode to Time.

If my mind's independence one day I'm
 to sell,
 If with Vice in her pestilent bowers I'm
 to dwell —
 Then in mercy, I pray thee,
 O TIME !
 E'er that day of disgrace and dishonour
 comes on,
 Let my life be cut short ! — better, better
 be gone
 Than live here on the wages of
 crime !

But if yet I'm to kindle a flame in the
 soul
 Of the noble and free — if my voice can
 console,

Si je dois d'un ami consoler les malheurs—

S'il est des malheureux dont l'obscur indigence

Languisse sans défense,
Et dont ma faible main doit essayer les pleurs,—

O Temps, suspends ton vol ! respecte ma jeunesse !

Que ma mère long-tems, témoin de ma tendresse,

Reçoive mes tributs de respect et d'amour !

Et vous, GLOIRE ! VERTU ! déesses immortelles,

Que vos brillantes ailes

Sur mes cheveux blanchis se reposent un jour !

In the day of despondency, some—
If I'm destined to write in the poor man's defence—

IF MY WRITINGS CAN FORCE FROM THE NATIONAL SENSE

AN ENACTMENT OF JOY FOR HIS HOME,—

Time ! retard thy departure ! and linger a while—

Let my "songs" still awake of my mother the smile—

Of my sister the joy, as she sings.
But, O GLOWY and VIRTUE ! your care

I engage ;
When I'm old—when my head shall be

silvered with age,

Come and shelter my brow with your wings !

AN AUTUMN IN THE NORTH.

CHAP. III.

WE admit it, sir, fully—you are quite right in what you say. We never did behold any portion of lowland scenery worthy of being compared with this. That plain towards the east, traversed by the "windings of the Forth," surpasses in beauty and fertility all that our imagination had conceived ; while westward, if there be somewhat less of water, there is more of wood, with a boundary in the Grampians than which nature never formed any more striking. Still, you must pardon us if we add, that, beautiful as the panorama is, it does not affect us with the same tumultuous sensations which we experienced during our passage from New-haven. We feel now like men who gaze upon one of Claude's landscapes ; pleased, yet not violently so—soothed rather than agitated. Then we were entranced. No doubt, the light and shade on those green hills to the north is something not to be equalled elsewhere. See how the hues vary as the thin white clouds roll onwards—now this ridge is in shadow, now that ; and anon the full yellow blaze of the mid-day sun falls strongly over both. And then, as our vision sweeps eastward, along the base of the range, from lordly Kier to Alva in the distance, it is impossible to deny that a more exquisite intermixture of wood and water, of corn-field and pasturage, of gentlemen's seats, farm-houses, and scattered villages, never wooed the eye

of the traveller to pause in its wanderings. Therefore we readily grant that we never did behold a parallel to what is here ; and as readily perceive why the good people of Stirling should be proud of their town and its localities.

But we have mistaken the matter somewhat. You are not entirely swayed by a consideration of external beauty. You have other reasons for your *amor patriæ*—to be sure you have. You live in the midst of things and places, every one of which is sanctified by its association with the events of the olden time. There lies the King's Park, for example, for ages the favourite hunting-ground of the Scottish monarchs ; and nearer still, at the base of the castle rock, is the King's Nott, their amphitheatre when they found it convenient to witness the rude sports of their lieges, their terraced garden when they chose to be alone. Upon the elbow of the rock itself, too, is the valley, the arena of many a knightly joust and mortal duel ; while beyond is the Lady's Hill, upon which fair dames have often sat to watch the progress of the strife, and to bestow the guerdon of a scarf, and their own sweet smiles, upon the victor. Pleasant is the recollection of such scenes and such times—now that they are gone, and pleasant, too, the thought that even here, where we are standing, monarchs and their peers have stood ; not to idle time away, as you and we are doing, but

to hold counsel on grave matters of state, and to lay plans for their own aggrandisement. Yet you may take our word for it, good burgher, that these things are pleasant only in idea; and that, evil as the days may be on which we are fallen, they are a thousand times better than those of Scotland's independence. Look now, we pray you, at this very seat of royalty, Stirling Castle, and tell us what are the scenes which every thing in it and around it forces upon your recollection. There is the Douglas Closet, in which a king with his own hand stabbed to the heart one of his most powerful thanes; and there the window from which the body was thrown, its muscles still quivering, and its eyes unclosed. There is the chapel in which the unfortunate Mary witnessed the baptism of her son—an event pregnant with misery to herself, and fruitful of confusion to her country. And in the corner stands John Knox's pulpit; a tribune from which proceeded the language of sedition, at least as often as the sound of the Gospel of peace. But you are all proud of John Knox—you look upon him as one of the brightest ornaments of his age—as not the least remarkable among the remarkable men whom Scotland has from time to time produced. We have no wish to contradict you. Knox was a very remarkable man, bold, firm, enthusiastic—admirably calculated to play a part among a people so barbarous as the Scots of the sixteenth century; but as perfect a Goth, as relentless and bloodthirsty and unyielding a persecutor, as ever tied martyr to the stake, or tortured captive taken in battle. The consequences of his preaching, as they appear now, after the passage of nearly two centuries has worn off their rough edges, are doubtless worthy to be admired. Scotland has a form of faith well adapted to the tempers and wishes of her inhabitants,—a religion to which we sincerely believe that at this moment a prodigious majority of her children are attached; and a clergy who, for unostentatious piety and an active zeal in the discharge of their holy duties, have no superiors upon the face of the earth. And all this admirable fruit has unquestionably sprung from the tree which John Knox planted. But with Knox himself are associated ideas of turbulence, rude-

ness, overweening pride, something not far removed from duplicity, wrath, strife, rebellions, massacres, plunderings, and the wildest fanaticism. This may sound very harsh in your ears, friend, but it is not on that account the less true. Knox was a savage. His behaviour to his unfortunate queen was brutal throughout. The countenance which he gave to the murderers of Cardinal Beaton implied an approval on his part of that hideous act. The statements advanced in what is called his history, that “he was constrained to leave his country for a while by the *persecution* of the bishops,” shews, if indeed the treatise was dictated by him, that he preferred, even in such questions, party purposes to truth. Knox was taken, as you well know, in the Castle of St. Andrews, after it surrendered, and, together with Leslie and his associates, went into banishment. We say nothing of the general tendency of his discourses; of the arrogance with which he assumed to himself the place of judge in all matters of controversy; of the encouragement which he gave to those whom he himself describes as “the rascally multitude” in the work of spoliation; or of the style of his addresses to the “Lord's congregation,” when banded against their sovereign. All these might be the results of peculiar circumstances—the offspring rather of the general temper of the times than of the individual mind. Yet they all combine to array the memory of the man in a robe certainly not of light; and they still more confirm the truth of the sentiment with which our conversation began, that glorious as the olden times may be, we see them in their best colouring who look at them through the mist of bygone generations.

The truth, indeed, is, and we say it with all possible respect for your country, that Scotland never was, whatever her poets may feign to the contrary, any thing better than a land of tyrants and of slaves, till in a fortunate hour she gave up her independence, and merged into the state of a province of the British empire. Her history as a separate kingdom presents us with no single page on which the eye of the philosopher or the patriot loves to dwell. You remind us of Wallace, of Bruce, and of the glories of Bannockburn. Well, then, take them at their

full value, and what do they give you ? The spectacle of a brave man, who, in revenge of a private wrong, took up arms against his country's enemies—whose devotion to the public weal, nay, whose brilliant successes themselves, could not induce the nobles of his day to support him—who struggled for a while against numerous difficulties, of which his own countrymen were the chief cause—and who was by his own countrymen betrayed at last into the hands of those who sought his life. Such is a correct outline of the career of Wallace. And as to Bruce, what was he ? According to your own notions of legitimacy, undoubtedly not the rightful heir to the throne—one who served for many years in the ranks of the English army—who was induced by motives of personal ambition to join the Scottish standard—and who fought, not only against the power of Edward, but against one half of the people over whom he aspired to reign. No doubt the victory of Bannockburn was a brilliant one ; and Bruce, unquestionably, made the most of it. His government seems, moreover, to have been as vigorous as the state of society at the time would allow ; for while he conquered peace abroad, he preserved something like order at home. But giving you this, and allowing you to make the most of it, what do you gain ? A concession that throughout the space of five or six hundred years, within which we find all that is worthy of belief in the annals of independent Scotland, we can point to no more than a quarter of a century of good government and comparative quiet. All else is but the record of feuds, quarrels, civil strifes, conspiracies, and horrid crimes, at home ; and of wars, waged often in wantonness, very seldom with even moderate success, abroad.

Gently, gently, dear burgher !—don't get into a passion—far less lay upon us the heavy charge of national prejudice or national rivalry. Englishmen of the nineteenth century neither hate nor are jealous of Scotchmen ; they have no cause to do so. But consult your own chronicles, and examine into the nature of your own institutions, and then tell us whether the events recorded in the former be not the necessary offspring of the latter. Had England been as wretchedly governed

during five hundred years, she would have been just as barbarous and just as miserable as Scotland. Don't you believe us ? Well, well, let us argue the point. You say that Scotland had her parliaments as well as England ; that Scotland had her established laws, and recognised tribunals for the administration of those laws—that England had no more ; nay, that the sovereigns of England were, even so late as Elizabeth's time, much more despotic than the sovereigns of Scotland. Admitted, over and over again. But what sort of parliament was that of Scotland—and what authority had either her laws or her legal tribunals beyond the precincts of the royal court ? And, above all, is there no species of tyranny except that which kings practise ? We trow that there is ; and we suspect you will find that to this very weakness on the part of the Scottish crown, of which you affect to boast, must be attributed the enormous weight of oppression under which the great body of the Scottish people groaned till late in the last century. Look to the subject fairly, and then tell us whether we be wrong.

First, then, you deny that Scotland ought to be accounted a land of tyrants and of slaves, because she had, not less than England, a parliament to control the humours of the sovereign, and to protect the lives and properties of the subject. That the Scottish parliament might occasionally control the humours of the sovereign, we do not deny. There are not, indeed, many instances on record of such control ; nor was it by votes delivered in solemn assembly that the kings of Scotland were wont to be controlled. But that the members of the Scottish parliament cared one straw about the lives and properties of the people at large, you can have very little considered the constitution of the country if you imagine. Never, to the last, had the Scottish people any share in determining who should or who should not make laws for them : they were mere serfs and vassals,—the creatures and minions of their lords, whom they obeyed, and followed with a submissiveness far more abject than they paid to the edicts of the sovereign or the decrees of the legislature. Nor can you be at the smallest loss to discover why the case should have been so, if you will do us the favour to attend to one or two plain matters-of-fact which we are going to state.

Whatever may have been the origin of what we now call parliaments, it seems to be admitted on all hands, that at the date of the Norman conquest these bodies existed both in England and in Scotland; and that in either country their constitution was the same. They consisted of the king's immediate vassals, or tenants *in capite*, of certain bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastical barons, and of the great military retainers who held lands under the crown on the tenure of service due in the field and in the council-chamber. Of the people, on the other hand, as contradistinguished from the military retainers and barons, no heed was taken. They had no share in what was then the only property in the kingdom—the land,—and, therefore, they were not regarded except as dependents on their respective chiefs.

In England, feuds and strifes very early began between the sovereign and his barons. The former had won his throne by the sword, and he endeavoured to exercise the rights of a conqueror. The latter remembered that they or their fathers had followed William the Bastard as peers and companions in arms, and they refused to be coerced. Both sides courted the common people; and the barons first, in one of the clauses of *magna charta*, obtained for their followers rights and privileges such as were not then enjoyed by any others of their class in Europe. It was to Edward I., however, the wisest as well as the most powerful prince of his family, that the Commons of England were indebted for a boon of the extent of which neither he who gave nor they who received it could be aware. In order to break the power of the nobles, Edward enabled them to sell their estates, subject, however, to a condition which they hailed at the moment as in the highest degree acceptable. With the view, as it appeared, of preserving for ever the feudal rights of the aristocracy, the crown was restricted from creating new superiorities; while in all cases of sale the original tenure was made to follow the land throughout every alienation. When, therefore, the chiefs disposed of their estates, either in whole or in parcels, the purchasers ceased to have any feudal connexion with the sellers; they held immediately of the crown, and became, as tenants *in capite*, entitled to sit and vote in the great council of the nation.

Hence, as well as from the incorporation of boroughs, arose the third estate in the English legislature; for the number of tenants *in capite* became, ere long, so great, that to accommodate all, had all judged it expedient to present themselves, would have been utterly impossible in any hall in the kingdom. Then followed the system of representation,—of knights of the shire, as they came in due time to be termed; and last of all the allotment to them and to the representatives of burghs of a separate house of assembly. We need not carry you further: once put power into the hands of the people, and they never cease to exercise it. The Commons of England not only stood forth as the guardians of public liberty, but they gradually absorbed all influence to themselves, till they became what they are now—we will not say lords paramount,—but, in the opinions of those who love to flatter, the collective wisdom of the nation.

Turn we now to Scotland, and see how she exercised herself under the rule of princes, equally with those of England, covetous of power, and equally jealous of their barons. The Scottish kings were not conquerors, neither were they strong in the multitude of their own personal retainers. They had to deal, moreover, with men who, whatever quarrels might exist between individuals, were ever, as a body, tenacious of their rights and privileges. Many attempts were made in Scotland, as well as in England, to balance the people against the thanes, but they did not succeed. The nobles accepted permission, indeed, to sell their estates; but neither argument nor finesse could prevail upon them to sanction the appropriation of the tenure by the crown, as their peers had done in the sister-country. The consequence was, that though the lands became portioned out among new men, the number of tenants *in capite* was not increased; for the chiefs compelled the purchasers to hold their possessions as vassals to themselves. Thus there never was laid in Scotland any foundation on which a popular representation could be created. It is true that the royal boroughs were represented, and that the individuals representing them were chosen by the suffrages of the burghers. But these were at all times few in number; and, sitting as they did in the same chamber with the

great barons, their influence, feeble at the best, was not felt at all. The Scottish parliament, therefore, never was, nor ever professed to be, in any sense of the term, a popular assembly. It was a council of peers, before which the king was bound to bring forward every new project of law that might occur to him, as well as a court of final appeal, however rarely called into operation, from the decisions of all minor tribunals throughout the country.

Exclusive as the assembly was, it is nevertheless a fact, that, prior to the era of the reformation, the king contrived, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to guide the opinions of his parliament on all subjects. In the first place, he had in the ecclesiastics (and they composed a body formidable alike from their numbers and their learning) steady supporters. In the next place, by means of the Lords of the Articles, a committee or privy-council of his own choosing, he, and he alone, was enabled to determine what should and what should not be brought under the consideration of parliament. For we need not tell you that it was a fundamental article in the Scottish constitution, that every legislative measure should originate with the Lords of the Articles. By the help of these two bodies,—of the Lords of the Articles without the house, and of the bishops and abbots within, the king of Scotland rarely failed to sway the decisions of his council, which decisions, however, were for the most part forgotten or disregarded, as soon as the barons had returned to their paternal castles and resumed their feudal supremacy. Still, granting that the kings of Scotland had all been sincerely desirous of enacting good laws, you must see that a facility in directing men's votes, so as that only wise laws shall be enacted, can operate very little to produce happiness in a country, unless there be means of enforcing obedience to these laws; and that such was not the condition of Scotland during her glorious days of independence, a very few words will be sufficient to shew.

During the times of which we are now speaking, the laws nominally in force were the same both in England and Scotland,—namely, the feudal, the civil, and the canon. The machinery likewise employed in their administration was similar in Scotland to that used elsewhere,—particularly in

Aragon, in Naples, in Normandy, and in England. A great officer of state, called “*capitalis justiciarius totius regni*,” or chief justiciary of the kingdom, had the care of administering throughout the realm all laws, whether relating to person or to property. In England the justiciary acted alone; in Scotland he was no more than the president of the *cura regia*, which was composed of other officers of state, of certain learned persons called the king's justices, and of the greater barons, all of whom, lay as well as ecclesiastical, claimed, as a matter of right, to compose the court. In England the *cura regia* ceased as early as the reign of Edward I., when the house of lords became a court of general review. In Scotland it continued down to 1532, subject only to a few modifications in its forms and consistency.

We will not detain you by pausing to point out how very inefficient such machinery must have been in any state of society, and more particularly in a state so rude as that of Scotland four centuries ago. No doubt the justiciary's authority was very great: he could put to death ere the sun set a murderer found with red hands; and in civil cases his decision was law; while, besides sitting to hear causes in Edinburgh, he was supposed to make circuits through the kingdom twice a year, “*once at the grass and once at the corn*.” But even if there had been no more serious obstacles thrown in his way, the form prescribed for inquiring into the state of the country was sufficient of itself to render his circuits profitless. The charge of “*taking up the ditty*”—that is, of information or presentment of crimes—devolved upon any three men in each ville whom the justiciary might select, assisted by the head burgh of the place!! To be sure, James I. introduced various improvements into the law-establishments of the country. In 1425, besides creating the Court of Session, he required each sheriff to make a presentation of the state of his county; who, on the receipt of a precept from the justiciary, was supposed to assemble at a given place responsible persons from the various villes, or districts; for the purpose of conferring with them respecting the condition of their respective neighbourhoods. But as the parties thus summoned were not allowed any compensation for lost time, and were, moreover, entirely ig-

ment of the commonest forms of business, you will yourself perceive that James's decree led to no beneficial result. And had the contrary been the case, there were other and much more powerful causes at work to overbear and thwart it. All power was then, and long afterwards, in the hands of individuals. In the Lowlands, each baron was supreme over his own vassals and tenants; in the Highlands, the matter was so fully understood, that the chiefs received commissions as hereditary sheriffs throughout the district, be it large or be it small, over which their influence extended. We say nothing of the settlement in one family—that of Argyle—of the office of chief justiciary, which was partially relinquished only in 1628, but of which the authority remained over Argyle, Tairbert, and the isles, except Orkney, Shetland, and part of Arran, down to the year 1748. Where such an order of things prevailed, it is scarcely necessary to point out, that neither royal authority nor that of the parliament could be much regarded; nay, the annals of the times distinctly prove, that it was only by arraying lord against lord, that the sovereign, as often as matters came to an extremity, was enabled to vindicate his own honour, and put a check upon the unruly movements of his vassals.

Whatever might be the effect in a religious point of view of the reformation in Scotland, it is certain that, as far as the supremacy of law and order was concerned, it proved for a time exceedingly disastrous. Previous to the overthrow of the ancient religion, the clergy were the sole administrators of the law; and it would be unfair to deny, that, being a learned and an order-loving body, they did their best to administer them fairly. One immediate consequence of the change of religion was, to take all the power out of the hands of the ecclesiastics, and to commit it to the lay nobles, by far the larger proportion of whom were at once ignorant and selfish, cruel, mercenary, and tyrannical. We need not point out to you, that when to a feeble authority is added ignorance and corruption in those who exercise it, the state of a people so situated must be wretched indeed. We believe, therefore, you will find, that never was a country so mismanaged as Scotland, from the date of John Knox's successful crusade against popery down to,

compassatively speaking, recent times. For the union of the crowns introduced no improvement into the manners and habits of the Scottish people; they were still divided into two casts—the tyrants and the slaves; and it may admit of a question, whether of the two was in point of fact the more unhappy.

During the brief interval of Cromwell's usurpation, Scotland experienced something like good government. Master of the country by right of military conquest, he set his face against the abuses which had so long prevailed; and, reviving the obsolete office of justice of the peace, he appointed seven Englishmen to superintend the general administration of the laws. But with the return of Charles the Second came back the ancient order of things—the re-establishment of aristocratic power in all its virulence. Trial by jury was unknown—the circuits were given up even in name—the will of each chief was, in his own district, law, and no other was acknowledged. It was this, indeed, the dread of losing their influence over their vassals, which rendered the Scottish barons so averse, as they generally were, to the union of the two legislatures; and which, had they not been swayed by a more immediate feeling, the desire of retaining the plunder of the church, ought to have kept them, to a man, in allegiance to the ancient family. But the Scottish barons were, as we have shewn already, in every sense of the term, a barbarous race: they loved power, yet knew not how to retain it; they loved wealth, and sacrificed to it even the power which they valued still more. They proved untrue, in many instances, to their native princes; and they reaped their reward in the overthrow of their own abused authority. Yet not even the union of the legislatures brought to Scotland the blessings of a free government. That came, indeed, gradually; for a growing intercourse with England opened the eyes of the Scottish people; and the relation between the different ranks assumed, by degrees, its legitimate character. Nevertheless, it was the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions, in 1748, which alone placed society on its true footing. From that era Scotland rose rapidly in wealth and influence till she became in the end one of the most prosperous, as well as one of the most important

sections of the great empire of which she forms a part.

We are not now discussing a question which renders it necessary to draw distinctions as to the degree of gratitude which posterity owes to individuals; yet, if we were called upon to name the man who, more than all other men, has benefitted Scotland, we should at once pronounce in favour of the late Lord Melville. Faults he may have had, errors he may have committed, bad taste, in very many instances, he may have displayed; but when Scotland shall cease to think of him with gratitude and profound reverence, she will deserve to return to the state of poverty and domestic misrule out of which he contributed mainly to raise her. Guided and directed by him, and fostered by the system of which he was the advocate, the Scottish character found scope to develop itself; and good sense and honest industry reaped their reward. Trade flourished, agriculture was brought to the highest state of perfection; the gentry were respected and beloved; the common people were frugal, industrious, and contented. It seemed, indeed, as if in Scotland had at last been struck out that happy system of public control, which assigning to each class in society the part which it is best qualified to perform, secures to all the greatest degree of prosperity of which they are capable. Nor was this all. While in England mob influence was becoming day by day more powerful; in Scotland the crown and the aristocracy had just so much of support as was necessary to save them from being altogether overborne; for Scotland had as yet nothing which deserves to be called a popular representation. Her senators had, indeed, adapted themselves in form to the body of which they were become members. Her titled barons took their places in the House of Lords, though by a representation perhaps too scanty; and her untitled thanes chose, by portions, one of their own number such as should sit and vote with the Commons of England. But the spirit of the ancient constitution was still preserved; and how it operated when tempered and acted upon by the more liberal institutions of the sister country, the condition of Scotland, from 1786 up to 1826, may shew.

Nay, nay, dear burgher, don't assume your own theory for fact, and then reason upon it. We are not enemies to reform. On the contrary, holding, as we do, that the sole purpose of all government is to promote the moral and political well-being of mankind, we are quite ready to lift up both hands for the improvement of every institution in church and state which is not calculated to promote that great object. The only question, therefore, is, whether the old Scottish constitution, considered as a portion of that of Great Britain, did or did not work well? Is there on record one solitary instance of a country making such strides as Scotland made during the half century preceding the year 1831? We defy you to point it out; yet you were taught to be dissatisfied with your condition. You desired a change—you got a change—by how much are you the gainers?

We have too high a respect for your common sense, worthy burgher, to imagine that you value popular elections for their own sakes only—that you see any thing really worthy of admiration in the riot, and the hurry, and the drunkenness, and the breach of all moral principle, which attend the progress of an extensive canvass, and the operations of a polling-booth. These, you must admit, are material evils which men may endure because of the good that results from them, but of which no man will venture to speak with approbation. Now, what is the good which is supposed to result from them? Just laws, enacted by men who have the welfare of their country at heart; a mild, yet vigorous government, which shall give protection to life and property, as much of practical liberty to each individual as is consistent with the rights of his neighbours, and a free scope to the exercise of industry and talent. Put a people in possession of these, opening, at the same time, a road of advancement, not only to wealth, but to honours, and you must be a very unreasonable mortal if you desire more. Were the Scotch people not in the enjoyment of all this prior to the passing of the Reform-bill? We tell you that they were; what, then, have you gained by a revolution as complete as it was sudden?

You say that now, and only now, for the first time, can the Scottish people be said to have a voice in framing

the laws under which they are to live—that formerly men made laws for them who could not, from their position in society, know any thing of the wants and wishes of the lower orders—that it was a mockery to speak of a representative system under the old régime; and that the new, if it have no other effect, must elevate the national character, and enlarge the national mind. We admit, that it is only now that the Scottish people can be said to have any voice in framing the laws which are to govern them. The voice is, indeed, a feeble one still; for with all your changes, you have given the franchise only to a fraction of the Scottish people. Still, there it is; and you certainly have got, for the first time since you were a nation, the semblance of a system of representation. But the benefits which are to result from the change remain yet to be seen; while of the effect upon the national character we can already judge from comparing the past with the present. Some years have elapsed since we visited Scotland before. There was then no talk of parliamentary reform except among the operatives of Glasgow and Paisley; but there was sobriety, contentment, industry, and strong attachment to the religion of their fathers, in every quarter. We protest, that in the secluded villages and smaller towns—ay, even in this, your ancient borough of Stirling, through which we passed—to meet a drunken man was an event of which we have hardly any recollection. Your farmers were then a thinking, but they were a right-thinking race; your burghers were attentive to business, careful in their habits, and, above all, modest. Jobs you might have had among you—we dare say you had; and we make no doubt whatever that you will have a great many more. But your general bearing was that of a thriving and a happy people. What are you now? A nation of politicians. Your artificer turns his wheel to the sound of *Cobbett's Register*—your ploughman tills the earth with the *Scotsman* in his bonnet—your operatives hold their nightly clubs, where they may discuss the necessity of further changes, and then reel home to their starving wives and children. Look at these men even in the day. George the Fourth said of you that you were all gentlemen. He saw you well-dressed, clean, orderly, respectful.

George the Fourth would tell a different tale now, had he walked, as we did this morning, from Gibb's Inn to the Castle. We blushed for Scotland when we met so many of her sons ragged, filthy, and either staggering under the influence of whisky, or confused and pale from the effects of last night's debauch. What can have produced so grievous a deterioration in the national character? We answer without hesitation, the agitation which preceded the passing of the Reform-bill, and the consequences attendant on it. You may smile, but what we say is true; and you know that it is true, however reluctant you may be to confess it.

The Reform-bill was a rash experiment even in England; in Scotland it was certain ruin. The English, accustomed for centuries to the excitement of popular elections, have been affected by it only thus far, that the power of making members being transferred from the educated to the uneducated portion of the community, they are sure to have in all time coming a more corrupt body of legislators, and, of course, worse laws than ever. In Scotland the change has come home, as it were, to every man's business and bosom. Matters, which their neighbours treat as subjects of fun and drollery, are in their eyes of grave importance. In England, political differences have never entered very deeply into the amenities of private life; and even under the new system will not so enter. In Scotland, politics is all in all. As the blacks in the West Indies cannot be expected to use their premature freedom aright, so the Scotch, having received all at once the Pandora gift of popular elections, know not the meaning of the term moderation in reference to the great part which they believe that it is their duty to play. In all his intercourse with those among whom he dwells, in the bosom of his own family, in the field, in the workshop, alone, or in a crowd, a Scotchman now talks and thinks of politics alone. His loves and hatreds are all political; his orgies are political; his very devotion, when he exercises it, has a political tendency. He is in a state of continual excitement, which drives him into habits hurtful alike to his temper, his health, his resources, his personal respectability. They take a very confined view of the effects of great

political changes, who contemplate them as if they bore only on the public acts of nations. Individual habits, not less than the spirit of governments, are formed from the nature of the institutions under which we live; nor is it going too far to assert, that a sudden change, even for the better, is much more likely to deprave than to elevate the moral sense of those among whom it is brought about.

We say nothing of the necessary effect upon the feelings of the new constituency, of the cringing, the prevarication, the treating, to which every candidate for popular suffrages must lend himself. Even in England, where elections, with all the vices attending them, have occurred so often, these things tell; indeed months always elapse after the bustle of the contest is over, ere the people sober down into their usual habits and ways of thinking. And if the case be so there, how will the system work in Scotland, where all is new, and where, it must be admitted, that the people think more deeply, and reason more closely, even after a fashion, of which we already behold the commencement? Finding their superiors, in too many instances, prompt to give pledges, and as prompt to violate them, the Scottish people will soon cease to repose confidence in any public men. Beholding persons of property and rank periodical suitors at their doors, they will learn to believe that such are really their inferiors. They will then begin to ask themselves the question, why one class should enjoy the good things of life while others earn their bread with the sweat of their brow; and as they can never have far to seek for authorities, either written or oral, their judgment will in due time be formed. Depend upon it that the seeds of a great convulsion are already sown in Scotland, and that every hour brings them nearer to maturity. In the demoralised and sulky condition of the people, we read signs of a coming strife, not for a further equalisation of political rights, but for an equalisation of property.

Oh, but you say, these are mere ideal terrors, whereas the benefits resulting from the acts of a reform government are palpable to all men's senses. Even in borough matters, what could be more corrupt than the ancient mode of carrying on business, with a corporation self-elected, and a

universal system of jobbing and chicanery, over which public opinion held no check? We don't deny that there might have been imperfections in the ancient constitution of the burghs; but is your present faultless? Has it no tendency which is positively evil? is it not calculated to operate even more injuriously than its predecessor upon the national mind? and that, after all, and not the petty interests of the borough, is the thing to be considered. You cannot see how it should. Very well, your borough business is now, you say, transacted with open doors; and there is a meeting to-day of the town-council. We will become auditors, if you please; and then perhaps you will be able to discover our meaning.

Hark! there is some vitally important question before the court; and he is a popular counsellor who is on his legs.

"Far be it from me to originate any measure which shall have a tendency to clog the wheels of government, or to impede the policy of his majesty's ministers. They are a liberal body, and all their acts have hitherto shewn that they have but one object in view, namely, the welfare of the people. But I must be permitted to observe, that the removal of the flagstaff from the place which it has so long occupied is not only an unwise, but, as far as affects the inhabitants of Stirling, is a most iniquitous measure. And we have every right to complain, that our beautiful armoury, an object of attraction to so many strangers, should be dismantled. No doubt economy is needed in every branch of the public service; and had his majesty's ministers cut down the salaries of some whom I could name, then my voice at least would never have been raised against them. But the armourer's place was not a sinecure; and I do think that his removal was wholly uncalled for."

In the name of common sense, what is all this about? Here is a little whipper-snapper of a common-councilman of the borough of Stirling, a petty stationer, or hardwareman, or tallow-chandler, spouting away as if he were member for all Scotland, and the room in which he delivers himself were St. Stephen's chapel. And this trash is to go forth in a provincial paper: "Far be it from him to clog the wheels

of government." Good man, far be it indeed! The king's government, it appears, has thought fit to move the flagstaff from one bastion to another, and to try an experiment on the muskets laid up in store by packing them in cases. But the king's government has taken a great deal too much upon itself in presuming to settle matters so important without having previously consulted the town-council of Stirling in general, and this profound reasoner in particular. And you really think there is nothing mischievous here? Ridiculous and contemptible in our eyes it may be; but consider the effect produced by the system on the minds of the people at large. Remember that it is not in the council-chamber of Stirling alone, nor yet exclusively in the council-chambers of all the Scottish burghs, that every act of the government and of the legislature is now canvassed and discussed. There are unions, clubs, mechanics' institutes, in every village, where the same language is held on far more important topics, and a disposition to carp and murmur at every proceeding of the powers that be, zealously fostered. What is the immediate result, and what must be the remote consequence? Why, this, that you already have as many deliberative assemblies in Scotland as there are villages; and that you will ere long have your executives multiplied in the same proportion.

The short and the long of the matter, good burgher, is this. For nearly six centuries Scotland had no practical knowledge of the working of a free government. She was all this while poor, barbarous, and wretched. But being united to a rich and prosperous country, her institutions took the spirit of those of her ancient rival; and, without any of the evils, she reaped all the advantages of the English constitution. The strides which she made in consequence, in wealth, intelligence, and

civilisation, within the short space of half a century, were amazing. From the poorest she became the richest portion of the empire—from being the most savage she looked upon herself as the most civilised. She, moreover, who had once been a thorn in the side of England, was now the great bulwark of the English throne; for her peers and commoners, while they fostered public liberty, in the best sense of the term, were ever the staunchest opponents of licentiousness. But there arose all at once a ministry which, wilfully blind to the truth that the aristocracy was, in fact, the feeblest portion of the constitution, resolved not merely to destroy rotten boroughs in England, but to cut down whatever safeguards might remain against the assaults of a pure democracy, by placing the Scottish people in the exact position to which their neighbours had arrived by a progress of many centuries. The deed was done; and what has followed? That of all portions of the empire Scotland is now decidedly the most disaffected to every established institution in church and in state; that her people have sunk—are sinking every day, in morals, in wisdom, in industry; that religion itself, by their respect for which they were once remarkable, no longer exercises any control over them; that they are ripe for mischief, and will shortly prove it. The exhibition which we have witnessed is, indeed, pitiable in itself; but as a sign of the times, even it is not to be neglected. Depend upon it that there are worse days coming for Scotland than she has yet seen; and that both you and we will probably live to deplore them.

Well, well, thank God we have got out of the thorny subjects of politics and religion at last. To-night we take our ease in our inn, and to-morrow—ah, we shall see what comes to pass to-morrow.

MEN AND MANNERS.

A SERIES OF SATIRES.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

Argument.—The ill example of parents is mainly instrumental in the formation of vicious characters. The growth of vice in “successive degrees” is exhibited. The iniquities of the fathers and mothers are found with increase in their children; and this holds in all ranks of life. Avarice only is not mimicked by the child; but the importance of wealth is so unceasingly insisted upon, that the love of money becomes a second nature to him, when, arrived at manhood, he begins to enter on the world. The inordinate love of riches is described as the cause of the present decay of virtue and of national prosperity. The folly of immortal beings doing homage to Wealth, the vain idol of England, when they should be seeking to obtain those true riches which do not take wings to themselves and fly away, is compared to the magnanimous philosophy of the sage French, who denied the Maker of the Universe, but bowed down in worship to the goddess Reason, aptly represented to the pure Parisians by a naked prostitute.

OLIVER YORKE.

SATIRE X.

Most of the vices which disgrace the man,
 From parent vices in his sire began;
 The genuine heir is image of his kind,
 In printed feature and transmitted mind:
 Chip of the old block, foliage, rind, and grain,
 Bud, fruit, and seed, express the genuine strain.
 If the young hopeful hears his nurse proclaim
 His mother's folly or his father's shame,
 The child repays their profligate neglect,
 By aping all their vicious lives affect:
 Hereditary faults his bosom stain
 Or ever that his teeth are born again;
 At school, at home, he plays his mimic part—
 The only task he loves to get by heart;
 His pocket-money, desperate, games away,
 The embryo black-leg of another day.
 Or young Apicius learns betimes to tell
 All sorts of flavours by taste, touch, and smell;
 Or learns to leer on some seductive jade,
 Unknowing why the double sex was made:
 Some vice peculiar keeps the father's fame,
 As by transmission from his loins it came.
 Get bearded tutors to correct his bad;
 Send him to school where learning may be had:
 He learns some words, but ponders more on things,
 Till his forced youth the full experience brings.
 To help his household pattern, to displace
 His latest shame, and crown his first disgrace, }
 His confident coevals run an emulous race.
 Boyhood's wild energies for this are nursed—
 Who shall obtain the bad distinction first.*

* Nothing can be worse than the system of education. The child in the higher classes of society is left to the care and protection of servants, till the boy or girl is of the established age to be committed to a tutor or governess. The school, public or private, in most instances for boys, and sometimes for girls; the college or the drawing-room—and the youth is educated.

The follies and vices of the parents are easily impressed on children: they notice, at a much earlier age than is imagined, what passes around them; their ears are opened in the nursery. There is no confidential intercourse between parent and child. No one seems to think, that from the time the child begins to talk he begins to get ideas. He is not thought to have reason till he has cast his teeth; and then he

Grown to maturity, the woman plays
 The part her rival mother cannot praise ;
 For, older-grown, she must at last give o'er
 The splendid follies which she graced before.
 Fulness of flesh — the crow-feet round her eyes —
 Time-graven cheeks, that mock adulterate dies —
 The form less active, and the lip less full —
 Her dropping eyelid's liquid splendour dull :
 Art has no remedy for many a sign
 That she must leave her daughter now to shine.
 The ready actress loves the glorious task,
 Ties on the sandal, and assumes the mask ;
 Wooed, won, she learns to flatter, woo, and win,
 And boldly leaps the Rubicon of sin ;
 Spoils the dear honour of her married home,
 Dips over-head in Pleasure's maddening foam ;
 And should a passing thought her course forbid,
 She only does what her own mother did !
 Her honourable consort speeds her on,
 And neither yields to parents now foregone ;
 Each knows of fashion, pleasure, politics,
 The dreamy raptures, and the dirty tricks ;
 And each affects some sweet peculiar mode
 Of drawing eyes on Fame's notorious road :
 The happy pair exulting kill their day,
 And steal their fortunes, honours, lives away.
 Their vicious education, pace by pace,
 Trained either courser of the dubious race ;
 The spur of Fashion made them wish to fly,
 The World their course, and Shame their victory !
 So Nature bids ; for home-example more
 Draws the young mind than philosophic lore —
 Than all the lessons of the school or hall,
 Than heathen Plato, or than Christian Paul.

is supposed to have much less than he really has. The elder children vitiate the younger ; the school begins their initiation in the mysteries foreshewn them by their imagination ; and at public schools they have abundant facilities for putting the thought into act. At college, of course, these facilities are indefinitely increased. The masters of schools teach words ; — principles, the elements of thought, and all which words are only meant to express, and which they generally express very badly, are of necessity neglected ; for what tutors or masters know any thing of such matters themselves ? Bad examples corrupt the good ; and the university is blamed for that which is the effect of the heartlessness of the parent and the worthlessness of the pedagogue. No attention is paid to idiosyncrasies, to the varieties of organisation which influence the character of the mind. One system is pursued by all, and the worst of all systems — the monastic. The child takes a pride in his father's name and his father's qualities : if the father is vicious, the child desires to be so, before he knows what the vice is. The blessing pronounced upon the children of the good is emphatic. Vicious tendencies are derived, not only by the senses after birth, but by the blood before birth, from parent to child. Cain was conceived during the reckless and passionate pride and sullen despair immediately consequent on the fall. The beautiful pair had by Divine grace been reassured, and were, comparatively, restored to their innocence, when the first martyr to man's violence was being conceived and shaped.

There should be, then, a preparation for the blessing of children in a temperate and well-ordered life ; the parents should make it their business to rear them as the Arab does his horse ; they should educate them themselves, study their dawning faculties, and cause them to be instructed in matters out of their own reach by competent tutors, according to their organisation.

But what the Arab does for his horse human parents will not do for their children.

In the lower classes the vices of the parents produce of course a more immediate and destructive influence. In most instances, if they yet live, fathers and mothers should, in strict justice, be executed instead of their children, who pay the forfeit of their lives to the offended law. Nor will they escape.

Domestic tempters may not some betray,
 Tempered by Nature with a better clay,
 Her rarer specimens of happier art,
 With the clear mind endowed, and feeling heart;
 Who breathe the freshness of that brightening sky,
 Spread by the glorious Day-spring from on high.
 But these exalted instances are few —
 The most their fathers' evil ways pursue;
 Rush on the same course, never casting back
 A look or thought: theirs is the beaten track.
 Abstain from ill; if not for Virtue's sake,
 For that of those whose docile tempers take,
 With fatal promptitude, nor yield again
 To vain tuition, sin's corroding stain.
 Town, city, hamlet, each its robber shews:
 One Howard all the world can scarce disclose.
 Nothing of base, that can be heard or seen,
 Where dwells the child should come the walls between;
 There let no sin-reflecting face be found,
 Nor pictured vice, nor Folly's babbling sound:
 Hence, ye profane! avaunt! avaunt! 'tis holy ground! }
 The greatest reverence is to children due;
 Pause, parents! pause! whatever vices woo
 The jaded sense, beguiling or beguiled —
 Deluded sinners! spare that little child!
 He from your mingled bloods his birth derived,
 Let him not henceforth curse the hour he lived!
 Let him not curse his mother's fruitful mould,
 His father's guilt; by him be never told,
 In his dark death-hour, how he whilom fell,
 Remembering scenes his memory kept too well;
 Neglected childhood, and his faithful ears —
 Life-haunting spectres of his earliest years,
 When they forgot their offspring's sacred claim,
 Who gave him being, and awoke the flame
 Of sinful passions in his beating breast,
 Their signs upon his senses deep impress;
 And he, by doing what they did before,
 Lived all their follies and their vices o'er.*
 The cards are issued; all the world will come;
 From morn to night is heard the busy hum
 Of preparation; tradesmen crowding throng;
 Hammers and voices ring the walls along;

* It is only by a miracle that any one educated in the common way is not a lost and ruined character. True religion, communicated by the Divine intelligence in different ways to different individuals, that cometh as no man listeth, is the only certain preservative against the snares of the world. This principle, however obtained, is precious. Some men are reclaimed in the midst of their vices; but this is a rare occurrence. Many of those persons who live decently before the public are in private filthy. The child is aware, long before he can reason, of the characters of those with whom he lives. We are all naturally teachable in all that is wrong, and readily imitate the manners and the morals open to our observation. But the child is sadly neglected even by the most affectionate parents. Some women, in these fantastical times, do not even obey the beautiful necessity of nature, that the infant should be sustained by its mother's milk: the life-giving channel is allowed to inconvenience them from its fulness — sometimes to indurate into disease; but these fashionable wretches will not apply the aliment that by its suppression injures them, to the purpose of rearing their new-born. Such animals as these cannot of course be expected to have any concern for the education of their children. Those who resign their own flesh and blood to vulgar nurses, from their craving desire to devote all their time to ignoble pursuits, or to preserve their figures, whatever their rank may be, are detestable, because unnatural; and we may fear that they never have any compunctious visitings for their after-neglect.

The fiddling skeleton, a Scottish band,
 Must be engaged ; for pines survey the land ;
 Scene-painters enter with the mechanist ;
 The numerous guests are marshalled on the list ;
 The belly-master reads his items o'er ;
 The milliners Parisian shapes explore ;
 Conservatories must resign their flowers ;
 And Rundell's shop illumine the festive hours.
 'Tis done ! they come, they swim, they eat, they go,
 And their bought praise the journalists bestow.
 Infinite pains for finite recompense
 Of Vanity's absurd incontinence !
 Odours of incense are as brief as sweet —
 The jaded hosts are sullen when they meet ;
 Neither remembered, in their hours of joy,
 The six-month she-thing and the four-year boy ;
 Neither takes thought how they shall rear their young
 To be their country's pride, by minstrels sung :
 They deem sufficient that their patriot toil
 Has given some bipeds to the natal soil.
 To make them useful, too much care demands ;
 Ask that of those who till their stubborn lands.
 Yet is it known, that earliest habits make
 The statesman, hero, citizen, and rake.
 The tastes of childhood cling to life mature —
 Mean or ennobling, virtuous or impure ;
 And habits, scorning censure or command,
 Adhere like pitch to dogs of Newfoundland.
 Taught by her instinct thus the stork prepares,
 E'en in the nest, her young for worldly cares ;
 And careful feeds them with the reptile food,
 By them in life for life to be pursued :
 The vulture takes to hers the carrion meal,
 To theirs some kid or hare proud eagles deal ; —
 These all, thus early taught to know the right,
 Seek their own food when plumed and fit for flight.*
 The spendthrift father has a spendthrift son ;
 The gambler dreams of wealth his father won ;
 The Jew on human flesh would rather dine,
 Taught by his sire, than touch the flesh of swine.
 To doubt the Virgin's healing power or will
 Is deadly sin — 'tis scarce a crime to kill.

* The illustrations from the winged people are Juvenal's (14th satire). The system of phrenology for a time excited the curiosity of the idlers about town. Mr. De Ville divided popularity with Mr. St. John. Ladies took their children to him to have their skulls examined ; and the honest quack pointed out the shining qualities of the little men and women. This may appear, and was, sufficiently ridiculous ; but a good hint may be taken from a quack. I would have children from the first year carefully studied by their parents. The study would be as interesting as fly-catching, or stone-breaking, or flower-dissecting ; and it would be a novelty. The subsequent education should be accommodated to the tastes indicative of the organisation. The child may be led : he should not be made to despair, to think himself a fool, to indulge envy and hate. The present system does all this. A child is required to learn grammar, for instance, when he is five or six years old — a science which not twenty men in the empire understand. If he is a child of quick parts, the drudgery overwhelms him ; he desponds ; the devilish principle of envy and all uncharitableness, called emulation, is brought into play. He hates his brothers and sisters. Take the boy into the fields — to the sea-shore. Let his body be at liberty, and his mind no less so. Treat him as a companion ; you will learn something from him. Ye cruel and heartless fathers and mothers — ye contemptible worldlings ! bestow the time on your offspring which ye now squander on your vices and pleasures. Ye are responsible, and must one day give an account of your guardianship !

Smite a rude priest, the Roman world is mad ;
 To cut a man's throat were not half so bad.
 The meek, mild Quaker, by the spirit moved,
 Observing oft his sire, the trick approved ;
 Born, bred to give his speech a practised vent,
 And be of hypocrites most impudent.*

Of their own will youths mimic every vice,
 Excepting only cross-grained Avarice ;
 For this assumes a virtue's steady mien —
 The miser for a frugal man is seen.
 Him sleeping on his guard, with careless mind,
 And reckless of his treasured stores to find,
 Would more surprise than if the dragon slept
 Who wakeful the Hesperian orchard kept.
 The world admires the fortune-builder's skill,
 His daring energies, subduing will ;
 Whose money-making towers look lordly high —
 Built on the site of some infirmity.
 Him fathers wonder at ; his happy sect
 They bid their children cherish and affect.
 The elements of vice are early taught,
 Plain symbols with recondite wisdom fraught :
 These first the father teaches ; nor forget
 The ready young their pleasant alphabet.
 Then he instructs them in the worth of gold ;
 The veil that hides his idol is unrolled ;
 The wonder-working power is all displayed ;
 The scheme, the trick, the mystery of trade.
 What is a fortune ? our own Jew would say,
 A pound for every man that sees the day :
 But the beginner less ambition knows —
 As money gathers, love of money grows.
 Who nothing has, has moderate desires ;
 The wealthy glows with all a lover's fires.
 A county owns him for its wealthiest chief —
 That he can't buy it all, is all his grief.
 Rothschild for poverty would still repine,
 If he could buy the Syrian Palestine.†
 No greater evil, and no darker shame,
 Has blurred our England's happiness and fame.

* Archbishop Whateley has determined that it is no offence to take away a man's Bible, and throw it in the fire. Ireland is at this moment ripe for rebellion ; and it will be successful. The Protestants of that country are completely disheartened. The person of the priest is holy ; and the said priest can and does give absolution for all offences, excepting those against his order. These he will not pardon, unless he is paid something considerable. The Quakers are a bad set ; their selfishness is intense : the automaton seems to have been made for nothing else but to make money, look wise, and procreate. One wonders that any civilised people make use of swine for food : the Jew, potting aside his law, is quite right for abominating it. If I had the punishment of his majesty's ministers, I would shut them up in one of the Falkland Isles, and take care that they fed on potatoes and pork. The *pomme de terre* (blockhead) would thus feed on the *pomme de terre* ; and the unclean polluter of temples on the filthiest animal that troubles the earth.

† It has been noticed, that the sons of money-getters turn out spendthrifts. I believe, with Juvenal, that they generally imitate their fathers' thrift. It is in this way that such vast fortunes have accumulated in England. The young have a natural distaste to avarice, from the want of indulgences to themselves, and from its severe aspect. But it is natural that they should be inoculated with this as with any other vice. The meanest avarice is sometimes the attendant of a profuse expenditure. Much is often spent to get more. Money-making is a science. The doctrine of chances is practically understood and successfully applied. The money-makers form a considerable and most powerful sect. Money is the god of the English and Yankees.

Thrice-hateful lust of wealth ! unsated still !
 Ill in thyself, and fruitful cause of ill !
 Now competence is scarcely deemed a boon ;
 Who would be rich, would have his riches soon.
 What laws are sacred ? who has never swerved
 From strictest right ? whose life has Avarice served ?
 Shew me the man ! and let him, eye to eye,
 Expound his rules, and stand the scrutiny.
 Who were the deadliest pirates of the seas,
 Rich garlanded with true Hesperides ?
 Morgan and Raleigh, Drake and Cochrane, plead :
 These but the highest — thousands more succeed.
 Red-skins and black-skins ! reappear, and tell
 How on your huts and wigwams Ruin fell.
 Robbers of England ! spoilers of mankind !
 Was this the path to you by Heaven assigned ?
 England ! imperial matron, fair, and free !
 Why didst thou forge the chains of slavery ?
 Why did thy sons upon the deep career,
 Fate in their thunder, in their presence fear ?
 To murder ! Why to murder ? Spread the scroll —
 The bloody pages in the day unroll —
 The cause of rapine, homicide, unfold :
 One word conveys the fatal answer — GOLD ! *
 When Whittington, the theme of many a lay,
 Took out his cat to rat-vex'd Africa,
 The many were with little yet content,
 By gin unpoisoned, nor by taxes spent ;
 The farmer taught his children to be wise,
 While they looked up with deferential eyes ;
 And if a son could but a wife maintain,
 His simple livelihood was thought a gain.
 But now the cry is " Money, money," still.
 For this each artisan exerts his skill —
 Not how to live, but how to leave his rank :
 He lives, but still his countenance is blank.
 Envy and hatred he is doomed to feel —
 " Why should he not succeed like Robert Peel ?"
 Provided money only can be got,
 The mode of its obtaining matters not.
 Sell shads or sulphur, nitre or night-shade ;
 It skills not how the currency is made.
 The reeking tan-yard is a pleasant smell ;
 The tallow-chandler likes his odours well, —

* It is very amusing to read in political writings the lavish panegyric on the generous English for their system of colonisation. It shewed their spirit of enterprise ; but that spirit was excited by the lust of gain. I can see no peculiar virtue in robbing Indians, in poisoning them with strong drink, in adding new and frightful diseases to their simple catalogue ; nor yet in making frequent descents on the coasts of unoffending savages ; of buying them at a nominal price, and selling them at a profit sufficient to raise a nest of fishing-huts in a few years to a populous town ; nor can I see the extraordinary justice and liberality (when those victims of English avarice were in a fair way of being civilised, and of acquiring by gradual and regular growth the stature of free men) of throwing them back, with the pretence of philanthropy, on the barbarism from which they were rescued. The most cruel monsters that we read of among the bucaniers were English. The French in their colonies were always more humane, and ever exhibited a juster appreciation of the rights of their fellow-men than the English. This is an assertion that requires no proof to those who are acquainted with the history of colonisation since the discovery of Columbus. The English were, on the whole, the finest people the sun ever shone on. But let not their vices be called virtues. If the revolutionary madness continues, the whole of English glory will have been but a splendid vision. It is curious, that it is always in the worst time of a nation's history dreamers speculate most on human perfectibility.

Of worldly wisdom this the simple sum,
 "Not whence, nor how—but has the money come?"
 The sodden grandame, croaking, asks the boy
 What he can gain?—gain is his sister's joy.
 Spare their soft innocence, their tender years;
 Soon of itself the world the conscience sears—
 Soon of herself the girl, without command,
 Will hunt for spoil the City or the Strand;
 Soon of himself the boy will be transferred
 Where the vain swan 's a sober-suited bird.
 I did not urge the boy to do the crime,
 The sire will say, that makes him change his clime.
 Yes, and the crime was thine; since every night
 Thy voice chose pelf as theme of thy delight.
 When the coarse father, with an anxious brow,
 Bids the tall stripling to his idol bow,
 He bids him steal, and circumvent, and lie,
 And guard his theft, at need, with perjury,
 And do for what the judge his black cap dons.
 From guiltier fathers spring the guilty sons.
 By sea, by land, is pressed the dangerous trade;
 Ruin or shipwreck, loss or gain is made.
 The madman, though no keeper at his side
 Followed his motions, in his madness died;
 Doting on money till his latest breath,
 He told his credit in the ear of death:
 'Tis like the Furies will his book forget,
 And plainly shew him deeply in their debt.
 The Macedonian madman, in his pride,
 For other worlds to spoil and vanquish sighed;
 The merchant-madman still must swell his store—
 More than enough implants the wish for more.
 Ambitious Oliver would tumble down
 A monarch's head, and clutch his golden crown;
 Lived but to fear, and fearing still to die,
 Wove and unwove his own perplexity;
 Till a mean tertian ended all his toil,
 And Highness shuffled off his mortal coil.
 The wiser Richard left the crimson seat,
 And guiltless hid him in some green retreat;
 There planted cabbages, and pleased his eye
 With flowers and fruits; lived long, nor feared to die.
 If men were wise, gilt Fortune would not be
 The object of their lewd idolatry.
 They deify the strumpet, and proclaim
 Their brutal ignorance and filthy shame;
 Like the mad infidels, who scorned to be
 Held subject to a prescient Deity,
 But bowed them down, devoutly doing suit
 And service to a naked prostitute!

* "Killing no murder" deprived Oliver of his sleep. He was truly a great man. It is funny enough that the republicans hold him up at present. His government was perhaps the most vigorous the country ever had. He loved England better than all things beside, excepting one daughter and himself. He was worth, though a regicide, a million Whigs. He made England to be feared. They seem created for no other purpose than to make themselves and the country ridiculous. Oliver died of a tertian fever, for the want of a little bark. Richard Cromwell, who shewed such true wisdom in his retirement from his dangerous office, has been always laughed at for his pusillanimity. He lived to a good old age; and never but once returned to London after his abdication. He was a witness in the House of Lords; when there before he sat as monarch on the throne. The illustrious infidels of regenerate France denied the superintending Providence of an all-wise and irresponsible Deity, and magnanimously worshipped a naked prostitute, whom they called the Goddess of Reason.

LORD BYRON'S DRAMAS.*

WHAT we have written on Lord Byron we have written. We retract not one jot of what we have said of his character in our papers on his juvenile poems; and design to carry our view yet further out in some essays on his larger productions. But there is one point in which we have considered the man and poet worthier than his fame. We have looked upon his dramatic efforts with respect,—those efforts on which the world looked with indifference. The recent production on the stage of his lordship's two tragedies of *Werner* and *Sardanapalus* by Macready, and the performance even now of his *Manfred* with success, though by a much inferior artist, justify us in taking this opportunity of expressing, however imperfectly, a long-cherished opinion.

Macready, perhaps, was not so great in *Sardanapalus* as he ought to have been,—he was not the character; but he was every thing that is desirable in *Werner*. Nevertheless, both, for their time, and in a certain degree, prospered, like a good jest in the ear to which its utterance was directed. If, with inadequate representation in many particulars, *Sardanapalus* was more than endured, under better circumstances it might have been expected not only to escape shipwreck but to sail triumphantly into port. A fact like this speaks volumes in favour of Lord Byron's dramas.

We wish to say nothing more respecting the performance of *Manfred* than to repeat, that with the aid of scenery and singing it was made attractive to the vulgar. God forbid that we should be called upon to criticise Denzil's acting, or the alterations made in the detail and catastrophe of the piece! all these things are an abomination to us. We stick to Lord Byron's dramas as written and printed,—as they ought to be enacted, not as they are.

All things go to prove that a critic is useless to a good poet; that the critic never can be the poet's senior; and that if he attempts to become so he makes an ass of himself. What said the herd of reviewers of a late day? Byron's genius was not dramatic! Vastly

fine, and immensely foolish, with the plays themselves, staring them in the face, giving them the lie direct. We, on the contrary, always saw in these pieces the dawning of a better nature. The Satanic poet was evidently casting his serpent slough. The madman was becoming a man,—a man's heart was returning into his bosom; and we were ready to hail him as a brother—to love him as such—to esteem—to honour.

And why? Confound it all, and must we render a reason for the faith that is in us? Bray—bray;—then, since ye will, even have it so!

We suppose, then, that there is a reason for one's taste in poetical matters as well as in roasting of eggs. This is a discovery of late years; at any rate, it is one that had long lain in abeyance since the good old times of Quintilian and Longinus. Not long since, the mere dicta of the critic were all we could get. Condemned he? there was no court of appeal; applauded he? the judgment was accompanied with no argument. It was not an Eldonian, but a Broughamic decision.

Times have changed—for the better? We will say so, if their influence shall enable us to make this article gleam and glow with a fulgour not otherwise its own. For bright now are all the ideas of OLIVER YORKE,—and a little polishing from the hand of circumstance is all that is wanting to make them gorgeous. The fury and the rapture—the ecstasy and the inspiration of ten thousand pythonesses rage in our single (plural) bosom; and our words are words of power,—

“Words which are things—that have been and shall be.”

Reader! knowest thou this line? Perhaps not; it is from Byron's *Prophecy of Dante*. But this poem was never popular, and therefore it is probable thou hast never taken the trouble to peruse it. Foolish—most sweet and courteous—reader! A poet's best things are never popular in the first instance. Is this one of Byron's best? We won't tell thee—that's flat.

All we want to say is, that in the

Lament of Tasso and the *Prophecy of Dante* we first of all detect the presence of a dramatic genius in Lord Byron's soul. *Manfred* was but himself projected—a Childe Harold in act and scene: the character was altogether ideal, and a man's ideas are only so many images of himself; they have all the same expression, and refer all to the same original. Tasso and Dante, too, have a little too much of Byron in them; still there were some features, if not his own, that he was compelled to bring out, and did. At worst, they were but Tasso and Dante Byronised—yet, though in masquerade, they were Tasso and Dante still. The same remarks apply to the *Prisoner of Chillon*.

Here, then, we have Byron delivering himself from the morbid associations of self,—coming out of himself—weaving from the centre of self, at any rate, a cobweb periphery—making a circle where he might be caught wandering round the circumference. It was no longer necessary to seek him in the dungeon of his heart, shut up with gloomy thoughts. He might now be seen taking the air, making his person a little sweet, and improving his general health. The change of habit, however, was not applauded as it ought to have been.

It was probably Byron's connexion with Drury Lane Theatre that first turned his attention to play-writing. He originally had some idea of writing for the house himself; but, as he told Medwin, soon became a convert to Pope's opinion on the subject. "Who would condescend," said he, "to the drudgery of the stage, and enslave himself to the humours, the caprices, the taste, or tastelessness of the age?"

All this is well enough; not so his prejudices against Shakespeare. Moreover, he entertained an odd notion, that poetry had nothing to do with a play or in a play. "There is not one passage," he averred, "in Alfieri strictly poetical; hardly one in Racine." Odd as this notion was, it nevertheless stood him in good stead. Byron was only so far a man as he was a poet,—at least such had been the case. He had identified his personal with his poetical character. By striving to banish poetry from his plays, he separated his own individuality also, and left his characters so far to speak for themselves. His plays are nevertheless in-

jured by it; hence the execrable blankness of his blank verse. Not altogether, however, might he separate himself; poetry yet intrudes in separate and detached or detachable passages, and surprises the reader with a refreshing and relieving effect.

We have already given either set or incidental critiques on the mysteries of *Cain*, and of *Heaven and Earth*; our present business will therefore be, without loss, shortened by the omission of all considerations on them. *Manfred* preceded the *Tasso*, and is essentially poetical; it was probably the outgrowth of the state of his mind consequent on his matrimonial rupture. The "Incantation" was written, indeed, in the same year as the third canto of *Childe Harold*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, and the *Dream*. Between this period and that of completing his drama, he made the tour of the Bernese Alps, and the acquaintance of Shelley,—wandered to Italy by the route of Martigny, the Simplon, Milan, and Verona, and afterwards took up his residence at Venice. Here he finished his performance, writing thus on Feb. 15, 1817, to Murray on the subject:—"I forgot to mention to you, that a kind of poem in dialogue (in blank verse), or drama, from which the 'Incantation' is an extract, begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished: it is in three acts; but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—are spirits of the earth and air, or the waters: the scene is in the Alps; the hero a kind of magician, who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left half unexplained. He wanders about invoking these spirits, which appear to him, and are, of no use; he at last goes to the very abode of the evil principle, in *propria persona*, to evocate a ghost, which appears, and gives him an ambiguous and disagreeable answer; and in the third act he is found by his attendants lying in a tower where he had studied his art. You may perceive by this outline that I have no great opinion of this piece of fantasy; but I have at least rendered it quite impossible for the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane has given me the greatest contempt."

This outline of Byron's is almost sufficient criticism on the poem, or drama; but we fear that the species

of remorse, the cause of which is left half unexplained," will not bear out our friend Galt's interpretation. No! Byron's feelings were of too intense a kind, arising from his domestic calamities, to treat with magic horrors. The fantastical nature of the piece was as much as he could afford in the way of sportive appearance; but at the bottom of it, that which was concealed was blacker than art-magic ever was—was a horror only too real to be expressed. He had indeed determined to "sup full with horrors," that he might lose the sense of his own individual and else overwhelming suffering. Thus it is that a Poet conquers Agony. But the natural was no longer a healthy element for him. The supernatural must come in aid; nor that alone; the unnatural must blend with it, that the eccentric genius of the man might have infinitude to revel in.

There is a mystery in this well deserving explanation, could we give it; the attempt to do so is barely in our power.

Some authors have confounded the supernatural with the unnatural. Not so our gentle Shakespeare. The form of things unknown *he turned to shape*; and to airy nothing he gave a *local habitation and a name*. Mrs. Montagu has very rightly observed, that "as mankind had increased in knowledge, and a long series of tradition had established a certain mythology and history, the poet was no longer permitted to range, uncontrolled, through the boundless dominions of fancy, but became restrained, in some measure, to things believed or known. Though the duty of poetry to please and to surprise still subsisted, the means varied with the state of the world; and it soon grew necessary to make the new inventions lean on the old traditions. The human mind delights in novelty, and is captivated by the marvellous, but even in fable itself requires the credible. The poet who can give to splendid inventions, and to fictions new and bold, the air and authority of reality and truth, is master of the genuine sources of the Castalian spring, and may be said to draw his inspiration from the well-head of pure poesy." Of the last sentence an example has lately been given, in the use made of the apocryphal *Book of Enoch*, to support certain epic fictions altogether novel with the semblance of old authority.

The old traditions, however, to give the air of reality and truth to new inventions, must themselves possess it; both must have given their sanction indeed to the immediate inspiration. Ghosts, fairies, goblins, elves, lived in the religious faith of Shakespeare's age; because, though marvellous, they never stood in opposition to human sympathy. Man knows nothing of reality and truth but as it exists in his own bosom. His heart is to him the ark of the testimony, his spirit is to him the temple and image of the Supreme. One touch of this kind occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

"The HUMAN mortals want their winter here."

A reference like this makes the preternatural and the natural both of kin,—identifies, indeed, the two worlds of spirit and nature, which twain constitute the universe of matter and of mind. Unfortunately, however, it is in the idea of death, not life, that the bard of Avon has associated them. In this, however, he was right; he felt that faëry mythology was of perishable structure.

The office of the supernatural is to control and regulate the physical, but not to contradict it. Such is the province ascribed to it by Shakespeare, in Titania's summary of the calamities consequent on the dissensions of the king and queen of faëry.

"And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original."

The same feeling is well preserved in Wieland's *Oberon*.

Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, accordingly, is not a hero, but a man—a common man—temptable as all, and with no more power of resistance than most. Such a character seems expressly contrived to illustrate the dominion of metaphysical agency over his wavering purposes. But the agency is in harmony with the attributes of his mind,—it is of the sort which would naturally affect the patient,—there is no violence to check his genius or outrage humanity. His crimes and virtues are equally true to nature,—neither outstep her limits, nor take up arms against her within them.

Now, in most of these particulars Beaumont and Fletcher stand in contrast with Shakespeare. Shakespeare

was well content to actuate his faëry beings with feelings and passions similar to those that influence mankind; but the twin bards whom we have put in contrast with him must have something contrary to all we know of human motives as the main-spring in the construction of their ideal beings. Poetry was not with them a spontaneous gift of nature, but an acquired art. They did not, as Hazlitt rightly enough observes, "produce effect by studying nature, but looked at nature only to produce effect." They were always striving to do better than nature could, and sometimes other than nature would. They were fond of committing outrage on virtuous sentiments, and wandering into grounds forbidden. Look at the *Maid's Tragedy*, which even Charles Lambe affirms could only proceed from an inferior Shakespeare. "A striking difference," says the authority just quoted, "between Fletcher and Shakespeare is, the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in some of his most admired tragedies shew this. Shakespeare had nothing of this contention in his mind, none of that craving after violent situations, and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which I think always betrays imperfect moral sensibility. The wit of Fletcher is excellent, like his serious scenes; but there is something strained and far-fetched in both. He is too mistrustful of nature—he always goes a little on one side of her. Shakespeare chose her without a reserve; and had riches, power, understanding, and length of days with her, for a dowry."

All which, being interpreted, means that he mistook the unnatural for the preternatural. For illustrations, the reader is referred to the *Wife for a Month*, *Cupid's Revenge*, and *Double Marriage*. So strong was the passion in these poets for this peculiarity, that it intrudes even into the beautiful *Faithful Shepherdess*, in the love of Thenot for Clorin. This results, as we have before said, from the substitution of art not only for but against nature. High and palmy had been the state of Rome ere she became, "like Niobe, all tears." In the interval between, luxury, the daughter of art, had exhausted all the treasures of nature's giving. But shall desire, always spiritual, and therefore

infinite, be limited in the sphere of its gratifications? The answer was in the negative, and the results can only be glanced at.

We feel that we have here opened up a vein of thought which it would require volumes to develop.

Byron's drama partakes both of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. It is the incest of the one with the preternaturalism of the other. But that in *Hamlet* is a crime of an equivocal dye; *Manfred's* is a decided transgression. Remorse succeeds to crime, but it is a remorse without repentance—a remorse not conceding indeed the criminality of the act grieved for. It is not the sin which breeds the sorrow, but the consequence of the sin. Byron's fancies were like the horses of Duncan, which

"—— (a thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make
War with mankind.

'Tis said they ate each other;
They did so, to the amazement of mine
eyes
That looked upon it."

Thus in Byron one destroys the other, with whatever propriety either might have been separately introduced.

Shakespeare's character of *Macbeth* (which was formed on Hollinshed's Donwald, rather than on the historical person whose name he bears) was so constructed by its author as to trace the progress of the human mind from innocence to guilt—from its first aberrations from virtue, to the last stage of depravity and wickedness. "If we superadd," says Skottowe fairly enough, "the intention of displaying the destructive influence of superstition on the peace and innocence of the mind in which it is suffered to take root, we shall only ascribe to Shakespeare a design which the tenderest humanity and most enlightened policy might have dictated." There is in Goethe's *Faust* a similar design. It is the meaning of the German poet to present those supernatural beings as they now appear to a sceptical age; and by so shewing the heartlessness of this irreligious apprehension, to suggest that "there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in its philosophy."

Each poet being fitted to his age, the purpose of one is to redeem from superstition, the other from atheism. Has Byron any meaning analogous to this in his *Manfred*? He hints at none such in his sketch of the plot forwarded to Murray. The only moral of the piece is contained in the last line Manfred utters:

"Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die."

Of such importance did Byron consider this line, that it being accidentally omitted in the first edition, he wrote to Murray, "You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of this poem, by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking."

Death was a relief after such a life as that led by Manfred. Like the antique Roman, he had exhausted the circle of lawful luxury, and was now on the hunt for the lawless—and the boundless. This were to overleap at once creation; for all that is created, whether mind or matter, is limited and defined. It is *law* which constitutes its being,—in this differing indeed from its Creator; of whom, says Hooker, "his being is a law unto his working." But the endeavour is vain; for the fulcrum is wanted wherefrom the bound may be taken, and the abyss an empty nothingness into which he would plunge. Still, the attempt is made; but necessarily within the limits which the sensualist would fain abhor. Byron had thus, from his situation and circumstances, run the round of this world's delights, sanctioned and unsanctioned. In his marriage he had been disappointed—there where he had garnered up his hopes of enjoyment, unrestrained and uncondemned. His fancy revelled in the chaos beyond the circle, and mated there

"Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable."

This is the state of mind represented in this drama, and herein has Byron embodied his experience of it. Such knowledge is indeed sorrow—and such sorrow, knowledge.

"But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

The spirits invoked and evoked by Manfred are merely the elements of nature; but her laws he had set at defiance, and become free from. He has therefore called them from their realms in vain.

"My mother earth!
And thou, fresh-breaking day! and you,
ye mountains!
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart."

Nothing, therefore, remains for him but to resort to the very Evil Principle itself—to be again baffled; for what principle is that of evil? Even none—but the false appearance of a principle, in which whoso trusts shall die.

We are not aware that this interpretation of the drama has been at all anticipated. One remark only remains—the piece is a monologue, Manfred being, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene; and that actor and sufferer being, so far as it was poetical, the poet himself.

It was not to be expected that Byron should descend from the poetical and personal at one leap. No; he moderated his descent by degrees. His first attempt was to abandon the personal, without the poetical. This he attempted in the *Lament of Tasso*. His further progress was all in the same line. The fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, which he wrote about the same period, was a formal dismissal of "the old man" that he was desirous of putting off. *Beppo* was the first step into a new and untried state of existence; *Mazeppa* and *Don Juan* were further advances on the same path. The *Prophecy of Dante* was in a higher mood, poetical and personal in part—yet more of Dante than of himself, save in the *terza rima*, which is all Byronic, and all wrong. And now we arrive at *Marino Faliero*.

If any man sat down with a desire to go out of himself to compose a perfect work of dramatic art, that did Byron in the composition of this elaborate play. The world has been unjust to its merits; and the critics all erroneous in their censures, as professed critics are ever.

"I painted the men," says Byron, "as I found them, as *they were*—not as the critics would have them." The critics were, are, and always will be fools.

The story was objected to on account of its improbability, though derived from authentic sources. History had testified, nevertheless, to its reality—nature had given birth to the characters; and history and nature are both wise—let both be true, and objectors to them liars! “The anger of a very old and irritable man, contrasted with the sober and austere triumphs of cold and untempted chastity, and the noble propriety of a pure and disciplined understanding,” may not excite a certain class of readers or spectators so much as the violent operations of “love or hatred, misanthropy or pity, the voluptuous and the terrific.” They are, however, in themselves deserving of dramatic representation, and will appeal not in vain to refined tastes. So much for Francis Jeffrey. With all respect for the memory of Bishop Heber, we must say, that he wrote not like a Venetian when he could describe the doge’s wrath as an “outrageous anger for a private wrong of no very atrocious nature.” He felt not like the Doge of Venice, when he charged him with attempting, in order to chastise the vulgar libel of a foolish boy, to overturn that republic of which he is the first and most trusted servant—to massacre all his ancient friends and fellow-soldiers, the magistracy and nobility of the land. Notwithstanding the disclaimer to the contrary, we aver that it is a sufficient answer to say that the matter is historically true. Who ever sympathised with such a resentment? Venetians! And if the case be one of idiosyncrasy, it is the idiosyncrasy of a state, and not of an individual. To shew human nature as it is to be found at Venice was the fitting aim of the poet. Add to this, that Byron felt the passion so natural to his mind, that he was convinced that he should have done precisely what the doge did on those provocations.

The trite objection was not to the story, which we feel to be poetical—ay, as poetical as that of *Lear*—in its very announcement,—but to the manner of treating it. The poet should have begun his poem with an earlier date, and shewn the previous encroachments of the oligarchy on the ducal power, of which Steno’s ribald verse was but an overt and symbolic demonstration.

Bating this matter, we make no bones of saying, that, in its higher at-

tributes, Byron’s *Marino Faliero* is comparable with Schiller’s *Don Carlos*. It always struck us there was a great resemblance in style between the two plays. The same coldly elaborate conduct characterises both. Both are statuesque. But, then, is not sculpture a deserving art? Would it be an objection to a marble group that it was not a painting?

Byron formed a just estimate of this drama, and his own criticism upon it is the best, *c. g.*

“It appears to me that there is room for a different style of the drama; neither a servile following of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous one, nor yet too French, like those who succeeded the older writers. It appears to me that good English, and a nearer approach to the rules, might combine something not dishonourable to our literature. I have also attempted to make a play without love; and there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor starts, nor outrageous canting villains, nor melo-drama in it. All this will prevent its popularity, but does not persuade me that it is therefore faulty. *Whatever fault it has will arise from deficiency in the conduct, rather than in the conception, which is simple and severe.*”

In this simplicity and severity, so justly predicated of his drama, Byron manifested first his possession of the genius that had aforetime possessed him. The demon began with mastering the magician,—a reversal of the old process in such cases made and provided; and the magician ended with mastering the demon. Something of this is also indicated in the choice of subject, as it presented itself to the poet’s mind. The story of *Marino Faliero* appeared to him finer than that of Otway’s *Venice Preserved*. “The head conspiring against the body,” he exclaims, “for refusal of redress for a real injury, jealousy, treason, with the more fixed and inveterate passions (mixed with policy) of an old or elderly man,—the devil himself could not have a finer subject; and he is your only tragic dramatist.”

The ill-fortune which this play met on the stage is no test of its aptitude for representation; it was wretchedly got up. Macready, we think, would make the doge tell; but the drama would require very careful abridgement. Theatric points abound in the scene between him and Bertuccio Faliero, which should be

preserved. Fault has been found with the little hesitation with which his highness consents to meet at midnight the assemblage of plebeian desperadoes to whom he is introduced by Israel Bertuccio. Jeffrey, indeed, boldly says, that "if this were ever so

authentically set down in history—which, however, it is not, it would still be a great deal too improbable for a modern tragedy." This comes of underrating the insults given by Steno, and of overlooking in consequence the turning point of the scene.

*"Doge. You come to me for justice—unto me!
The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it:*

*I cannot even obtain it—'twas denied
To me most solemnly an hour ago!*

J. Ber. How says your highness?

*Doge. Steno is condemned
To a month's confinement.*

*J. Ber. What! the same who dared
To stain the ducal throne with those foul words,
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice?*

*Doge. Ay, doubtless, they have echo'd o'er the arsenal,
Keeping due time with every hammer's clink,
As a good jest to jolly artisans;
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
In the vile tune of every galley-slave.
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
He was not a shamed dotard like the Doge.*

*J. Ber. Is 't possible? a month's imprisonment!
No more for Steno?*

*Doge. You have heard the offence,
And now you know his punishment; and then
You ask redress of me! Go to the Forty,
Who passed the sentence upon Michel Steno;
They'll do as much by Barbaro, no doubt.*

J. Ber. Ah! dared I speak my feelings!"

From this point there was sympathy, equality between the twain. How could it have been otherwise? Such was the only natural, the only probable result. The height and depth and breadth of Steno's insult and the Doge's wrong, is here shewn also in the poet's view of it. On such view the drama is founded; and it makes all that follows consistent. How dare the critic thereon regulate his judgment by any other?

The scene between the Doge and his wife, in the first scene of the second act, has received such discriminating praise from Mr. Lockhart that we need not enlarge on it. It is, in fact, incomparably fine; it is thoroughly tragic, shewing, in the face of all Edinburgh reviewers, that cold chastity, and an old man's affection and resentment, have yet emotion in them—deep, though not apparent to the Judge Jeffreys of the bench of criticism. Their didactic merit is equal to their dramatic, though fitter, and intended, for the closet, rather than the stage. Every line of this scene, so far from denoting the inadequacy of the supposed grievance, is employed to accumulate witness of its entire adequacy. It is the

constitution of the Venetian government which makes an offence, apparently so trifling, of such real intrinsic importance. And shall we undervalue a work of high art on the score of appearances, and not realities? He feels that it is because he was worthy of becoming Doge that he filled an invidious situation in the state, which left him open and liable to every insult—not in his own person only, but in his wife's.

An Old Man's Love has never yet been painted, in the depth of its purity and mystery, with equal power, if at all! The poet works out the inmost nature of this Passion of the Reason, only the more intensely real because of the ideality both of its regards and their objects.

We know not that there is intrinsically any finer poetry than this in all Byron's works. We know it will not be felt so by the herd; but we are not of the herd. Fine poetry also animates the soliloquy of the Doge before the church of San Paolo e Giovanni—poetry which will be acknowledged by the herd—for it consists of imagery and declamation. His meeting with Israel Bertuccio shews the Heart of

the Doge—~~lays it bare~~—exposes those self-inflicted wounds which it endures from contact with the inferior companionship that it associates withal, in its search of justice unrighteously withheld. This fearful anatomy is pushed still further in the scene with the conspirators, and demonstrates how great to such a character, with such sentiments, must have been Steno's offence. To us it may appear small—to him how great it *really* is. A poet, perhaps, might be censurable had he fancied this—but it is matter of history in this instance—and being so, we now see that even such censure would have been unjust had it not been. But what is meant by all this gabble about the trifling kind of the offence? Is it not known in affairs of honour that the greatness or littleness of the point in dispute is nothing? but the sentiment which operates upon it, or creates it, is all!

"Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:" says *Hamlet*.

"Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great
Never to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake."

Viewed in this light, the Passion of the Doge acquires sublimity from the very (apparent) Insignificance of the Occasion. Nay, what, compared with the Passion it excites, is not always inconsistent? What is there, even in the gaining or losing of a world, comparable with the Soul, which is often lost in the contest? It is in this very thing that the greatness of the Doge's character exhibits itself.

Lioni's soliloquy, with which the fourth act commences, lies out of the line of our remarks, as being poetical rather than dramatic. It is, however, not without dramatic propriety, as a relief to, and repose from, the previous Agony, like the famous commencement of the sixth scene in *Macbeth*:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

"This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here: no jutty, frieze,
buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird has made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle:
where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed
the air
Is delicate."

This calm is but a fatal prelude, however; the Doge's evil destiny enters with Bertram. It hovers over Marino Faliero, while in horrid suspense he waits for the expected tolling of the bell. What can be a point fitter for the stage than that dread of expectation? How thrilling! how terrible! The Doge is arrested—yet is hope not dead—for the great bell of St. Mark tolls.

"It sounds! it tolls!
Hark! signor of the night! and you, ye hirelings,
Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,
It is your knell. Swell on, thou lusty peal!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?"

Macready! could you not make something of this?

Something also may be made of the Doge's defence, and in particular of the presence of Michel Steno as a judge at the tribunal. The following few sentences ought to have silenced all the objections of the critics:—

"A spark creates the flame—'tis the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full
Already."

The bearing of the Doge at his trial, the introduction of his wife, the words of Michel Steno, and her answer, are all beautiful; even when out of nature, they are perfectly within the rules of art, whatever to the contrary may be said by critics. The last scene with his wife, and that of his execution, are, notwithstanding all objections, fine as poetry, appropriate as history, and justifiable as tragedy.

Such is our Apology for a Criticism on *Marino Faliero*. We claim the play, as a Dramatic Refinement, equally original and true "to the great heart of nature and of man."

Having written the fifth canto of *Don Juan*, and terminated his controversy with Bowles, we find Byron again

finishing another tragedy, notwithstanding the coldness with which the first was received. This was *Sardanapalus*, the play whose fate has been so different on the stage from that which attended "the old man irritable."

Byron had cautiously excluded the passions of love from his former tragedy; in *Sardanapalus*, however, he thought proper to permit the voice of the turtle to be heard in his dramatic land. This he attributes himself to the Countess Guiccioli. "She quarrelled with me," he writes, "because I said that love was not the *loftiest* theme for a tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my former arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into *Sardanapalus* than I intended."

The result of this influence was the character of the Ionian Myrrha. This character it would be now trite to insist upon as the charm and grace of the piece. We know not that it does not give all the dramatic power it possesses. It is a beautiful creation—it is purely so; for it is not at all suited to the time of the action, and her feelings are all Byronic and ideal. Having succeeded in divesting his dramatic poetry to a sufficient degree of the personal with the poetical, the poet seems to have made the attempt here, whether he could not with safety introduce the poetical without risk of intruding his personal along with it. To a certain extent, assuredly he has prospered. Not more of the Gulnares and Medoras belong to the Myrrha than might have been reasonably expected and tolerated. She stands out as a character distinct from that of her maker's. She should, however, have acted as a foil to the scepticism which the sensuality of *Sardanapalus* had induced in the monarch's mind. Instead of this, however, she is left to echo the doubts of immortality, which "the lively Grecian in the land of hills" was as incapable of conceiving, as is the

"Simple child

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb."

Macready's adaptation of this play to the purposes of representation does him infinite credit. He ought not, however, to have omitted the incident of the mirror in the third act. It is a

touch of nature—speaking of a sensuality not yet quite surmounted—still holding a lingering grasp on the spirit that was bursting away in glory from its thrall. We love to consider the poet himself precisely in this state of mind at the time. We take the play as witness of his own approaching emancipation. This it was which induced him to treat the subject now, though long premeditated. His moral nature was in the precise condition to make the attempt possible and successful. Of his triumphs in the closet in regard to this play we have all been able to speak: the historian henceforth will be enabled to record its conquest on the stage.

Macready principally failed in the voluptuary scenes at the commencement of the play, and in the recital of his dreadful dream. The first was owing, however, merely to the physical incapacity of the actor, for which he cannot at all be brought into judgment; the second was a concession to the vulgarity of an English audience, which requires noise and rant. It is enough, however, that the drama was prosperous. This renders it unnecessary for us to go into a formal proof of its stage capabilities, similar to what we felt called on to do in the case of *Marino Faliero*.

Byron's next play is the historical tragedy of the *Two Foscari*, in which he attempted a line of art altogether new to English poetry:—one that sought not to display, by rant and declamation, the visible ravages of passion, but, in expressive silence, its invisible corrosion while in a state of apparent suppression. In an art where so much depends on making an appearance, this was a matter of exceeding difficulty. Difficult as it is, however, the end sought is perfectly accomplished.

And would this play succeed upon the stage?

Critics will tell you, that the adherence to the unities has spoiled the play—spoiled it altogether both for the closet and the stage. Stuff! We are no friends to the unities; but their absence or presence never yet spoiled a drama. There are good ones under both conditions. Is a man a dramatist—a poet? He will write a drama—a poem—by whatever rules of art he may regulate his composition. Let us have productions of all

kinds, say we, that our pleasures may be varied to the full extent of possibility.

With or without unities, the poet must make a selection from the historical facts of the narrative he is about to dramatise. How many, or how few, must be at his discretion, which must depend greatly on the end which he has in view, whether to content himself with sketching the passions and incidents in a rapid action, as on the English stage, or to delineate them at large in a series of conversations, as in the foreign drama. Some perhaps might wish the poet to go back to the time when Francesco Foscari, (at the peace of Ferrara, which, in 1433, succeeded a calamitous war,) foreseeing the approach of fresh, and still greater troubles than those he had already experienced, and wearied by the factions which ascribed all disasters to the prince, tendered his abdication to the senate, and was refused. They might, probably, desire to have made the renewal of the offer, after nine years' further experience of sovereignty had confirmed his former estimate of its cares; and to be shewn the council, on this second occasion, much more from adherence to existing institutions than from any attachment to the person of the Doge, accompanying their negative with the exaction of an oath that he would retain his burdensome dignity for life. They would like to see the marriage of Giacompo, the survivor of his four sons, with a daughter of the illustrious house of Contarini, and the four years' unhappiness into the bargain. Then might follow the denouncement to the Ten of Giacompo, as having received presents from foreign potentates, and especially from Filippo-Maria Visconti. Then might be presented his father presiding at the unnatural examination, with the extortion of his confession by the rack, and his life-banishment pronounced by his father's lips to Napoli di Romania. Neither would it be borne, that omission should be made of the circumstance of his being delayed at Trieste by a severe illness; and that, at the especial prayer of the Doge, a less remote district was assigned for his punishment—that he was permitted to reside at Treviso, and his wife allowed to participate his exile.

Neither may it be supposed that these people would be satisfied with

this. In the second act, they would desire the recall of Giacompo from Treviso, in order that he might be racked a second time in presence of his father, to ascertain whether he had any hand in the assassination of Hermolao Donato, a chief of the Ten—the sufferings of his servant having been previously exhibited at full, with the grounds of suspicion against him. Then, returned to his place of exile, soliloquy on soliloquy would be perpetrated, to shew his unquenched patriotism for the land of his birth, notwithstanding his many wrongs. He must be seen to write the letter to the Duke of Milan, imploring his good offices with the senate—to leave it purposely open in a place obvious to the spies by whom, even in his exile, he was surrounded, and afterwards to intrust it for delivery to Sforza to an equally treacherous hand, by which it was delivered, as the writer intended, to the council of Ten. They must issue in full hearing the hasting summons by which he was remanded to Venice to answer for the heavy crime of soliciting foreign intercession with his native government.

The third act would then present Francesco Foscari listening for the third time to the accusation of his son, and for the first time to his confession. Then, of course, that son must be raised on the accursed cord full thirty times to compel him to retract his confession. Then must his sentence of exile be renewed, with the addition that his first year should be passed in prison. Then would follow the affecting parting, with Giacompo's subsequent death, with all the other circumstances, until the fifth act concluded with the completed vengeance of Loredano.

Byron wisely shortened this process. His object was not to swell his poem with pseudo-patriotic ravings, which would doubtless have formed the staple commodity in the work of an inferior artist. Giacompo's patriotic passion was an ineffable sentiment of his soul—a thought too deep for words or tears. To indicate it was all that the poet proposed to do. His purpose in the play was to read a moral lesson on the constitution of a state, and to shew the crimes which an erroneous constitution had produced in a certain place called Venice.

Hence it is that we find the ostensible sovereign of a state exhibited in circumstances where he is unable to

exercise any volition for the protection of a son twice put to the torture of the rack, for the remarkable but pardonable crime of feigning himself a traitor, that he might be brought back from undeserved banishment. It is part of the same plan, that "these inexplicable horrors," as they are called, proceed from the hostility of one Loredano, who, as Jeffrey will have it, "lords it in the council of the *Ten*, nobody knows why or how, and who at last *enmeshes* both father and son in his toils, in spite of their passive obedience and non-resistance to his plans." He adds, "they are silly flies for this spider to catch, and feed fat his ancient grudge upon."

That the father should be sunk in the monarch—that such monarch should be "the stoic of the state"—was the result of the circumstances of birth and breeding in which the Doges of Venice were educated. It will not do to say these things are out of nature; the fact is, they, though unnatural, have been already acted in nature, and are matter of history; and were so far from being strange where they occurred, that they flowed as naturally and as necessarily as any other effect from its appropriate cause. It is also matter of history, that the machinery of the state was so framed that an individual of the government had more power than the apparent head,—that the Doge was a mere puppet. To render any especial reason why Loredano had the authority which he exercised, would have been to compromise the purpose of the play. He was a production of the same state; hence his power as one of the *Ten*; his personal ascendancy in the council is sufficiently accounted for by the evidence of his personal character, his genius, his talents, his indomitable resolution. The passive obedience and non-resistance of the

Doge and his son are not assumed for the purpose of counteracting his plans, but from the hopelessness of the case, under such a constitution of affairs, and also from the character of the parties, brought up in habits of obedience to the form of rule to which, though they were victims, yet they remained conscientious adherents. Neither are they in all this silly flies, but wise men doing the best they can, environed as they were, shewing courage in their patience, and virtue in enduring where they could not conquer.

In all these respects the poem reflects the period of time and the historical verity of the fable that he had chosen. He has presented you with Venice, her customs and laws; with her subjects, their manners and feelings. All this he has done as it was never done before. In this consists his originality as a poet in these plays. Others have presented the reader or spectator with general nature,—nature as it might be found in England; France, or Spain, as well as Venice; Byron shewed it as it was to be found in Venice only: it is still nature, though Venetian nature.

Macready is exactly fitted for the character of the elder Foscari. It is a great error to look upon the son as the hero of the play; he is a subordinate character to his father, and even to Loredano. His extraordinary patriotism forms the charm, indeed, of the historical legend, but is a matter of minor importance in the drama—serving only as the occasion to manifest the great state-moral in a striking manner. Yet is his peculiar passion not insufficiently developed; ample room and verge enough, in our opinion, is given to its expression. All-expressive; from the window, is the speech of Jacopo.

"Limbs! how often have they borne me
Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have skimmed
The gondola along in childish race," &c.

"My beautiful,
My only Venice,—this is breath! thy breeze,
Thine Adrian sea-breeze; how it fans my face!
Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
And cool them into calmness! How unlike
The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
Which howled about my Candiot dungeon, and
Made my heart sick!"

This last touch is exceeding true, as is his horror at the kind approach of his executioner. Nothing can be more

dramatic than both instances; equally so is the conclusion of the scene.

"How looks my father?"

Officer. With his wonted aspect.

Jac. Fos. So does the earth, and sky, the blue of ocean,
The brightness of our city, and her domes,
The mirth of her piazza; even now
Its merry hum of nations pierces here,
Even here, into these chambers of the unknown
Who govern, and the unknown and the unnumbered
Judged and destroyed in silence,—all things wear
The self-same aspect to my very sire.
Nothing can sympathise with Foscari—
Not even a Foscari. Sir, I attend you."

The prison-scene with his wife is also devoted to the manifestation of the legendary sentiment, and this is effected both by feeling and by reason. Beautifully he accounts to her for his paleness, and finely he declares how his mind "sinks in solitude," and that his "soul is social." Notwithstanding this, his imprisonment is to him better than his sentenced return to Candia. To all the objections of Marina drawn from the ingratitude and tyranny of the soil for which he feels rather "passion" than "patriotism," he replies with an acuteness only to be given by a patriotism which is also passion. The first inhabitant of all lands, save one, were wretched exiles,—well he knew how wretched. Yet the evil led to good; and he, too, could have gone forth as an old patriarch, to create a fresh home and fresh state, perhaps,—perhaps! for there are such things as calentures, and heart-sickness at hearing native music. Nay, he concludes that he who loves not his country can love nothing; reason, therefore, it were, that he should obey her and go forth. This he confesses; but this is the very pang with which his heart is breaking; for her command is "like a mother's curse upon his soul!" Yet, notwithstanding all, he will not hear his country accused of injustice.

In this powerful development there is no rant, no raving. The depth of the passion is shewn in its calmness; it is a settled thing of which all the elements have ranged themselves in order, and can now be discoursed of and argued upon without weeping or declamation. It can be quietly analyzed, and examined in the self-consciousness and the power of self-centred will. It is the natural state of the character, expressed without effort and without strangeness. But the calm is that of death; the heart is breaking of unworlding sorrow, and at length it breaks. The apathy of passion cracks

—the ice dissolves from his heart—flowing, however, not in water, but forth in blood. It is the heart itself that is melting, as the wax in the hot furnace of extreme affliction. He feels it escaping away, and shouts aloud with a rushing sense of the mysterious operation. This change in the condition of his feelings is noticed by Marina.

"Until now thou wert

A sufferer, but not a loud one."

But now "cometh the end" of which that change was prophetic. The boat is at the shore—the wind is rising—all are ready—and he?—he is also ready! His hand trembles in his father's—he turns pale—his eyes swim strangely; will the air make him better?

"*Jac. Fos.* I doubt not. Father—wife—

Your hands!"

Mar. There's death in that damp, clammy grasp.

Oh, God! My Foscari, how fare you?

Jac. Fos. Well! (he dies)."

Such was the love that James Foscari bore his country. Love! That power above reason ever; yet would one of Lord Byron's critics (the most amiable, and one whom we reverence most and altogether—Bishop Heber) require that this exercise of the will should be accounted for by the poet, whom, according to him, "it behoved to set before our eyes the intolerable separation from a beloved country, the lingering home-sickness, the gradual alienation of intellect, and the fruitless hope that his enemies had at length relented," as circumstances necessary to produce his course of conduct. Nay, but his Love preceded these circumstances—was concurrent with them, would have survived them—nay, in a sense, was their Creator. Had the good bishop been writing as a Poet, he would have felt and declared the Freedom of the Will, and written

truth; but writing as a Critic he did what a critic needs must—he erred.

The elder Foscari is a character as grand as *King Lear*! Let Macready adopt it, and become immortal. The agitation of mind in which he is discovered at the commencement of the second act—signing a paper with an inkless pen—would give him a fine point even at the very beginning. The scene with Marino and Loredano would shew him the power of concentrated feeling—would embody that mystery which he is—the reflections on which should not be omitted. The outburst of paternal agony, so long suppressed, which breaks out on his son's death, would electrify the audience. The simple words—"He's free"—who would not wish to hear pronounced as Macready can pronounce them? His message to the signory, also,—is it not the voice of nature breaking down all artificial barriers? The man whom state-habits had hitherto bound, is henceforth as "free" as his son. The spell is broken—the cold spell—the father mourns for his "unhappy children."

"Where is now
The stoic of the state?"

Doge. (throwing himself down on the body). HERE!!"

The effect of this on an audience may be anticipated by the dullest. The grand scene of his deposition, too, would, we venture to pronounce, be a triumph to the actor. The oath—the annulment of the oath—the private staircase—the giant stairs—the cup of water taken from Loredano! By the great gods! if Byron were not a dramatist, who was ever?

Marina, however, is a character which could never have been generated in such an artificial state of society as that she is found among. But is she not the Queen Margaret of the piece? Is she not a specimen of universal or general nature introduced as a variety among individuals of mere Venetian nature? In this last point of view, art, the highest art, recognises the propriety of her presence. Loredano, on the other hand, is entirely Venetian, and in his place. Read the analysis of his character in Rogers's *Italy*; and then read Byron's play once more—again and yet again—till you perfectly understand it, as the poet understood it, and are enabled to do him justice—such as no Critic ever can.

THE REV. MR. CROLY AND THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS.

If the public mind be not by and by disabused of certain gross errors which have too long oppressed it, no blame will attach to either of the two great factions into which the population of Ireland is unhappily divided. On both sides, though under circumstances essentially and entirely distinct, the truth is beginning to be heard. The Protestants, whether of the established or of the presbyterian churches, are up and doing. They have assumed an attitude worthy of their own importance, and of the great cause in which they feel that they are embarked. They hide neither from themselves nor from the world the dangers which threaten them; they tell the laity, not less than the clergy, that if they desire to escape one common ruin, they must equally stand on their defence. Neither are these things done in a corner. In Dublin, Mr. Boyton delivers himself in a tone of which there is no misunderstanding the purport.

At the great Down meeting, Dr. Cook, moderator of the synod of Belfast, is equally eloquent; and the shouts of thousands and tens of thousands of eager and excited listeners give evidence that the appeals of both have made their way to men's hearts. All this is as it should be—at least in our view of the matter—to whom humbug, whatever form it may assume, is especially odious, and who love to hear things called by their right names—albeit those names do occasionally sound harsh "in ears polite." The public has been too long amused and mystified about points which every thinking person knew all the while to be of the least possible importance, except as stalking-horses under which to conceal designs not yet ripe for disclosure. We suspect that there must soon be an end to this bad system. The Irish Protestants have at last placed the question at issue between themselves and the Roman Catholics.

on its right footing. They have shewn that it is a question of property, and of property alone. What is it to the Popish peasantry—what has it ever been—whether they be allowed the free exercise of their religious ceremonies or not? What value do the Popish agitators put upon the removal from their sect of every species of political disability? These things were sought, these things are valued, only as means to an end; and the end implies nothing short of a complete revolution in the distribution of property, lay, as well as ecclesiastical, throughout Ireland. The Popish hierarchy will never be content with any thing short of the establishment of their church, and the transference to themselves of the emoluments and honours now claimed (for we cannot say enjoyed) by the Protestant clergy. The Popish agitators carry their views further. A universal restoration of estates to what are called the old families, to be accomplished by a dissolution of the Union, if necessary—at all events, to be accomplished; this, and nothing but this, puts a limit to their wishes. Such is now the language openly held by the Protestants at every great meeting that takes place, as well in the capital as in the provinces; and the evidence adduced in confirmation of the statement must be admitted to be of a nature which is not very easy to controvert—which it is quite impossible not to feel.

While the Protestants thus charge their rivals with all sorts of treasonable purposes, the Popish hierarchy, to do them justice, have hitherto acted with remarkable prudence, neither admitting the truth of the accusation which is brought against them, nor denying it. Mr. O'Connell, to be sure, makes no secret of his intentions. Every existing institution requires to be remodelled, and one after another he denounces them; but then Mr. O'Connell is a privileged dealer in agitation, and every body knows him. To keep the *ring* going is the alpha and omega of his dealings, and he has no character to lose. The Popish hierarchy, on the other hand, have, or believe that they have, a character. They cannot forget that five years have scarcely elapsed since, with one consent, they pronounced emancipation to be the *ultima Thule* of their wishes—the single grievance of which they and their flocks

had a right to complain. The Popish hierarchy remember the pledges which they gave on that occasion—that the people would become peaceable and orderly—that the foundations of the established church would be strengthened—that they themselves would become security for the punctual payment of tithes, taxes, and rent. As to any purpose of interfering in a hostile manner with the rights or property of the Protestant clergy, before God they avowed that such a thought had never entered into their minds. Nay, it was contrary to their sense of right to become in any manner connected with a Protestant state; and hence, not only did they scout the idea of invading the property of the church as by law established, but they must reject even pensions if offered to them by the government. Such a mode of payment would inevitably lessen the influence which, circumstanced as they then were, they exercised over their flocks; and they were a great deal too conscientious to think of bartering away the power of doing good for any consideration of ease or emolument. No, no; excellent men, they desired neither wealth nor grandeur. Their incomes might be small, but they sufficed for all their wants; they arose out of the voluntary contributions of the faithful, and, being cheerfully given, they were thankfully accepted. Now the Popish hierarchy know enough of human nature to be aware, that five or six years are not sufficient, even in these days of rapid changes, to save from public scorn a body of men like themselves, who should, at the close of the period, openly and avowedly undertake measures against which at its commencement they protested. Conceiving, therefore, that the time was not yet come, they would have willingly kept a little longer in the back-ground, leaving events to work for them under the management of those who either do not see or do not care for the result. But it is not an easy matter to carry on with secrecy and effect any conspiracy to which a multitude is privy. The mistaken zeal of one, or the thoughtlessness of another, or the treachery of a third, or the downright plain-dealing of a fourth, is almost sure to occasion a premature disclosure; and then there are ten chances to one but a total failure is the consequence. That such a disclosure has occurred in the case

of the great Popish plot, every reader of Mr. Croly's pamphlet must feel. How far the result may prove ruinous to their aims, time can alone determine.

Before we proceed to lay before our readers such a digest of this very valuable tract as we intend to give, we think it but fair, in justice to the character of the writer, that they should receive some insight into his private history. Mr. Croly is not, we understand, either a very learned or a very ambitious man. He received his education at the college of Maynooth, whence he removed to a parish near Cork, of which he was for some years the priest. Perfectly upright in his own intentions, and perfectly sincere in his devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, Mr. Croly was nevertheless too good a subject, and too good a Christian, to lend himself to the predial agitation which was carried on every where around him. He would not second the practice of Whiteboyism. He would not denounce from the altar individuals who, either on public or private grounds, chanced to be obnoxious to his people. He would not become a tool in the hands of the agitators. Mr. Croly became in consequence so unpopular among the benighted creatures for whose souls he had been set to watch, that his very life was in danger. To be sure, Mr. Rochfort, a Catholic gentleman of wealth and honour, and one of his parishioners, had him constantly at his table; and gave the best proof of the confidence which he reposed in him, by bequeathing to him at his death six hundred pounds for his own use, and two thousand to be distributed by him in charity. Nevertheless, the countenance of such a man as Mr. Rochfort scarcely sufficed to keep the unpopular priest afloat while it continued; and when it was withdrawn, the poor priest sank. He was literally hooted from his parish, inasmuch that the bishop removed him to that whence his present publication is dated. But a change of scene brought no favourable change of circumstances to Mr. Croly. Agitation grew more and more active every day, and he still refused to give to it his countenance. The result of all has been, that, either in the simplicity of an honest heart, or acting under the impulse of excited feelings, he made up his mind to lift the curtain, and to disclose to the world not only

the ultimate designs, but the present degraded and unholy condition of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland. And most fully has he succeeded in both purposes; for it would indeed be a hard matter to conceive a state of things more atrocious, in every sense of the word, than that which prevails among the Papists of Ireland. Nay, nor is it only by his book that he has made this manifest. Mr. Croly continues to be a living instance of the helplessness of a really upright man, who has unhappily connected himself with such a church as that of Popish Ireland.

The bishop of his diocese has suspended him; why, or upon what grounds, it would be difficult to say, for there is nothing stated here touching the temporalities of his church which the bishop does not know to be fact; and, in a theological point, we profess that we can discover no doctrine broached with which, were the treatise submitted to the whole college of cardinals, the slightest fault could be found. Yet so it is; Mr. Croly has been suspended, and whether he has so suffered as a punishment for prematurely unfolding the secrets of the prison-house, or that the bishop himself acts under the influence of "pressure from without," the moral effect upon the minds of all reflecting persons must be the same; for in that act it is impossible not to discover a full and perfect confirmation of every charge which the Protestant party have brought against the Papists. One unfortunate priest dares to speak out, and he is silenced, not by argument, but by suspension. Can any thing demonstrate more clearly the perfect organisation of the Popish body?—can any thing more distinctly point out the end at which they aim?

Mr. Croly's pamphlet, which he has entitled, "*An Essay, Religious and Political, on Ecclesiastical Finance as regards the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland*," he has dedicated to the mob, in an address too strongly imbued, we suspect, with the spirit of truth and common sense to be at all acceptable to his many-headed patron. After giving them some excellent hints how to judge of the persons who affect to be their leaders, he goes on to say—

"When looking to your own welfare, you should be sure to take into consideration two things, and to give due

weight to one as well as to the other. You should look to the increase of income as well as to the diminution of expenditure. The latter is what is principally insisted on by your advisers; and what if it happen that the very measures they recommend to effect this object should have a direct tendency to counteract the former? This is a point worthy your attention. Nothing could tend more to enlarge your income than to have agriculture and trade in a flourishing condition. But can this be the case so long as the country is kept in a state of alarm—so long as public confidence is a mere nullity? National wealth can only be produced in the bosom of national tranquillity; nor will any man lay out capital and exert his industry where he considers life and property insecure. Ireland is unhappily kept more or less in a state of this description, to your great detriment and loss. Now it is for you to consider if this evil has not been occasioned by the pernicious counsel of those who, if they had your real interests at heart, and took a proper view of things, would hold very different language to you. You should reject every advice that would mar your capabilities for production, and consequently diminish your income. Take care, therefore, that in struggling to save a penny you do not lose a groat; or, to use an old saying, that 'you lose not a sheep for a ha'porth of tar;' besides, that it may even turn out that the saving you propose to effect, to the great prejudice of your other interests, is merely fanciful and imaginary, as is opined by men of great wisdom and discernment.

"I cannot but here remark how endeavours are made to persuade you that you are all-powerful—that to effect any specific object you have nothing to do but combine together for the purpose; before which mighty combination all opposition must vanish. This idea is very flattering to your self-love, and upon that account the more dangerous to be entertained. But you should learn from experience not to be entrapped by any such deceitful allurements, and to be perfectly satisfied that you can effect nothing in opposition to the other orders of the state—except, indeed, that you may succeed for a season in deranging the affairs of the community, of which unhappy state of things you yourselves must first and last be the principal victims. The experiment has too often been tried, and such invariably has been the mischievous result. Lend no ear to such advisers—advisers whose every syllable is fraught with evil to the common weal."

Now all this is true to the letter. But will the people of Ireland ever

acknowledge its truth? Never, so long as those who ought to be their guides and protectors desert them—who possess the means, if they had but the will, to raise them in the scale of moral beings—who are bound, by every tie of honour, and principle, and justice, to make their wretched country their first care, themselves and their personal pleasures the second—never, so long as such men turn their backs upon Ireland, and leave her to the tender mercies of plotters and demagogues. But we shall have a good deal to say on that subject hereafter; at present we go on with what is before us.

Mr. Croly's pamphlet opens with what he calls an introductory address, in which he labours to establish two points; first, to give a summary of the causes which have mainly contributed to render Ireland in all ages an unhappy country; and, secondly, to narrow, as far as he can, the lines of difference which keep the churches of Rome and England apart from one another. As far as his views are developed, in both cases, we are bound to acknowledge that they seem to us to be fairly stated. It is true that he does not enter very deeply into either question; in reference to the one, for example, he speaks only of religious persecution, to which, not untruly, he attributes a good deal of Ireland's sufferings. With respect to the other, the sum of his reasoning is this, that, seeing the churches of England and of Rome hold the same opinions on all vitally important points of doctrine, there is no good reason why, for differences in discipline or ceremony, they should break the bond of peace, and violate the unity of faith. Now, this is admirable in theory; and were those differences, which he holds so cheap, held equally cheap by others, then, indeed, a reunion might and would take place. But though Mr. Croly on the one hand, and ourselves on the other, were disposed to throw overboard all considerations, save one—though we pronounced it to be a matter of perfect indifference whether the laity did or did not communicate in both elements—whether the host was or was not worshipped—whether prayer ought or ought not to be addressed to saints—whether the right of private judgment in studying the Scriptures ought or ought not to be exercised,—how many members of either of our churches could we hope to carry

along with us? We trow, but few indeed. Still we repeat, that this portion of his pamphlet does him honour. It shews that he at least is no bigot; however conscientious may be his attachment to the faith in which he was educated; and that a man may be conscientious without bigotry, and liberal without insincerity, God forbid that we should doubt!

It is not, however, with the theological portion of Mr. Croly's work that our business for the present lies. That may or may not prove acceptable, according to the peculiar views and feelings of those who read it; but of the political part of the pamphlet there can, we think, be but one judgment formed. It contains a vivid picture of the enormous evils which accompany the Roman Catholic religion as it now exists in Ireland, together with a frank and open demand that these shall be remedied by the overthrow of the Protestant establishment, and the erection of Popery on its ruins. This is coming to the point at once. And now, before we take any notice of the conclusion which Mr. Croly draws from his premises, we will proceed to bring forward the premises themselves for the inspection of our readers. What will the voluntaries say to the following details?

Having stated what is known to all the world, that the Roman Catholic church in Ireland depends for support upon certain fees which the clergy exact from their parishioners, after ridiculing the notion that these fees are, in any sense, free gifts, because, though the priest cannot take legal steps for their recovery, he wields a power infinitely more terrible than law,—the deponent saith—

“The mode of exacting clerical dues is quite arbitrary and capricious; fixedness and uniformity are out of the question. Almost every thing depends upon the temper and disposition of the clergyman. There are salutary regulations in every diocese respecting church dues, as well as other points of church discipline, put forth by episcopal and synodical authority. Specific sums are laid down as the remuneration to be demanded and paid for the performance of such and such religious rites; for the celebration of marriage, or the oblation of the mass, or the half-yearly administration of the eucharist. These authorised exactions, as may be supposed, are moderate enough, and would not be at all adequate to

supply the wants of an aspiring priesthood. Every priest, therefore, looking to his peculiar necessities, or to self-interest, makes the most he can of his ministry, and multiplies his exactions without any reference to statute law, or episcopal authority. Owing to this departure from fixed rules, the strangest discrepancy prevails even in the same diocese as to the church-demands made upon the people. Some priests, in consequence of their extravagance or their avarice, are much more severe in their exactions than others. They make higher demands for christenings, for weddings, for masses; for confessions, for funerals. It is a fact also, that the exactions are continually on the increase; and that the main attention of the clergy appears to be directed towards the enlargement of their incomes. The dues are now nearly double what they were thirty years ago; so that, strange as it may appear, amid the decay of trade and commerce, agriculture and manufacture, the revenues of the Irish Catholic church are in a constant, steady, progressive, state of improvement.”

This state of things naturally produces murmurs among the people, whose discontent has grown to such a height, that consequences never contemplated by the laudators of the peace-loving priesthood seem within the bounds of possible occurrence.

“Whiteboyism may appear once more upon the stage. Captain Right, or Captain Rock, may set himself in opposition to clerical exactions of every description, and may venture to regulate at once the revenues of both churches. The people are losing their respect for the priests and for religion, which is now, to all appearance, rendered completely subservient to the exaction of money. The priest and his flock are continually coming into hostile collision upon pecuniary matters; the former endeavouring to enforce his demands by the dint of terror; the latter paying with the utmost reluctance, and quite ripe for shaking off the expensive yoke of clerical authority.”

Yet are the demands of the church far from unreasonable. Nay,

“It is a question, whether, notwithstanding the increase of church dues, the amount of church revenues be more than what is reasonable. The fact is, that even the priest who exacts most has not an extraordinary income. Scarcely any parish yields four hundred per annum; and many a parish does not yield one-third of that sum. In general, priests are in debt, for two very substantial

reasons—the scantiness of their incomes, and the necessary expenses of their establishments. In former times the Catholic clergy lived in the most homely style. In their dress, their manners, their dwellings, their tables, they stood little higher than the common farmers. With a few exceptions, they had no idea whatever of high life; of being clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. They needed not, therefore, such an amount of revenue as is necessary for the more consequential and more expensive clergy of the present times. The state of Catholic society and of the Catholic church of Ireland is considerably altered. The humility, or the obscurity of former times, has entirely disappeared, and is forgotten. The country priest now copes with the country squire, keeps sporting dogs, controls elections, presides at political clubs, and sits ‘cheek by jowl’ at public dinners and public assemblies with peers of the land and members of parliament. Would the former humble standard of church revenues be adequate to the expenditure of men of this aspiring and consequential description? The extraordinary exactions, therefore, that are so much complained of are the necessary consequence of the extraordinary change of circumstances; and if the people, in their savage obstinacy, refuse compliance, what follows but that the present system of finance, being unsuited to the times, yet still espoused by the inconsiderate multitude, the matter should be taken entirely out of their hands, and a new system substituted, which would be fully adapted to meet the alteration that has taken place in the religious and political world? It may be right to observe, that in the present defective state of things the rich Catholics contribute in general but little to the support of their clergy. They pay nothing in proportion to their rank and means. They are extremely deficient in this respect; so that the whole burden of the priesthood, as to their support, rests, it may be said, on the shoulders of the poor, industrious, labouring classes. There might be some honourable exceptions; but the general proposition is true. In fact, the great folk among the Irish Catholics keep aloof from the priests, and seem to care very little whether they are in comfortable circumstances or otherwise. Whether it is that they do not believe in the religion they profess, or that in the excess of their foppishness they imagine it is administered by very contemptible personages—however this may be, their refusal or their negligence in the matter of church contribution is a very serious omission, and affords a powerful argu-

ment for a change in the present preposterous system of church finance.

“The revenue of the parish priest is derived from a variety of sources. There are confession dues, marriage dues, baptism dues, mass dues, and dues for anointing. He is also paid at times for attendance at funerals. Confession furnishes the most steady and constant source of revenue. Twice a-year he collects confession-money under the denomination of Christmas and Easter offerings. The mode of making this collection is not very consonant to the spirit of religion. The priest selects one or two houses in every plough-land or neighbourhood, where he holds, according to appointment, what are called ‘stations of confessions;’ and it is required that the families all about should meet him when he comes among them upon these occasions, should make their confessions, receive the Holy Sacrament, and finally pay the customary dues. It sometimes happens that this business is not transacted quietly. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable, and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, unless they send the dues as an apology, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure. All these things take place in connexion with the celebration of mass and the administration of two sacraments—penance and the eucharist, or the Lord’s Supper. The association must be admitted to be rather an unholy one. If no money was to be paid on such occasions, all things would go on well, and the whole scene would be religious and edifying. But the intermixture of money transactions and money altercations changes the entire scene, and proves at once a fatal counteraction to all the previous works of devotion. Most certainly the good of religion requires an alteration in this matter. But supposing all things to go off quietly, and without a murmur, is it right that the payment of money should be coupled with the administration of religious rites? The custom, on the face of it, bears an unholy complexion. It transforms religious rites into merchantable commodities, which the priest prices and turns to his own advantage in the best manner he can. He gives and he gets *quid pro quo*. This is the appearance of the thing; and the common people do imagine that they pay their money in lieu of getting confession and communion. So deeply, indeed, is this persuasion engraven on their minds, that they consider themselves exempt from the obligation of

payment unless they actually get absolution and the holy sacrament, that is, value for their money."

This is a curious avowal ; yet, as we go on, other revelations occur, neither less curious, nor less revolting. Marriage is dealt with precisely after the same fashion with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The priest and the bridegroom higgles about costs ; the former driving as hard a bargain as he can, and striving to make the most of the occasion. Delays constantly occur ; and sometimes the contract is entirely dissolved in consequence of the exorbitance of the fee demanded. Contributions, moreover, are levied on all who may be present at the ceremony ; and if these be not paid, or paid in a niggardly manner, "the clergyman gets into a rage, abuses, perhaps, the whole company, is abused himself in turn, until at length the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar." So it is in cases of baptism, previous to which "the father of the infant often pays ; and gossip-money is demanded of the sponsors, who often amount to four in number and upwards, contrary to the canons of Trent, but not contrary to the pecuniary interests of the priest." But this is not all :

"The priest derives money from other sources—from the administration of extreme unction, or anointing the sick, and from masses. The custom of anointing, which is founded upon some passages of St. James, but of which few traces are to be found in the early ages of the church, is considered in this country to be of the last importance ; so much so, that no misfortune is accounted greater than for a poor mortal to depart this life without its reception. The poor family are quite happy if the deceased has been anointed, but are quite unhappy if this should not happen to be the case. This rite is often administered under most distressing circumstances—amid sickness, lamentation, destitution, and want ; yet money is demanded in most cases, particularly in the country ; and instances occur of payment being demanded before-hand and even of money being pocketed by the priest which had been given as alms for the relief of the dying. No doubt, instances of this description are of rare occurrence ; but then they never should occur, nor ever would occur but for the dependant state of the Catholic priesthood. The demand for anointing money is sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities, like the demands for the discharge

of other clerical functions. It is one of the fixed determinate dues, and is in general enforced, notwithstanding the awful and melancholy circumstances that accompany the transaction. Often when the money is not to be had, bitter words take place in the very hearing and presence of the poor dying person. Who will venture to raise his voice in behalf of a system that leads to scenes of this description ?—scenes that must have a direct tendency to mar the end and object contemplated in the administration of the last rites of religion. Money transactions, which necessarily beget evil consequences, should never be coupled with the awful business of religion ; which, indeed, to have its full effect, should stand aloof, pure, unmixed, undefiled, uncontaminated."

The effects of such a system upon the moral feeling both of the priests and of the people are deplorable.

"Other bad consequences regarding the clergy themselves arise out of the present system of church support. They are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants or agreements expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest, perhaps, to the curate ; nor the curates, where a number is associated, to one another. Every man gets in what he can, and seems to think that he would be justified in appropriating the entire to himself. But this he cannot do ; for he must make some return of his receipts ; and this he does, but an arbitrary return, maimed, docked, curtailed. There is no lack of refined casuistry in this matter. The curate says he labours more than the parish priest, and therefore that he is entitled to more than his allotted proportion of the dues. The parish priest, perhaps, will say that the curate is too well paid, and that he himself should have a larger dividend ; and where there are several curates together, one will say that he is the senior, and that he should not be placed on a level with the others. Sometimes they assign a sweeping reason for this clandestine abstraction of the common revenue,—namely, that the dues being in themselves indeterminate and a sort of arbitrary exaction, they are at liberty to make an arbitrary return. The consequence of all this is, that church revenue has become a mere scramble—every man striving to seize upon a larger share, and deciding for himself in the appropriation. This is a bad state of things,—it is a shameful state of clerical demoralisation. Common

honesty is out of the question. Nothing but lies, schemes, duplicity, false returns; so that the simple and the honest become the prey of the cunning and the crafty. Does not this system of clerical dishonesty strike at the root of public morals? The morals of the pastor must have an influence on the morals of the flock. Will a priest who has no regard to the sacred rights of property be earnest in exhorting the people to the practice of justice and fair dealing? or will not the contagion of his example stimulate the evil propensities of human nature, and spread infection among the whole flock? Away then with a system which leads to all these destructive consequences—a system which degrades religion, and tends directly to demoralise both the pastor and the congregation! One reflection more, and we shall be done with this part of the subject. Let us view the conduct of the Irish priests this time past as instructors of their people. Have they attended to the preaching of the Gospel? Have they inculcated the principles of the Catholic religion? Their congregations every where have shewn an utter disregard to law and to the constituted authorities; nothing among them but sedition and insubordination,—burning and maiming,—murder and massacre,—mob-law,—in short, the greatest of all curses—the order of the day. What did the priests—the guides and pastors of the people—do under these circumstances? Did they set their faces against this unhappy state of things? Did they preach obedience and subordination? Did they inculcate submission to the authority of law, or aid in preserving the peace and tranquillity of society?—all which they were bound to do as ministers of the Gospel and priests of the Roman Catholic church. This is a position that cannot be disputed. It has been always the boast of the Roman Catholic church, that she teaches her children to observe the laws, to respect the civil magistrate, and to do nothing inconsistent with the public peace and with individual security. The Irish Catholic priests have not this time past preached these doctrines to the people. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the priests themselves were the original instigators of the misguided multitude. There is no doubt that many of them acted a prominent part in the business; and the impression on the minds of the common people was and is, that the priests gave it their full and unqualified sanction. But many of them yielded reluctantly to the torrent, and appeared to give their approbation to that which they in reality condemned: they went with the multitude instead of guid-

ing the multitude, and suffered religion and morality to be completely turned topsy-turvy. What was the cause of all this? Many causes, no doubt, may be assigned. National and religious prejudices might have had a share, sectarian hatred, cowardice, a general perversity of morals. But can it be said, that the present state of clerical dependence for support upon a capricious multitude had no share in determining this unbecoming conduct on the part of the Irish Catholic priesthood? The multitude held the strings of the clerical purse; and we betide the unfortunate priest who would set himself in opposition to their wishes. As a body, they became all-powerful in this respect. The common cry among them was, that they would not uphold any priest who would not back them in their proceedings; and instances could be produced where this threat was carried into execution, and upright individuals of the clerical body were made the objects of every species of injustice and persecution. The dread of poverty and of being cast off by those to whom they looked for subsistence contributed powerfully to make the body at large become mere time-servers, and overlook the obligations of their sacred ministry. It was a kind of general apostasy, arising from base considerations of self-interest. Accordingly, they either preached or countenanced lawless ambition, and suffered the temple to be profaned.

‘Dicite, pontifices, quid in sancto facit aurum.’

Would they have thus deserted the interests of religion and belied their own sentiments, if they did not derive their means of subsistence from the casual offerings of this same headstrong and unreflecting multitude? If they had nothing to fear on this head; if they were not necessitated to look for marriage-money, and confession-money, and baptism-money, and mass-money, and anointing-money, from farmers, from tradesmen, and from labourers, think ye that they would not admonish the people, according to the maxims of the Gospel and the doctrine of St. Paul, to obey those that are placed over us, and to be subject to the higher powers, not only for wrath but for conscience' sake; or would they have suffered the house of God, which should be a house of prayer, to be turned into a den of thieves? Their state of servile dependence, joined to a number of other untoward circumstances, made them dumb dogs in Israel; caused them to give up or abuse the exercise of the sacerdotal authority; and to be unmindful of the apostles, the prophets, and the law.”

Such is a statement of the evils attendant on the existing system; and we believe it to be as justly as it is powerfully put. But from the proposed remedy we beg explicitly to dissent, for reasons which it will be our duty to set forth.

The substance of Mr. Croly's argument, grounded on a consideration of the foregoing details, amounts to this: Let the state enter into an alliance with the Roman Catholic Church, and the Roman Catholic clergy will shew themselves both able and willing to preserve order. At all events, they will be in a better condition to do so; for they will then have an interest in repressing crimes, which at present they cannot denounce but at the hazard of starvation. Therefore, give to Ireland a Roman Catholic establishment, and throw the existing establishment overboard. Of course, a proposition so bold is not advanced without recourse being had both to direct reasoning and to analogy. The absurdity of the voluntary system is ably pointed out. It is shewn, that wherever the clergy are doomed to depend for support upon their hearers—wherever the people hold the purse-strings, and the clergy wait like menials for the alms which are administered—there truth, both in morals and religion, is sure to be sacrificed to motives of self-interest. So far Mr. Croly argues well. But when, starting from this point, he ventures to assert that the only establishment calculated for Ireland is that of the Roman Catholic Church, and that there can be no more danger to the empire in the establishment of Popery in Ireland than in the establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland,—he furnishes us with one example more, in addition to the many which we previously possessed, that though a thousand men may be capable of detecting faults in the existing state of society, not one out of a million is able to suggest a proper remedy. Mr. Croly has not committed a single error in all that he has advanced touching the evils resulting from the bastard species of Popery which casts its dark shadow over Ireland. But he entirely fails in his endeavour to draw from these premises a legitimate conclusion; because he has forgotten to consider the question in its true light, or else has wilfully shut his eyes to that light.

To compare Ireland as she exists

now, with Scotland under the dominion of Charles II., is, we are aware, a very common and a favourite form of speech with the advocates of an Irish Roman Catholic establishment. "Why not give to the Irish what your ancestors gave to the Scotch—a church to which they are attached, and by means of which they will become good subjects as well as good Christians? Nay, is not the case of Ireland much stronger than that of Scotland ever was? It may be doubted—it has been positively denied—that the majority of the Scotch people were, in the seventeenth century, attached to the Presbyterian system of church government; but who would be so insane as to question whether there be not in Ireland at least four Roman Catholics for one Protestant?" Now, granting that this computation of numbers were correct, we must still be permitted to observe, that between the conditions of the two countries there is no similitude whatever. Without pausing to inquire whether the spirit of the Popish church be or be not in accordance with the spirit of the British constitution, we entreat our readers to consider in what the grand difference between Scotland and Ireland lies. Scotland was not a conquered country. The lands of Scotland had never been distributed among the followers of the conqueror. These followers were not tied down by any fundamental conditions; they did not hold their estates upon any tenure affecting, either directly or indirectly, the religious government of the people. When the struggle came, some of the Scottish proprietors espoused one side, some espoused another. And when at last Presbytery triumphed, the Presbyterian gentry communicated with the new establishment—the Episcopalians were content to become dissenters. There was, however, no question involved which affected the right of any man to his estates, or could by possibility raise up a claimant to dispute it with him. How stands the case in Ireland?

We believe that we speak within bounds when we say, that the proportion borne by the Protestant landowners to the landowners belonging to the Roman Catholic persuasion is at least as fifty to one. One (and indeed the chief) condition, however, on which the Protestant noblemen and gentlemen hold their estates is, that

"they shall pay their tithes to the established clergy, and stock the lands with a good Protestant tenantry." Their forefathers, indeed, were endowed with the grants which they still retain for the express purpose of Protestantising Ireland; nay, there are clauses in most of the deeds which render it incumbent on them to do so, by residing personally on their grants, and promoting by every means within their power the welfare of the country. Suppose, then, a change were to take place, and Popery should become, by act of parliament, the religion of the state, what would follow? Does any one imagine that the Irish people are not prepared for this? Is any one so ignorant of the state of Ireland as not to know that the pedigrees of the original proprietors are still faithfully registered, and the maps of the estates of which each family was possessed carefully preserved? If there be such men connected with the government or the parliament of Great Britain, we tell them that they have paid very little attention to one of the most important subjects which they may be called upon to discuss. What, then, must and would follow from a change in the religious establishment of the country? Why, a universal attack on property—a cry throughout all Ireland, that the tenure on which estates were held had ceased—and a demand, uttered in a tone not to be mistaken, of restitution of those estates to the legitimate owners. Nay, nor would the claimants have far to seek, should it be considered worth while to advance precedents for the forfeiture of lands under similar circumstances. They could point to the resumption of estates because of absenteeism under Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VIII. They could remind you that a great part of the county of Carlow was rescued by the then Irish parliament from the Duke of Norfolk, and from Talbot, the ancestor of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, because "they did not reside, and the improvement of the people and the security of the country were suffering thereby;" and adding to this the overwhelming argument that an act, abstractedly considered unjust in itself, ceases to be defensible so soon as the peculiar circumstances which rendered it necessary may cease to operate, the descendants of forfeited property would demand back the estates of their fore-

fathers, on the plea that the ground of the forfeiture had been by an act of the legislature pronounced invalid. Is this theory of ours fanciful, or does it rest on the sure ground of experience?

No one, we presume, will deny, that in every corner of Ireland pedigrees are preserved; and that the poorest labourer, if he be connected with any of the ancient Milesian families, can trace back his lineage to the fountain-head, with an accuracy unknown in the Herald's College. Why is this done? Because there lingers in the minds of the people a conviction, that, sooner or later, the day of retribution will arrive; and because with all their violence, their cruelty, their bigotry, and their crime, the Irish entertain, in their own way, an extraordinary idea of justice. We take it upon us to assert, that wherever a scion of the original proprietors may lie concealed, he knows, almost to an acre, the extent of territory of which his ancestor was "robbed;" and that as often as a vision of revolution comes across his mind, there accompanies it a dream of recovering that estate, and none besides. If we be in error, we call upon those who distrust to controvert us. But we know that we are not in error.

Again, whatever may be the degree of unpopularity under which the established clergy labour (and, thanks to the anti-tithe agitation, we believe it to be considerable), there are no misgivings in our minds when we assert, that the unpopularity of the absentee landlords is fourfold greater. Neither among Catholics nor among Protestants have these men friends. Ask the tenants of Lord Courteney and the Marquess of Lansdowne—the whole of whom are Papists—what love they bear to their landlords; and as to the Protestants, will they not reply to a man, that the absentees have been the authors or abettors of every measure which has had for its object the degradation of Protestantism? The truth indeed is, that into whatever society we enter, one great cause of the evils which afflict Ireland is admitted to be absenteeism. And can the absentees suppose, that in labouring to humiliate the church, and to elevate Popery, they are strengthening their own interests? Dolts! idiots! can they not see, that it is just as easy to withhold rents from an absentee as to withhold tithe from a parson? and

that though they do possess the power of distraint, it will not avail against passive resistance! What greater difficulty is there to brand a cow with the word *absentee*, than with the word *tithe*? and when the animal has been thus branded, who will dare to purchase?

Whatever may be thought of the policy which originally established the Protestant religion in Ireland, no doubt can, we think, be entertained, that if it be desired to hold the two countries together, Protestantism must be upheld, and upheld in its supremacy. Upon the maintenance of the established church as an establishment, depends, as we have just shewn, the maintenance of all property as it is. Let the church be overthrown, and what becomes of the tenure on which Lord Lansdowne holds his estate. It is invalidated, as a matter of course; and though the noble marquis may flatter himself that no advantage shall be taken of the circumstance, or that there will be strength enough in the moral feeling of the people to resist encroachments if made, we venture to assure him, in sober earnest, that he is mistaken. The moral feeling of the people of Ireland has already been polluted beyond the possibility of cure. Go on to destroy the church by robbing her of her temporalities, and no moral feeling will remain. The Catholics in the south will then begin to pry into title-deeds: they will refuse to acknowledge as valid those of a Protestant and absentee nobleman; and his rents, if collected at all, will be gathered at the point of the bayonet. But that will not suffice to gather them long, and there will be no commiseration among the Protestants of the north for the insulted landowners of the south. On the contrary, regarding these—and justly regarding them—as the authors of the wrong which they are themselves doomed to suffer, they will join their Popish countrymen in a crusade against absentee property. Then will follow scenes which we not only do not venture to describe, but which we shudder to contemplate, and which will end, in all probability, in the dismemberment of the empire, if not in the subjugation of Ireland to some foreign power.

But it will be said that we are combating a shadow; for whatever

Mr. Croly's views on the subject of church establishments may be, we have the solemn assurances of the king's ministers, as well as the authority of the king's coronation oath, that no such change as he recommends can be by them contemplated. Nay, more—both the king and his ministers are bound by the most solemn engagements to maintain the Protestant established church, as well in its doctrines as in its government; and he who doubts that they will fulfil these engagements, must be very prejudiced or very distrustful. Far be it from us to question our gracious sovereign's designs, or those of his ministers; but if we read history aright, cases have occurred in which pledges quite as strong were given, yet not redeemed. When James II. arrived in Ireland, his first act was to declare by proclamation, that he was determined to support the religion, and the property, and the rights of the Protestants of Ireland. How did he prove the sincerity of his intentions? By modifying the constituencies, so as to return his own creatures to parliament; by calling up to the House of Lords the eldest sons of peers, so as to fill without swamping that branch of the legislature; by invading the privileges of the corporations through the agency of the Roman Catholic priesthood; by inducing an anti-tithe agitation, so as to render the collection of their dues by the established clergy impossible; by forcing dissenters upon the University; by declining to fill up bishopricks as they fell vacant; by modifying the jury laws; by assailing the independence of the judges; by creating lords lieutenants in Ireland, and filling the offices with men of an inferior class; by issuing an ecclesiastical commission; by suppressing Protestant schools; by disarming the Protestant militia; and by numbering the Protestant population. For these acts he was denounced as an enemy to the established church, and driven from the throne. Let us see how far the Whig government have or have not acted in a similar spirit.

And first with reference to the pledges of these gentlemen, freely given because wholly unexpected. Poor old Lord Grey is, to be sure, no longer in office. He was scurvily used in that matter, and therefore we feel for him; but let him stand first in the

list of promise-makers. His memorable manifesto, when Mr. Canning's corn-bill was under discussion, cannot, and ought not to be forgotten, by the lovers of consistency. "I do not think," said he, "that any noble Lord who is held worthy of taking part in his Majesty's councils, can act so unworthily as to abandon the bill for the purpose of exciting discontent in the country. All I shall say is, that if it shall produce that effect, I shall be ready to meet it. I stand here one of a body which will always be ready firmly and honestly to resist such effects, which always considers, anxiously and feelingly, the interests of the people, even when it must oppose the people themselves, and which will never consent, under the influence of fear, to give way to clamour. If there should come a contest between this House and a great portion of the people, my part is taken; and with that order to which I belong I will stand or fall. I will maintain to the last hour of my existence the privileges and independence of the House of Lords." Oh, most eloquent asserter of principle—oh, most righteous agent under its influence! How were the "privileges and independence of the House of Lords" maintained during the progress of the Reform-bill? Where was the champion who had taken his post to stand or fall with his order,—where the body which had been solemnly warned, that it ought never, under the influence of fear, to give way to clamour? Can any reliance be placed from day to day, or from hour to hour, on the asseverations—it may be on the designs, of such a statesman as this?

But Lord Grey is out of office; and though the spirit of his government be said to remain, its members are undoubtedly changed. Well, then, let us take two of the ministers who were his colleagues, and are the colleagues of his successor—the chancellors of Ireland and of England. How will they bear the test? Not many years have passed since Lord Plunkett enounced from his place the following to be his deliberate sentiments:—"That the property of the church might not be interfered with, as well as the property of the state, in case of public necessity, he would not assert; but, be it observed, that, upon the same principle, the property of every man in the

kingdom was equally liable. He very well knew that the property of the church, and the properties of individuals, must yield to the exigencies of the state: to these exigencies the property of the honourable member himself, as well as that of every other member that heard him, must give way; but, he would maintain, that the property of the church was as sacred as any other. And he must again repeat, that to take away the ancient rights of one class, and to give them to another, could not be deemed any thing else but spoliation. If they began with the church, let the landowner look to himself, and let the fundholder also take care of himself, as he lay more conveniently than the landowner. With respect to the Protestant establishment of the country, he considered it necessary for the protection of all property. He thought that there should not only be an established church, but that it should be richly endowed, and that its dignitaries should be enabled to take their stations in society with the nobles of the land. But speaking of it in a political point of view, he had no hesitation to state, that the existence of the Protestant establishment was the great bond of union between the two countries; and that if ever that unfortunate moment should arrive when they would rashly lay their hands on the property of the church to rob it of its rights, that moment would seal the doom of, and separate the connexion between, the two countries."

These words were spoken while Lord Plunkett was yet a Tory; and in the same spirit was his declaration of 1827, "that he would not consent to throw any additional burdens on the clergy, of whom he would say, notwithstanding all the cant about the overgrown wealth of the church, that there was not a more meritorious nor a worse-paid body of men in the state." Ay, even so recently as a year ago, when he was in the same cabinet with Lord Brougham and Lord Althorp, the Irish chancellor affirmed, "All property is under the control of parliament. But when I say this, I feel at the same time that it is a very grave thing for the legislature to meddle with property, unless for purposes clearly defined and urgently necessary. I consider the property of the church as private property as far as any body has any thing

vested in it. Beyond that I will not say that it is property at the disposal of parliament on ordinary occasions, but it is like other corporate property, which is private property in the same sense as church property, and may be applied to the purposes of the corporation; and it is within the power of parliament so to apply it." Can it be that the minister who spoke thus on three separate occasions should yet have been consenting to measures which laid upon the clergy of Ireland a heavy tax, which abolished not fewer than ten Irish bishoprics, and which had for their object the appropriation of the benefices so reduced to secular purposes? So stands it recorded on the journals of the House; so therefore are we forced to believe.

Last of all, we find Lord Brougham asserting, in his own peremptory and downright style, that not a fraction of a farthing of the surplus of the church property of Ireland was to be applied to Roman Catholic purposes; that it was to be devoted exclusively to the purposes of Protestant charity and Protestant education in the principles of the established church. Now, who can believe this, as coming from the lips of one who three years ago was mainly instrumental in the establishment of a central education board for Ireland, founded on the principle that incalculable mischief had arisen from the separation in early life of the children of the Protestants and the children of the Roman Catholics? Who can credit that he desires to return to an exclusively Protestant system, who abolished the Kildare Society, with its Catholic schoolmasters and its Douay Testaments, because it was too Protestant? Yet it is upon the professions of Lord Brougham and of his colleagues that they *do* desire to maintain the established church inviolate, that the Protestants of Ireland are called upon to depend! What have these gentlemen done to entitle them to this confidence?

First, by the operation of the Reform-bill, "they have modified the constituencies" so as to send, if not their own creatures, unquestionably not the friends of the established church, to the House of Commons. Secondly, they have called up to the House of Lords others than the eldest sons of peers, and have only not swamped that house because it would not be swamped.

Thirdly, they have invaded the privileges of the corporations by the agency of the Papists. Fourthly, they have done their best to force Dissenters on the universities. Fifthly, they have created lords lieutenants of Ireland, and filled the offices—they best know how. Sixthly, they have not only declined to fill up vacant bishopricks, but at one blow they have cashiered ten bishops. Seventhly, they have modified the jury-laws. Eighthly, in the case of Baron Smith, they have assailed the independence of a judge. Ninthly, they have issued an ecclesiastical commission. Tenthly, they have suppressed Protestant schools. Eleventhly, they have disarmed the Protestant yeomanry. Twelfthly, they are seeking to number the Protestant population. All these things James II. did, in his anxiety to support the established church. And if by the Whigs all these things be not done in a similar spirit, then is it useless to think of learning wisdom from experience, or of judging of the future by any reference to the past.

But, granting that every thing which we have said were true, and that the views of the king's ministers did extend even to the establishment of a Roman Catholic church in Ireland, can they very well abandon their views? Have not matters gone a great deal too far to permit the further use of half-measures? We are aware that matters have indeed gone to a fearful length; and we are sure that the application of half-measures will not tend to restore them. We acknowledge, also, that the whole of the blame does not attach to the Whigs. The very first step which was taken from the exclusive system, subsequent to the repeal of the penal laws, was a step out of the plain and obvious course which it behoved British statesmen to follow; and every proceeding since—the extension by degrees of political privileges to Papists—and, above all, the admission of popish members to the two houses of parliament, have hurried on with increased rapidity a crisis which has at length arrived. For each and all of these impolitic concessions encouraged and fostered the growth of a religion which, as we have already shewn, is hostile to the established order of property in Ireland; and, as a necessary consequence, to the Union of Ireland with England, founded as that union is on colo-

nisation. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to record our conviction that, fearful as the alternative is, it were better to risk the worst, and conquer Ireland over again, than to beat down what remains of the Protestant established church, and to set up popery in its room. Be it observed, that throughout the whole of this paper we have carefully avoided all reference to the comparative merits of the two churches, considered as religious communities. On that head we have our own opinions, and we trust it is not necessary to declare them. But the question, as brought before us, being one rather of politics than of religion, to that view of the subject we have studiously confined ourselves, and shall confine ourselves to the end. Why, then, do we say that every thing is to be hazarded rather than permit the establishment in Ireland of a Roman Catholic church. Because the necessary and immediate consequence of such an establishment must be the forfeiture in law of every estate which is not now held by a Roman Catholic. No doubt a fresh act of parliament might confirm men's titles; but would the native Irish consent to this? We answer, they would not. The system of agitation, so far from being put a stop to, would only become more universal; Catholics, in memory of ancient claims, Protestants, in revenge of recent wrongs, would join in it; and Ireland would be more than ever a mill-stone round the neck of England, if, indeed, she were not lost to her for ever. Let the experiment be tried, and we consent to forfeit all claim to the confidence of the reading public if it produce not such fruits as we have foretold.

How, then, would we act? Restore the abolished bishoprics—repeal the Reform-act—exclude Roman Catholics once more from all participation in political influence—and, lastly, goad the people into a rebellion, in order that they might be crushed? We recommend no such measures. Deeply as we lament that any one of these schemes ever received the sanction of the legislature, we are well aware that such concessions once granted can never be recalled. Nor should we desire to recall them. But we cannot see any just reason why the terms on which the Protestant gentry of Ireland hold their estates should not be rigidly enforced, or why residence should not

be enforced by penalties, even of forfeiture itself, seeing that a nobler and a purer principle has ceased to operate. For it is in vain that both Englishmen and Irishmen shut their eyes to the truth. It is not in popery, it is not in disaffection, it is not in the spirit of democracy; it is in the utter destitution, the deplorable and abject misery of the people of Ireland, that the causes of her disturbed state are to be sought. When, indeed, has it ever happened in the history of the world, that a nation was otherwise than convulsed; in which the mass of the population were sunk so low as the Irish peasantry? And as long as there is not a resident gentry, no part of the country can flourish or be at peace. Only look at the case as it stands in Ireland at this moment. Nineteen out of twenty of the owners of the soil hold no further intercourse with their tenants than may be necessary, through the medium of a steward or agent, to wring from them an exorbitant rent. The tenant, to save himself, sub-lets his farm in portions, at a rent still more exorbitant. The new tenant does the same; till at last we come to the wretched cottier, who keeps soul and body together—and is not always able to accomplish that—upon a slip of potato-ground, and a hovel pervious to every blast that blows. Who can wonder, that a population thus circumstanced should be the prey of every designing and heartless knave, who, to fill his own coffers, or to gratify his own unholy ambition, leads them into crime, and, by so doing, increases their agony? But reverse this picture somewhat; place over the poor people a body of enlightened proprietors, who shall feel for their degraded state, and desire to relieve it; let capital be spent among them; let them be taught to appreciate the advantages accruing from habits of industry; let them see that, by striving to elevate themselves in the scale of moral beings, they not only increase their own happiness, but secure the happiness of those most dear to them;—let this be done in Ireland, and will she long continue as she is? We answer, No! and let him who thinks otherwise take up the pen to controvert us. We defy him to the combat.

It is true that the existing state of the country is not such as to tempt even the well-disposed to take up their abode in it. When we read how

the few proprietors that do reside are handled—how they are shot at from behind walls and hedges—are reviled as Orangemen and bigots—how their houses are burnt about their ears, and their cattle houghed in the field,—the timid and the wealthy may well be excused if they experience a reluctance to encounter such treatment. But the government of a great empire has more important considerations to keep in view than the personal ease or comfort of a comparatively small number of individuals. The ancestors of the Irish Protestant landlords either won their lands with the sword, or received them from the kings of England on certain conditions. These conditions their descendants must fulfil, or they must relinquish their estates; and if it come to this, we cannot hesitate to believe in what manner they will act. They *will* reside; and if for a time both life and property be perilled, they must learn to face the danger, even as their forefathers faced it. Let them persevere, however, in the right course for a time, and all danger will pass away. It is clear from Mr. Croly's statements, that the Popish priests have no real influence. It is by demagogues, whose very persons are unknown to them, that the Irish peasantry are guided; and the great wheel by which they are turned is their misery. Let

that be relieved by kind landlords dwelling in the midst of them, and holding with them familiar intercourse, and who can doubt the issue? Ireland will become gradually what England formerly was. There will be a bond of attachment uniting together all classes, from the proprietor to the daily labourer. Ignorance and Popery will give way before it; and ere a quarter of a century has run its course, "the green isle" will have totally changed its character, at least in morals.

In one word, our cure for the evils which afflict Ireland is this: Compel the owners of the soil to reside, or find others who will do so.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the preceding article was sent to the press, the Whigs have quitted office, and England has once more the prospect before her of a Conservative government. We are not on that account required to alter one line of what is written. By whomsoever Lord Melbourne may be permanently succeeded, it is our duty to impress upon him that, if he desire to establish tranquillity in Ireland, he must enforce the residence of the landed proprietors. All other measures than this must fail: upon its success we freely pledge our credit.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES' REPLY TO THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

* * We were about to make some remarks on Sir Egerton Brydges' *Autobiography*, when we received the following from himself. We have no doubt he thinks he can defend his own cause better than any one else: we have given him our *royal* leave accordingly.—O. Y.

SELF-DEFENCE.

September 3, 1834.

I HAVE at last got and received the article on *Autobiography* in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is an article so foolish and suicidal, that it does not make me *wince* at all! It contradicts itself at every turn. I will not say it will do me no harm, because malignity always succeeds; but it wants common sense: its inconsistencies must be obvious to every one of common sagacity. I am not in a humour at this moment to enter into particulars. Such a feeble attack, instead of weakening, strengthens me. The writer does not

seem to understand the meaning of the word confession. He who is abased by such weapons deserves to suffer, and lick the dust. I suspect the critic never read more than a few pages of the work.

Are not some men fated to adversity, in spite of virtue, and patience, and courage? The doctrine of the *Edinburgh Review* is, that if we are unsuccessful and unhappy, it is our own fault.

It has pleased Providence to give me a mingled being of good and ill; but the ill has been predominant, in spite of me.

If any one will shew me common

sense, or any clear meaning, in the article regarding me in the *Edinburgh Review*, I will be obliged to him. I should be glad to be cleared from a state of misapprehension. I do not wish to delude myself; I desire to see myself as I am: delusion always ends in unhappiness. Vanity never enjoys an easy moment; it is at the mercy of whoever desires to mortify it; and who does not desire to mortify another?

Of all knowledge, psychology is the most important. But there can be no knowledge of psychology except through the strictest *frankness*!

When one has eased his heart by confessions, he grows light; he feels his own weakness, and when he has owned, he is not ashamed of it. I know where my mental defects lie, and when I have told them, the reproach of others does not touch me; and then also I am entitled to insist on the points where I have strength.

One of the great proofs of genius is *SAGACITY*; it is an inborn power; it darts upon the point of truth, and brings it out; it does not work by slow reason. There are moral verities which lie hidden, till a lucky glance lights upon them, and then all acknowledge their exactness.

A minor ingenuity travels about it and about it, and leaves the thing in doubt at last. The march-of-intellect people have got it into their heads that the present age is greatly improved in wisdom. They consider the last century—the Grays, the Johnsons—to have been but puny beings.

They mistake their own extravagancies for strength and genius, and always suppose simplicity to be weakness. No work has done so much harm to literature as the *Edinburgh Review*. There is more mixture of good with ill in the *Quarterly Review*.

There is an attempt at a philosophy which is to change human nature. This, which is to bring man to an ideal perfectibility, is dangerous nonsense. They who write and talk thus have no sound knowledge, nor are their opinions upon life worth a farthing.

Observations on man's life, opinions, sentiments, passions, and manners, are the prime learning; and nothing conduces to this more than characters acutely and truly drawn, which no one can do who has not genius.

When I have been traduced, I am entitled to speak proudly of myself.

I cannot see on what principle critics can call my poetical power in question.

It is too late, after an acquiescence of two thousand years, to doubt about the nature and essence of poetry. What is just invention, and what is unjust and excessive ornament of language, ought now to be considered as settled. Poetry is an *invented* exemplification of high truths. This is a short definition, but I believe it contains all that poetry ought to be.

It will be observed, that if poetry is embodiment, it must be *material*. But this is not so. In bodies there may also be souls and minds. Invented characters ought to have all. I take passion, sentiment, and moral observation, to be their chief charm.

Do, then, these qualities exist in my poetry? Are the thoughts just? Are the characters drawn after nature? Is the language sufficient to convey the thoughts with purity, clearness, and elegance? Nakedness must not be taken for weakness, nor pomp for strength.

Labour'd expressions are not genius, nor inventions which outrage probability true poetry. If the modern doctrines of poetical excellence are right, then Shakespeare himself is no poet. Notwithstanding Byron's genius, he has many extravagant portions in his poems; and these, though they catch at first, soon tire. Nothing is good which we cannot approve in our sober and moral hours; but what is sober these minor critics think wants vigour.

I have said this a thousand times; but the attack of the *Edinburgh Review* calls for it again.

I will not believe that I want strength or poetical power, any more than poetical taste.

There is implanted in us a desire of self-confidence, and of faith in our own superiority of intellect. And we most desire to possess that sort of moral knowledge which comes home to every one's business and bosom—that which finds a sympathy in the hearts of others,—such, for instance, as is contained in Gray's *Elegy*.

What I set myself against is the artifice and trickery of composition,—where all lies in the language, and not in the thought; and of which the object is to be plausible rather than profound and true. Nothing is more rare than sincerity in composition; but sincerity

alone will not do in those who think and feel wrongly, or only think and feel by memory. Books which only contain borrowed thoughts are an encumbrance.

But many who think for themselves cannot bring out their thoughts, either for want of language or want of fancy: they can think, observe, and judge, while objects are present, and no longer. It demands, therefore, a variety of talents and acquirements to make a good writer.

The rarity of this combination ought to make wise and luminous authors more estimated than they are.

The false authors, not being distinguished from them by the mob, contribute to debase them.

Common authors sink as fast as they rise,—just pop their heads up, and down again they go.

I am of opinion that good authors are always led to their vocation by an irresistible impulse; they have no choice but to write.

An author of the first class as seldom occurs as a gem of the first water; when once he takes his place in literature he never loses it again. To the author who is conscious of this in his lifetime, it is a great gratification. When the envy of contemporaries has reconciled itself to the admission of a name, then it goes unobstructedly current for gold.

Many say that I put much more price upon authorship than it deserves. When I consider what dominion it now holds over mankind, I am sure that I can defend my estimate.

September 5, 1834.

I cannot reconcile the comments on me in the *Edinburgh Review* to any principle or moral system. Whatever system may be embodied, this critique holds to none; it continually contradicts itself, and retracts what it has said. It shews a passion to say something piquant and severe, yet without any fixed principles and opinions; each sentence stands insulated, and without any regard to what precedes or follows. But whatever has detraction, be it as unjust as it may, is well reviewed. The public appetite gorges on malice.

They who affect indifference as to public censure are false pretenders: they are bound to bear it and defy it. No man ever did any thing good who had not a courageous self-confidence.

A pug dog will pursue a *mustiff*, who runs away. By courage Cobbett has become what he is. The same may be said of O'Connell. It is true, that if one has no inborn faculties, it becomes ruinous rashness. Whoever perseveres with any talents above the common, will be sure to succeed. The public, (to quote Waller's lines)

"Like women, born to be controlled,
Stoops to the forward and the bold."

Some people are so morbid, that they find it difficult to reconcile themselves to themselves. I am one of those; and the only peace I can get is by endeavouring to harden myself to indifference,—to go on careless of good or ill report. For the world will take advantage of sensitiveness, and torment it all it can. If a man has a kingdom in his own mind, why should he look beyond it? It is easy to answer the perverse view the *Edinburgh Review* takes of my mental and moral character. It says Rousseau's and Byron's sorrows were for others—mine for self only. I believe it would be quite impossible to support this distinction. Above all others, Rousseau and Byron were selfish. The *Edinburgh Review* complains that I unnecessarily afflict myself. Do I not eulogise literature, and the happiness of a literary independence? Do I not shew how much a poetical mind is above the world? Whom do I scourge? Such men as Redesdale, Ellenborough, and Spencer Perceval, and the good Mrs. Berkeley, forsooth; together with Messrs. Brooks and Grane, and the drunken, brutal Porson.

The question is, are my views of life just? are my sentiments unamiable? or have I not said innumerable things to which a thousand bosoms return an echo? How have I done this? By watching my own internal movements, and relating them frankly and fearlessly. Whoever has the art of doing this does well not to let it lie idle.

From my earliest recollection, and it goes back to my fifth year, 1767, were my feelings all poetical. Of this I am quite sure, from what I recollect of the autumn of 1767, at Margate. The rest of the intervening period, till 1771, is less marked in my memory. By poetical feelings I mean, that I always combined with reality imaginative as-

sociations of beauty and emotion, and that I lived in a region of fairism.

A main purpose of my *Autobiography* is psychology; and some have admitted that this end it fulfils; and for this end it will hereafter be consulted and cited.

"Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
Yet still we love the language of the heart,"

says Pope of Cowley.

Some complain that I have not given enough of incident. I set out with saying I should not, and could not, do so. The life of a literary recluse does not afford incidents; and certainly the public would not have borne long details of private affairs, and dull family business. A poet ought to tell from what point he starts, and any circumstances which he thinks might have affected the early turn of his mind. I have endeavoured to do so, and without affectation, exaggeration, or suppression.

I speak of myself as a poet, though the *Edinburgh Review* denies me that honour. I may at least claim this character by quantity; for I have written more than 15,000 lines since the 2d of October last, in 1076 sonnets. Modern critics will call them prosaic; so they would the sonnets of Milton himself, if they were now to appear for the first time, unrecommended by a name.

These sonnets are records of sentiment and opinions which will much illustrate my character.

"And who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned?"

The love of fame is very strange, when its possession gives us so little satisfaction; yet it is useful as a spur to high deeds. I have passed a restless life in the feverish pursuit of it; and am accused of extreme querulousness, and discontent at last. I do not admit this charge of querulousness: it is not querulousness when the cause of complaint is adequate to it. Nothing is so mean as to boast when one is beaten. Have I overstated my causes of complaint, and the difficulties of life which I have had to encounter? Have I not been pursued by unexpected wrongs and injuries? Have not these been such as must have had a sinister influence on my literary exertions? If

they have, then the relation of them became necessary in the exposition of my literary character. If any where I have gone beyond these points, there I have been faulty; but I do not think that I have. I have always underrated rather than overstated.

Was I to hold out to the world that I was happy when I was unhappy, pleased when I was angry? Or was I in an autobiography to say nothing upon these subjects? "No," says the *Edinburgh Review*; "if you are unhappy you must tell it; but you ought not to be unhappy!!" Here is wisdom for you!! The *Edinburgh Review* says, therefore, that an unhappy man must not write an autobiography. Now, I will venture to say, that men's sorrows more interest readers than their joys.

"Suave mari magno," &c. &c.

A fine passage, I think, from Lucretius.

Assuming that one has raised some name, about which the public wish to know (for this assumption must be conceded to an autobiographer), the first thing readers wish to know is, whether he is happy or unhappy, and the causes also. If he endeavours to mislead, and throw a gloss over the course of his life, then he justly raises contempt and disgust; and his book is then properly taken to be an ebullition of dishonest vanity.

Had I bragged of the kindness with which the world had treated me, should I not have been in this predicament? But, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, I must have told a falsehood, or been silent. Gray was devoured by spleen and melancholy. Did this disqualify him from writing an autobiography? Or if he did write it, was he to represent himself as passing his days in content and a sunny cheerfulness?

Had Collins executed such a task, was he to paint himself happy? There is nothing so delusive as that philosophy which expects more of human nature than it can reach; and nothing so instructive as to behold in a mirror these inconsistencies and weaknesses which attend the greatest minds and hearts.

One gist of the *Edinburgh Review* is this, that I ought not to have been mortified either at the world's neglect of my writings, or at having a peerage withheld from me to which I believed myself entitled, and withheld by ille-

gal and corrupt opposition. Thus the universal feelings of human nature are to be set up as marks for contumely. I think every sound mind must allow that the feelings I have described as having arisen out of the facts stated were justifiable; and the facts cannot be controverted. Wherefore, then, this abusive tirade? Merely to feed the public appetite for detraction, with perhaps no little mixture of spite at a supposed aristocrat.

But the article is so contradictory and so ill-written, that in every part the writer is saying, and then, as if he had gone too far, unsaying!! denying and then admitting, and then denying again!

But of all things, the most absurd is for the *Edinburgh Review* to take upon itself a fit of benevolence; when from beginning in 1803 to this very 1834, its own principle and practice has been to deal in poisoned arrows, hatchets, and scalping-knives; when it has been merciless to a thousand authors, and sent them miserable to their graves. And where have I been severe; or, if I have, what is my severity to theirs? Were ever heard such crocodile tears? The *Edinburgh Review* to feel pain at reading abuse!! Why it is its food; abuse and blood are almost its sole food; it has fattened on them for thirty years, and become as bloated as the gorged vulture. Its cheeks and hands are red, and as stained as Lady Macbeth's, of which the spots could not be washed out.

I am driven to recur to the old line of Horace,—

"Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis."

What charge has the *Edinburgh Review* made good against me? It mentions nothing specifically but the contemptuous character of Mrs. Berkeley—a woman who deserved no mercy.

What proof or specimen is given of my intellectual feebleness, of my want of power, of my failure in poetical genius? Not a line of my verses is quoted, not a line of my prose; not one of my publications is named,—the very subjects of them are not alluded to; and probably the critic never read a line of them, or even saw them. What are all my numerous biographical sketches scattered through my writings? Do they shew misanthropy, or a cold heart? Do they prove that I think of nobody but myself? Into how many

hearts have I entered, how many brains have I penetrated? He who thinks of nobody but himself cannot draw other people's characters.

September 16, 1834.

Lofty thoughts and tender sentiments elevate the human character into a brighter order of beings; but these must be constant, not occasional. Whoever believes these to be his gifts, and such to be his temperament, is justified in endeavouring to prove them to the world.

But such susceptibilities of mind and heart will every day encounter in the world those strong opposites which will fill them with disgust. And this will be called misanthropy. Yet we may expose individuals without hating human kind. To speak ill of every one shews a malignant heart. But does my *Autobiography* do this? Many are noticed with great warmth and sincere praise; and the general tenour of the two volumes is *chaleur*. It is true there may be warmth in anger; yet here it is not so. Anger is not hate—it is resentment. Hate is cold, chilling, withering. Not a page of my volumes is of this character; every where they breathe high and strong sensations,—love of the scenery of nature, a glow at virtue and genius, an admiration of grandeur and beauty.

What if I praise solitude, and scorn the frippery and noise of vulgar societies? Is this a crime or moral fault? Does it betray a hard or morbid heart? In proportion as the mind is rich, solitude is desired; then only it has "ample room and verge enough" to work.

But what is the gist of the arguments, if they can be called arguments, of the *Edinburgh Review*? That one ought to control and overcome one's love of solitude; and that one ought to purify one's mind and heart of all dislike of others, and neither be disgusted with meanness nor resentful of wrongs. That not to attain to this state of discipline is a proof of want of genius; that there may be the taste which accompanies it, but not the power.

The whole of the article is made up not only of false facts but of false reasonings upon the false facts assumed. It is argued, that none of the irregularities and morbidnesses which commonly accompany genius are its necessary or most probable attendants; that

where they occur, they are not only to be lamented but censured; and that when they are found associated to minds which want the power of genius, and therefore are in no degree counter-balanced by its brilliance, they are to be condemned as both grievous and unpardonable.

This is a theory contradicted by the whole experience of human nature; all biography disproves it. To expect such discipline, even if it were desirable, is absurd. To try the human character by fanciful theories, leads to injustice and endless errors. The philosophy which attempts to create man anew is the philosophy of folly. We must take man's practical virtues, and have mercy for his inconsistencies and foibles. Whatever represents a faultless being represents a chimera which is useless and uninteresting, because it cannot be followed.

By having the picture set before us of human nature as it is, we are enabled to study it in all its lights and shades, and thus to improve ourselves in that prime moral knowledge which it most becomes man to cultivate. Plausible and delusive pictures are mischievous, for the false conclusions to which they lead.

But frank confessions ought not to be stretched beyond their fair construction. A candid disclosure ought not to be used too rigidly against one, while all in one's favour is received with denial or doubt.

I have in moments of self-reproach lamented that I have done much less than I ought to have done; but this ought not to be taken to the letter, as if I had done nothing at all. I have owned that my labours have been fitful, and too little concentrated; that I have diffused my faculties over too wide a space. But let the candid critic still recollect what I have done. I have brought to a conclusion several voluminous works: I have written a poem of more than 6000 lines; I have made myself master of some branches of knowledge—minute indeed, but not unimportant—such as bibliography and genealogy; and I flatter myself that I have not failed in gaining a considerable insight into political economy. But, most of all, I have become familiar with biography.

When, therefore, I said that I had done nothing, I meant that I had fallen too short of my hopes, and what

I believed to be my powers; not that I had literally wasted my life in momentary and unfinished attempts. At least in voluminousness I have exceeded most authors of modern days; but in mere voluminousness there is little merit. In almost all that I have written I trust there is both thought and sentiment. In my compilations I have not been a bare transcriber.

If there is any publication of mine which is merely ephemeral, let it not be enumerated among my labours; but I believe that there are none such. Whatever use, merit, or attraction they had, still remains in them; and all of them contain something not to be found elsewhere.

There are surely tests by which literary merit can be ascertained with precision, and not be subject to the caprice of arbitrary opinion.

Genius is of a positive nature, though it may greatly vary in its degree. Taste ought never to be confounded with genius. Genius, even if faint, is still genius, and not taste only.

Whoever invents characters which are sublime, or beautiful, or interesting, must have genius. To copy the character of an individual is not, perhaps, genius. But who will dare to deny, that to clothe an ideal character with strong and amiable sentiments, and high thoughts, is genius?

But there are other proofs of genius which cannot be equivocal. To draw original conclusions from premises furnished by observation is genius, though not perhaps of so high an order.

Whatever is really genius has the spirit of immortal life in it; it will not be forgotten, it cannot be forgotten. But we must take care not to mistake gaudiness and monstrosity for invention and genius. Genius is always simple, and its strength lies in its simplicity. Fulness of thought never seeks for ornament; ornament is always sought from a consciousness of weakness. "When truth is sufficient to fill the mind," ornament "is worse than useless." Meretricious ornament catches the corrupt and the foolish. It is easy to adorn, difficult to create.

The multitude can apprehend what is shewn to them, and can recollect it, but cannot discover it and bring it out. They can often see whether what others do is right or wrong, but can do nothing themselves.

If no one can be pronounced to have

genius till he brings his mind to a certain degree of assumed perfectibility, which modern democrats, calling themselves philosophers, take upon themselves to adjudge to be the true, then I am afraid that the greater part of those who have hitherto enjoyed the reputation must be struck from the list.

This ideal perfectibility, if it could be attained, would not add to our amiableness or our splendour. But it cannot be attained,—it is contrary to our nature.

September 17, 1834.

It seems to me, that on the peril of depreciation to confess one's weaknesses, is to add materials to psychology by self-immolation.

It is the vulgar opinion, that when we undertake to speak of ourselves it is to gratify our vanity, by giving a glowing picture of our own supposed merits. Fools might do this; but what credit would it gain? The *Edinburgh Review* objects to an exposure of our faults; so between both we must do nothing, unless, indeed, we happen to be perfect, and have nothing but virtues to tell. Unfortunately, such faultless beings do not exist.

Can he who has inwardly a littleness of heart put on the outward show of noble feelings? Can the ingenuity of the brain dictate what the heart refuses to sanction?

Are the thoughts and sentiments good or bad in themselves; or, if good, is it doubted whether they belong to him to whom they are ascribed? Either of these questions can be easily, and with certainty, resolved. We cannot doubt what is good or bad; nor can we be deceived by a false application upon him who clothes himself with feathers that do not belong to him; those feathers sit so badly that every one can detect their unfitness.

An unprincipled critic, by misrepresentation, by suppression, or invention, may mislead those who do not see the book itself; but he can mislead no person of sense who peruses the original.

Therefore, if the matter be just and eloquent, he to whom it is ascribed must be just and eloquent; in him it must be inborn. A lofty style, a flowing current of rich matter, cannot be attained by mere labour; the ambition and desire will not bring the power. And what is power but execution? not approbation and admiration only.

Thus, then, I completely refute the *Edinburgh Review*. Let my thoughts and sentiments speak for themselves. Will any one dare to say that they are affected, and put on; or that they are ill-conceived, unamiable, or ill-expressed?

It produces a strong self-complacency to believe that nature has been bountiful in her endowments to one. Riches may fly away, adversity may overtake us; but what is inherent in the person cannot be taken from us.

It may be said that genius is yet frail, and ill calculated to stem the troubles of the world, and therefore affords little to pride ourselves upon; still, it is comparative superiority. As man excels the brute creation, so one man excels another.

There is a dull stagnant sort of temperament which is free from violent passions of wrong, because it is insensible to noble emotions; which, being incapable of feeling, knows neither good nor bad. Such persons gain the character of virtue, which does not belong to them. They seem to observe a sort of calm propriety, and are always at leisure to consult and follow slyly their own selfish interests. But these are animals

"Fruges consumere nati."

They live only for themselves, and fill a space which better beings ought to occupy. How numberless are those who have only sense enough to see their own private interests, and never have a thought beyond them.

Genius imagines worlds beyond itself, and darts through all space, and pervades all time. If we found this high faculty generally bestowed, perhaps we should not value it; but all who study psychology know how rare it is. There are innumerable intermediate degrees between that and stupidity. Where genius ends and mere taste begins, the line is clear; where origination ceases there the minor faculty commences. It is not a small happiness to have a good taste; but to be a creator, and to admire what is created, are indeed very different things; and he who is unfairly removed from the former class to the latter may be justly indignant.

As to the charge of querulousness, the first question is, whether there has been *cause* for complaint. If there has, then are we bound to be silent? Are

we to pass over gross wrongs without notice? Are we to put on smiles when we are afflicted at heart? This is so contrary to nature, that no wise man will believe that injuries can pass over as unfelt. Misfortunes, too, are not these the lot of some beyond others? And may we not be allowed to moan over them? What is the Book of Job but complaint? Have I been the blind author of all my own misfortunes? Have I merited the cruel injuries which have pursued me? Many of these misfortunes and injuries have been totally not only beyond my control, but unconnected with any previous act on my part, and utterly out of the ordinary course of human affairs.

Biography is worse than nothing, if the notice of such things is omitted. Its object is to teach by example; but if leading facts are suppressed, it not only does not teach but misleads. Can any one suppose that the sorrows and injuries which have beset me have had no influence on my intellectual or moral life? Have they not tinted my imagination, and gloomed my heart? Is one to represent himself happy when he is unhappy? "No," says the censor; "but he ought to conquer his unhappiness." What affected nonsense; what false philosophy!

Any thing which can fairly be imputed to vanity will not be borne. Vanity is false representation, for the purpose of obtaining credit for what we do not possess. But when a man is denied to possess that which certainly belongs to him, then he is justified in insisting on his right to it.

It is not wise to leave an attack unanswered, in the confidence that it will answer itself. Arguments and assertions seem to stand good till they are repelled: he who has the last word, always appears to have the victory. Silent contempt is a very feeble and delusive sort of defence.

Bold vituperation, therefore, calls for bold reclamation.

Invention is the poet's characteristic, but it must be invention of grandeur, beauty, or tenderness; and it must be an invention that exemplifies and illustrates truth. Take my *Odo*; does it not conform to every part of this definition? Then how can poetical power be denied me? Is it a borrowed story? Is there not beauty and tenderness, and sometimes grandeur? And are not all the characters and

sentiments drawn after nature? Is there any extravagance, monstrosity, or improbability? I deny that there is languor or feebleness; but if there were, still it would be poetical invention, though not of the highest order.

Thus the question is brought to a short and clear point.

There may be more difficulty in proving that opinions and sentiments are invention; therefore I do not insist upon the instance of the sentimental, moral, and descriptive poem of the *Lake of Geneva*. It may be argued, that they result solely from memory, or, at least, from observation; though a sagacious critic will always know originality by its *raciness*.

But if the invention of fable and character is indispensable, how many who now enjoy the reputation of poets must be struck out of the list! Many think, that the minor invention of imagery and metaphor is alone poetry; and perhaps it is—I wish to be liberal in my comprehension of poets. But though some may be doubtful, they who answer the first description here given cannot be justly excluded.

The illustrative image, the metaphor, or the simile, is the *double*: the primary poetry is in the thought itself; the illustration is only the dress.

I am willing to hope, that this is a theory so self-evident that it cannot be refuted; but secondary critics always estimate the excellence of poetry by its flowers, or its extravagances.

Observation is often poetry, when the observation is made with a poet's eye. Sentiment is poetry, when it is associated with ideal presences.

Then we come to strength and force. The most genuine force is the most simple; but vulgar critics mistake simplicity for weakness. Force is rather to be felt than defined: I cannot for a moment allow that I want force.

All the powers of the mind must concur to produce fine poetry—it must illustrate moral truths, and these cannot be discovered but by the aid of sagacity and experience, operating on a sensitive and virtuous heart. There may be splendid descriptions, which want moral and plaintive reflection.

In my opinion, metre is not necessary for poetry: there may be the highest poetical spirit in prose. Burke is often more poetical than most writers in metre.

To come again to myself, for this

paper is professedly egotistic, I request to be tried by all these rules and principles; and shall I be found wanting in any of them?

Of all endowments or acquirements, moral wisdom is the most instructive, the most beautiful, and the most captivating; and when it is enlivened, gilded, and exemplified by the inventive powers of a poetical spirit, its delightfulness and dominion is magical. It breathes incense, like the vivifying fragrance of nature when the dawn opens on the fairest scenery of creation.

A poet may, perhaps, live exclusively in his own fairy inventions, and know little of the varied obliquities of human nature in the trying conflicts of society; but this is not, I think, the most useful accomplishment or application of genius. We would have humanity mingled with the highest flights of the muse.

There is no doubt that the accessories to poetical merit will not do without its essential powers, but they are a great ornament to it. When an author has proved that he possesses all, is he to be traduced and calumniated as possessing none? Take him not by one passage, but by the whole tenour of his writings, what can be said if these characteristics appear in all? On what can the doubt fasten? Is clearness and elegance want of strength? But pomposity is attractive to many. Johnson ventured to accuse even Addison of languor and feebleness! Often where Johnson deals in empty sounds, Addison is full of nerve and sterling thought.

September 18, 1834.

We live in an age when both the matter and style of literature is corrupt. Chastity of thought and expression are considered to be deficient in vigour; and sound, glare, and gaudiness, are deemed proofs of genius. This generally happens in the latter eras of a nation's letters: then something is sought beyond nature, and truth is sacrificed to wonder and surprise.

It is not necessary to say, that whatever goes beyond truth is a bad sort of factitiousness. We are called upon, in all genuine moral philosophy, to touch the heart; and the heart is never touched but by truth. All false excitement is like drunkenness — it delights for a moment, then leaves us

exhausted. Truth is sober, calm, and easy.

As to the intellectual qualities, which are necessary to arrive at the most eloquent and rich degree of moral knowledge, we may venture to say that they are of the highest order: they approach to those of a poet. Without imagination we cannot enter into the internal movements of another's heart; observation cannot see much beyond the surface; reason can do little without *data* to reason upon; truth comes out by flashes, rather than by gradual steps of deduction.

This being the case, an author who succeeds in developing moral wisdom, and in expressing it happily, deserves an eminent place among authors. On this account, Addison has acquired and retained an illustrious reputation; and Johnson secures his fame by his *Ramblers*, and not by his metrical compositions.

I speak of moral writings which are original, sagacious, and eloquent: there are those which are dry, dull, and trite. And now comes the question, of what sort mine are. Do they contain thoughts, sentiments, and observations, which are just? Is the language clear, simple, and graceful? Have they freshness? Are the topics important? If they can abide these tests, what excuse is there for charging me with want of power?

Cowper is not censured for want of power, yet *he* had little invention, though much eloquent moral wisdom. If simplicity is want of power, then even Shakespeare wants power.

Censure is scattered about at random; some one makes a chance-hit, and all the rest follow. It is said, "What is in a name?" Why, every thing is in a name! Scarce any one examines beyond.

Some one, who has not read my writings, has thrown out that I want power; and all the mocking-birds echo it. Do I draw characters with faint and indistinct outlines? Is my touch fearful, vague, and uncertain? Do I mark no features, and give no tints? Do I not rather dash out with a bold hand strong resemblances? How, then, can I want power?

Feeble minds do not seize discriminating likenesses, and convey them clearly to others. Among all Shakespeare's high qualities, his discrimination of character was the most brilliant; nor was it ever denied that this was

among the proofs of his mighty genius. We cannot lay open man's heart but by *powerful* light; and what is powerful mental light but genius?

Variety of intellectual gifts may claim for itself the fame of genius — I mean those riches which mere labour cannot acquire, but which are inborn. Among these are susceptibility of impression, and power of conception and retention; a sound judgment; a lively and elegant taste; but, above all, sagacity, which is a distinct intellectual gift.

Perhaps all these, except the last, may exist without imagination; but if there be any one quality above another which I am sure that I possess, it is imagination. Add this to the others, and can I be said to want power?

Let us look at those who have enjoyed the fame of poets, at least in the second degree — at Dryden, Pope, Prior, Young, Thomson, Akenside, Beattie, Cowper, the Wartons, &c. &c. The power, as well as the taste, has been conceded to all these; and in most of them the inventive faculty was very feeble. I cannot admit to any one of them great invention; I am sure that it was wanting both in Dryden and Pope. The story of *Eloisa* was ready-made for Pope; Dryden did not invent one of his *Fables*; there is no story at all in Beattie's *Minstrel*, and what he attempted he could not continue. Neither Young, nor Thomson, nor Akenside, pretend to story; nor do the Wartons, nor Cowper. Prior's *Henry and Emma* was also made for him. But there are invented incidents and characters both in my *Odo* and in all my novels. Then come the thought, the sentiment, the imagery, the language — are these wanting?

If by power was meant, not the faculty, but the degree of the faculty, we should understand better how to deal with their application of the word; but it is decidedly used to imply the faculty itself, in all its degrees. Not that I understand, even then, how feebleness of degree could be applied to me.

It was Burke's opinion that we might live down calumnies, and thus render self-defence unnecessary. I think that this was a mistaken assumption: any thing will be taken to stand good till it is answered. Who will exert himself to examine assertions or deductions?

He who submits in silence will lose his own self-confidence; and when self-confidence is lost, our powers cease.

Every one estimates himself at his own peril: if he shew a vain and false conceit, he becomes a laughing-stock. But why should he put on an insincere and disguised humility? Every one knows himself better than any other can know him.

Nothing is more desirable than distinct psychological knowledge. To be able to separate and compare the various faculties of the mind, to weigh their degrees, and trace their complex operations, gives us an insight into human motives and actions, which qualifies us to form profound opinions both on individuals and on general life.

He who has this talent and this knowledge, must wilfully blind himself if he much mis-states his own powers.

Of all things, it is most satisfactory to free ourselves, as much as possible, from the caprices of wanton opinion: to wander on the wide sea of thought without a compass or a chart, is as dangerous as it is painful. How frightful to be driven about by every wind, without knowing whither we are bent! When we see our way plainly, we are not at the mercy of any officious or treacherous guide.

But opinions uttered, even if just, are valueless, if they do not spring from sincere conviction: they do not stand upon a sure ground.

According to the force and variety of intellect with which we go into the world, do we gather the fruits of observation and experience. Sagacity of perception and acuteness of feeling enable us to draw those representations and throw those lights which form beautiful mirrors of life. Is not this genius? Can dull or feeble-brained men execute such a task? The sight must be clear, the heart must be tremulous and pure, the taste must be refined, the judgment must be solid, the sagacity piercing and profound.

There are those who will think these requisites much exaggerated. I have a strong confidence that they are not. There may be writers who, in their pictures of men and manners, in their moral comments, in their thoughts and sentiments, may be trite, vague, and indiscriminate. I speak of those ethical compositions which are of a better

class: no one ever called in question the genius of eloquent moral writers.

There have been poets of some eminence who could not write prose; Pope wrote it stiffly, Byron did not write it well. Even Milton's prose may be called in question, as hard and unvernacular; but Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, the Wartons, Cowper, and Scott, wrote prose beautifully.

I have said before, that more poetical spirit may be often displayed in prose than in metre: both may equally partake of the qualities of invention and picturesqueness.

Is it demanded what constitutes eloquence? Warmth, flow, imagery, glowing sentiment! And whence do these arise, but from the brilliant presence of ideal objects? And this ideal presence, what is it but poetical power?

There may be, and often are, verses which have no quality of poetry but the metre: there are hundreds such in Pope.

September 19, 1834.

The desire of fame, or distinction of some sort, is universally inherent in our nature. This is well illustrated by Young, in his poem under a similar title; a satire, perhaps, written in too epigrammatic a style. The honour and virtue consists in seeking a noble sort of fame, having objects, and using grand means.

Great genius finds this fire born with it; it never rests till it indulges the pursuit, and persuades itself that it attains, or is likely to attain, the end. It is thus that we are unhappy when we are damped, disclaimed, or refused the credit of those faculties, on the belief of which we had fed.

There is no reason, therefore, in those who pretend to console us by asking what it signifies whether we are allowed the powers of a poet or not? It signifies much to him who has nursed the spirit of his life from childhood by the exalted hope. If the desire had not been strong, the flame could not have been supported; if strong, the attempt to extinguish and crush it must necessarily give great pain.

A sensitive mind is thus driven to look anxiously into its own composition. It may be said, that it is too partial and prejudiced to look with

accuracy. The claims it endeavours to support, must stand or fall by the strength or weakness of the proofs and arguments which are brought forward to defend them. Assertion will not do; but facts and just reasonings will, even though they come from the egotism of the person attacked.

Others will not take the pains to examine with nicety the justice or injustice of depreciating critiques: they are too well pleased with detraction to wish to detect its falsity. Censures will be willingly received and remembered, and all that is ill-natured will be taken for granted to be correct. Bad reasoning will pass; unfounded statements will be greedily swallowed.

But still the public is not so far blind to truth, as when it is obtruded on them in a strong light, utterly to reject it. Hence the propriety and necessity of self-defence. But that self-defence must be written strictly, sincerely, cautiously, and profoundly. Instant advantage will be taken of false logic, false opinion, or false sentiment; and still more of inaccurate statements: for the world are acute to detect unsolid defences, though not unsolid charges.

It is necessary, therefore, to be precise in expressions, definitions, and principles; to analyse scrupulously, to argue logically, and to support by every clear proof and illustration.

Of what avail is it to grant or deny poetical power, till we have settled exactly what poetical power is? and not only this, but the very gradations of power? For the thing in dispute is not the mere gradation, but the power itself.

Shenstone was a poet, as well as Milton; the difference consisted in the gradation of power, not in the power itself. One was strong, the other was weak.

But critics differ, even as to what is weakness; though, as between Milton and Shenstone there can be no doubt. The condensed nerve of Milton, the tenuity of Shenstone, are apparent to all. It is not Shenstone's simplicity which shews him weak, but a feminine gentleness of sentiment and expression. The stream is transparent, but not deep, and flows without force; but still the stream is genuine, and springs from the true fountain.

THE WIND-UP OF THE YEAR; BEING, I. THE LAST NEWS OF THE MINISTRY;—II. A BALLAD ON THE WOES OF THE WHIGS;—III. OUR CLOSER;—IV. THE FINAL SONG OF XXXIV.

I.—The Last News of the Ministry.

WE wait for news from Sir Robert Peel before we can venture on saying how the new ministry is to be arranged. A few days more can only elapse between the date of our article and the receipt of an answer from Sir Robert; and probably, before our magazine meets the eyes of our readers, the cabinet may be formed. We have little or nothing to add to what every body knows, or may know, through the medium of the newspapers. All concerning what the Tories are to do is matter of prospect and conjecture. Matter of history is the dismissal of the Whigs. Never was a desperate faction *dropped* with so much ease and suddenness. The truth is, that except by taking advantage of the popular delusion in the case of reform, the Grey ministry had never scarcely any hold on the people; and the Melbourne ministry none at all. When Lord Stanley and his friends left the cabinet, they were replaced by the poor creatures that never could have aspired to fill any thing beyond the underling situations of a ministry. When Lord Grey was shuffled out, it was felt quite impossible to infuse new blood into the sapless trunk which he had left behind. The solid stolidity of Althorp was no doubt a tower of strength in the House of Commons—a mud fort behind which his colleagues could retire, putting its tenacious impenetrability between them and the fire of any attacking party: but when he was gone, nothing remained behind. Every body felt that the Whigs were doomed to go; the only doubt that was felt was as to the period of their departure.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in a most complimentary passage to its patrons, remarked that any stick will serve to break the back of a dog, and that therefore the death of Earl Spencer served to turn out the Whig party. That the new Lord Spencer resembles a stick in obtuseness, will, we are sure, be admitted by all who have watched his political and parliamentary career; the comparison of the Whigs to dogs, in the impudence of their claims on holding office under their present circumstances, is equally just. We should certainly have been delighted beyond all measure to have heard what Melbourne could have urged on the king, as reasons to induce his majesty to permit the continuance of the late administration. But as a friend of ours has put it into a ballad, we may excuse ourselves the trouble of going over it in prose. We shall, however, have something more serious to say about it before we close.

II.—The Woes of the Whigs.

In Three Fyttes.

By the Author thereof.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

The king sat in Brighthelmstone bleak,
Drinking the blood-red wine:
"O! where shall I find skilful skipper
To steer this ship of mine,
Because the lubbers now at the wheel
Deserve but the cat of nine!"

Then up there came a burly page,
And dropped upon his knee—
"There's my Lord of Melbourne below stairs
Waits your majesty to see."

And first our gracious monarch swore,
As sailors are wont to swear;
But soon he burst into a laugh,
That spread from ear to ear.

"Go, shew him in, my jolly page;
 O! shew him in, no doubt—
 And he shall know, ere I let him go,
 How people are shewn out."

Up Lord Melbourne came the stair,
 And low Lord Melbourne bowed;
 And Lord Melbourne's face was smooth and fair,
 As the sky without a cloud.

"What news from London," quoth the king,
 "Has your lordship hither sped?"
 "My liege, the news I come to bring
 Is that Earl Spencer's dead."

"O, heavy news!" King William said;
 "But, since 'twill not better be,
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred good as he:
 But who for *you*, in the Lower House,
 Is now to be head M.P.?"

"O!" said Lord Melbourne, "many a man
 Of talent we can boast;
 Althorp I mourn as being gone—
 Himself of wit a host.

"But many others still remain,
 All orators of skill:
 There's Lord John Russell, noble youth!
 The father of the Bill."

"Who else?" replied the king, and knit
 The arches of his brow;
 "Why, there's Spring Rice," Lord Melbourne said,
 "A pretty man, I vow!"

"Another?" quoth the king. The peer
 Began to feel some dread;
 And, looking something rather queer,
 Lord Melbourne scratched his head.

"There's Abercromby, good, my liege;
 Or there is Sir John Cam;"
 On which the king, I grieve to say,
 Cried, "They're not worth a d——n!"

"John Russell is a poor, poor prig,
 With scarce a dram of brain;
 The smallest sample of a Whig
 The parliament can contain.

"Paltry in verse, and poor in prose,
 He set to guide the House!
 As soon I'd give a team of cats
 To the guidance of a mouse!

"As for Cam Hobhouse, who believes
 That turncoat worth a farden?
 His fate was sealed by the turnip-tops
 That were flung in Covent Garden.

"Spring Rice may affidavit make
 That he is fit to lead,
 But Mr. O'Connell's word I'll take
 In preference, instead.

" Let him go back to Limerick town —
 The town from whence he came ;
 And when they send him back again
 I'll listen to his name.

" But if they scorn the grovelling Whig,
 How can you dare return
 That man to be my leading chief
 Whom the beggars of Limerick spurn ?

" If these be all the troops you've got,
 Full sorry is your fight ;"
 (I'm sorry too, Lord Melbourne thought,
 That I came here to-night).

" Go you fairly down the stair !
 Go fairly down, my lord !
 For that you are minister no more,
 I give my kingly word.

" And tell your colleagues, every one,
 That they must straight depart."
 So Melbourne travelled off to town,
 With a sad and heavy heart ;
 And the king, as he turned upon his heel —
 [*Hiatus in MS.*]

FYTTE THE SECOND.

O ! there was chasing in Downing Street,
 And wailing in Whitehall ;
 And the *Chronicle*, in its mourning sheet,
 Mourned for the Whig downfall.

And Melbourne from the Treasury fled,
 Duncannon from the Home ;
 Cam Hobhouse did from the leafy haunts
 Of Woods and Forests roam.

Sad was Lord Mulgrave's Garrick face,
 As he left the Privy Seal ;
 And Holland limped from Lancaster,
 With a slow and gouty heel ;
 And Auckland groaned as his carriage did
 From the Admiralty wheel.

Off went Lord Lansdowne, off Spring Rice,
 Off Sawney Abercromby ;
 And Lord John Russell left his place —
 I am assured that than his face,
 His play could not more glum be.

And Grant sneaked out of Cannon Street,
 Where the Board is of Control ;
 And breathed a prayer that Old Nick might take
 His next successor's soul.

But for Palmerston, for Palmerston,
 My heart is sorely wo,
 That ever it should be Palmerston's fate
 From office forth to go !

He wiped his eye, he wiped his mouth,
 He wiped his well-trained nose ;

And many a tear flowed over his cheek,
And many a sigh arose.

“ Am I from office sent at last ?
Alas, and wo 's the day !
For almost thirty years have I
Touched office-fee and pay.

“ With Percival, with Liverpool,
With Canning made I one ;
With Lansdowne and with Goderich, and
Even with Duke Wellington.

“ With Grey, with Melbourne have I *stuck*,
And with each varying race
I never varied, for I still
Kept constant to *my* place.

“ But now, *alas* ! years coming on —
Just half a century old —
I *now* must wander through a world
All officeless and cold !”

The only one of all the rout
Who courage did assume,
Was that wise and worthy Chancellor,
Known by the name of Brougham.

He grieved not that the Whigs were out —
Cared not for that a pin ;
But it vexed his soul that folks should think
That *he* meant to keep in.

“ I'll not stay in ! I'll not stay in !
There is no power on earth —
No power, I say, that has the force
To keep me in my berth !

“ With grief, with sorrow, and with rage
I hear the people say,
That I wish my colleagues to depart
And myself in place to stay.

“ But here I vow — I swear — protest,
That they will find it vain
Who ask me, even on bended knee,
On woolsack to remain.”

O loudly did the bar all laugh
When thus they heard him talk ;
Said they, “ In England not a man
But is bent to see you walk.

“ If you won't go, the case is plain,
For here's the Duke's decree,
Which says, he gives you to turn out
Till to-morrow's clock strikes three.”

Down went the tears o'er his leathern face,
And up went his leathern nose ;
And “ Oh !” quoth he, “ my piteous case
Is past all other's woes !

“ I am turned out at an hour, although
I wish to hear many a case,
Which can't be by others heard as well,
When I have left my place.”

When this was heard, the bar arose,
 And begged his grief to cease ;
 For not a client they had alive
 Desired to disturb his peace.

“ I go !” he cried, and then he sighed,
 “ But ’tis my joy to find,
 That when this hell upon earth I leave,
 I leave no cause behind.”

And the bar burst out in a loud, loud laugh,
 And cried, “ That tale is true ;
 For none but a fool would have brought a case
 To be heard, my lord, by you !”

And so with many a tear and groan
 Out went the Baron Brougham ;
 And from the Court of Exchequer came
 Lord Lyndhurst in his room.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

There was a moaning sad and fierce
 At the valiant Lumber Troop,
 And Colonel Charles upraised his goose
 ‘Gainst Wellington cock-a-hoop.

The Lumberers came in vast array,
 With pots of porter armed ;
 And the clinking of the metal stout
 All Johnson’s Court alarmed.

[*John Bull*, affrighted at the sound,
 Shook for its Tory tackle,
 And would have fled, if not closely bound
 To the spot by Hook and Shackle.]

And all as far as far Shoe Lane
 The desperate sorrow went ;
 And Corporal Taylor left his press,
 To give his sorrows vent.

[“ Keep up the flame !” the corporal said —
 “ My motto’s *Alere flammam* ;
 And to every pothouse round I’ll go,
 With my speeching powers to bam ’em.”]

In the Coger’s Hall, in the Coger’s Hall,
 In the Lane of good St. Bride,
 Does Corporal Taylor, of Shoe Lane,
 Next valiantly preside.

For the Common Council a demand
 Does Corporal Taylor make ;
 And with many a word of sharp rebuke,
 Makes Alderman Winchester shake.

Corporal Taylor marches next
 The Middlesex men to meet ;
 And just thirteen of the Middlesex men
 Does Corporal Taylor meet.

To Pancras Corporal Taylor goes ;
 To Marylebone hies he ;

In Lambeth, Corporal Taylor's nose
All burnished with ale we see.

Taylor, like Hotspur, of himself
Makes wonderful division;
And over the town this type of renown
Is a walking opposition.

Greek Galloway! Greek Galloway!
For honour's sake come prick fast!
Sure you should be a full energy,
Since the Chancellor gave you a breakfast!

And, oh! lickspittles all and some,
You various-tribed commissioners!
Do rise, and make a wondrous noise
For those who were your provisioners!

Ned Chadwick, once of penny-a-line,
Under-footman to Tom Haynes,
Do, for your kind provider's sake,
Employ your battered brains.

[Many verses are lost here by the injury of time, in which it is supposed the poet had mentioned several gentlemen, who, by the means of the government without patronage, had been induced to lend their gratuitous and patriotic assistance to the late government, and might, therefore, be inclined to give it a lift on occasion. The poem somewhat abruptly renews thus:]

And poor Lord Fordwich marches off;
A day and a night was he,
Under my Lord of Palmerston,
A Sec. of low degree.

But he was not the first, I ween,
Of his noble family,
Whose lot to be under Palmerston
Or day or night chanced to be.

Take up a mourning for Mounsey Rolfe,
Solicitor of a week,
Who has paid his fees, and at his ease
Penrhyn he now must seek:

And if for Penrhyn he's cast out,
As well may come to pass,
O Mounsey Rolfe, how very like
Art thou unto an ass!

[The other stanzas here are somewhat personal. The author indulges in remarks on the chances of the return of his old butts, the Red-Tapes, to office; and has one or two most reprehensible rhymes on Twiss. We think it quite premature to publish these stanzas, but we keep them against the day of need. There are also some acrimonious remarks on Sir Robert Peel, Goulburn, Herries, Croker, Dawson, &c. &c., which had, we think, be better omitted. The conclusion is couched in a strain of piety:]

So the Whigs are out, and the Duke is in,
And I ask you, "Who's afraid?"
And may God save King William the Fourth,
And likewise Queen Adelaide!

XXX. Our Closer for the Month.

November 26, 1834.

All the simpletons in the three kingdoms have been running about, for eight or ten days past, asking of each other, in idiot astonishment, how the late dissolution of the Whig ministry came to happen?

Just as wise would it be to demand a clear and sufficient reason why an Alpine avalanche came to fall at one particular moment; or, to find a more fitting simile, just as rationally might we be desired to explain why, at that particular moment above all others, your children's house of cards chanced to vanish from the sight?

Who that was in possession of his senses has been ignorant, for these eighteen months past, that the strength of the Whigs, and of the Whig ministry, was suffering a regular and rapid decay? Or who can have been blind to the fact, that the opposing parties between which it was and is their fate to be ground to powder—the Constitutionalists and the Republicans, *alias*, the Tories and the Radicals—have been as constantly and as rapidly gaining ground upon them? Now the end of this state of things was not the less inevitable, because the vain and foolish hopes of those who dreaded to know the truth made them imagine the day of doom to be far distant.

The Whigs are gone for ever. If it be still asked, What was the immediate cause operating at this particular instant? we can only point, as a matter obvious to every one, to the strong and clear sense and judgment of the king.

Lord Melbourne had declared—Joseph Hume had declared—the Whig majority in the House of Commons had declared, no longer since than last July, that it was mere folly to think of their being able to conduct the public business in the House of Commons without Lord Althorp. What was more natural, then—what more inevitable, than that the king, when Lord Melbourne came down to him to arrange matters on the removal of Lord Althorp, should ask, and rather more inquisitively than usual, how it was proposed to get over a difficulty which, four months before, they had one and all declared to be altogether insuperable?

Equally clear was it, that, with diminished forces and increasing opposition, Lord Melbourne could give the king no assurance that the coming session should be more prosperous than the last, in which, as every one knows, the ministry was twice dissolved in the very midst of an important question: Nay, his lordship could do no otherwise than admit that, in place of expecting a more peaceful or comfortable session, there was reason to apprehend one more difficult and of more doubtful results.

How natural, then, for his majesty to rejoin, that with such a prospect he could by no means be satisfied! How natural, remembering that he had been twice or thrice left, in the midst of a session, without a ministry,—to resolve that, rather than encounter such circumstances again, he would embrace the opportunity which the present vacation afforded, of forming a cabinet which should give him some prospect of a peaceful close to his reign!

However, it is needless to carry our speculations farther. The “all-glorious,” the immortal “*Reform Ministry*,” is at an end; and the king has called to his side, in this his hour of need, his most illustrious subject, “the foremost man of all this age,” ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It would be merely tedious for us, coming at a distance of more than a week after the event, to dwell on the congratulations which filled the day, “from morn to dewy eve;” or on the admiration with which the people were inspired at his grace's promptitude and decision in carrying into full effect his sovereign's wishes. In one word, and as an index and memoranda of the actual state of public feeling, be it recorded, that the fall in the public funds, even on the astounding news that the reform ministry was totally dissolved, and that the country was without a government, was just *three-quarters per cent*; simply because the announcement was accompanied by the intelligence that the “Duke of Wellington had been sent for.” And further, that when it became known that

his grace had accepted the task imposed on him by his sovereign, the price of stocks rose to from a *quarter to a half per cent higher* than it had been when we had an entire cabinet of fourteen Whigs, comfortably nestling in Downing Street.

But enough of the past! and enough, quite enough, of the Whigs! Far more interesting is it to cast our eye forward, and to think for a few moments on the probable destinies that await us.

The Duke of Wellington now holds the fate of the country in his hands. The Whigs are utterly paralysed; the Radicals are raising a small disturbance in Field Lane and Bethnal Green, but nobody minds them. The whole mass of the education and intelligence of England are pausing, some with eager hope, some with doubt and hesitation, but all with a perfect willingness to wait for a proper development of his intended course, and a clear intention not to commit themselves until that development is furnished.

And our own views and feelings are of the same class. The Duke of Wellington has twice grieved and disappointed us: but our gratitude for his services is not exhausted—nor our respect for the strength and vigour of his character abated—nor our willingness to receive him as our leader worn out. Quite ready and anxious are we to “let bygones be bygones,” and to follow him with truth and loyalty to the end of his or of our career.

But we can only follow him in the path of truth, and justice, and public honour; nor should we expect ever to find him leading in any other course. But twice has he been led, and, we feel convinced, against his better judgment, out of that course. One more such error would terminate his political career.

And therefore it is that we would add a few words, and recur, not willingly, but with reluctance, to the painful story of the past. In the Duke's own native sense and sound judgment we have the greatest confidence; but it is one of the most obvious disadvantages of his elevated station, that he is precluded from mingling with the people, and from learning any thing of their wants, or of their general feelings and impressions. He is consequently reduced to rely much upon the impressions conveyed to his mind by friends, and by the public press; and wofully have both these sources of information deceived him! The errors of 1829 and 1830 are clearly traceable to these authors of deceit, and we already discern the working of the same organs of mischief.

We have already said, that we would willingly leave the course to be now adopted to be indicated by him, who is, perhaps, naturally, the most clear-sighted man living. But the authors of error and discord will not so leave it. Already are they assiduously employed in endeavouring to mislead; to give a false impression of the real state of the public mind; and to induce a belief that the ruinous courses which they would recommend are essentially required by the dictates of “political expediency.”

How, then, can we be silent? Does it betray any want of confidence in him whom we willingly accept as our leader, and to whom we offer all loyal service, to tell him that traitors and false friends are at work; and that efforts are making on every side to draw him from the one straight path which leads to safety and to honour? Is it to express distrust of his judgment when we merely ask him to turn a deaf ear to his and our enemies; or, at least, if he listens to the deceit, to grant an audience also to truth and loyalty?

We cannot speak of the future without some reference to the past. The Tories of England—beyond all comparison the strongest party in the country—were split and divided by their leaders in 1829; and in the following year were scattered to the winds. Is it not proof of loyalty enough, if we now profess our readiness to rally once more under the same leaders? May we not add our humble request, that we may not again be sacrificed to the same erroneous views?

There is now open to the Duke of Wellington, or to whomsoever, in his grace's room, and by his grace's recommendation, may become premier of England, the brightest career that ever opened to the mind of mortal man. There is also close at hand a by-path, which leads to the lowest degradation. So clear is the case, so impossible does it appear to go wrong, that we should judge our counsel to amount to impertinence, were it not that vehement entreaties are already heard, urging our rulers, hardly yet appointed, to turn at once into the by-path, which inevitably ends in their perdition.

We have said that the past must be appealed to, to indicate the future. The Duke of Wellington was induced, contrary, as we now know, to his own judgment, to make a great concession in 1829. This was the first error. Soon becoming sensible of it, in 1830 he determined to concede nothing more. This was the second error. The first split and divided the Tory party; the second utterly stultified them, for the time, with the country at large.

There was equal error, here, in what was granted, and in what was withheld. The concession made was one of *principle*; whereas a principle, as matters of right and wrong change not, can never safely be conceded. The concession refused was one of *practical detail* merely; and, when properly examined and guarded, no danger can arise from granting such a point. Yet the first, upon which concession ought never to have been thought of, was yielded; while the second, which ought to have been entertained and dealt with as a part of the duty of the government, was resolutely denied!

Catholic Emancipation was an unpopular question with the country: Parliamentary Reform was a popular one. Yet the first was conceded, and the last refused. If a plan had been studiously contrived for damaging and almost destroying the Tory party among the people, nothing more effective than this course of conduct could have been thought of.

But to return to the present moment, and to consider the present state of things. We have at this instant both false friends and open enemies conspiring to urge the Duke of Wellington to repeat this very same career of fatuity. We find in every journal we take up, both endeavours to incite him to refuse all reasonable and practical ameliorations, and also arguments to induce him to ruinous and fatal concessions of principle.

To come to particulars. First, we have Lord Durham, and at his heels a troop of curs, vociferating, "Let us have a downright, Tory, *anti-reform*, administration—one that we can understand."

Doubtless this would exactly suit the purposes of the worthy and noble Lord Durham. Of course, there is no idea whatever of any *personal* views or advantages in this very kind and disinterested advice tendered by the noble lord.

But we beg to inform the said Lord Durham, that the most downright, thorough-going Tory government, is not, *therefore*, by any kind of necessity, an *anti-reforming* government. The noble lord knows this quite as well as we do. He knows that there stands in Pall Mall a pillar erected to one of the firmest Tories of his day, the late Duke of York, for his various most useful *reforms in the army*. He knows that Sir Robert Peel, who will probably lead the new administration in the House of Commons, grounds half his fame on his various *reforms*, both in the law and in other matters connected with the internal government. He knows that long before the Whig ministry and the Whig Reform-bill were thought of, all the principal organs of Toryism, as far as the press was concerned, and many of the chief ornaments of Toryism in parliament, were quite as earnest and as serviceable in the cause of reform as John George Lambton, Esq. He is quite aware that *Fraser's Magazine* in England, *Blackwood's* in Scotland, the *Standard* newspaper, Lord Winchelsea and others in parliament, had warmly urged on reform, when scarcely a Whig in either country had wagged a finger for years together. And yet, fixing upon the one solitary error committed by the Duke of Wellington in 1830, he loudly calls for a ministry built upon that foundation. Aware that the accession of his own party to power was chiefly owing to that single error, he vehemently entreats a perseverance in a similar course. Can any thing be more obvious than the motive? Can it be possible for any statesman or statesmen to fall into a trap thus set and baited before their eyes?

This is the open enemy, aiming to urge his antagonist, by a false view of his situation, to fix upon an untenable position. More dangerous, however, is the professed friend. The *Courier*, and some other would-be advocates of the new administration, profess to be certain that measures of practical reform *will* be adopted by the Duke of Wellington; and in the first rank of these practical reforms they place *the surrender of the established church in Ireland, and the taking of the Popish priests into the pay of the state!*

If a downright negative given to all hopes of rational amelioration would be fatal in a very short period to the new administration, this kind of reform would be instant destruction. Scarcely could any administration expect to survive

another eight-and-forty hours, that could summon up the audacity to venture upon such a proposition.

And these are the two leading ideas thrown out for the guidance of the incipient administration! They are to be, as to all practical abuses, an *anti-reforming* government;—but they are to give up the Church of Ireland; and they are to take the incendiary priests of that country into their pay! And this sort of exhibition of combined folly and knavery is to be passed off as a *Tory government*! But it *shall not*, while *Fraser's Magazine* lives and thrives.

We would entreat, however, of all our readers, that they would not imagine us to apprehend the least intention of this kind from the Duke of Wellington, or even the least probability of it from any one. But we should be wanting in our duty, if we did not fairly warn all parties that such notions as these are entertained; and that such recommendations are constantly urged upon his grace, and that by parties possessing his ear and a portion of his confidence. We have not, however, the least apprehension that these things will seriously be attempted; nor can we suppose that there is the least possibility of such a system of government being permitted to go on, even for a week, if it were attempted. But having thus explained our views as to what *ought not* to be done, we will now add a few words touching what *ought* to be done.

The course which now lies open to the new administration is of the clearest and most obvious character. Whether any public declaration of views and intentions be made or not—a point on which much might be said,—there can be no doubt that the very first day of the next session of parliament ought not to be suffered to pass over, without such a clear development of the intentions of the government as may put the country in possession of the real question at issue.

This development ought to be most full and explicit on these *two great points*: 1, That practical Reform will be honestly and earnestly carried into effect in every department; 2, That no tampering with *fundamental principles* will be tolerated under the pretence of reform.

On the first point, we must again remark, that the main effort of the Whig-Radical party at the present moment is to force upon the Tories that character which they have never knowingly and voluntarily assumed or deserved, of being "*anti-reformers*." But nothing can be more dishonest than this attempt. Take the clergy, for instance, who are always represented as the chiefest and most inveterate enemies of reform; and hear the Rev. T. Manners Sutton, at the Ashford meeting. "With respect to *church-reform*, he would say, that the *clergy all expected it*; but that they wished it to come from their *friends*, and not from their *enemies*,—from those who wished to *amend*, and not from those who wished to *destroy*."

This is the feeling of all true Tories. They have been in the attitude of opposers of reform for three or four years past; because every plan of reform which was put forward tended to weaken and impair our institutions, instead of invigorating and strengthening them. Two plans, for instance, of church-reform in Ireland were brought forward by the Whigs, in one of which they succeeded, while in the other they failed. The first suppressed ten bishoprics, and threw the payment of the church-rates upon the clergy themselves! This was the first step in reform, and a pretty fair sample it was of the friendly feelings towards the church, of those who brought it forwards. The second took a bolder flight, and proposed that the clergy should at once give up *two-fifths* of their revenues, as a premium for being permitted to retain the remainder! So much for *Whig church-reform*.

But now we say to the new administration, in the words of the Rev. T. Manners Sutton,—"*The clergy all expect church-reform at your hands*." They do not deprecate it; they desire it without delay and without stint.

But what is the reform that ought to be proposed? It is just the filling up the beautiful outline handed down to us by our forefathers. It is the adjustment of the supply of religious instruction to the wants of the people, and the disposal of the revenues of the church so as to answer most efficiently the ends for which they were designed.

Instead of suppressing bishoprics, we want more created. Instead of leaving churches to fall to decay, we want more—hundreds more—erected. Why is it that dissent rears its head with such boldness at the present moment? Not be-

cause the people have, of their own accord, forsaken her; but because in such vast masses of population as are gathered together in Leeds, and Manchester, and Birmingham, and our other manufacturing towns, the means of religious instruction within the pale of the establishment have not been provided for them. Hence the growth of meeting-houses; hence the strength and audacity of dissent; hence the obvious and pressing necessity for such a church-reform as shall remedy, and not increase, that deficiency.

On the other hand, we see that while wants of this description have been permitted to exist unattended to, a great augmentation has now and then taken place in ecclesiastical endowments, here and there, without any corresponding advantage being reaped by the community. Building-leases will sometimes fall in, and prebendaries and canons become enriched, while little or nothing is done to render these funds available to religious purposes.

The people, therefore, meaning thereby not the mere multitude, do earnestly desire a large and efficient church reform; and the clergy themselves "all look for it." They desire to see our moral wastes cultivated; and the establishment made, what it ought to be, *sufficient* for the wants of the community. They expect, that any funds that may be needed for these purposes shall be taken in the first instance from such surplus revenues as the church may herself possess; and in case a deficiency should still exist, they, the people, by their representatives in parliament, *will readily supply that deficiency*. We will answer for this. Let the people only see that a real, honest church-reform is intended, and they will not be parsimonious in supplying the necessary means.

But any such plan must embrace the raising all "livings" to a *living* income; and then requiring that their duties shall be actually performed by those who undertake them. These augmentations may be afforded, in the first instance, by a levy, as in Ireland, upon such benefices as have more wealth than is needful. But here also we will again add,—let the church perform her part, and the people will not be backward in theirs.

Another branch of reform which requires no delay, is that which concerns the regulations of *Corporations*. The first thing to be done in this matter is to recall the absurd commission now sitting, and to save the country any continuance of the immense expense which, for no earthly purpose, has been and still is going on in that matter.

Nothing more disgraceful was ever seen in England, than the progress of this question in the hands of the Whig ministry. Two years ago they concocted a new corporation-bill. It had many faults, doubtless; but a few weeks' discussion, in and out of parliament, would have removed these, and would have settled this question: instead of which we have had a set of commissioners traversing the country at an expense of tens of thousands of pounds, collecting an immense mass of useless evidence, which no living creature will ever read. And had the Whigs continued in office, the end of the whole concern would have been, that they would have been at last obliged to do in 1840, what they might just as well have done in 1832.

But what has been the real motive in all this? Partly, no doubt, the necessity of feeding such people as Parkes of Birmingham, Rushton of Liverpool, and the other worthies employed on this job. But the main difficulty lay deeper. It was neither more nor less than this:—

The great object which at first was kept in view in the construction of a corporation-bill by the reform ministry,—was the setting up, if possible, Whig corporations over all the towns returning members to parliament. But this, which at first view seemed easy enough, was soon found to be all but impossible. And for this simple reason, that there is in fact *no Whig party among the people*. Consequently, as the population of every town is made up more or less of Tories and Radicals, it was scarcely possible to contrive a plan which should not throw the management of affairs into the hands of either the one or the other. If the plan was a "popular" one, leaning to universal suffrage, then all our corporations would be Radical. If, on the other hand, it was restricted by a reference to property and payment, then, in nine cases out of ten, our corporations would have been Tory.

In this difficulty the Whigs have been kept suspended for more than two years. But is it any difficulty with the Tories? Are they to be prevented from

adopting a bill printed and laid before parliament by the reform ministry, by a fear that it may throw the sway in most corporate towns too much into the hands of their own friends? Surely not.

How plain and easy, then, is the path which lies before the new administration. What should prevent *Church-Reform* and *Corporation-Reform* from being both laid on the table of the House of Commons on the first day of the coming session?

But with these manifestations of the greatest willingness to *amend*, there should also be given a clear and distinct avowal of a determination not to abandon the *fundamental principles* of our institutions. If we are to maintain our Protestant established church, let us do it consistently, and with a firm adherence to that *protest* which lies at the very root of her existence. On civil grounds, we must tolerate the Papists among us; but on religious grounds we can have no intercourse, no dealing with their ecclesiastical polity. The least alliance or connexion with her priesthood—an idea obviously entertained in some quarters—would put an end to our Protestant character; and when this had been abandoned, there could be no pretence for maintaining a Protestant church a single twelvemonth longer.

We dwell upon this point, because we are quite aware that the project of allying the Irish priests with the state is a favourite one in some quarters. But, if it be ever attempted to be carried into effect, it will assuredly ruin the statesman or the party that undertakes it. The Whigs felt this; and while their wishes were decidedly in its favour, their prudence held them back. But for a Tory administration to make the attempt, would be nothing less than downright suicidal madness. At least five-sixths of the Tory party among the people are men of some religious principles, or at least of some religious notions and prejudices. All these are opposed to Popery. The ruin of the Duke of Wellington's last administration was sealed on the day when, by carrying the Roman Catholic Relief-bill, he had disgusted and alienated these, his best support. His own forces were divided and scattered by his own act. The hollow friendship of the Whigs kept his ministry up, with a kind of unnatural life, for a single session; but the moment an excuse was given, this hypocritical support was withdrawn, and the Whigs triumphed in his fall. But it cannot, surely, be possible for the same error to be repeated. If it were, its punishment would be even more immediate. Repel and alienate the Tories of England once more; you will not find a Whig party so willing now to support a "Tory ministry acting on Whig principles," even through a single session.

We have indicated a sufficient outline of the policy which common sense would dictate under present circumstances. There are some, however, who would urge an immediate dissolution of parliament without any previous public declaration of the policy of the new ministry. We cannot think this wise. It would compel the country to decide before the real question at issue was well understood. And if the experiment failed, or a majority too small to enable the new ministry to carry on the public business was the result,—what remedy would remain? A second dissolution could not be resorted to.

No! let the cabinet rather resolve to meet the House of Commons with such measures as may carry with them their own recommendation, and the good wishes of the country. Opposition will thus be neutralised. And what, indeed, is there to fear? The last great division of the House, in July, was 235 for Althorp and Spring Rice, and 171 for Peel and Stanley. Is a majority like this insurmountable? Surely not.

Commence, then, with propositions which may be at once Conservative and ameliorating. Prove to the country, by acts, that the Tories are not Anti-Reformers; and then if a factious and carping opposition rears its head, dissolve without a moment's hesitation, and the country will do its duty.

IV.—The Final Song of XXXIV.**I.**

We have not quite come to the end of the year,
 But a new one we'll have ere our next will appear ;
 We think 34 to the dust should not pass
 Without one last toast to illumine our glass.
 And what is the toast that events on the wing
 Should suggest as the first? It is—**GOD SAVE THE KING!**

CHORUS.

And what is the toast which events on the wing
 Should suggest as the first? It is—**GOD SAVE THE KING!**

II.

And God save the Queen, too—no treason, we think,
 If the health of that lady we venture to drink.
 Lord Durham and Co. they may hoot at her name,
 And his Countess look on, and not blush at the shame ;
 But such blockheads and brutes to the winds we may fling—
 Here's the Queen, my good fellows, with **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

CHORUS.

But such blockheads and brutes to the winds we may fling—
 Here's the Queen, my good fellows, and **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

III.

God save him, because at a moment of need
 Our country from fraud and oppression he's freed,
 Has sent all adrift the impostors and quacks,
 The church-robbing rogues, the economist backs—
 Broughams, Palmerstons, Rices, Grants, all in a string,
 (Would a string were their fate!) so here's **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

CHORUS.

Broughams, Palmerstons, Rices, Grants, all in a string,
 (Would a string were their fate!) so here's **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

IV.

The rogues are now out to their own fitting tune,
 And England looks gay as the roses in June :
 Who then should we thank for dispelling the crew?
 Why, who? Royal William, sure no one but you!
 'Twas your nerve, sense, and spirit, that settled the thing,
 And got rid of the rubbish. Then, **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

CHORUS.

'Twas your nerve, sense, and spirit, that settled the thing,
 And got rid of the rubbish. Then, **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

V.

All the honour is yours—not a mortal can doubt
 That your foot all unaided has kicked the Whigs out ;
 And out let them stay, there to murmur and sneer
 At him whom their praise has bedaubed through the year,
 While all else in Old England shall merrily sing—
 Here's a health to the Queen, and may **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

CHORUS.

While all else in Old England shall merrily sing—
 Here's a health to the Queen, and may **GOD SAVE THE KING!**

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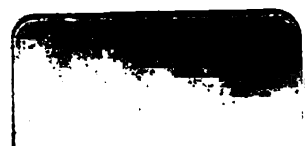
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